

Branching Out

CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

JULY/AUGUST 1976 \$1.00



INUIT WOMAN
PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION
FINDING T'AI CHI
FEMINIST PHILATELY
HABITAT—THE WOMAN'S PLACE?

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cover photo of Eva Tirqtaq by Pamela Harris

Cover photo and those on pages 21, 22, 23, 24b, 25, 26 and 27 are part of the monograph *Another Way of Being* published in 1976 by Impressions. Of Eva Tirqtaq, Harris says, "Her children are now grown; she is packing her grandson on her back. A talented sewer, she helped to create a new line of Mother Hubbard parka-dresses now on sale in the South."

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July/August 1976

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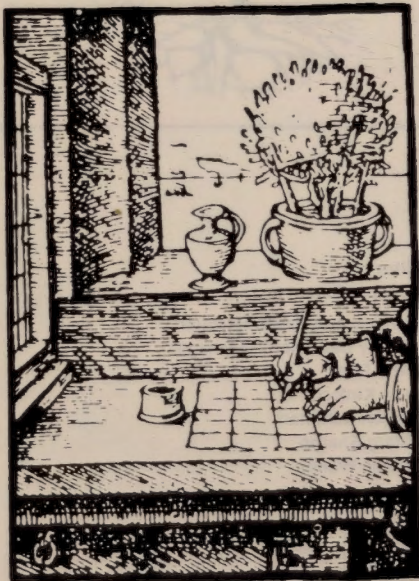
Brenda Mann

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letters



About the article "Giving (Women) Credit Where It's Due" (April-June), there are a couple of errors I'd like to correct.

The Metro Toronto Women's Credit Union was quoted as having assets of over \$70,000. At the time the article went to press, we had *potential* assets of \$70,000 because several women's groups planned to deposit their government grant money in the credit union. Some of the grants haven't materialized as yet. Other groups have deposited quite large amounts, but the money has to be used for their operating expenses, which means we can't include it among the assets used to make loans to women. The correct figure would be closer to \$30,000. (That 200 women could rustle up \$70,000 in three months time is far from the truth, unfortunately.)

The other error has to do with the "membership fee" of \$5 for joining the Women's Information Centre (our bond of association). The \$5 quoted refers to the minimum required to open an account. There is no membership fee to join either WIC or the MTWCU. It's an important distinction: the \$5 still belongs to the member.

Otherwise, I thought the article was very good and hope it encourages other women's groups to start their own credit unions.

Philinda Masters
Metro Toronto Women's
Credit Union

The following are a few of the replies we had to a classified ad placed in the May issue of *Ms.* magazine.

As a former oppressed reporter for the Edmonton Journal in the late sixties, I'm most curious about your magazine. How could you manage to get support for your efforts in a city like Edmonton? Wish you'd been there when I was.

Ann Beckman, Madison, Wisconsin

I own a private day care centre in Ontario about twenty miles north of Toronto. It's about time someone published a magazine relevant to what's happening now in Canada. I could tell you about experiences I had in setting up a day care centre that would shock the pants off you.

Deborah Munisso, King City,
Ontario

As a teacher of women's poetry, I am interested in reading more Canadian women poets. Here we see the poems of Margaret Atwood, who is very popular and widely published in the United States. She is also very good, and I'd like to see the work of her contemporaries in Canada.

Diane O'Donnell, Boulder, Colorado

I'm sending the picture and writing in to ask you if you would publish them. I want you to publish them because this is my best writing and I'm trying to save the wolves and it might get people more interested in wolves.

The Song of the Wolf

A beautiful animal held captive by one of those dreaded chains. His song,

"moaning OOOO — crying OWOWOWOW" singing
for his life — singing hi, singing lo

—
"someone come and take me away from my death.

I would do anything for freedom. Why does
the sun go down and the clouds surround us
so soon? Help my brothers and sisters and me.

We will fight for freedom together."
Reni N. Potrebenco (age 8), Edmonton

"The Bone Game" by Karen Lawrence and Derrill Butler (April-June) captured my imagination like no other article I have read in *Branching Out*. However, I must comment. Karen Lawrence wonders, "... why all his remarks are derisive and sexist", but does not take responsibility for deliberately exciting the male by baring her decorated breasts. The breast is specially shaped for the convenience of the nursing babe, however in our culture it is accepted that these milk glands are an important erogenous zone enjoyed by both women and men. If women and men are to understand each other, we must first understand ourselves, our biological identities.

Lois Zadler, Edmonton

Yes — the Canadian women's movement has come a long way, and yes — the proliferation of women's publications is encouraging to view.

But, how much longer must white-middle-class values dominate the scene? Have we not learned the lesson from the I.W.Y. Mexico Conference where Third World women had to plead with North American women to try and understand how "... the struggle for equality had to go hand-in-hand with the struggle for (their) country's independence, *not* following after it."

The grim plight of Indian, Metis and Inuit women as they face genocide in our profit-motivated society — the



desperation of women in prison for their alleged crimes as their health and sanity are undermined and their children taken from them by the courts during their period of incarceration — all these issues merit far more than a passing reference by the occasional concerned writer.

A more incisive approach on the part of editorial boards, accompanied by a consistency born of genuine concern, could contribute significantly to the maturity of the women's movement, in my view.

Claire Culhane, Burnaby, B.C.

This is to inform you that I refused today to fill in the questionnaire sent to me on your behalf by Gordon Lusty Survey Research Ltd. I can't believe that *Branching Out* actually commissioned this survey.

Did you have any say about the type of question included? I refuse to be categorized in the manner indicated by the questionnaire. In fact the whole survey smacks of some of the worst features of capitalist marketing techniques.

I just wanted you to know I object! I quite enjoy your magazine though and hope that you continue to publish.

Rebecca Coulter,
Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta

Editors' Note: The survey in question was conducted with the cooperation and approval of *Branching Out*. It was initiated by the Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association (CPPA) of which *Branching Out* is a member. CPPA selected the survey company and worked out the general framework of the study. Member magazines were then given the option of participating in the survey or not. The cost to *Branching Out* and other magazines that took part was a fraction of what it would have been for any one magazine to commission an independent survey.

We regret that you and other readers found some of the questions objectionable. *Branching Out* did have a say in the content of the questionnaire to the extent that we were asked to suggest particular groups of advertisers that we would like to interest. Questions were then designed by the research firm and the final questionnaire was read to us over the phone for approval. Thus, we suggested department stores as a group

of potential advertisers; this suggestion was translated into a question that asked about specific credit cards held by the reader. Some modifications to the questions were suggested by us, but in general we relied on the experience of the research firm in this matter.

We sympathize with those readers who would like to read a magazine that carries no advertising. It's a nice fantasy. However it is simply impossible for us to go on publishing *Branching Out* without money from somewhere. Income from subscriptions and sales does not even cover the cost of printing, typesetting and postage, let alone such esoteric expenses as a business telephone. All staff of *Branching Out* work as volunteers and contributors are paid only a small nominal sum for their work. There are many improvements we would like to make in content but which will only be possible if we have money to spend on such things as phone bills, travel and payment to writers, researchers, photographers, etc. We believe that advertising revenue is the only realistic means to significantly increase our operating budget. Staff will always have the freedom to decide on a ratio of editorial content to advertising and it is up to us to decide which advertisers we want to approach or to veto individual ads we find objectionable.

You may be wondering about grants. In the past we have received several grants from both the Secretary of State Women's Program and Alberta Culture. We have applied for and been refused grants from L.I.P., O.F.Y., Canada Council and the Minister Responsible for the Status of Women. The Secretary of State has advised us we will not receive any further grants from that office. Without going into this issue at any greater length, we feel that the magazine cannot and should not rely on grants for basic operating expenses.

We welcome comments from other readers on the survey, on questions related to advertising policy, or on the more general problem of financing the magazine.

ATTENTION
Librarians — Pack Rats — Historians

complete sets of back issues are available. Write to *Branching Out*,
Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta.

SPONSOR

an ad
in *Branching Out*

Do you know of
a women's group,
charitable organization
or small business that
needs publicity but
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Are you wondering what
to do with that
unexpected income tax
refund?

Support a worthwhile
cause. We will send you our
ad rates on request.
Write to *Branching Out*,
Box 4098.



MOVING?

Please let us know six weeks in advance
what your new address will be.

here and there

'Herstory' on film

Two interesting and imaginative films about pioneer women have been released recently. Written and produced mainly by women, "Great Grand Mother" and "The Grain of Truth" show us aspects of pioneer life which help explain why the fight for the right to vote was well-organized and supported by women on the Prairies. The films are inspirational as well as informative. Saskatchewan poet Edna Jaques once said, "The more I see of women, the better I like us", and this is exactly how I felt after watching these two films.

"Great Grand Mother" combines realistic recreations of scenes from the past and interviews with real-life pioneers. The film grew out of research done by Anne Wheeler and Lorna Rasmussen on the history of women in the west. The research brought interesting results, so Filmwest in Edmonton, of which Anne and Lorna were both members, agreed to produce a film about Western Canada's earliest pioneers. Once in production, the film's funding was taken over by the National Film Board.

The scenes from the past are recreated in sepia shades — a covered wagon on the trail, childbirth without medical assistance, the backbreaking toil in the fields. What would otherwise be only "static" still pictures, are made

interesting by having them appear in different places on the screen and by framing specific areas in black to emphasize detail in a photograph.

The interviews are fascinating. The film opens with a grandmother boiling water on a wood stove because, "You need tea before you can talk, don't you?" In the closing comment another pioneer notes that women got the vote but voted like their husbands. "What we should have done was taught women how to use their vote."

"Great Grand Mother" is in colour, 30 minutes in length, and is available from local offices of the National Film Board. This fall, much of the material researched for "Great Grand Mother" will be available in a book to be published by Women's Press, *A Harvest Yet to Come*. The book includes photographs, excerpts from diaries and memoirs — all documenting the beginning of women's political involvement on the Prairies.

"The Grain of Truth" is a film focusing on the discriminatory homestead laws and how these laws affected one pioneer woman. While researching an OFY project on pioneer prairie women, Michele Spak, Donaleen Saul and Clara Brent came across a series of cartoons that had been published in the 1914 issues of the "Grain Growers Guide." The car-

toons sparked the idea for "The Grain of Truth." Donaleen and Michele formed Magpie Media and applied successfully for funding from the Secretary of State. Anne Wheeler was the technical consultant for the film.

The format of this film is that of the old fashioned silent melodrama, complete with villainous husband, virtuous heroine and piano music. Because it is a silent film, it occasionally drags. The use of simple graphics for the written dialogue, rather than the ornate scrolls and fancy printing associated with silent movies, also detracts from the film. Despite these flaws, the melodramatic format and the fine acting make the film entertaining.

Distribution for "The Grain of Truth" is still being negotiated, but groups interested in showing the film may obtain information from Magpie Media, Suite 2, 10805 - 124 Street, Edmonton (phone 403-452-4125).

Caryl Brandt

Down on the Farm, circa 1914

Whether or not you manage to see "The Grain of Truth" (preceding item) you can get the message from the original cartoons, reprinted here with the kind permission of *Country Guide*.



The Courtship

John Tightwad, bachelor, in the Pleasant Valley district, Saskatchewan, suddenly bethought him of the joys of a home and the comfort of woman-cooked meals, whereupon he packed his telescope and went East for the winter. He had definite designs upon the liberty of one Jennie Armstrong, and finding her the same jolly capable Jennie she used to be, he enlarged to her upon the great future of the West and finally put the proposition of taking up residence there boldly before her. Jennie consented and they were married. In the process John promised to endow her with all his worldly goods. The fact that they consisted of one homestead, a little cold, leaky-roofed shack, a yoke of oxen, and some machinery with chattel mortgages against it, did not dim the splendor of the promise in Jennie's eyes. She set out for her new home with a heart beating high with hope.



Getting Down to Realities

The first year of her married life Jennie Tightwad found that what she had looked upon in the past as hard labor had been luxurious leisure compared with her present employment. She worked early and late, helping John in the fields when her work was done in the house. John Tightwad was one of those terrific workers who, feeling no physical limitations himself is intolerant of them in others.

That fall, thru their combined efforts, they cleared off a large part of the debt on the hired machinery. Jennie had saved her husband the salary of a hired man, which might fairly be reckoned at twenty-five dollars a month and the hired man's board at another ten dollars a month, making in all a saving of about two hundred and forty-five dollars for the seven months hired help has generally to be kept. She did less work than a hired man, certainly, but relieving her husband of household responsibility she enabled him to do more.

She was not offered any of the crop returns nor was she consulted about the disposition of them. John told her in a general way what he was going to do with the money.



Just a Domestic

Fifteen years drifted along and at the end of that time John Tightwad owned two sections of land, clear, many head of stock, a splendid barn, a fair sized house and six children. All that Jennie owned of this was her rather dowdy wardrobe. She hadn't even a legal share in the children. When she wanted money she had to beg John to let her have it and there was always a scene and a wrangle. He made it very clear to her that the money, and the house and the family were all his, tho she had grown horny-handed in working for them.

Jennie at last declared that she wouldn't stand it and consulted a lawyer. She found that her husband was quite within the law. She had no legal claim on anything. She discovered, to her chagrin, that her position in the home of her husband all these years had been that of an unpaid domestic.

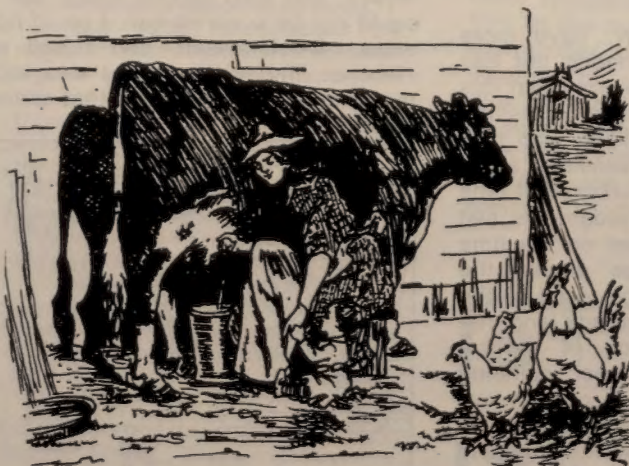


Destitution

Three years passed and the financial relations between John and Jennie Tightwad became more and more strained. In addition a new anxiety overshadowed the home. Rumors began to reach Jennie of John's attentions to a certain pretty widow who had taken up residence in the district.

One day John announced curtly that he was going away for two or three days on business. About the time she was expecting him back a neighbor drove up to the house and broke the news to her as gently as he could that John had disappeared with the widow after having sold his farm, stock, house and furniture to a wealthy American speculator. He was safely out of reach, and now the law which, during her residence with her husband refused her any claim on her children, suddenly changed its tactics and demanded that she support them, after they were turned off the homestead.

With the help of some compassionate neighbors she got a little house in town and a few pieces of furniture and began to take in washing for a living.



Contributes the Keep of the House

The second year of their married life the home of John and Jennie Tightwad was brightened by the arrival of young Bob. Jennie's outdoor activities were curtailed by this event, but her heart was made to blossom like the rose and she and John renewed their courtship in their common joy over their little son.

But Jennie was no shirk, and in order to do her full share towards getting along milked a cow and kept enough hens, and made enough garden and sold enough butter to supply the table and buy the very few clothes she and the baby indulged in.

So this year Jennie added a son to the potential earning power of the family and saved a hundred dollar store bill and still she did not handle any of the money nor was she consulted as to its disposition. It was all John's money.

Beyond the Big Three

The University Women's Club of Oakville has produced a career counselling kit for high school girls. Called "Beyond the Big Three", the kit's objective is to encourage high school girls to look beyond the traditionally acceptable careers of teaching, secretarial science, and nursing. In addition, the kit tries to help students, counsellors, teachers, and parents to reconsider their thoughts about sex stereotyping.

An expanded version of a pilot form that was introduced to Oakville high school two years ago, the present kit contains five information booklets. "Who Says" provides the reader with ways in which both boys and girls are affected by unconscious sex stereotyping.

"Women Yesterday" contains a cross section of women in Canadian history. "Women Today" offers a description of Canadian women who are today opening doors to new career ideas. "Marriage and or" takes a look at marriage and the question of combining it with part time or full time employment. And lastly, "Consider It" looks at careers beyond the traditional women's fields.

The kit is on sale to schools, libraries, boards of education, and any other interested groups. For information or orders write to: Mrs. Beth Rydale, University Women's Club of Oakville, 467 Tippeton Crescent, Oakville, Ontario L6L 5E1.

Brenda Mann

THE RIGHT TO EQUAL PLAY

Working women have long argued for equal pay; and there has been some progress. But, as soon as women enter the labour market there's another right that we have to struggle to retain — the right to equal play. If full-time work hours are added to responsibilities of homemaking, then little time remains for play — whether that means reading a novel, watching television, playing a round of golf, or spending an evening with friends.

The Ministry of Culture and Recreation in Ontario shares this concern for equal play. At least, that is what I thought when I picked up a copy of their booklet "Do Women Have Equal Play?". Here I hoped to find some support for my belief that women, particularly women working outside their homes, are shortchanged when it comes to leisure. I was disappointed:

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the total amount of free time available to males and females does not differ greatly. Overall, males have approximately one and a half hours more free time per week than females (males 36.7 hours, females 35.0 hours).

