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THE OTHER WOMAN

CANADIAN FEMINIST
VOL. 4, NO. 2

March / April
76

mothers

oney



Carol Sherman

EDITORIAL

"Look, lady, don't expect the price of a can to stay where it is because we've brought in a freeze."
--Pierre Trudeau, Oct. 10, 1975.

We protest the wage and price controls. As ever, these measures affect those most who have the least money already--women, youth, old people, mental patients, native peoples....

The government urges us to cut back and reduce our expectations yet contributes \$55 million to the American Bicentennial, doubles the defense budget and increases MP's tax-free allowance.

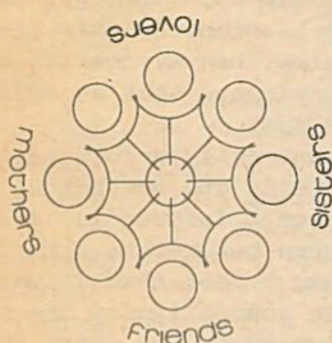
The government's priorities do not reflect human needs. Our society sets up the ideal of motherhood, but does not provide the daycare, the baby bonus, the basic choices to make motherhood feasible.

The government assumption is that mothers are already living off their husband's wage, that there are no deserted mothers, lesbian mothers, single mothers. It assumes that women are not doing any real work in the home, that they therefore do not need money of their own.

The cutbacks will mean more work to make do on dwindling income. We protest the cutbacks. We want more money for the work we do.

DON'T LET A FOUR YEAR OLD DIE!!

We are going into our fifth year of publishing. By December we hope to be coming out monthly. It is a major financial task to publish a feminist paper bi-monthly, let alone monthly. This year it will cost about \$7,000 to publish bi-monthly. Don't ask us where the money will come from! We ask everybody to please help by sending in their donations.



low has had a logo from the beginning which says, "sisters, mothers, lovers, friends". Throughout our issues, we have discussed sisters, lovers, friends, but seldom mothers. We felt it was about time.

A note on the Cover: Our cover photograph is of Margaret Murray and Judy Dwyer, two women we know who are about to become mothers. We are grateful for their suggestions, ideas and help.

To honour International Women's Day--March 8th--*low* presents the birth of its baby, our special international issue, available free to our subscribers and for 25¢ at the newsstands. If you do not see it at your local newsstand, send 25¢ plus 10¢ postage to *low* and we will mail it to you.

WAGES FOR HOUSEWORK COMMITTEE RESPONDS TO EDITORIAL

I am writing regarding your editorial in Vol. 4, No. 1, entitled, "Wages for Housework". There are 2 points in the editorial that I would like to clarify. You state: "It is not the money itself which will give women power, but the struggle to get the wage." This is not something we say.

I think that it is impossible to separate the struggle from the wage in this way. Wages for Housework is not something that we gain all at once at the end of a long fight, but something that we gain in portions along the way. For example, when we demand welfare as a right we are making a fight for wages for housework. The Family Allowance is a partial wage for housework because we know that raising children is work. When we fight for control over our own bodies, we are fighting for wealth, because the capitalist system has turned our very bodies into wealth. We say that money IS power, because in a system where our bodies, our time, our very personalities are harnessed for the production of profit, any money we win is regaining ourselves. And it is the power to continue fighting and eventually topple the capitalist system. The more money a part of the working class has managed to regain, the more powerful that sector is. For example, when factory workers manage to win a larger wage, they have more power to refuse the work of the factory--better paid workers can afford absenteeism, slowdowns, even sabotage, without risking their jobs or their incomes as much as lower paid workers--and they do just that.

You go on to state that: "Money will be useless if there is no consciousness of its meaning." The government is always wailing that the more people get, the more they want. This is true, unfortunately for the state. The evidence shows that the more money we win, the harder we can fight. This is the meaning of money to the working class, and there is no problem of 'consciousness' around this fact. Where the women's movement has been weakest has been when people have defined sexism as an ideological matter--as a matter of attitude. Sexism is a matter of money like everything else under capitalism. Our problem as women isn't 'low consciousness' of anything, but powerlessness. And the root of our powerlessness is our wagelessness. And the root of our power against capitalism, is the fight for the wage in ALL its forms, and the wage itself.

The second point I want to talk about is lesbianism. You state: "Where we disagree with the Wages Due perspective is when they define lesbianism as the refusal of and struggle against the work of relating to men, rather than women loving women." First of all, I want to point out that there is no separate Wages Due perspective. Our perspective is Wages for Housework, and we have merely interpreted it to speak to our own situation as lesbians. There is nothing we say about lesbianism that is not already contained in the Wages for Housework perspective.

We DO say that lesbianism is a fight against the work of relating to men. It is one form of that fight. Straight women, too, are fighting against the fact that our sexual relations, our love are made into work by capitalism. We love IN SPITE of capitalism, but since one of capital's needs is that workers be satisfied just enough to keep on working, then this love is turned into profit for them, and we want it back.