Personally, I find it difficult to find one and a half hours of free time, let alone the 35 hours the report claims are available to most women. The Ontario findings breaks down the times men and women have available for leisure.

In conclusion, males have only a slight advantage over females in the total amount of free time available, but their free time falls in bigger blocks and during "prime leisure time" — evenings and weekends.

Women, apparently, have more time on weekday afternoons, but less on weekends. I then realized that this Ontario study does not make a distinction between homemakers (who may have some time on weekday afternoons) and women working full-time office hours. By making judgments, and recommendations, based on the time available to the "average" woman, the report does a disservice to all of the women who are *not* average (and that is most of us). Some of us are homemakers, and some combine homemaking with work outside our homes. Then there are shift workers, male and female, who work nights and sleep afternoons. Some women who work office hours have small children to care for each evening. Other women now work a compacted work week, and some have two days off each week, but work on weekends. Many women work part-time — during the evening when their older children or their spouse can care for young children; or they work in stores during late night shopping, and miss opportunities for evening leisure. We are not average and therefore recreation programs designed for the

"average" woman would meet few of our needs.

When the full range of lifestyles for men and women is looked at, providing leisure opportunities (such as swimming pools, libraries and craft classes) begins to look like a twenty-four hour problem. Just as day care services are needed beyond the working hours of the "average" person, so also are recreational services. That's not one of the conclusions drawn from the Ontario report.

Even if recreational facilities were provided; if they were open at times when women could use them, those of us combining homemaking and careers would still find ourselves short of play.

To women who work for pleasure, who in the terms used by psychologists, "self-actualize" on the job, the problem is not as acute; if the job is fun, then there's less need for play away from job. But many women are employed in work that they find dreary and repetitive. This, added to the tedious and unavoidable chores at home, can lead to a lifestyle that is both strenuous and joyless.

When I first returned to full-time work, I was lucky to find a satisfying job that even provides some opportunities for play. But, after three months combining homemaking chores with my job, I found myself tired, irritable, and without peace. I had no time to relax. I felt guilty about reading a book when the floor was dirty, or about postponing picking up my child from day care so that I could go swimming first. I had to pick myself up, shake myself, and start sorting things out. I could not be superwoman; I could not expect it of myself, and I had to convince my husband and daughter that they could not expect that of me either.



These days I do find some time to play. My housekeeping standards are lower — for I am learning to accept disorder, if not dirt. My husband knows that sometimes he will have to cook, to bath and bed our child. And, I found someone who comes to my house every two weeks to clean it up. She says she likes to clean my house — that it's satisfying. I'm glad about that, but I also hope that she too has sometime to play. Spare time can't be created by government fiat, though; it's something we have to bargain for, each of us individually, with our own families.

Once we can find the time, what opportunities for recreation are available to women in the community?

A Report on the Status of Women, sponsored by the Mayor of Toronto, found that even when women do find time available to play, the recreation programs offered to them have a "blatant sexist bias".

All 10 city recreation centres schedule more hours of physical recreation for boys, and 6 of 10 have at least twice as many hours for boys.

The city operates football, soccer and baseball leagues for boys only, and changing rooms in city parks often are available only to boys.

The 10 senior recreation instructors with the city Parks and Recreation Department are men; women fill some junior positions.

'Sexist policy is clearly visible,' the task force found, in the programs like judo, tumbling, scoop ball, and floor hockey. Girls are channelled into choirs, cooking, theatre arts and cheerleading.

The report said 'there can be no excuse' for the way the recreation department concentrates its resources on males.

The task force recommended the recreation department start immediately on a master plan, and that women help put it together.

Other recommendations included the training of female coaches, equal ice rink time for females and the integration of sports leagues or the creation of leagues for females.

The report said 'sexually exploitive' activities such as baton-twirling and cheerleading should be removed from city programs, and boys and girls should have equal amounts of arts and crafts and physical sports available to them.

Journalist Sharon Adams, writing in the Edmonton Journal, told a slightly different story. There is no overt discrimination in allocation of resources (although there are some inequities); but a general lack of interest by school, community, and by women themselves, in athletic activities.

Physical activities represent only one aspect of play (though an important one for our physical health), but the lack of interest in this area reflects a long history of lack of concern with women's right to play. We still retain, in

the back of our minds, an image of the Victorian ideal woman: always at leisure, whose every activity was play and therefore of concern to no one. Women work today, even as they worked then, but today society accepts that women have a right to work and acknowledges their contribution by equal pay. But our attitudes to our work, so newly developed and so fragile, have obscured our right to equal play. We have to defend that right, both in our families, and in the society that provides our recreation opportunities.

Leslie Bella

The Woman Bank Employee

A study by Marianne Bossen, a Winnipeg consulting economist, indicates significant changes in the banking industry. Women employees now have greater potential for training and advancement than they did six years ago. The study, which was financed by the Advisory Council on the Status of Women and the Canadian Banker's Association, indicates that some improvements have taken place since 1969 when Ms. Bossen conducted a similar survey for the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. The number of female branch managers has increased 500% since 1969 compared with an increase of 19% in the number of branches. And the number of women enrolled in the Institute of Canadian Bankers, the CBA's educational division, rose to 44% of all students in 1974-75 from less than 5% in 1969.


Although these statistics are optimistic, it should be realized that

Canada's more than 7,000 bank branches employ about 131,700 people of whom 72% are women. Much still needs to be done if the potential of women in banking and other industries is to be realized. Dr. Katie Cooke, chairperson of the ACSW, though congratulating the banks for their "initiative in conducting a self-examination," also said: "I would like to say that the accelerated training programs in the banks are a positive step but they cannot be taken in isolation and will only succeed in improving the status of women in the banks when they become part of comprehensive equal employment opportunity programs".

Brenda Mann

Canadian Research Council for the Advancement of Women

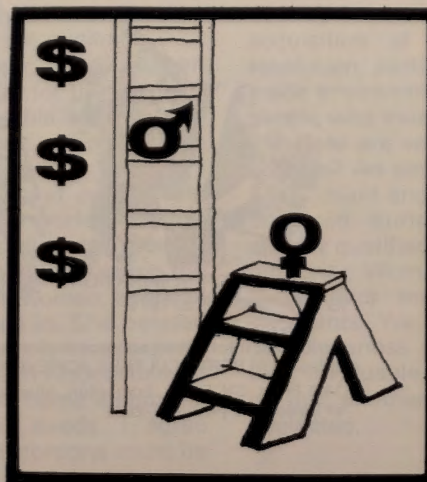
Last year, the International Women's Year Conference in Mexico suggested that an international institute be formed to encourage research into all areas of women's experience. National institutes were also planned in Costa Rica, Argentina, Iran, and Canada. On April 9 of this



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year, Canada became the first country to found such an institute, the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women. Pauline Jewett is the elected president; Rosemary Brown, Mary Two-Axe Early, and Dorothy Richardson are among the 14 women and one man who comprise the Board of Directors.

Dorothy Richardson explained to me the development, purposes, and potential of the institute, as well as its existing difficulties. Under the auspices of a grant from the Secretary of State and the Minister responsible for the Status of Women, a group of women and men in Ottawa set up a planning committee for the founding of a national institute. Looking into the government, universities, and women's groups, the committee brought together sixty delegates on April 9th and 10th to discuss the objectives of such an institute, as well as to elect the president and a Board of Directors which is representative of each province. Prior to attending the conference, each delegate received a draft paper concerning the institute's functions. The delegates were asked to recommend what they thought should be the interest areas of the institute. At the conference, it was agreed that the main objective would be an increase in understanding of women's experience and role, both in Canadian history and contemporary society. This understanding would be sought through programs in research, social audit, publications, scholarships, and education.

Ms. Richardson stressed the need, first, to decide what types of research are needed, and then to upgrade the quality and relevance of the research. Scholarly research will be done in areas such as history, economics, sociology and interdisciplinary fields.

Although the institute itself will not do any lobbying, it will be a source of information for other groups involved in lobbying, and it is action-oriented in that it will seek to link the research to actual policy making at government levels.

The biggest problem faced by the institute is funding. Most of the money from the Secretary of State was used for the initial conference and the hiring of an acting executive officer. Despite this, future meetings have been planned. Ms. Richardson believes that the institute's potential lies in its ability to "focus energies" and in becoming a national voice for the advancement of Canadian women.

Any inquiries regarding membership or donations can be sent to: The Canadian Research Institute, Suite 415, 151 Slater Street, Ottawa K1P 5H3.

Brenda Mann

If they have it coming to them,
be sure they get it . . . one of the

1976 ALBERTA ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

Outstanding athletes, actors and musicians, along with some dedicated volunteers, often make news headlines. They are well-known. But what about ones we never hear of? Wouldn't it be nice to recognize their efforts, too?

Alberta's annual Achievement Awards Program is designed to honour those individuals and groups who have, through education, sports, the arts, humanities, sciences, or in other ways, made outstanding contributions to the enrichment of life in our Province.

In singling out these persons, we need your help.

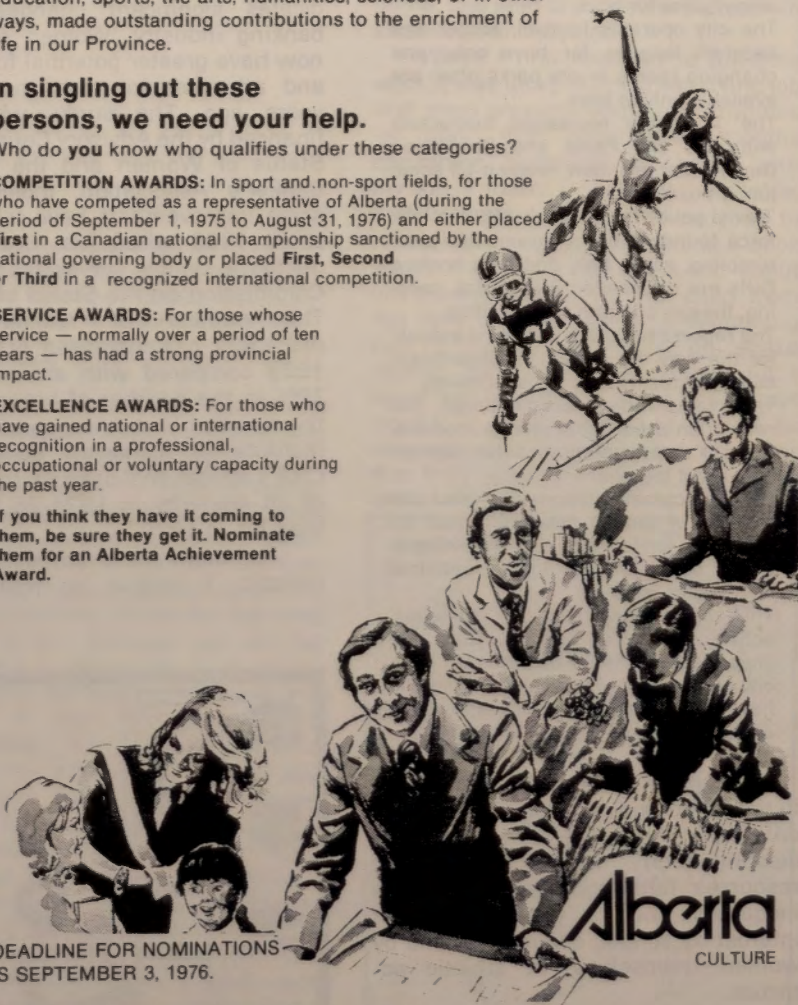
Who do **you** know who qualifies under these categories?

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WOMEN'S PLACE AND THE HABITAT FORUM

In June I was fortunate to be able to attend Habitat Forum, the United Nations non-governmental Conference which has the potential to give direction for the future planning of the world's man-made environment. The Forum discussion scanned a broad range of pressing universal concerns: alternative energy sources, appropriate technology, land-use and ownership policies, selfhelp and low-cost housing programs, poverty, pollution, rural-urban migration, population control and distribution, mental health and citizen participation in planning. One important component however received little consideration — the role of women in the planning process.

Granted, the major Forum agenda included among its star attractions several prominent women including Barbara Ward (Lady Jackson), Dr. Margaret Mead and Mother Teresa, each one noteworthy in her respective field. Barbara Ward and Margaret Mead amassed support for a moratorium on the use of nuclear power. Mother Teresa was acclaimed for her dedication to the world's poor. Yet with the exception of Dr. Mead none of these renowned speakers addressed themselves to the role of women in solving the world's habitation crises.

Further, out of a total of approximately 500 invited delegates, only 35 were women. This imbalance did not result from a lack of interest on the part of women. Rosemary Brown, M.L.A. for British Columbia, stated that she had been denied the status as part of her government's official delegation.

The serious consequences of the absence of women in the overall planning process became evident in the two sessions I attended which centered on the theme of women's role. Both sessions occurred on the same day and in competition with major plenary sessions including Dr. Mead's address on nuclear power, a major presentation on national settlement policies and William Hinton's presentation on life in China after the revolution. Consequently, attendance was low and women comprised the majority of the audience.

The first session, entitled "Women and Human Settlements - Opportunities and Challenges for the Future", featured Dr. Mead as its speaker. It was this address that crystalized in my mind the need for drastic reforms in the entire planning process to allow for input by women. I commend Dr. Mead for her outspoken stand against the historical role of women. She criticized the world's present planning policies as being a detached and distorted process due to the fact that in the most part men are designing the technology, homes and communities which women, by social custom, are forced to work with and reside in. She berated the basic absurdity that men are the chosen planning experts while it is women who historically have been responsible for the establishment and maintenance of the home and in the process gained the insight of our basic needs. I agree completely with her position that these distortions must be

removed and will only be removed by ensuring that more women participate in the planning stage, particularly at the policy level. As she eloquently expressed it, "We don't need more women in men's roles at the policy level. We need women speaking as women to make this a more liveable world."

Mrs. Anasti, representing the Associated Country Women of the World, supported Dr. Mead's recommendation that there be full integration of women at all levels of planning. She stressed that this equal participation should begin now. Women should be consulted for the practical experience gained by them in the management of their homes. The logical solution to our habitation problems is to combine these practical experiences with the technical skills of architects, planners and engineers.

The second session, appropriately titled "Women: The Neglected Resource", was equally enlightening. Fran Hosken, an architect, planner and critic, also viewed the introduction of women into the planning process as the logical and practical solution. Her suggestion that men be educated in how to run a household before they be allowed to plan one earned energetic applause. Ms. Hosken called for reform of the universal land ownership laws which deny women the basic right to control their habitat. Women work to establish the home and yet obtain no vested legal right of ownership and can be evicted at the will of men. These reforms are of greatest necessity to women in the developing countries where little assistance is available to the destitute.

Women must also become active in the political arena. Until reforms allowing for participation in the planning process occur women will remain submissive to a way of life designed for them by predominantly male planners. Participation by women will improve the living conditions of both men and women. Rosemary Brown stressed that "the denial of women's rights and opportunities is at the root of our development, social and economic ills". She prescribes the acquisition of power by women through politics and revolution, particularly in the starving nations. Existing man-made environments are simply not meeting the needs of the people who must live in them.

How are women going to become part of the decision process? An obvious step is to lobby for the introduction by government and business of the affirmative action programs promised during International Women's Year. Women already qualified must be encouraged to apply for positions of authority. Women who have attained positions of prestige and status must lend their support to other women applicants. We must dedicate ourselves to a campaign of consciousness raising that will give women confidence in their invaluable practical knowledge and create a realization in our planners that this resource must no longer be neglected.

Linda Duncan

PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION



Lisbon citizens march in a demonstration against crime and violence.

article and photographs by Eloah F. Giacomelli

"Then you've seen only the after, not the before, madam," remarked the taxi driver who was taking me from the airport to the Praca do Rossio, in the heart of old Lisbon. "I thought you'd seen the country years ago. So, you can't make comparisons." He was referring to the changes in Portugal since the revolution of April 25, 1974, when 48 years of right-wing dictatorship came to an end.

True, I couldn't make comparisons. Not of the kind the taxi driver had in mind. I had been in Portugal for the first time in October, 1975 and was back there last March for another two weeks. Born, raised, and educated in Brazil, I inherited Portugal's language, religion, and most of its cultural and social values, attitudes and structures. Now a mature person who has shaped much of her own life, I was in Portugal to reassess the heritage I've partly rejected as well as to learn about the nature of the Portuguese revolution.

As the taxi circled the Praca Marques de Pombal, in the modern section of Lisbon, before entering the broad, tree-lined Avenida da Liberdade, I examined the monument to the powerful statesman who rebuilt Lisbon after the earthquake that destroyed much of the city in 1755. It was still covered with revolutionary posters and slogans as it had been four months earlier. From the top of the high obelisk, the despotic Marquis de Pombal, astride on his horse, looks at his city like a patriarch proud of his achievements. Lisbon's monuments celebrate only the feats of men; when women appear, they are mere objects of decoration. It's as if the sculptor, instead of leaves or flowers or fruit, would often opt for the female body, which was then named Truth, Faith, Charity, Hope, Justice, Victory, Muse, or some such abstraction.

"Portugal is desperately ill," the taxi driver informed me. "Everybody is trying to treat her, but nobody has come up yet with the medicine that will restore her health. In the meantime, she's wasting away. It's just like a seriously-ill patient being treated by too many doctors all at the same time. And the doctors don't seem to agree with each other."

As we drove on, I looked at the posters which nowadays cover practically every facade, wall, and monument in Lisbon. Most of them depict a fist, the symbol of the Portuguese Socialist Party, or the hammer and the sickle of the communists. The war of the posters, as it is called in Portugal, was still in full swing. The streets looked much cleaner, though, than they had in my previous visit, when the city's street-cleaners were on strike. The traffic, bumper-to-bumper now that we had left the Avenida da Liberdade and were on a narrow, cobbled lane, crawled at a snail's pace. Drivers blew their horns vigorously. At that hour Lisbon was looking its best, bathed in the golden light of a late afternoon sun. Its pastel-washed houses, with their balconies and flower pots and laundry hanging out of the windows to dry, looked stacked on top of each other. Lisbon, the beloved city sung in countless *fados*, Portugal's sorrowful, nostalgic, wistful songs. A graceful city sprawling across seven hills on the right bank of the Tagus River. Streets and sidewalk cafes teeming with people: it seems that all of Lisbon comes out onto the streets in those two hours before sunset to talk endlessly to one another. People in love with words. Not an impression of illness at all.

"Aren't you being pessimistic?" I asked my soft-spoken, fifty-ish taxi driver. "Realistic, madam. This indiscipline, this lawlessness, this anarchy will be the ruin of this country. I can

see it happening. We're heading for an extreme right-wing military dictatorship the likes of which we've never seen before. Pinochet's dictatorship [in Chile] will seem mild by comparison. This situation here can't last much longer."

Subsequently, the driver's words would come back to my mind whenever I saw painted on a wall, "Portugal must not become Europe's Chile." And on the following days I was also to learn that Lisbon taxi drivers had been demonstrating and threatening to go on strike. They were disgruntled at the government, which had started to issue licences to some of the 400 Angolan taxi drivers newly arrived in Portugal, while many of the local drivers had to wait to have their licences renewed.

The half a million Angolan and Mozambique refugees now in the mother country, many of whom are said to be fiercely anti-communist, are another problem this nation of almost nine million people has to cope with. The end of fascism in Portugal, it must be remembered, uprooted them and put an end to the social and economical prosperity they enjoyed in Angola and Mozambique. It isn't hard, therefore, to believe in the existence of many pro-fascist groups in Portugal. But now that the Portuguese have tasted freedom for two years, a return to fascism and its strict censorship seems unlikely, although rumors of an imminent right-wing takeover were circulating freely in Lisbon during my two stays there. It happened in Chile; it could happen in Portugal.

Meanwhile, for the first time in almost 50 years, the Portuguese are enjoying a new freedom, but this freedom still seems only superficial. There is freedom to voice one's ideological and political opinions, to demonstrate on the streets, to criticize the government, to form or join a political party (there were fourteen of them getting ready for last April's national elections), to strike, to see porno movies and read porno publications.

However, the fabric of the Portuguese society has not changed. Women writers have stated in articles in the country's weekly magazines, *Flama*, *Seculo Ilustrado*, *Mulher*, that the "Revolution" (often with quotation marks) is not interested in the status of women. Women, they claim, have been ignored by party and union leaders and remain prisoners of a male-centered culture full of taboos regarding them. Sanctions against those who break any taboo are still heavy. Besides, according to Portuguese feminists, the Portuguese "Revolution" is much too marked by the Army, an essentially *macho* institution, while the left-wing parties regard the emancipation of women as a problem to be solved after the revolution is successful — a contradiction in terms, which the Portuguese males don't seem to realize.

Amidst the national euphoria prevalent in the country, only the women seem to have assessed the much vaunted "Revolution" objectively.

Portugal's weekly magazines often cover women's issues.



"April 25 arrived. For the last two years we've been through a disquieting period, which some people have hastily labelled 'revolution'. But in fact it wasn't a revolution because there still weren't enough people ready to transform the world around them, ready to revolutionize their own mental structures and cultural foundations," said Maria Antonia Palla, a Portuguese journalist and T.V. producer, in an interview with *Mulher* in March.

Another woman tersely described the plight of women this way: "Men invade, colonize, exploit and subjugate us. There can be no real revolution without the emancipation of women," said Maria Teresa Horta, one of the three authors of *The Three Marias: New Portuguese Letters*, the controversial book that sent its authors to jail under the fascist dictatorship. She works in Lisbon as a journalist, and often writes on women's issues for Portuguese publications. The left-wing parties, trying to win the women's votes, are merely courting them. Many Portuguese women, however, are learning the real meaning of the verb *to court*. Meanwhile, issues like family planning, birth control methods, abortion, single mothers, divorce, day care centers, rural women, prostitution, remain much as they were under the fascist dictatorship.

That male attitudes towards women have not changed in Portugal is recognized by a few lucid males. "The emancipation of women does not please men," said Joao Matos Silva, one of the producers of a series of TV programs that focus on women in Portugal. "Many men who call themselves leftist, when it comes to women, display a right-wing mentality," he stated in an interview with *Mulher*.

Portuguese feminists believe that the typically male dichotomy Pure Woman versus Fallen Woman is as entrenched in Portugal today as it was under fascism. They are now denouncing the pornography that has invaded the country since the Revolution as another example of men's invasion, colonization, exploitation and subjugation of women. And a woman by herself continues to be a favorite target for man's display of hatred and *machismo*, as I myself experienced in the streets, squares and parks. Rare was the day I spent in Portugal when a male didn't violate my human dignity with obscene gestures or words.

Prostitution and pornography, these two age-old forms of male dominance over the female body and mind, have always existed in Portugal, of course. Yesterday, hidden; today, open. Since the Revolution, pornography, like left-wing ideology, has achieved first-class citizenship, and nowadays, as a woman put it, Lisbon vies with other European cities for the title "Europe's Capital City of Pornography." So far most of the porno movies and publications are imported, but there is already a fledgling local industry eager to make a fast buck.

Last fall, Lisbon street vendors were displaying on the sidewalks pictures of the naked female body in every conceivable shape and position, side by side with the solemn posters depicting Marx, Lenin, Fidel Castro, Che Guevarra, Chairman Mao, Ho Chi Min and assorted communist brochures, pins and medals. An odd, almost surreal juxtaposition that mirrors a facet of reality, I thought at the time. For sale: the female body and the fathers of left-wing ideology. Last March, such sidewalk displays of the female body had disappeared. Many women had protested in the news media, forcing the government to take measures to curb the blatant display of pornography on the streets.

"The scorn men feel for female sexuality as they imagine it to be, as well as the contempt for women that society instills in men, make pornography possible. Pornography feeds on the female body and in Portugal it has become a banner of freedom. But does freedom need banners? Or are these banners just covers for the freedom that does not exist?" journalist Regina Louro wrote in *Flama* last October. And she went on to denounce the hypocrisy of Portugal's pseudo-liberals and intellectuals, who like their pornography wrapped in aesthetics, with some "redeeming" social value attached to

it. She cited *Emmanuelle*, which the Portuguese had already seen, and *The Story of O*, which they will likely see in the near future, as examples of porno movies that cater to the tastes of the pseudo-liberals.

On the other hand, some Portuguese interpret this wave of pornography as a capitalist ploy designed to prevent the working classes from becoming politically aware and militant. "The movies offered for the consumption of the working classes in this country only strengthen the bourgeois ideology," wrote a movie critic in one of Lisbon's dailies. Much to his chagrin, hardly anyone had bothered to see any of Eisenstein's revolutionary movies then being shown in Lisbon.

Many Portuguese are also blaming pornography for the wave of rapes and the dramatic increase in crime in Lisbon since the beginning of the year. The number of women, especially highschool students, abducted and raped by gangs of men in broad daylight reached such proportions that alarmed parents, teachers and young people staged last March a non-partisan demonstration to demand stricter laws, more police protection and greater safety on the streets.

For the Roman Catholic Church, still a powerful and influential institution in Portugal, pornography is "a serious form of moral pollution," as the Catholic bishops stressed in their Christmas message to the nation last year. They warned the Portuguese that moral and family values are being eroded by the licentiousness now rampant in the country.

Pornography, together with the Angolan and Mozambique refugees and left-wing ideology, has become an issue discussed in the news media, in the streets, in the cafes. For many Portuguese, it is the concrete, visible manifestation of the freedom that surfaced with the overthrow of the fascist dictatorship. For the left-wing parties, it is a capitalist plot to keep the political awareness of the working classes dormant. For the feminists, it is another extreme manifestation of male chauvinism. For many males, it exists because there are "fallen" women, who are to be blamed for it. For the average citizen on the street, like the taxi driver who drove me from the airport, it is part of the "indiscipline, lawlessness and anarchy" that are ruining the country.

In addition, I recognized in the pornography in Portugal at least one other facet which mirrors an essentially Latin and Catholic attitude towards women. Moral and family values are still very strong in a country where most homes display a picture of the Holy Family in their living-rooms. Saint Joseph, the husband as protector and provider, and the Virgin Mary, the dedicated mother and virtuous wife, are the models to be emulated by men and women. Any woman who grew up Catholic in a country like Brazil or Portugal knows that if a woman rejects the model that is her fated lot in life, she becomes responsible for the erosion of the moral values of society. Thus, pornography and prostitution can be interpreted as forms of punishment which can happen only to "fallen" women: in the eyes of a male-centered culture, she brought upon herself her own degradation by stepping outside her assigned fate. And what is more: she is rejected and ostracized by the women who have resigned themselves to the fate men designed for them.

For the Catholic Church, as well as for many Portuguese, a woman's rejection of the model suggested by the Holy Family will not lead her to emancipation. In the full-page interview with Antonio Ribeiro, Patriarch of Lisbon, published in *Diário de Notícias*, one of Portugal's oldest and most respected dailies, the position of the Church regarding women's emancipation was made clear.

The Patriarch of Lisbon recognizes the fact that a woman is still often considered a second class human being, and he wants to see legislation that will give the Portuguese women "a real emancipation," he told the Lisbon newspaper last March. However, he was careful to point out that "sexual freedom, adultery, and legalized abortion are deceptive ways to reach women's emancipation. If they follow them, women

will end up the slaves of society and of themselves. Such ways would mean to follow backwards one thousand years of civilization, and they can contribute nothing to women's dignity," he declared.

Thus, the Patriarch of Lisbon gave short shrift to women's issues and then proceeded to pontificate on the role of the Catholic Church in a changing society. Despite all the present tribulations, the Patriarch is convinced that "Portugal is and will remain a Christian nation," a statement most Portuguese, who still attend church regularly, would agree with. In Lisbon, I noted during my stay there, there are always some people, old and young, female and male, praying in the city's many churches, which remain open throughout the day. On Sundays, Portuguese of all ages from all over the country converge on Fatima, the center of Roman Catholicism in Portugal, to light candles to Our Lady of Fatima and to attend mass in the shrine. On the Sunday I visited Fatima, the shrine was packed with pilgrims. Outside, people — mostly family groups consisting of several children, parents and grandparents — looked dwarfed in the huge, almost deserted central square. Many women were walking on their knees in penitence, while members of the family watched. It is mostly women who perform this act of penitence to ask for God's forgiveness or to express thanks for a grace received.

These are deeply religious people, resigned to their fated lot in life, which they accept as God's will. And women much more so than men. These are people who heed the Church's condemnation of birth control methods, abortion, and women's emancipation outside the rigid framework of the Catholic Church. And country women especially, because they are poor, illiterate, homebound, remain trapped in the fate men



Fatima: women walk on their knees in penitence.

created for them. Creatures without bodies and minds of their own.

"The female body is exploited not only by the reactionary and liberal members of the bourgeoisie, but also by the so-called 'revolutionary' and 'progressive' males of the left, who claim to support us. The fact is that all of them want nothing but to manipulate our uterus, a territory to be colonized by governments of all kinds," wrote Maria Teresa Horta in *Aborto: Direito ao Nosso Corpo* ("Abortion: The Right To Our Bodies"), a book published in Lisbon last year. Its authors interviewed hundreds of Portuguese people — women who have had abortions; midwives, nurses and women who have illegally performed them; doctors, lawyers and psychiatrists, and then presented their findings in this book.

Horta's statement accurately reflects the present attitude of the 'revolutionary' parties in Portugal. None of them have been actively engaged in promoting birth control methods and family planning; neither have they pushed for legalized abortion, Horta and other Portuguese feminists have pointed out. In their political platforms, a few lines are devoted to women's rights, almost an afterthought; in their highly rhetorical speeches, empty promises are made. Most of the parties, in which women are assimilated tokens, as Horta puts it, are not ready to challenge the values, attitudes and structures created by a male-centered society.

For example, when "Abortion is Not a Crime," a Portuguese TV production, was broadcast earlier this year, the negative reaction coming from all sources was overwhelming, their producers said in an interview with *Mulher* last March. Many of the political parties accused the program of "violating the conscience of the Portuguese people."

This documentary, however, did not advocate abortion as a birth control solution. It merely presented realistically the gruesome conditions under which abortion, a crime punishable with 2 to 8 years in jail, is performed in Portugal, where 180,000 illegal abortions, it has been estimated, are performed every year, killing about 2,000 women, almost all of whom belong to the lower or peasant classes. "Abortion is a social problem in Portugal. The silence that up to now has enveloped it can only be explained as a vast form of social hypocrisy that pretends to ignore the real problems of women. Society invokes morality because it is convenient to do so," said Maria Antonia Palla, one of the producers of the program. "Only a nationwide promotion of family planning will prevent abortion from being used as a birth control method," she stated in *Mulher* last March.

Like her, many other Portuguese women consider free and legalized abortion an emergency solution in a country where most women — illiterate, uneducated — haven't even heard of birth control pills; in a country where many men forbid their women who find out about them to take or use any contraceptives and then beat them up because they got pregnant again. Revolution in Portugal? Just males playing their political games. Right left right left right left. And in the background, always the threatening sounds of heavy boots.

Meanwhile, the Portuguese revolutionary government has been handing out palliatives. The adjectives "legitimate" and "illegitimate" for instance, will no longer be used in birth certificates, Dr. Armando Bacelar, Justice minister, announced in a televised address to the nation last March. This measure, he said, will put an end to the present "anachronistic discrimination against illegitimate children and single mothers." He would also like to see generalized public discussions on abortion because the present laws discriminate against lower class women — the ones who always get caught. Such public debates, however, the Portuguese cabinet member was careful to say, should "respect the religious susceptibility of the essentially Catholic conscience of the Portuguese people." He was alluding to the TV program "Abortion Is Not A Crime," which had generated so much controversy in the country. Not only the Catholic Church and the medical class, both

ASTRAY

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME

Poem by Margarida Redondo

Translated from the Portuguese

by Eloah F. Giacomelli

Take one medium
size woman.

Coat to taste in virginity.

Dip in love
faintly seasoned
pain and motherhood.

Fry in religion oil
with a chunk of extra
work very fresh.

Preserve in a lacquered tureen.

Baste with three
R's dressing and
top with minced lace.

(Serve colonized
with a subterfuge salad)



Balconies, flower pots, laundry hanging out to dry, narrow winding lanes — that's Alfama, the old section of Lisbon spared by the earthquake of 1755. *Fados* are filled with love for these old Moorish boroughs.

considered reactionary forces in Portugal, but also many of the political parties had condemned it. It must be remembered, however, that before that program was televised, abortion had never been discussed in public, much less in the news media. So, it's easy to understand the shock waves it created in the country. However, judging from the controversy surrounding this program, I'd say that the Portuguese are now ready to examine abortion and its ramifications openly. Even those who condemned the program can no longer ignore the problem now that statistical evidence has been made public in books like *Aborto* or TV programs like the one just discussed.

And yet, even political organizations such as the Women's Democratic Movement and the many women's groups of the leftist parties, have been reluctant to press for legalized abortion. Maria Teresa Horta charged in *Aborto*, the book mentioned earlier. Those groups, affiliated to male political parties, are still subservient to men, who do not consider women's problems one of their priorities.

That's why women like Maria Teresa Horta and Maria Antonia Palla have taken the initiative of presenting women's issues directly to women through the mass media. In a country where illiteracy is high, and where few people outside the major cities read books or magazines, the electronic media can become a powerful and effective way of reaching people everywhere, as Palla discovered. Her TV series on women proved to be successful, and it has contributed to raising the

consciousness of the Portuguese women. And so have, to a lesser extent, the many articles on women's issues published in the country's newspapers and magazines. Besides, nowadays bookstores carry Portuguese translations of Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics* and Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*. Portuguese women have also joined the international women's movement. Delegations were sent to I.W.Y.'s Conference in Mexico City last year, as well as to the Women's World Congress in Berlin, November 1975, and to the International Tribunal of Crimes Against Women in Brussels, March 1976. Such events received wide coverage in the country's news magazines, a fact that seems to indicate that the Portuguese news media, still mostly in the hands of men, consider such events important. And because they are reported, the international activities of the Portuguese feminists will be helpful in changing attitudes and in bringing about changes in the status of women in Portugal by creating public awareness of problems most people still don't recognize as such.