We do not see that defining lesbianism as a struggle is defeatist, because in our view there is nothing stronger than the fight against capitalism. It is a POSITIVE statement of lesbianism. We do not deny that lesbians love women, but that is not a description of our power, merely a statement of fact. I think the confusion lies in the assumption that when we describe the struggle contained in lesbianism, we are posing a theory of WHY women are lesbians. We have never tried to explain why women are lesbians, because we think that this is as ludicrous an exercise as trying to explain why straight women AREN'T lesbians. Without capitalism, who knows what our sexuality would be? Certainly neither lesbian NOR straight as they are now defined.

You say: "They say we have no choice in coming out." I think again there is a misunderstanding of what we have tried to say. We have said that lesbianism is not a choice, and by this we mean that lesbianism is not a SOLUTION to the fact that our love is turned into profit for the state. You have described well in the editorial the work involved in relating to a woman, and we agree. Even though lesbianism is a struggle against work, it is not an end to that work. It is a step along the way, in the same sense that we gain partial wages in the course of fighting for Wages for Housework. Again we are not speaking to HOW or WHY women come out as lesbians, merely describing it as a powerful fight among the fights that ALL women are making, rather than an absolute solution to our powerlessness.

I hope these remarks clear up our position for the readers of *The Other Woman*. I would like to add that apart from these disagreements, the editorial reflected our position very well. It was certainly a well-thought out piece and we were happy and proud to see it in *The Other Woman*. Keep up the good work.

Judith Quinlan,
member of the Toronto Wages for Housework Committee and Wages Due.

Editor's Note: We appreciate the response and we hope this will be part of a continuing dialogue between *low* and the Wages for Housework Committee. Three issues ago, we mentioned that we were sponsoring a special issue from the Toronto Wages for Housework Committee. This issue will be out in March and will be available free to our subscribers, purchased at the newsstands and from the Toronto Wages for Housework Committee, P.O. Box 38, Stn. E, Toronto, Ontario.

YOUR PAGE FROM MOVEMENT MEDIA

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THUNDER BAY

It is cold, cold, cold here in Thunder Bay this morning but as I open the door to what has now become the nerve centre of all collective striving your letter waits on the mat and its contents have warmed the place already. Our second issue is about ready and then I think we are off to a good run. The response to our first has left us high in spirit and I must say a little more familiar with what a venture like this entails. We have only just begun to pull the regional interest together, the substance as yet is small, a poem here, a profile there, but the dream and the determination is big, big.

The women's centre was a prime mover in the first seminar to form the North Western Ontario IWY Council. Since the members of this Council represented an outreach it seemed a splendid opportunity to use these contacts to pull us all together for a common interest. Our mailing lists showed us we had a good core of support in the region and we are in the process of coaxing input as well.

We were the recipients of a small grant to get us started and for this we are grateful but our goal is independence. Our sales on the newsstands have been encouraging, the collective is growing in interest and energy and we are all together in a most optimistic frame of mind. We have visions of creating a chain of correspondents that will in time reach from Timmins to the Manitoba

border and since we ourselves are in receipt of so much that is of general interest to the growing movement to sisterhood we hope to promote and share these good feelings. We look forward in real anticipation to *The Other Woman*. You are a permanent fixture on our mailing list.

In Solidarity and Love,

Gert Beadle
for Northern Woman Regional Journal
Collective
316 Bay Street
Thunder Bay, Ontario

VANCOUVER

Finally got a chance to read *The Other Woman*--I loved it! Really national (love the bilingualism--miss my mother tongue here in B.C.), the music and book reviews, articles and news items...everything!

Although I don't necessarily believe that men are ALL bad (re your editorial decision to have a man write an article for you) and therefore am not as militant as you seem to be, I enjoy reading openly-gay, as well as absolutely feminist literature. Hope your subscriptions and returns encourage you to continue.

Keep high (isn't the experience of publishing exciting)!

Anno
at MAKARA magazine
Pacific Women's Graphic Arts
Cooperative
1011 Commercial Drive
Vancouver, B.C.

MONTREAL

I received the Oct/Nov 1975 issue of *The Other Woman* and was appalled that you would print something like "Divisions Within The Movement: Canadian--The Anti-Harrassment Campaign (A Woman's Place, Montreal).

As a participant in the events Anne writes about, I protest against her misrepresentation. She, like everyone else, has a right to express her opinions--but as OPINIONS, not as HERSTORY.

I feel that it is unfortunate that *The Other Woman* did not bother to contact Women's Information and Referral Centre before the article was printed. I feel that it was irresponsible journalism on the part of *The Other Woman* to print such slander.

Jackie Manthorne
Editor, *Long Time Coming*

Editor's Note: We do not feel that we were being irresponsible as Jackie charges. The article was presented in juxtaposition with another article on divisions within the American women's movement. The general idea was to show that feminism is not 'sisterhood', that feminism cannot be separated from class struggle and struggles against racism. A careful reading of the article shows that it is presented as a perspective of an event. The intent was not to rehash a personality conflict, but to show "the different approaches to feminism which are the real political issues dividing us" (from Anne's article). (see page 4.)