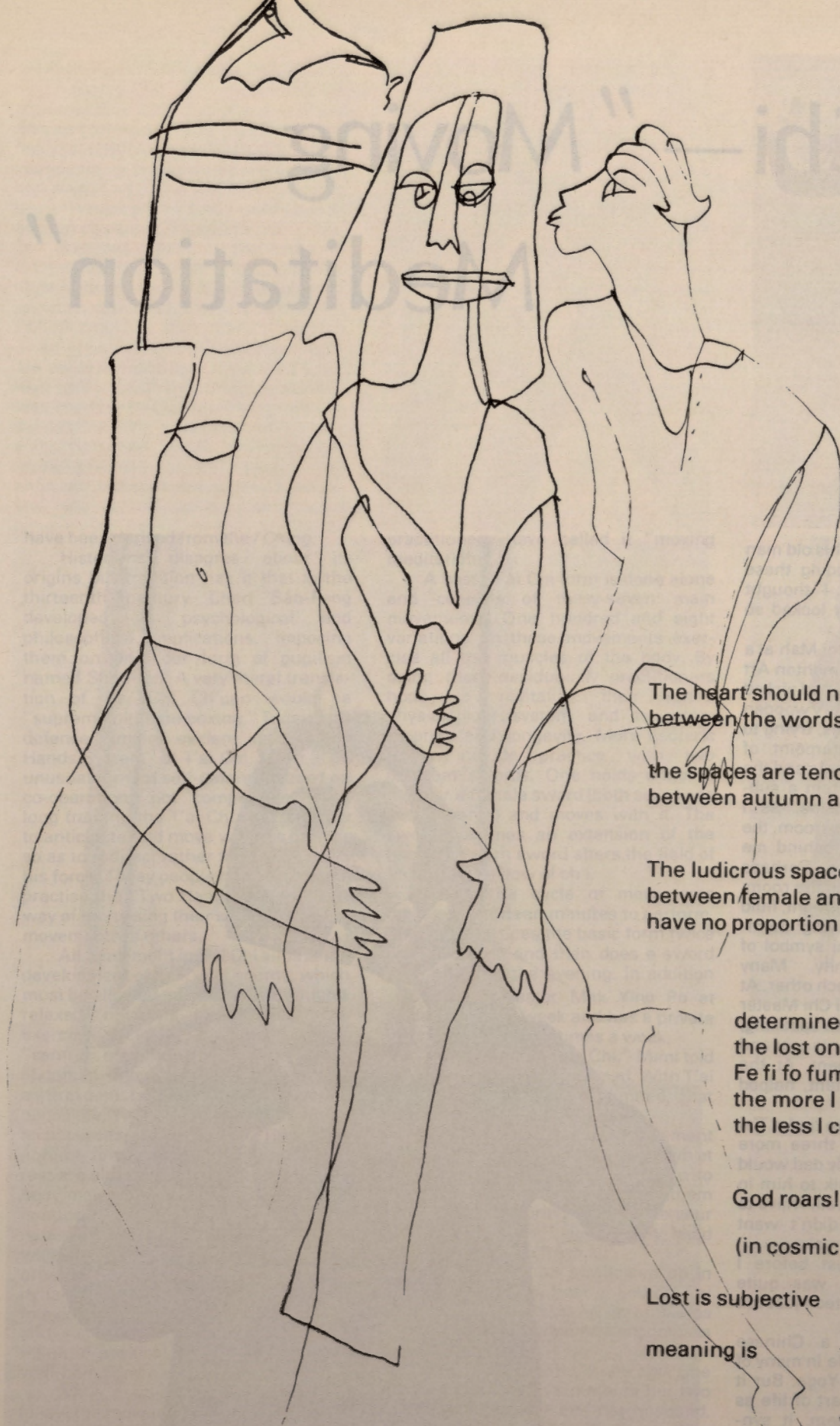
While working on this article, I would often listen to the *fados*, Portugal's songs about life's cruelty and goodness, pain and joy, suffering and pleasure, fortunes and misfortunes. They are filled with poignant nostalgia, despair, resignation, joy, tenderness and fire, unrequited love and jealousy, but above all, with a strong, pervading sense of fate. The *fado*, which literally means fate, originated in the folk music of Brazil and was introduced into Portugal over a century ago, where it developed into a highly stylized popular form. As I listened to Amalia Rodrigues, Portugal's greatest *fado* singer, I jotted down lines taken at random from countless *fados*. A sample illustrates how overwhelming the sense of fate can be in these songs:

"Nobody can escape from his or her fate. When I was born, I got a star with my fate carved on it. Oh fate, oh curse. Fortune, like death, always arrives too late or too soon. This anxiety that oppresses me, it's God's will. While escaping from fate, I was running away from myself."

While Amalia sang, I thought of the women in Portugal. Of the women who have resigned themselves to their fate, believing that it is God's will, that its course cannot be altered. Of the religious women on their knees, praying for strength to bear their fated lot in life. Of all the young women who still say "as many children as God will send me" in reply to the question "how many children will you have when you get married?" Of all those women without minds and bodies of their own. Of the new political and ideological winds sweeping Portugal, but still sidestepping women's problems.

It is possible for a woman to discard this man-made fate, as I did individually. The price can be very high, but the rewards that come through self-fulfillment, even higher. And as for pure, undiluted, genuine fate, i.e., the forces beyond a human being's control — now I can even accept it, at times with contained despair. And so, the *fado* will remain meaningful as long as it sings only this genuine fate before which human creatures will always be powerless. But man-made fate, whether it affects women or men, will have to be destroyed. Which one day might happen in Portugal and all over the world.

Eloah F. Giacomelli, now a Canadian citizen, immigrated to Canada in 1969. She has taught in Brazil at both the secondary and university levels. She lived in New Brunswick and Ontario before moving to Vancouver, B.C., where she teaches at one of the community colleges. Her translations from the Portuguese have appeared in many North American literary periodicals, and her reviews and articles have been published in Brazilian and Canadian publications.



The heart should not stop at spaces
between the words.

Between cities
the spaces are tenderly rested
between autumn and spring.

The ludicrous spaces
between female and male
have no proportion

But laughter
determined to fail
the lost ones wail
Fe fi fo fum
the more I fuck
the less I come

God roars! Kiss my bum!

(in cosmic spaces they come)

Lost is subjective

space a fantasy

meaning is

between the words.

poem by Delores Broten
illustration by Laura Coutts

T'ai Chi—"Moving Meditation"

by Shirley Swartz
photos by Diana Palting

"A long time ago I saw this old man with a long white beard doing these beautiful movements and I thought *that's* what I want to do. It looked so universal."

I had gone to watch Mimi Mah at a T'ai Chi class held in the Edmonton Art Gallery. Outside the gallery I had picked my way up and down temporary wooden steps and around wire fences, trying to ignore the raucous counterpoint of electric saws and jackhammers and the dust blowing everywhere from a subway construction site. Inside, as I entered the long narrow classroom, the noise of the door closing behind me reverberated in the silence. Perhaps twenty people moved around the room, their slow steps and gestures light, fluid and relaxed, always resolving themselves into circles, T'ai Chi symbol of wholeness, unity, eternity. Many smiled, to themselves, to each other. At one end of the room the T'ai Chi Master moved among them, seldom speaking, demonstrating the movements over and over, smiling encouragement. At the other end Mimi, his assistant, helped another group.

"It took me four years to find a T'ai Chi Master. Then it took three more months to get to see him. My dad would phone Master Mak and talk to him in Chinese. Finally he said, 'Well, I have to see how you think.' He didn't want anyone who would fight or resist.

"I remember that just before I began taking T'ai Chi I was quite depressed. And after I started I just felt like I was going *up*."

T'ai Chi Ch'uan is a Chinese exercise system comparable in many of its aims and methods to Yoga. But it must be described as an art of life as well as an exercise system. It synthesizes many of the ideas of Confucianism, Taoism and Zen Buddhism and some of its main concepts seem to



have been derived from the *I Ching*.

Historians disagree about its origins but tradition has it that in the thirteenth century Chan San-Feng developed its psychological and philosophical implications, imposing them on an older form of pugilism named Shao-Lin. A very literal translation of T'ai Chi Ch'uan would be "supreme ultimate boxing." Today self-defense remains evident in the "Two Hands System" of T'ai Chi. But it is an unusual form of self-defense, based on co-operation, not competition. With long training the T'ai Chi expert is able to anticipate and move with his partner so as to redirect rather than counteract his force. Today people most commonly practise the "Two Hands System" as a way of increasing their sensitivity to the movements of others.

All movement in T'ai Chi aims at the development of ch'i, vital energy, which must be allowed to flow freely through a relaxed, naturally poised body. The exercises focus the ch'i in a point of "central equilibrium" located in the abdomen. Movement to and from this central point balances the two universal opposites, Yin and Yang, each of which is necessary to the other. This equilibrium finds various metaphors: the feet are planted firmly on the earth, the body moves lightly in the heavens; one is strong as steel inside, soft as cotton outside. The exercises are co-ordinated with deep and natural abdominal breathing. The movements are slow and dynamic. Each one merges into the next in a continuous flow designed to create and maintain a balance which will result in physical, mental and spiritual well-being and harmony.

While practising T'ai Chi the eyes follow the movements of the hands. The mind remains alert, wholly concentrated on the movements. Contrasting T'ai Chi with Yoga or Buddhism, its

practitioners have called it "moving meditation."

A basic T'ai Chi form is done alone and consists of thirty-seven main movements. One hundred and eight variations on these movements exercise all the muscles of the body. By doing them assiduously practitioners hope to revitalize their entire physiological system and to attain serenity and longevity. More esoteric forms include practice with two different swords. One holds either a male or a female sword (both sexes use both swords) and moves with it. The sword becomes an extension of the hand and each sword alters the field of force and the flow of ch'i.

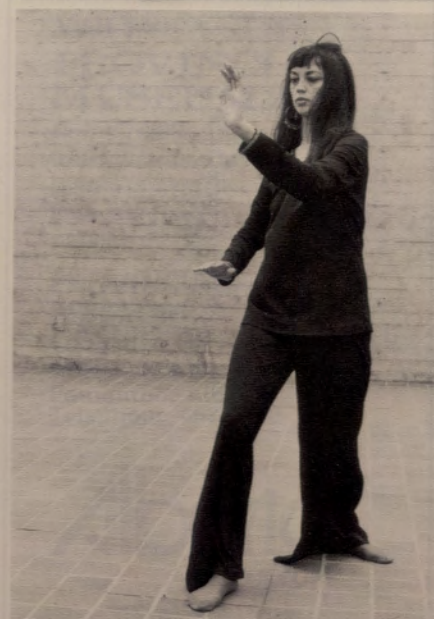
The entire cycle of movements takes about fifteen minutes to perform. Mimi usually does the basic form twice each morning and then does a sword form twice in the evening. In addition she assists Master Mak Ying Po at classes twice a week and has a private lesson with him two times a week.

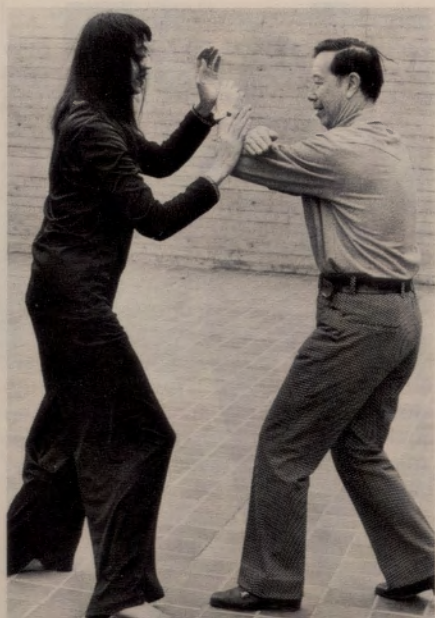
"I started doing T'ai Chi," Mimi told me, "because I felt depressed. With T'ai Chi sometimes I feel unlimited, that anything is possible."

"When you do the first movement of T'ai Chi you have your hands down at your sides and you raise them up to shoulder level and then you put them down. That's to bring your ch'i to your center. Whenever I do that my head feels filled up with fresh air."

"I can really be swallowed up in problems and then I come and do T'ai Chi and I can look back on my problems and they don't completely encompass me."

I first met Mimi ten years ago. She lived in a basement suite with her two children, her father and her husband, Manwoman, whom she had met while both were in art school. In between cooking, sewing, washing and giving





birth to two more children, Mimi drew and painted.

Her pictures were delicate and romantic. I particularly remember one folding Chinese screen which depicted white horses descending diagonally across a meadow filled with blue and green shadow, the whole scene framed with intertwining flowers. Now she characterizes those pictures as "poetic," but "melancholy." She feels that doing T'ai Chi has helped her to paint better, more balanced pictures, that her recent work is "happier, like clear sunshine."

"I can see the difference in my art. Master Mak always talks about the flow of energy. Energy comes from your roots, through your heels and up through your body. You must stay relaxed because if you're tensed, stressed right here in the shoulder, then the energy is blocked. But if you stay completely relaxed then it comes out in one point, out of your hand."

"I'll always remember that once after I had been doing T'ai Chi I started to paint some watercolor flowers and they came out so full of life. I could see the difference. They seemed to be growing; I'm sure it was related to my allowing the energy to flow."

The forces at work in T'ai Chi appear to be profound, archetypal. As I watched Mimi do the exercises, I noticed the same absorption I had seen in her after the birth of each of her children. She believes that the fetus can love its mother as the child can and I have heard her defend that belief vigorously in a group where two psychologists, far more articulate and far less aware than she, insisted that unborn babies had no such affective capability. After giving birth, she remained as if physically one with the child. The baby that had been inside her was outside, looking at her, "such good company." The two lived apart, the rest of the world in soft focus. Then the baby would begin to sit up, take notice of its surroundings, and the peculiar security gave way and once more admitted the rest of the world.

Mimi likes to draw analogies between the meaningful moments in her life. Doing T'ai Chi, painting, giving birth, watching evening's changing light until darkness falls: all call up similar feelings and an inner quietness.

"These things put me in touch with life, with myself. The experience is always the same and I always want to find it." T'ai Chi evokes it now.

During the early years of our friendship I found both Mimi's beauty and her silence overwhelming. She often wore large earrings, bright dresses with extravagantly wide sleeves and elaborate make-up. She spoke little. When she did, she would offer some wry self-observation or make

an insightful remark about the needs and motivations of others. She illustrated her words with gestures and one could literally feel the objects her long fingers limned in the air. But most of the time she remained withdrawn from conversation, not always happy. As I spoke to her after her class, I remarked that she laughed more.

"When I do T'ai Chi," she told me, "I often find myself smiling and I begin to look good to myself. My own body and my own movement make me feel happy. I *feel* the space I occupy between the soles of my feet and the top of my head."

Mimi emphasized again and again that doing T'ai Chi had changed her, had made her more aware of herself, more confident, more accepting of her own beauty, "warm inside." Paradoxically perhaps, as she saw her self-awareness increase she felt her egotism diminish. She describes herself as having been ill at ease, worried about how she looked and the impression she was making. "I felt like . . . like a corkscrew. And when I looked at someone and felt that way I didn't feel good about that person."

The serenity and self-confidence that followed upon her learning T'ai Chi leave her more at ease with people. She has learned to experience herself as an equal in her relations with both men and women.

"I'm more human and I see others as more human too. I'm less afraid."

Mimi characterizes herself as not only more confident but more "balanced" as the result of her T'ai Chi exercises. The difference in her affects all her relationships. At first she did the forms to give herself the strength to survive the difficult period when her marriage broke up, and now, raising four children alone, she thinks the changes in her make her a better mother.

"I have more control of myself in every way, more control of my emotions. I feel like a more stable person to my children. T'ai Chi makes me more wholesome and that's better for them."

"I think children understand a lot without being told. It's good for them to be exposed to T'ai Chi so they know there's something *other* in life, something besides what goes on every day. And they seem to respect it too. When I'm doing T'ai Chi they get very quiet. They almost tiptoe around; it's as if they can sense something profound."

If she finds herself a more reassuring presence for her children, she also insists that T'ai Chi has given her a strength which makes her less dependent on others. People she finds "heavy", given to interminable morbid introspection in conversation, lose her friendship now. She is less afraid to end destructive relationships, more open to new ones.

"With men I used to feel weak. Even

just physically weak. Sometimes — not all the time — because I was weak I saw myself as a victim. But feeling stronger, stronger from doing T'ai Chi, is the difference for me between feeling like a victim and feeling able to control my situation. I don't necessarily mean to control it physically, but to have control of my own presence."

Mimi has learned to stop blaming herself for the feelings of others. She handles setbacks in her love relationships more calmly.

"I don't get so easily drowned in a relationship. If I see that a man wants to do something and I'm not going to be a part of it, I don't feel like I'm going to go under. I feel sad and I miss the person but I go on. There are other people I will like. I don't feel so tied to any one person that if something happened to that relationship I would fall into this tremendous amount of pain which I've known before."

Master Mak Ying Po recurs frequently in our conversation. Mimi's feelings about him remind one of the master-pupil relationship which shapes so many of the parables of Zen Buddhism. Nor does she seem alone in those feelings. Each person in the class approached the Master with affectionate deference; he responded to each with warmth and gentleness.

"It's important just to be in contact with the Master. I think people come to him sometimes just to feel high. I can go in feeling really lousy and I feel good just being with him. It's not because he offers me great theories, it's just because he's happy."

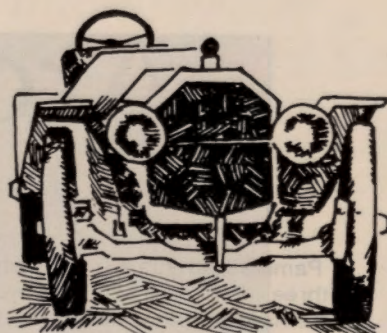
"Really my Master almost means more to me than my own father. There's a very deep love between the two of us. I think it's because we're sharing something that just can't be put into words. I would find it very hard to move away from Edmonton because he's here."

Women can become T'ai Chi Masters, although its meditative aspects inhibit the sort of ambition that would let anyone set Mastership as a goal. Mimi laughs at the idea that she might ever be a Master.

I'm just . . . nothing; he's the Master, he's been doing T'ai Chi for forty years. I feel like I don't know anything. I just assist him because I learn a lot by teaching and I like to be around the T'ai Chi."

How would I summarize the benefits of T'ai Chi after watching and talking to Mimi? In appearance she is more youthful than she was four years ago; beauty no longer contends against tension and unhappiness in her face. She moves gracefully, with sensitivity to her surroundings.

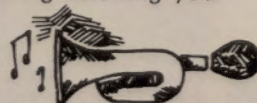
Most rewarding of all perhaps, she find herself more responsive to others, cont. on page 48



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CULTURE

Arctic Women

photoessay by Pamela Harris

Pamela Harris is a Toronto photographer whose work has been published and exhibited widely. In 1973 she lived for three months in Spence Bay, Northwest Territories, where she photographed, built a community darkroom and taught native craftswomen how to process their own photographs. Their photography is now used to back up their craftwork.

In the cover photo, and on these pages, she presents her photographic and verbal impressions of the Inuit women at Spence Bay. She was particularly impressed by the women's strength. "They are living difficult lives: bridging two contradictory cultures and handling the heavy load of work that has always been theirs. They spend their days caring for children, cooking, washing, cleaning, making clothes and tents and boots, splitting fish, cleaning seals, packing their babies at the same time and working with few of the amenities that we take for granted. They also earn money by carving, sewing, teaching, or holding other settlement jobs. Thus their lives are full of hard work; but they are also part of a rich culture that feeds them, as does the land to which they and their culture are tied. They find deep joy in children — their own and all others as well — and satisfaction in the fine craftwork that forms an integral part of their daily lives."



A Child in Cambridge Bay: I met her on my first day in the North. She was by the sea with her mother and grandmother who were cleaning a seal. I did not know how to ask her name, but the family welcomed me with the graciousness that is characteristic of the Inuit.



Maudie Okittuq and her carving: Mother of many young children, she also carves and sews to help support her family.



Gemma Unalerk: She made this tent, using in part the blue air mail bags that turn up everywhere in the North. Like so many Inuit, now that her children are grown she has adopted two grandchildren to raise.



Eva Kingmeaqtuq and Celina Aglukkaq: Friends at the fishing camp, they spent their time chasing lemmings, helping their mothers to split fish, playing ball, and visiting.



Bessie and Nick Uquqtuq and their daughter: They were mainstays of the evening ball games at our camp. Finding me a shy and awkward ball player, Bessie decided I should team up with Nick as my partner. His skill gave me the confidence I needed, and playing that wild game made me feel part of the community in a way I never had before — a gift to me from Bessie.

Annie Kingmeaqtuq: About 9 years old, she is eager to learn all the traditional arts — filleting fish, doing fourstrand braiding, or in this case making bannock over a primus stove.



Nilaulaq splitting fish: An artist in all her endeavors, she can open fish into a butterfly with a few clean strokes, removing head, spine and guts and leaving the flesh and skin in one perfect piece to be dried for winter.



Nilaulaq Aglukkaq fingerweaving: A woman of great strength and intelligence and a talented craftswoman. On our way to an autumn fishing camp, she made tea in the boat and then settled down with her fingerweaving, working with concentration while also keeping an eye on her four children.



Amie Kanayuk. About 7 years old, she is eager to learn all the traditional arts — fitting fish, doing Inuit hand sewing, or in the case of sewing, using a handrun Singer.



Kanayuk Innuklun and her daughter: She is using her handrun Singer as a weight to hold down her fingerweaving — women's crafts of two cultures meeting each other.

"Bird Hitch-hiking"



Jessie Lyall: Mother of three, she has a busy life. She is one of the generation who was taken away to school in Inuvik and taught English; thus she is particularly split between the two cultures, speaking Inuit to her parents but English to her children.



"Bird Hitch-hiking"

by Cathy Ford

illustration by Barbara Hartmann

Well, Daisy, I was walking down the main drag — you know the street, right? I had all of Ed's money in my back pocket. One hundred and fifty dollars. I just went to the bank and took it out.

I didn't put it in my wallet because it wasn't mine. I couldn't take the responsibility any more, hanging on to it.

I mean, I didn't even know how he got it. Dealing, I guess. Or maybe he took a gas station.

But why leave it with me? Who knows?

I decided to give the money back. Couldn't keep it in there, like, it was so easy to get it out. Just had to sign my name. Since I had no money of my own. none at all, flat broke. It was beginning to freak me, having his money in my account.

Hey Daisy, you listening?

The big problem is, I'm pregnant. Two months, I guess. I need money, you see.

Well, Ed's a friend, an old and good friend. Anyway, I couldn't screw him around.

It was raining that day. It must have been last Monday. I had the money, and I had the doctor's report. I had to get something together on my own, for sure.

I mean, I really don't want to have a kid. Not now. It's not even like I'm heavily attached to anyone, you know. In a way that makes it better, but still, I've got things to do.

Like what? Like get my head together, baby, and file for an abortion. Committees and such. Weep on a few shoulders. Look naive.

How does anyone get pregnant? Christ.

Monday, I thought I'd better give Ed his money before I spent it.

Oh sure, Marcia told me someone to go to. I just don't think I could handle that illegal mess. Suicidal, I ain't.

Anyway, I phoned Ed one morning, and said how I hadn't seen him for maybe five months. And he said how he'd been so busy, and I said, what about Monday. That's where I was going. I didn't have to meet Ed until five, so I was walking, window-shopping, stuff like that. Day-dreaming. Trying to figure out why I'm always so poor in the winter. Happens every year.

It was just in front of the Allison Hotel, this guy came right up and asked me. I was kind of surprised. I wasn't dressed up or anything. He said, "How'd a hundred and fifty do?"

Well. I've done it before, right? Not often for that kind of cash. Yes, hard cash. This is not a fairy tale, you know. Sounded like a lot of money at the time. Sounded nice and fast, easy. So I said, "Sure."

He was staying right there, in the hotel, Room 303. Isn't that a joke? The shot-gun similarities did strike me. He mentioned it too. It bugged me at first, he was so nervous. He set it up carefully. He was from out of town.

Who knows? He was married. Happily married. He let me know how he wanted to be handled all right. I thought it would be simple, once we were in his room.

I didn't ask. I didn't even think about him while it was happening. It wasn't a bad room. Quite clean. At least he didn't smoke. I was beginning to enjoy it, really, that he picked me up.

Anyway, that was that, I turned the trick.

Then he asked me to stay.

"I have to leave by five," I said.

"That's okay," he said, "Just for a while."

Pretty civilized, eh? Well, it was raining. Why not. I've met stranger ones than that. We talked maybe for an hour, stupid things like weather and the news and his wife.

"She looks like you," he said.

I asked him where he was from — like what town — and what he was doing in the big city. He wanted to know if I was going to be able to come back, tonight, before he left. I said I didn't get into that sort of thing, repetitions. He said okay.

He was pretty nice looking. Sad around the eyes, cruel around the mouth. I asked him if he ever hit his wife, and he said, "Sometimes."

There was no harm in it.

"I really have to go," I said.

"Thanks for coming in out of the rain for me," he said.

There was no fuss about the money at all. He just gave it to me, straight, and I put it in my bag.

Well, I had to use the can, and then I came out, and got dressed. He just laid there and watched me.

"See you," I said, thinking how fast it really was, how there were no hassles. It even felt good.

I stuck my thumb out, along sixteenth, and got a ride right away. I can't remember the car, or the guy driving.

I was thinking mostly about Ed, thinking how it would be to see him. I thought I'd ask him about his new chick, and their house. Thought I'd give back his money, like a surprise, and get it off my back. I thought how I could say for sure now, now that I had money of my own. I didn't want to borrow his, even though I knew that would come up, if I told him about being "with child".

I got out at the corner, and I still wasn't on top of the situation, I guess. Ed was there, waiting, and he looked real good.

Not so wrecked like he used to.

"She takes care of you," I said.

He smiled a lot that night. We went to dinner at the Vietnamese place, drank lots of tea.

"I'll pay," he said. Yes, Ed's like that

.....
No social hesitating around. Sometimes he pays, sometimes I pay. We're old friends. We talked about everything except the money, of course, I remembered how he had given it to me, must have been last April

"I just want you to keep it for a while," he said then. "I trust you."

Well, in the restaurant, he asked me, you know, how I was. How's the old essays, that sort of thing. Then we walked down to Frank's Bookstore, Ed knows the guy. We talked some, hung around. Looked at some nice picture books. I thought about Christmas coming. I guess my little brother gets a book from me almost every year. I'm not very swift at presents.

"Well, I guess we should go," Ed said. "I have to pick up the woman at ten."

"Is she working?" I asked.

"No, just went to a movie," Ed said. "You still living in the same place?" he asked me.

"For sure."

"I'll drive you home," he said.

So, we got into the car

He's driving a grey Volkswagon now, maybe a seventy-three

There was a boy — about sixteen — standing right there at the corner by the restaurant. He looked so young, even scared. Ed stuck his head out and asked the kid where he was going. Within a block of my place. The kid got in

Anyway, we had to stop for gas. Ed got out to run the pump, the place was so busy. I reached into my pocket, thinking I'd better get the money out now; then I could just get rid of it. I really didn't want to hurt his feelings by dragging the whole thing on. The money wasn't in my jeans pocket. I started to get this twist in my gut. I thought, sure, I put it in my wallet, in my bag. With the other money. I'm always so fucking methodical, organized

I'm so organized I can't take a bath anymore and enjoy it

But the money wasn't in my wallet, either, I remembered clear, like a shot, ya. I'd left my clothes and my bag there while I washed. And the bathroom door was closed. And the water was running

Then I just picked everything up, got dressed, and left. Dumb

Ed got back in the car. He started it up again.

"You okay these days, really?" he asked.

"I just like to see my friends occasionally," I said, and I laughed. Really. "What time is it?" I asked him.

"Don't know. Do you know the time?" he asked the kid. The kid shrugged. "Must be all of nine o'clock," Ed said.

Nine o'clock! The bastard in 303 must have left by now. Home to his bruised wife in some interior town I can't remember the name of. I never even asked him his name. What was the use?

The guy burned me, I'll say

Three hundred dollars, I could have caught a ride with Ed, back downtown, but I knew it wouldn't be worth the trouble. Maybe the guy doesn't even have a wife, maybe he lives on forty-eighth and Kerr. I don't know

"Hey," Ed said, "You're a long way away. Still a dreamer."

"Yes. Still. Sorry." I said.

The kid in the back seat was real quiet. Pretty shy. We stopped at the corner and let him out. He was skinny ...

... We drove the next block to my place, in silence

Finally, Ed pulled up in front, but I didn't want to get out. The hall light was on

"How about some tea?" I asked him.

"I'd like nothing better," he said, and held my hand for a moment, like I remembered. We went in the front door, headed for the kitchen

Let me say it, Daisy. It was kind of like old times, the same quiet feeling — comfort — you know. Anyway, we just walked into the house, turned on a few lights

Hang on a minute, Daisy

There was a bird lying in the doorway between the kitchen and the bathroom. It was a small bird, mostly grey. It was dead. The feathers hovered around the body, dancing lightly away and back. The head rested to one side. The chest was pulled open, bone deep. No blood flowed; that frigid red cavity

just stared into the silent room. The lower part of the head was orange, a warm color, that feathered back into whites and blacks. The eye was open. The head folded over that crimson naked space between the wings. The breast feathers on the blue and grey tiles rose, and fell again. The woman hesitated.

"How do you pick up a dead bird?" she asked.

Ed laughed at her. He was cold and strong.

"I see you kept our cats after all," he laughed.

"The female died," she said. Carefully.

"Funny," he said, "I don't even remember what that one looked like." He laughed again.

She began to hate him then. She remembered the long and senseless arguments they had filled last spring with. She remembered that he had said goodbye to her and to this house, to all the memories. She knew where he'd gone, even that first night.

"We'll always be friends," Ed had said to her.

He'd been proud, employing that condescending tone. He enjoyed every one of her tears. She saw it now. She remembered everything.

She spoke to all her friends with the same control in her voice. "It's over between Ed and me," she said all summer.

She remembered calling the number he had forced on her; he watched her write it down.

"Just in case."

So, she had called, just once. He was alone. He came over, and they undressed quickly, but it was no better after that.

"We'll keep in touch," he said, and left again.

She stifled her love and her desire. She didn't phone, not until she knew he would be convinced easily. The time was right.

She wanted to give the money back. She wanted him to think she had someone. He had someone. Of course Ed had rehearsed the question.

"Do you have a lover?" Ed asked her.

"Maybe we could meet one night for dinner," she said into the receiver. "It's been a long time. How's Monday for you?"

She knew he would come, he was like that. He made a point of showing his independence to her, to all women. Ed would leave the woman he lived with now, to go out to dinner with anyone. He didn't know about getting his money. She hadn't told him.

Now he stood in her kitchen, like that, laughing at the dead bird. Laughing at her fear. The disgust collected inside her, sure and final. At last, she thought.

Ed saw the movement on her face, and spoke quickly. "You pick it up in a dustpan. We'll put it in the garbage."

"No!" She kept it up. "No."

"Why not?"

"It's so grotesque. A dead bird in the garbage can . . . the head and all those feathers." She paused, and thought vaguely about being sick. She thought about walking around the carcass, into the bathroom. She thought about being nauseous in the morning. She was glad Ed would be leaving soon. She wouldn't be sorry.

"Get the dustpan," Ed said quietly.

She went for the dustpan, and while her back was turned — he picked up the bird by the tail feathers. Ed did her that kindness. He held the bird's body away from his own, stiffly.

"Birds are sexless," he said.

She had the broom in her right hand, the dustpan in her left. He took the broom and waved her away. She wouldn't tell him she was pregnant, not now.

He went out onto the porch and held the broom at arm's length over the railing. He laid the bird's mutilated body on the straw, stretched, and flipped the broken thing coolly into the garden.

Ed didn't stay for tea. When he left, she swept up the rest of the feathers. She kept both hands tight around the broom handle, resisting the need to touch even one of those flying white and grey and black feathers. She dumped the dustpan into the garbage, and made herself a shrimp sandwich — with mayonnaise.

She sat at the table waiting for the kettle to boil. His last words rang through her head.

"We'll call you sometime," Ed said, "I'd like you to meet her."

"That would be nice," she said.



She didn't care that she lied so easily to him. She didn't care about Ed's money. She would pay it to him; mail it to him, when she had it.

The tea was hot and as it fell into her belly, she realized the doctor's appointment was tomorrow, at ten. She concentrated for a moment on the quiet changes in her body. Her breasts were sore already, swollen.

"It doesn't mean I want you," she said, knowing her stomach was flat, even now. "But you're mine."

When the two tomcats woke up she chased them out the back door, and locked it for the night.

Vancouver writer Cathy Ford has published two books of poetry, *Stray Zale*, 1975, and *Blood Uttering*, 1976. She edited *Short Canadian Fiction Anthology*, soon to be published by Intermedia Press. This summer she is running writers' workshops and readings at Pender Street Gallery.

CORSETS UNLACED

the beginning of women in sport

by Brenda Mann and Peat O'Neil

Participation by women in leisure and competitive sports is closely tied to the fabric of daily life and the prevailing attitudes about what is proper or "ladylike". This is apparent even from these newspaper excerpts and drawings taken from old photographs. An athlete in a crinoline seems comical until one considers the type of society in which the woman lived. As quaint as our athletic foremothers may appear to us now, they were pioneers who often suffered ridicule simply for displaying spirit and physical energy.

In the early part of the 17th century sports and other amusements helped ease the drudgery of pioneering existence. A popular diversion was the "bee", a social gathering of neighbours who came to help with the farm work. Food, drink, dancing and sports were all part of the bee, but the sporting events — wrestling, running, jumping, and "throwing the hammer" — were considered too rigorous for the women. Dancing, at hoe-downs or balls, was a favorite form of relaxation and many cities had dance academies, "where young ladies as well as gentlemen are taught every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon" (The Halifax Gazette, April 25, 1752).

During the long winters when more time was left for leisure, skating and sleighing (or carrioling) were both popular, but skating was regarded as improper for women and sleighing was acceptable only as pleasure, with competitive carrioling left to the men. Ice-boating was similarly regarded as a leisure sport for both sexes and a competitive sport for men only.

Even after Confederation and the advent of industrialization, sports were considered either "proper" (tennis, swimming) or "improper", (football, baseball) for women and those who dared to participate in "manly" sports were frowned upon. The period after Confederation is distinguished by the fact that some women were beginning to reject society's restrictions. The invention of the typewriter may have contributed to this move to emancipation; women were beginning to seek employment outside the home, and the increasing numbers of city dwellers began to find they had more leisure time. Bicycling was not considered

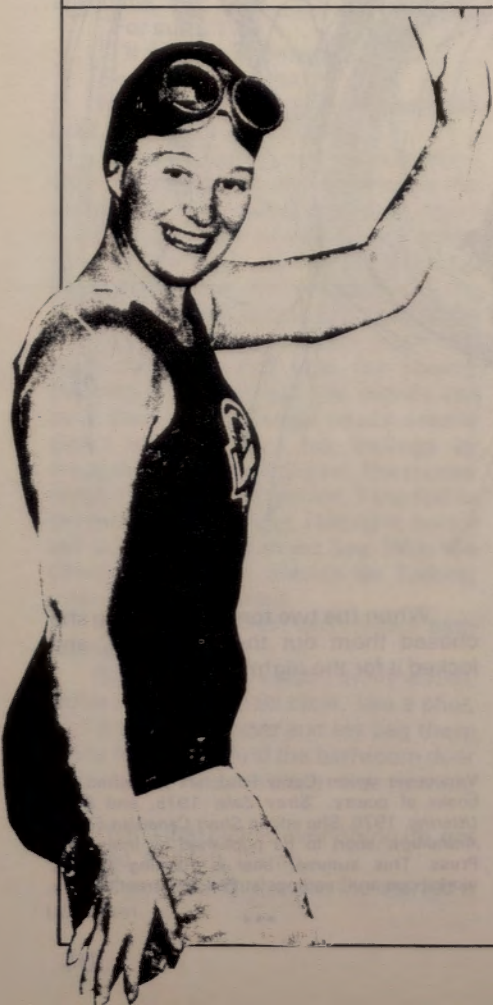
proper, but many women bicycled anyway. A number of women's hockey teams were formed and some venturesome ladies even tried playing football.

In the 1860's, baseball began to develop quite rapidly near the American border. Many men took part and teams were formed in Montreal, Toronto, St. John's, and the Prairie provinces. Women in Regina also began to look to baseball with enthusiasm and two women's teams played at the farmers' 24th of May Picnic in 1891. Although condemned as immoral by many people, the ladies liked the game and so, played anyway.

Another popular sport was the walking match which usually carried a stake with it. These competitions met with great enthusiasm from both spectators and participants and were always advertised in the town newspapers. The competitions were grandstand events, attracting huge crowds, betting, and sometimes lasted for days, depending on the format through which the distance was to be covered. One Montreal woman took a month to finish 3,000 quarter miles in the same number of quarter hours.

When the YMCA began to develop in Canada in the late 19th century, a greater emphasis was placed on a healthy body. Annual gymnastic exhibitions became popular among men and prizes were presented to the winners. Consequently, more and more gymnasiums were opened and these provided facilities for the training of a healthy body. Mr. Barnjum's gymnasium in Montreal was one of the most popular and he offered a variety of programs for girls and boys under the age of fifteen. Girls were allowed to take part in gymnastics but any undue competitive desires were discouraged.

Probably one of the few sports that women could compete in during this time was that of rifle matches. For some cloudy reason, a woman's competitive drive during a rifle match did not offend public sensibilities. In fact, it was the Marchioness of Dufferin who fired one of the first shots by a lady in an Ottawa event of 1874. She writes in her journals: "We opened the Dominion Rifle Match, and I fired the first shot and am said to have made a bull's-eye —



which some people won't believe, in spite of my having received an engraved silver tablet in commemoration of the event." (My Canadian Journal, 1872-1878, London: John Murray, 1891, pp 123-134).

Women, too, began to participate in swimming for recreation. In 1881 some women drew up a proposal to be admitted to the Montreal Swimming Club. Because of the cost of building a special bathing place and a special club house, the proposal was not admitted. Finally, in 1889, women were granted swimming privileges at the club on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

It was in this period that skating developed as a popular leisure sport for women. Some participated competitively in backward racing, but women did not enter the stiffer events such as barrel and hurdle jumping.

After the turn of the century, women began to compete in swimming, basketball, ice-hockey, rowing, baseball, canoeing and track and field, to name only some. It is not known exactly when women began to participate in curling but there were ladies' curling clubs around 1902-1903 when a Scottish men's team toured Canada. In the 1920's or early 1930's skiing, too, opened up to women.

Perhaps women athletes really came into their own in Canada with the formation of the Edmonton Grads Basketball team in 1914. Women had begun playing basketball in 1900, although the game had been invented nine years earlier. Probably no other basketball team will ever match the record of the grads. They played in 522 games and lost only 20. In 1922 they won the Dominion Championship and never lost it in the remaining 18 years they played. Although basketball was not an official Olympic event, the grads participated in four Olympics and won all 27 of their exhibition games.

Illustrations adapted from photos in *Sport Seen, Sports and Games in Canadian Life* and *Great Days in Canadian Sport*.

Brenda Mann is a researcher on the staff of *Branching Out*. She is also a graduate student in counselling at the University of Alberta.

Peat O'Neil is a Montreal writer. In addition to sports, her interests include medicine and the arts.



Pedestrianism In Perry Hall

Tomorrow evening a 25 mile match will take place between Miss L. A. Warren, whose pedestrianism feats have lately attracted so much notice here, and Miss Jessie Anderson of this city. Doubtless this contest, the prize for which will be a handsome gold hunting case watch, will attract a large number of spectators. Apart from the attraction of the match which promises to be a close one, our citizens should encourage by a goodly attendance, the plucky little lady who is to uphold the honour of Montreal. The walk will take place in Perry's Hall, Craig Street, and is to commence at 6:30 precisely. Miss Warren hails from Philadelphia, and is of American parentage. She is 18 years of age the 18th of November last; stands 5 foot 5 in height, and weighs 145 pounds. (The Gazette, Montreal, Friday, February 21, 1879).

Pedestrianism — The International Contest — The Canadian Wins — Illness of Miss Warren.

The result of the match on Saturday night between Miss Warren of Philadelphia, and Miss Jessie Anderson, of this city, was certainly a surprise, as it was not at all generally expected that the Canadian would develop such wonderful powers of both speed and endurance, as she displayed. Punctually at 6:30, both contestants appeared on the track, and were greeted with applause by the spectators. At the start, Miss Warren was decidedly the favourite, though not much betting was done, still, anyone willing to speculate on the Canadian, could readily have obtained odds of 2 to 1 against her. At the start, the long stride and swing of Miss Anderson were at once noticed. Miss Warren, relying too much on her staying powers, and depreciating those of her rival, evidently meant a "waiting race", but Miss Anderson immediately forced the pace, and passed her, and having once obtained the lead, continued to increase it, walking at a tremendous pace. In the earlier part of the race the general opinion seemed to be, that the Cana-

dian would be unable to stay the distance, but still she kept it up, occasionally putting on splendid spurts as Miss Warren tried to pass her. By the time 16 miles had been covered, Miss Anderson led by over 3 lengths, and notwithstanding all her opponent's efforts, continued to add to her advantage. Shortly after the 16th mile the American complained of the air of the place choking her, and in truth she had reason to feel it, as what with the wretched ventilation of the hall, the closeness caused by the crowd, and the amount of smoking and expectorating going on, the atmosphere was abominable, and sufficient to try the strongest stomach, even without the exertion of walking under such circumstances. Although at this period of the race one or two expressed the opinion that she could not hold out, no one was prepared for her sudden collapse on the 21st mile,

when she fell fainting to the ground. She was carried out of the hall, and it was announced could not come out again; still Miss Anderson walked on occasionally munching a biscuit, or sucking a lemon, several of which she managed to get through during her walk, and eventually finished the 25 miles in 5 hours 21½ minutes, amidst great enthusiasm.

Great sympathy was felt for Miss Warren, who evinced the greatest pluck throughout, walking on literally till she dropped, and her illness excited great regret. Her defeat may be attributed to an erroneous estimate of her rival's powers, which led to carelessness in training, and the subsequent illness of which her sudden faint was sufficient evidence. Another cause for her failure was the stifling atmosphere to which we have referred. Although her state on Saturday night necessitated medical attendance, and caused much apprehension, we are happy to be able to say that she is now much better.

When Miss Warren fainted, some unfeeling "cads" present had the bad taste to attempt an exultant cheer. They were, however, very properly, hissed by the more respectable portion of the spectators.

The fastest mile was made in 11¼ minutes, the first 5 miles occupied 59½ minutes, and the first 10, 2 hours 30 minutes, and the whole distance was made in 5 hours 21½ minutes or within 1½ minutes of the fastest time ever made by a woman. Miss Anderson took 55 steps to each lap, and Miss Warren, 65.

Several persons expressed the opinion that Miss Anderson's gait was not at times strictly a walk, and this opinion is also shared by her opponent. It is hoped that in any future exhibitions of pedestrianism, some means may be taken to preserve order and to keep the track clear. It was but natural that the sympathy of the audience should be with the Canadian but when that sympathy assumed the form of attempting to trip and standing in the path of the American, it was to say the least very disgraceful. At one time Miss Warren left the track declaring that she would cease walking unless proper order was kept.

EDWARDS WINS PRIZE

In 1879 Miss Jessie Morahan of Montreal entered a 27-hour walk against Miss Edwards of New York and Miss Kilbery of Boston in Montreal's Roller Skating Rink.

The attendance at the Roller Skating Rink during yesterday was not large. Of the three ladies engaged in the 27-hour walking match, Miss Edwards was upon the track by far the most steadily . . . her title to the prize was clearly demonstrated long before the match was over . . . Miss Edwards retired about 10:45 with a score of 80 miles, Miss Morahan shortly after with a score of 60 miles to her credit, and Miss Kilbery continued walking up to eleven o'clock by which time she had covered 72 miles. (Daily Globe, Toronto, October 29, 1879.)



The bicycle brought mobility to Canadian women. Despite the obvious limitations their long skirts must have enforced, Canadian women became avid cyclists. The penny farthing bicycle was popular, but the introduction of the safety bicycle with the modern diamond-shaped frame and pneumatic tires, made cycling easier and more socially acceptable. The low frame was easier to manage with long skirts, but practical women began shortening their cycling skirts or wearing "bicycle suits" with divided skirts.

The report of a One Hundred Mile Bicycle Tournament in the *Montreal Gazette* between two men and a woman is humorous in its dry commentary. One conjures visions of Keystone Cops or Laurel and Hardy episodes when reading the newspaper account of the tournament. The woman, Mlle Armaindo, won the race, defeating the male champion of the time.

"The bicycle tournament at The Crystal Rink was closed on Saturday night by the 100 mile race, in which Prof. Rollinson, Mlle. Armaindo and T. W. Eck of Toronto took part. The race was very well contested by the first two competitors, Eck dropping out of the race after competing 41 miles. Both of the remaining competitors met with accidents after Eck had retired. Rollinson ran into a man who attempted to cross the track, and received a severe fall, which incapacitated him from making any fast time. Mlle. Armaindo fell through the carelessness of her attendant, who, in endeavoring to remove a coat which she had put on after the rest of 25 minutes which she took in the middle of the race, threw her over the handles of the bicycle. She was not hurt, however, and resumed the race, finishing one mile and 7 laps ahead of the champion. The race of 95 miles was accomplished in 7 hours, 55 minutes, 25 seconds, including a 25 minute stop, being the fastest time on record for a lady bicyclist." (Montreal Gazette, Monday, April 17, 1882)

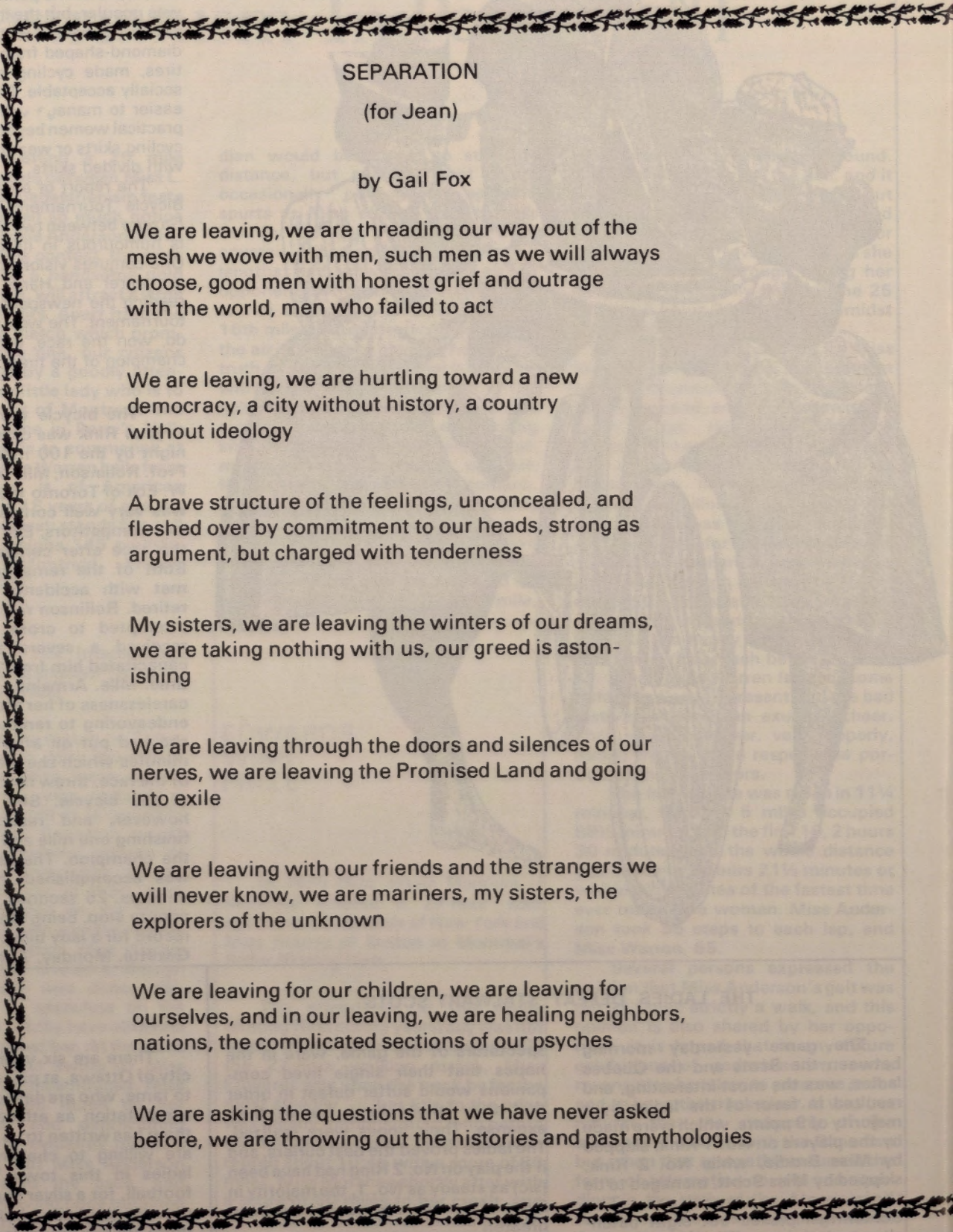
THE LADIES DEFEAT STALWART SCOTS

The game yesterday morning between the Scots and the Quebec ladies, was the most interesting, and resulted in favor of the ladies by a majority of 9 points, which were made by the players on No. 1 Rink, skipped by Miss Brodie, while No. 2 Rink, skipped by Miss Scott, managed to tie their male competitors. The Scotchmen picked out eight batchelors to compete with the ladies, who thought they had a picnic. The married men of the party, who were keen

spectators of the game, were in the hopes that their single lived companions would suffer defeat in order that they might have fun at their expense. Their hopes were realized. The ladies proved the best curlers, and if the play on No. 2 Ring had have been (sic) as steady as No. 1, the majority in favor of the fair sex would have been greater.

The Chronicle, Quebec, Canada, Friday, January 9, 1903, p. 5

There are six young ladies in the city of Ottawa, at present all unknown to fame, who are desirous of acquiring a reputation as athletes, and one of them has written to us to say that they are willing to challenge any young ladies in this town to a game of football, for a silver cup. We give their request publicity, but do not think there are any young ladies in Prescott who are ambitious to become champion football kickers.



SEPARATION

(for Jean)

by Gail Fox

We are leaving, we are threading our way out of the
mesh we wove with men, such men as we will always
choose, good men with honest grief and outrage
with the world, men who failed to act

We are leaving, we are hurtling toward a new
democracy, a city without history, a country
without ideology

A brave structure of the feelings, unconcealed, and
fleshed over by commitment to our heads, strong as
argument, but charged with tenderness

My sisters, we are leaving the winters of our dreams,
we are taking nothing with us, our greed is aston-
ishing

We are leaving through the doors and silences of our
nerves, we are leaving the Promised Land and going
into exile

We are leaving with our friends and the strangers we
will never know, we are mariners, my sisters, the
explorers of the unknown

We are leaving for our children, we are leaving for
ourselves, and in our leaving, we are healing neighbors,
nations, the complicated sections of our psyches

We are asking the questions that we have never asked
before, we are throwing out the histories and past mythologies

We are the frontier of another consciousness, a fourth
dimension in the world of men, we are the second sex and
we are leaving the creation

The creation of our childhood, the conditioning of ten
thousand years, we are breaking into blossom, we are
ripening into fruit

My sisters, we are sailing the unknown waters, fighting
the dragons of our imaginations, sharpening the swords of
our ancestral mothers

Without charts to guide our journey, without compasses,
without constellations

Without the twelve directions of the Zodiac, the Four
Winds, the Seven Seas on which the ancients returned to
safety

We are conquering loneliness, starvation, the dead calm
eye of the sun causing us to thirst, the terror of thunder
and lightning

We are regaining the courage of those goddesses who created
earth — trees, stones, flowers, and the apple with which
we reproduced their creation

My sisters, we are sailing for our lost homeland, the
Eden without the theological Adam, but the Man who is
whole unto himself, with whom we share as equals, our
future universe

Feminist Philately



by Helen Fitzpatrick



1947 was the year that Canada's Post Office commemorated the passage of the Canadian Citizenship Act with a stamp. The day of the issue was July 1st, marking the 80th anniversary of Confederation. The designers of the stamp chose to depict Canadian citizenship with the figure of a manly fellow in shirtsleeves. Arm upraised and astride the northern portion of the globe, he marches proudly into the future.

The fact that the figure was male and meant to represent all Canadian citizenry may have gone unnoticed in those days. After all, the future did belong to men . . .

The first time a woman, a Canadian woman that is, appeared on a stamp was in 1934 as mother and daughter in a family group of United Empire Loyalists. Women, it must be admitted, had appeared on our stamps before that date, but they were British queens and princesses or allegorical figures attired in classical robes, and not at all representative of the average Canadian woman.

Not until 1950 did she appear again on stamps, and this time as an Indian woman hanging out her beaver skins to dry as a tribute to Canada's fur resources. By 1955 she appeared again in puffed sleeves and sunbonnet as one half of a pioneer couple, in 1957 as a swimmer and as an earnest young nurse in 1958. By 1960 the Girl Guides took their turn on Canada's stamps.

But it was in 1961 that the first individual woman was honored by the post office. Pauline Johnson was the fortunate lady, and she is shown, name and all, both in Victorian costume and Mohawk tribal dress.

1962 was a good year, as women are pictured on two stamps; the first as one of two scholars honoring education and the second as one of Jean Talon's

"Filles du Roi." Five years later another female made it on the stamp scene, this time as a cartoon figure executed in frivolous squiggly lines. A queer sort of way to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Women's Suffrage! The same year Emily Carr's painting "Big Raven" appeared on a stamp in the lush greens and blues of British Columbia.

Nellie McClung was pictured six years later, in 1973, looking rather drab and glum, not at all the lively Nellie we know. French Canadian nurse Jeanne Mance was honored that year too, as was a woman clutching her baby to a plaid shawl on the stamp depicting the arrival of Scottish settlers to Nova Scotia. Several women of different ethnic origins peer hauntingly from the Multiculturalism stamp issued in 1974.

But it was in our International Women's Year of 1975 that the Post Office applauded women with a recklessness that takes one's breath away. They gave us Lucy Maud Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables"; Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine"; foundress of the Order of Notre Dame Marguerite Bourgeoys; an Olympic track and field stamp that featured a female athlete with muscles; another Olympic issue with a dashing female fencer; a third Olympic stamp pictured a female swimmer; and to top it all, a stamp marking the United Nation's declaration of International Women's Year. There's even a stirring testimonial to Canadian womanhood in the Post Office's brochure which describes this stamp. According to the Post Office, "Canada would never have existed without the unheralded accomplishments of women."

In the light of this generosity it would be crass to dwell on the neglect of the past, and not at all gracious to ponder why there were some 70 stamps honoring men and only six for women.





Arrival of Scottish settlers, Pictou, N.S.
Canada 8
Scottish Settlers

Canada 8



Louis Hémon Maria Chapdelaine
Maria Chapdelaine

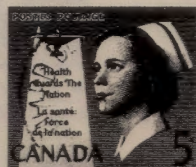
Canada 8



Lucy Maud Montgomery



Outdoor Recreation Swimmer



National Health Nurse

- * particular fraternal or service organizations
- * religious denominations
- * particular professions
- * commercial products or enterprises
- * wars and particular battles.

- 3) Members of the Royal Family are the only living persons in whose honour postage stamps may be issued. However, an individual who has made an outstanding contribution of national significance may be commemorated after death.
- 4) An anniversary should be the fiftieth, hundredth or a multiple of these.
- 5) Commemorative stamps on the same subject are not issued less than 25 years apart.

Ideas for stamps should be submitted one-and-one-half to three years before the year in which the stamp will appear. The date of issue of a commemorative stamp is approximately 18 to 24 months after the subject has been approved.

I keep a list of possible candidates. It's too late for Valancy Crawford, born 1850, but Susanna Moodie, born 1803, Marie de l'Incarnation, 1599, Mazo de la Roche, 1879, and Frances Loring, 1887 might make it.

Finally, don't miss seeing the Olympic stamps that were issued for 1976 which feature a female basketball player in the 8+2c denomination and three victorious woman athletes in the 25c denomination — both happy omens for the future!

Helen FitzPatrick works for the *Western Catholic Reporter* in Edmonton. As a freelancer she has written for various newspapers and magazines. She is the mother of two teenagers.

FOLLOW-UP

In our February/March issue we published two articles on rape. In "Rape Logic: Hit 'Em Where It Hurts", Linda Duncan proposed that rape victims seek justice in civil court rather than attempting criminal prosecution. Jane Dick, in "Are We Paranoid?", stressed the need to educate men about rape, its causes and its victims. We are still getting feedback from readers about these articles, including several letters from women who have been raped. The commentary below, from Lorene Clark, presents a theoretical framework for understanding rape and elaborates on both the legal and educational issues raised in the two articles.

I have been involved in rape research since 1973. I was one of the founding organizers of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre and have continued a close connection with them. My own field is political theory, and the focus of my energies over the past five years has been on feminist political theory. My work on rape stems from an interest in this problem as a woman, never mind as a working woman, but my approach to it is shaped by my overall approach to a feminist political theory. Rape is only one specific problem which follows from the fact that women are historically *forms* of private property, the objects rather than the subjects of property rights, and that it is the sexual and reproductive capacities of women which constituted their property value. Thus, within this structure, rape is basically a form of theft and trespass, a "wrong" only if someone else's actual or potential property rights have been violated. Thus, the wrong done to a married woman is a wrong to her husband, for it is he and not she who has exclusive rights to her sexuality. Thus, where there is no owner; i.e., husband or father, there is no one to be wronged, or where the woman has no property value to be protected; i.e., she isn't a virgin, or is of a "loose", "unchaste", or "lewd" character, there is not even a potential owner whose rights could be said to have been violated.

However, following the completion of this work, we undertook a study of the treatment and handling of rape offences and rape victims in the Ontario courts, under funding from the National Law Reform Commission. This work consists

of two phases: the examination of transcripts of preliminary hearings of victims whose cases went at least as far as Preliminary Hearing, and interviewing of rape victims whose cases had gone at least this far. This was done for the period 1970-1974, and was completed at the end of October, 1975. At the moment, the results of this study are presented in a *Report* to the Commission, but it will likely be published as a monograph by the Centre of Criminology, and will also be out this fall.

While this work was on-going we realized that we needed data on more than one jurisdiction in order to get comparative data and to build a more comprehensive picture of the dimensions of the problem in Canada. We applied to the Donner Foundation for a grant to duplicate in Vancouver the work already done in Ontario. In addition we have completed a small piece of research for the Ministry of the Solicitor-General, consisting of an analysis of the role and function of rape crisis centres and the compilation of an exhaustive rape bibliography. The bibliography will be published by the Ministry in the fall. The results of the whole study will be compiled in a manuscript for the University of Toronto Press but will not likely reach final stages of publication for a couple of years.

Both the articles in *Branching Out* are very good. So far as Linda Duncan's suggestion that rape cases be tried in civil rather than criminal courts, this has a lot to recommend it. It is in fact being done fairly often in Vancouver, and is often a strategy suggested by Vancouver Rape Relief or, at least in all those cases where it seems even vaguely appropriate. However, the difficulties with it are, first, that many rapes are very brutal, or show the potential for great harm to be inflicted on the victim. It seems to me that such cases ought to be treated under the Criminal Code because these offenders do constitute a grave threat to other potential victims and the gravity of their offences simply does not register if it is treated as a purely civil matter. Second, it simply entrenches the view that rape is basically a *sexual* rather than an assaultive action; thus, all treating it as a civil crime does is attach a monetary price to the "goods". Rape is, thus, merely a form of prostitution, in which the victim is compensated for her



labour. Make no mistake: I think using the civil courts is a very good idea in many cases. For the kind of offender who is basically a power tripper of the middle-class sort, or for the one who commits rape more because he is a sexual loser and more "horny" than aggressive, such a procedure is probably effective as a deterrent, and does provide actual compensation to the victim. Many middle-class rapists wouldn't do it if they thought they would end up even in civil court, particularly if it would end up costing them more than it would to go to a prostitute. But not all rapists are of these two sorts; at least a third of all rapists are not like this at all and would not be deterred by this threat. Also, since many rapists are lower income, the price of their transgressions will often be borne in fact by their wives and children. So we don't really distribute the losses where they deserve to go. But I do not favour touting civil action as a *solution* to the problem of rape for the reasons given above, since this confirms the view of many people that rape is basically sexual and not assaultive, and that the only reason women complain is that they haven't gotten anything out of it by way of reward for their services. The only solution to the problem is to remove the legal impediments to women such that they are forms of private property, so allowing them to be sexually and reproductively self-determining, entitled themselves to decide who they will sleep with. Correspondingly, rape should be treated as a form of assault, and thus kept within the framework of the criminal law. Men must learn, and must accept, that they have no more right to attack women sexually than they have to attack them any other way, and the only way that can be brought

cont. on page 44

2.

Daisy From the Farm

In the face of loss

calmness wiggles in & finds a drawer.

"Meditation," Stan sd

"hell, I'll sleep, is there a difference?"

What is significant aside from her in-&-out breathing chest

her silver robe trailing the carpets

What is significant aside from her pantied hips

Green Fields? perversity? diversity?

simplicity?

He writes from the Cecil where drunken laughter

cuts trees down in his heart

He adds the names of lovers-in-the-world/ & his own

And here in Calgary

we dance in short time under a Chinook Arch

holding warm air in our stomachs

blowing our spirits up like balloons-

reading Bob Creeley.

Oh gawd - - -

let love & hate rest

let duplicity rest

let art instruction rest

let teachers rest

Who doesn't know where

learning is.

Daisy was her name & she sd grace at dinner

she wore brown horn-rimmed glasses &

got straight B's & spoke proper American English

Daisy from the farm.

3.

To Any Poet's Lover

"Love is not love with end, with objects lost."

Charles Olson, "Troilus"

Nuthin' you ever do or did

goes unused

To a poet every action is World

Classify what you can, make order

Suit yr well-bathed thighs

Every action is a fragment of mountains.

Construct what you can

Place properly all artifacts in their

respective drawers . . . there's

still a corner of sunshine unlabeled, &

&

the light don't ever go out in a fire.

Nuthin' you ever say or sd

goes anywhere except inside a heart.

Remember that.

grandpiano with dust

from quiet weekends/unused keys

& strings

There's always that image of pianos & poets.

LAW

cont. from page 41

home as a judgement of society is to keep this form of assault within the framework of the criminal law.

So far as Jane Dick's article is concerned, she is quite right too — men as well as women must be made aware of what rape is, how it happens, and how it affects the victim. But that is a lot easier said than done! The best way is to ensure that more good articles and books about rape get written, and, hopefully, read by men. My own feelings about this are that so long as a Brownmiller kind of approach to the problem is taken (see *Against Our Wills*, by Susan Brownmiller, Simon & Shuster, 1975), men will be not only defensive but hostile. Very few men, even those who fit the mould, will accept the thesis that all men, by nature, desire to degrade and humiliate women and force them into sexual acts regardless of the woman's wishes. I do not accept that view anyway, but I know that if the view one presents even smells of this, then it simply will not be sympathetically entertained by men, and, I suppose, who can blame them? But if they can see that rape is a product of a social system in which sexual inequality and male superiority is built into the *structure* of the social and legal fabric, rather than being the product of individual men, then they can see that they are no more responsible for it, as individuals, than women are, and that as individuals, they are also powerless to change it just as women, as individuals are. Most men understand themselves well enough to see rape as a form of defense against powerlessness, and working from that, it isn't hard to get them to agree that it is clearly wrong to treat woman as having a duty to acquiesce no matter what her wishes.

Lorenne Clark
Qualicum Beach, B.C.

Linda Duncan replies:

I am encouraged to hear that you have obtained both private and public funding for your research, and also that you have had the assistance of the Solicitor General of Canada and the co-operation of various police departments. The results of this research will be of great value to Rape Crisis Centres across Canada. Wide public circulation of the findings should be of great assistance to both those working for reform of criminal laws and procedures and those attempting to help rape victims. However, I feel I must disagree with a number of points that you make in response to my article.

Nowhere in the article did I suggest that a civil action against a rapist is a *total* solution to the problem of rape. On the contrary, I stated that "civil action is

not the perfect solution to the problem", and suggested that it is perhaps a more palatable alternative, in some cases, than going through the Criminal Courts. I also wish to stress that these remedies are not always mutually exclusive; in fact recent case law has established that a civil action can be commenced against a convicted rapist.

Criminal law serves the public good. Its purpose is to maintain law and order and to provide protection for all people. Theoretically, criminal sanctions are supposed to serve as deterrents. The case I was making in the article "Hit 'Em Where It Hurts" was that, in the case of rape, the criminal law and enforcement procedures do not appear to be serving their purpose. In fact, statistics show the conviction rate for rape to be much lower than in other criminal cases, including assault, while at the same time there has been a more rapid increase in the incidence of rape than for other crimes. I have proposed, therefore, that civil litigation be tried as an alternative form of deterrence.

Further, your statement, "since many rapists are lower income", conflicts with other information sources quoted in the article, showing that the *majority* of rapists (at least in Edmonton

and Toronto) are employed men in middle or upper income levels. This aspect of your research on the sexual offender will be extremely useful to all of us concerned with both offender and victim.

The argument that the rapist's wife and children will suffer unduly by a civil action is not a valid argument in favor of criminal action. The family of an imprisoned rapist will suffer equally if not more. Surely the first consideration in deciding whether to commence a civil suit against a rapist is the compensation for damage suffered by the victim, not the plight of the attacker.

I disagree as well with your theory that keeping rape within the confines of the criminal law stresses the nature of rape as an assault rather than a sexual crime. The civil action would in fact be an action in damages as a result of an assault and battery. It seems to me that the existing Criminal charge of rape holds a much stronger sexual connotation than a civil action based on assault and battery or bodily harm. Indeed, many groups are struggling to have the sexual connotation removed from the definition of rape in the existing Criminal Code.

TOUCH THE EARTH



with host Sylvia Tyson
a contemporary folk music show

Tuesdays at 10:30 p.m.

CBC
RADIO 740

Such English as Shall Burn the Pages by Patricia Gallivan

The Flight of the Mind. The Letters of Virginia Woolf. Volume I: 1888 - 1912 (Virginia Stephen), Editor: Nigel Nicolson; Assistant Editor: Joanne Trautmann, The Hogarth Press, 1975, \$17.50 cloth.

One of the subjects of Virginia Woolf's novels is novels; a recurrent subject of her letters is letters. "Letters are not literature!" she says in one, but often in this first volume of her letters she aims to contradict her own remark. That is not a surprise, since these letters cover the period in which she became first a journalist, as she describes herself, and then the author of seven versions of the novel which would be published as *The Voyage Out*. Sometimes her concern to make literature of her letters surfaces in what seems to be merely conventional apology — "Lord — this is drivel", or "This letter is . . . a sign of the literary temperament d—d egotistical" — but it is not merely a surface concern. From the beginning, these letters show their writer's care for what she was doing. "Now milord:" she writes to her brother when she is fifteen, "this is a model letter: four closely packed pages: go thou and do likewise!" Sometimes, in a self-mockery which will become a characteristic voice, she deflates her own seriousness. "A letter," she writes to Violet Dickinson, "should be as flawless as a gem, continuous as an egg, lucid as glass. I give you that for your next tract." Sometimes she complains about the struggle: "the French language", she says, "submits to prose, whereas English curls and knots and breaks off in short spasms of rage." Her desire to master the language shows up even in invitations to dinner — "If we dress" she says to a friend, "we dress in soft old time stained clothes" — and over the whole volume of these letters plays her writer's desire to write well: "Oh how I wish that I could write English."

Virginia Stephen's distinguishing quality here is her self-consciousness. It is not bloodless, not an attempt to lay



Virginia Woolf. Drawn from the cover photo of *Virginia Woolf: A Biography* by Quentin Bell

her emotions in amber, to make them pretty for the aesthetic gaze. It is an aspect of her tough-mindedness. She refuses to deny what she is doing when she writes a letter. She is choosing words, rejecting some, keeping others. I wonder, she says in a letter to Lytton Strachey,

how I should describe the colour of the Atlantic. It has strange shivers of purple and green, but if you call them blushes, you introduce unpleasant associations of red flesh . . .

I have seen innumerable things since I came here that would be worth writing down — 'yellow gorse, and sea —' trees against the sea — but I should no doubt use so many words wrongly that it would be necessary to write this letter over again . . .

Her self-consciousness doesn't leave her even when she is in an emotional

corner. In an important letter to Clive Bell, with whom she was beginning what the editors call a "flirtation", she writes: "Now there are three hard cs already; they dog me, and pepper my pages with their brazen rings." That is not coy; it is hard-nosed. It is a refusal to deny that letters are artifice; and it is a recognition that the letter would write the relationship into reality. Relationship, she says in one letter, "consists in talk, or letter-writing of some sort." In one letter, Virginia Stephen complains that she is too busy to write well:

But perhaps you have observed that this is a favourite device with letter writers, they are always in haste, or in discomfort, or in a temper, so that you only get the dregs of their genius, and you can speculate what a letter it would have been . . . had he time or temper, or so on. And I put 'he' because a women, dear Crea-

ture, is always naked of artifice; and that is why she generally lives so well, and writes so baldy.

This woman, of course, was by no means naked of artifice: she was developing it in her letters and in her journalism and in what she called her "literary efforts". "Now," she says at the end of one letter,

I am going to walk around my desk and then take out certain manuscripts which lie there like wine, sweetening as they grow old. I shall be miserable, or happy; a wordy sentimental creature, or a writer of such English as shall one day burn the pages.

Virginia Woolf wrote, the editors tell us, thousands of letters: three thousand eight hundred of them survive. In the first six hundred she records her reactions to the most important events of her life — her father's and her brother's deaths, her marriage to Leonard Woolf, her emotional breakdowns, her ripening into a novelist. The life is often painful — "the earth seems swept very bare — and the amount of pain that accumulates for some one to feel grows every day" — but the dominant elements in these letters are exuberance and delight and wit. Her irreverence is a pleasure: "Now Swinburne is dead, Meredith dumb, and Henry James inarticulate, things are in a bad way. The Cornhill seems to me singularly dull; Nelly won't publish her novel; and Virginia Stephen knows nothing about humanity." And the anecdotes predict the spirited comedy of the novels:

Well then, we went and had tea with Henry James today . . . and Henry James fixed me with his staring blank eye — it is like a child's marble — and said "My dear Virginia, they tell me — they tell me — they tell me — that you — as indeed being your fathers daughter nay your grandfathers grandchild — the descendant I may say of a century — of a century — of quill pens and ink — ink — ink pots, yes, yes, yes, they tell me — ahm m m — that you, that you, that you *write* in short."

"This went on in the public street," Virginia Stephen says, "while we all waited, as farmers wait for the hen to lay an egg". "Never did any woman hate 'writing' as much as I do." But of course, Henry James described the thing; and Virginia Stephen told a lie. What these letters demonstrate, magnificently, is that she, that she, that she *writes* in short.

Patricia Gallivan teaches English at the University of Alberta. She is currently writing a book on the influence of French writers on the modern English poets.

From Matriarchal Clan to Patriarchal Marriage

by Yvonne Klein

Women's Evolution, Evelyn Reed, Pathfinder Press, NY, 1975, \$4.95 paper.

In many ways, Evelyn Reed's book demands a professional anthropologist as a reviewer, both because her style and her approach are academic and because certain of her theses are primarily of interest to other anthropologists. Nevertheless, the book has been widely promoted as one of general interest to feminists and it seems to me justified to consider it from the point of view of the general reader.

Reed undertakes to correct the bias of "mainstream" anthropology which, she states, has primarily functioned to suppress the role women played in the prehistory of the human race. In her account, at the dawn of history men and women had evolved in substantially different ways; men had become aggressive meat-eaters, while women had remained essentially peaceable vegetarians. Our male ancestors, incapable of distinguishing between people and animals, had to be vigorously restrained by the force of totem and taboo from devouring their own offspring. Thus, she argues, the universal taboos surrounding the menstruating, pregnant, and nursing female came about not as the result of male rejection or suppression of the female fact, but as a protective action on the part of women to defend themselves and their children against the hungry male aggressor.

From this evolutionary starting point developed the various stages of increasing complex social organization. With the aid of copious quotation, drawn largely from nineteenth century anthropological sources, Reed leads us along the road from maternal clan to full matriarchy, from matriarchy to fratriarchy, from matrilineal clan marriage to pair marriage to patriarchal marriage. Under patriarchy, she claims, the ultimate destruction of women's social and political power and the creation of private property were mutually dependent.

Reed is a Marxist; her approach is dialectical. She is careful to demonstrate the inherent contradictions at each stage of pre-history and history which stimulated the next stage of human society. She seems primarily concerned to prove that the relative power positions of males and females in human history have been the result of

economic and social conditions rather than the function of psychological and biological differences rooted in "human nature." This point is certainly valid but she makes it more frequently and more heavily than is strictly necessary, probably because she appears to be contending largely with anthropologists formed by the Victorian age and dead for fifty years.

Though I find her thesis intriguing in some respects, I also find her conclusions rather disappointing. Her dialectical approach causes her to present the destruction of the almost paradisaical matriarchal commune and the ultimate suppression of female autonomy not merely as a necessary, but almost as a desirable, historical event, since the triumph of the patriarchy and of private property ended the custom of human sacrifice and permitted the technological revolution of the Iron Age on which western "civilization" was established. She fails to consider the implications of certain of her theories, especially those relating to the origin of the matriarchal clan. If, as she claims, there arose an evolutionary difference between men and women in regard to the eating of meat, presumably traces of that difference, which was not economically based, still operate. Were this the case, it would suggest that the position taken by nineteenth-century feminists that women are inherently more pacific, nurturing, and unaggressive than men is in fact true. Yet that position had disastrous consequences for the women's movement.

Reed also occasionally draws some rather peculiar conclusions from her data. For example, she remarks that the taboo against sexual intercourse with nursing mothers could be extended for as long as nine years. On this ground, she concludes that women had evolved in the direction of drastically reduced sexual needs. Apparently she is unable to imagine any other source of sexual gratification than heterosexual connection.

Reading *Women's Evolution* is a difficult and somewhat tedious undertaking for anyone not at home with anthropological jargon. Whether it is worth the effort depends largely on what one is looking for. If one reads for reassurance that women played a crucial role in history, *Women's Evolution* will amply provide it. If, however, we turn to anthropology, as I think we can, for some clue to alternative structures to those which now oppress us, then Reed's pedestrian dialectics act as a barrier between us and what our female ancestors have to say to us.

Yvonne Klein is a Montreal writer. Recently she has been active in running *Newspace*, a women's performing centre.

...and more books

Atlantis: A Women's Studies Journal, Acadia University Institute, Vol. 1, No. 1 Fall 1975.

The first issue of *Atlantis* exemplifies the difficulties and the value of women's studies. We can do without general restatements — that female voices have sometimes interrupted male-dominated literature, that the Victorians believed women were child-like, that many women carefully avoid success, that successful ones often identify with men. Some of these articles, whether sketchy or heavily documented, tell us only what we know; if we want to listen again it must be for reassurance, the comfort of the converted in being preached to. This criticism does not apply to "Women and the Revolution in Portugal" by L. Valley-Fischer and G. Fischer, nor to the helpful and entertaining book reviews, nor especially to the splendid articles by Margaret Gillett and Deborah Gorham.

These writers' involvement with specific cases and actual history (the current academic world and the English and Canadian suffragettes) enlarges knowledge and confronts the deepest issues facing the women's movement; their impact is more disturbing than reassuring. More questions are raised than can be answered: was suffragette political "violence" really violent, or debilitatingly gentle? successful or counter-productive? why did the vote come so much more easily in Canada than in England? how significant is it that the Canadian leaders, unlike the English, had achieved professional careers? Doctors in Toronto, journalists in Winnipeg, these women combined commitment to feminism with involvement in the two-sex world. They lead us on to today's questions: *Why* has the proportion of female graduate students not yet climbed back to its 1921 level? what answer should the professor give to questions about how appointment as chairman would affect her family, when she "cannot point out their irrelevance without seeming to be cold and heartless in regard to her family." Here there is no answer because there is not intended to be. It makes you think.

Isobel Grundy

Isobel Grundy is a Lecturer in English at the University of London, currently on leave as Associate Professor of English, University of Toronto.

Momma: The Sourcebook for Single Mothers, ed. by Karol Hope and Nancy Young. General Publishing Co., 1976, \$4.50, paper.

Survival is the main concern of single mothers — survival for ourselves and our children. I have been separated for a year and a half, and recently divorced. Survival for us has meant my working several jobs, returning to university, making *good* time for the children and trying to keep my head together and the children secure despite the pressures. Reading *Momma* was a luxury — there isn't time in this kind of lifestyle for "getting in touch" with ourselves. There is also a tremendous amount of fear involved in opening up to oneself. What if you *can't* cope with the flood of emotions, the pain, the frustration, the feelings of failure?

The work's subtitle, *Sourcebook* ..., implied that this book might be a source of help with practical matters — how to cope with employers, poverty, lawyers, government agencies, child care, and all the other everyday problems of being the head of a household at a time when you would rather head for the darkest closet. *Momma* is a sourcebook for these things — but it is much more. Interwoven with practical articles are the voices of single women all over the United States (MOMMA is a U.S. nationwide organization of single mothers, originating and based in California). Nancy Young and Victoria Hodgetts, two of the women in MOMMA, travelled all over the U.S. and brought back nearly a hundred transcripts of "women's voices, feelings, and hopes." Their voices strike a chord of empathy and recognition in all of us.

For me the book is valuable in two ways, as a sourcebook for ideas — information and alternatives — and as a tool for growth, for getting in touch with my own feelings and hopes which had been shoved under the carpet (or, to be accurate, the linoleum), waiting for the time when I could cope with them. Reading *Momma* meant crying, laughing, feeling defeated, feeling strong — all at the same time. The introduction says, "There is an opportunity here, with Momma. The opportunity has to do with openness. Discovery. Risk. Sharing. We must talk to each other, learn from each other,

discover ourselves." I have been afraid to take the risk, but *Momma* may impel me to take it and, through that risk, to gain some needed security about myself and about my role as a single mother.

Diana Palting

Another Way of Being, by Pamela Harris, An Impressions Monograph distributed by Gage Publishing, Ltd., 1976, \$11.95, cloth, \$7.95, paper.

Pamela Harris, a Toronto photographer, lived four months in Spence Bay, N.W.T., photographing the people and in exchange teaching them photography, "not that they needed photography, but that since they already had it, they should also have power over it, the power that comes from being able to do things oneself."

Spence Bay came into being twenty years ago when the Hudson's Bay Company selected this location for a trading post. Once the post was established, other institutions followed — the RCMP, a school, a nursing station, and prefabricated housing erected by the government. The community represents a collision of two ways of being — the old traditional ways of the Inuit, the people of the North, with the modern consumer culture of the South. For Pamela Harris, Spence Bay felt more remote than any place she had ever been. She makes no pretence of having become one of the Inuit. Yet her photographs reflect a very strong feeling of sharing. They may be "impressions of a Southerner imprinted by this strong Northern place," but one has the feeling when looking at most of the photographs that the imprinting is a two-way process. The people allowed her into their daily lives and she in turn shared her way of life with them.

The photographs are rich in the details which make up the fabric of their lives. There are photographs of women fingerweaving, splitting fish, sewing on modern sewing-machines, or relaxing with friends or family. One knows, from looking at the photographs, that this is indeed *Another Way of Being*. One sees, too, from the Elvis Presley posters, the baby bottles, the Instamatic cameras and other consumer products from the

South, that this way of being is threatened by another. But most of all, one senses the essential humanity, the similarities that bind one human group to another, despite differences in their culture and their way of life.

Diana Palting

Diana Palting is photography editor for *Branching Out*. She works as a freelance photographer in Edmonton and teaches photography at Grant MacEwan Community College.

Women of the Shadows, by Ann Cornelisen. Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1976, \$10.50 cloth.

I began this book fearing another sentimental account of life in a peasant village, or, much worse, yet another social scientist's Recipe for the Poor. For what is one to expect on reading that the author "spent ten years with the Save the Children Fund, setting up nurseries in impoverished villages of southern Italy . . . At present she lives in a thirteenth-century house in Cortona, Italy."

I was mistaken. I found instead a warm and tender book. Ann Cornelisen focuses on five peasant women of Lucania in southern Italy. She is convinced that "whatever quality of life there has been in the South, whatever security, has depended on the women." Through them we receive an account of what it means to be poor. These women are strong and beautiful, but they are also petty and banal because they must scramble and scratch for any small reward. They are hard-working and principled. But they are suspicious, superstitious, cynical, defeated: they are trapped and they know they are trapped.

Why does the author, sensitive as she is, feel a need to justify her presence in Lucania, saying that the fact that she could leave at any time, and they could not, "is incidental"? Because of course it is not incidental. It is the difference between being poor and living with the poor. Perhaps this need to justify is symptomatic of the guilt, or, at best, discomfort, that we feel when confronted with poverty. We don't mind knowing that there are people who do not have enough to eat, but we don't like to see them. It is to the author's credit that she is able to overcome to such a large degree this inevitable isolation from these people, to gain their confidence, and to convey so well to us the pain and anguish which they endure.

Jacqui Vannelli

Jacqui Vannelli is new to the staff of *Branching Out*. She has managed bookstores in Red Deer, Calgary and Edmonton.

people in this issue

GAIL FOX

Gail Fox is editor of *Quarry* magazine. Her new book, *God's Odd Look* will be published by Oberon in the fall. She lives in Kingston.

T'AI CHI

cont. from page 19

relaxed instead of "tight and brittle." Her problems remain real and pressing. She is rearing her children alone and has few skills for which her community will pay her. But the long meditation, the emphasis in T'ai Chi on personal development, have enabled her to put herself and her problems in a new perspective. She no longer lives with her difficulties every minute of the day and once in a while she is able to experience a "wholeness" in life. T'ai Chi, "moving meditation," Mimi sums up, "makes me happy."

Shirley Swartz is book review editor at *Branching Out*. She is completing graduate studies in English at the University of Alberta.

LAURA COUTTS

Laura Coutts is an Edmonton artist who is largely self-taught.

DELORES BROTEN

Delores Broten lives in Peterborough where she works for the non-profit cultural research organization CANLIT. As a student at Glendon College, Toronto, she was active in the women's movement, student politics and edited a student poetry magazine. She got her M.A. in Canadian literature and the sociology of literature in 1974.

VICTORIA WALKER

Victoria Walker is a writer and artist living in Calgary. Her work has appeared in various publications and exhibitions since 1971. She is presently working on soft sculpture construction and drawings for a show in November, preparing a course on mask-making and writing as much as she can.

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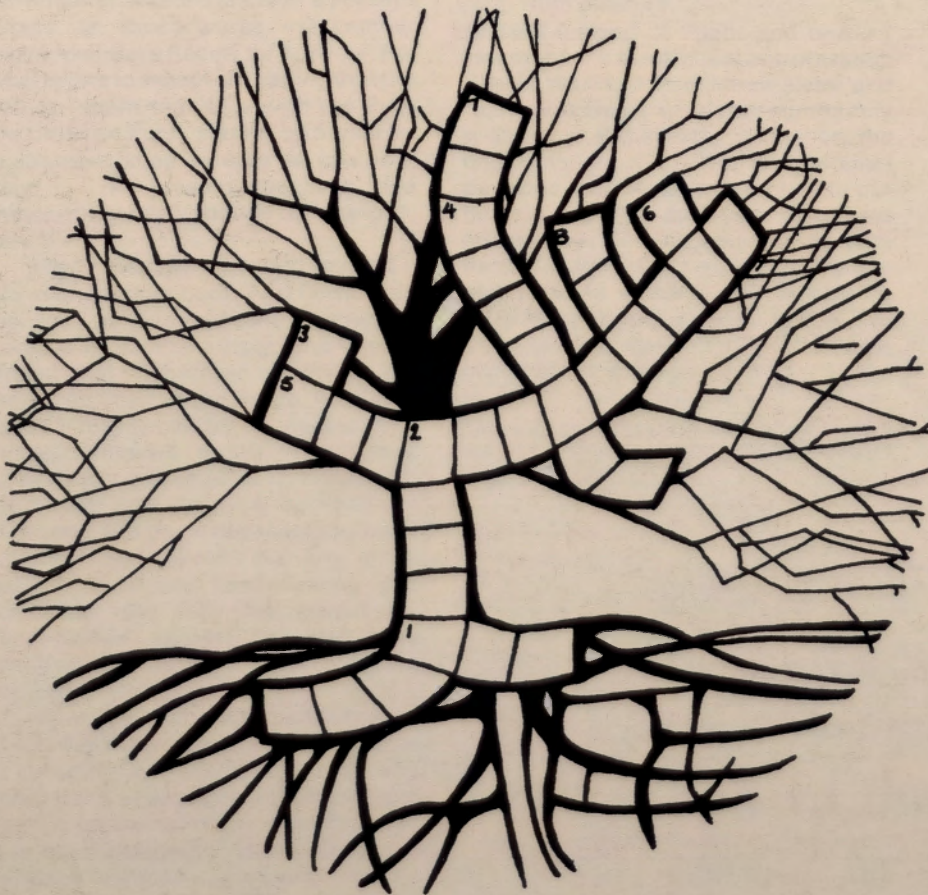
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