FROM READERS

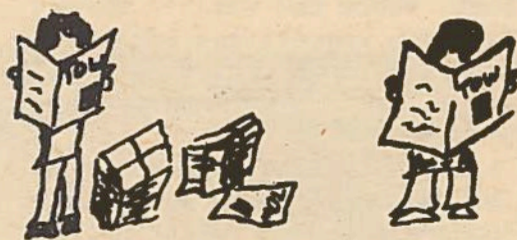
I've been reading your paper for a year now, off and on. The latest issue I've seen (Vol. 3, #4) I enjoyed--I always do. I can especially relate to the article about Token Women because I am a token woman. I repair computer equipment for IBM, and I'll tell you, working for IBM is weird--I feel like Jonah who got swallowed by the whale sometimes. But jobs are hard to find, especially challenging, interesting ones, so you take what you can get. But whenever I start feeling too comfortable I remind myself, "You're only a token, never forget that. You're only a token." And I tell myself, "If I'm still working for these people 5 years from now, I better have a good reason why." Because it's so easy to get trapped by the comfortableness. And the last thing I want to be is an IBMer--that's what people in the company really call themselves--IBMer. Unreal! But I'm learning a lot about a new corporation trick called "every employee a manager". It's a way that management relates to the workers so that the workers identify with the managers and therefore the company, instead of identifying with their fellow-workers and their class. It's real subtle, but it goes on constantly, and in IBM it's very successful. I could go on and on, but enough.

I also liked the Wages for Housework special. I have a copy of the "Fucking Is Work" article and have read about WFH before. It's a very

important group politically and I wish it was as strong in my country as it is in Canada, Italy and elsewhere.

I could say much more but it's late so I'll close. Grow and be strong.

Sarina Spielberg
Baltimore, Maryland



Am out in the bush, trying to make a living by farming, so after putting 150 chickens to bed, then goats, etc., I need something to read. Why don't more of you take up farming, for one thing it's different, and if at 45 yrs. I feel that I can give it a try, often wonder why more Canadians do not get involved in this general area. But, the hours are long, monetary rewards few...but God the peace and quiet; really does compensate for many inconveniences.

However, as already said, please send along your magazine, who knows if I sit and read it to the Goats while milking them...might get more milk. Thanks.

Dorothy Robb
Norland, Ontario

NEWS

HOUSEWORK AND ABORTION

SELMA JAMES

Selma James, co-author of *The Power of Women and the Subversion of the Community*, recently did a speaking tour in Ontario. Selma spoke on Feb. 9th at an Ottawa meeting co-sponsored by the women's centre to an audience of about 100 people and, as always, was adept at handling hecklers from the left. Feb. 10th, Selma appeared at a meeting in Kitchener and on Feb. 12th she spoke to a York University audience in Toronto.

On Feb. 11th, Selma James spoke to a noon gathering of women sponsored by Innis College and the Women's Studies Course at University of Toronto on the subject of the abortion movement. Below are excerpts from her speech which set out even more clearly all the various aspects of the wages for housework perspective.

For us, in Wages for Housework, there is no separation. All the struggles that women wage are not separate from each other. It is only in seeing all these as one struggle that makes up a political perspective.

Our work has been formulated as a distinction between those who produce and those who consume. That is to misinterpret the word consumption. Production is fundamentally the consumption of workers. You consume yourself in the process of working and it is from that consumption that all profit comes. We are ourselves being consumed and, increasingly, we will spend more time doing shopping because we have less time to use on that shopping. The process of making children is the process of production: the production of the working class and the consumption of ourselves in the process of making the working class. We make the working class which works and we are part of that working class which we make ourselves.

I am absolutely certain that making children does not need to be work. It is transformed into work in this society because we, as women, are burdened with it. From the moment of childbirth, the burden of that child is upon us, and having a child means that we become mothers. Now mother is not a biological relationship, it is a social one. It means that we have complete responsibility for that child, it means that if that child does not succeed in the terms that society sets down for it, that we are at fault, that we are guilty, that we must be punished in some way. We don't want to be mothers. Children should not be a relationship of object to subject. It will not be something we work on, it will be somebody we relate to, which it is not today.

A campaign for abortion has spread to many countries. It looked like that was coming from nowhere. All of a sudden all these women got it into their heads that they should have a right to have abortion when they wanted. What was not clear was that that bursting into the streets of thousands upon thousands of women in country after country had not come from nowhere but was a direct inheritor of a struggle that had gone on by women against their own consump-



Marilyn Berge

tion. What prompted women on a massive level in the industrialized countries to take the same action without large conferences and without any kind of apparent struggle going on?

People started saying now that the pill has come, women will have less children. There was no pill in 1870, it didn't exist and one of the ways women prevented themselves from having children was not to sleep with men. That's quite a safe method of birth control. It is very interesting to note that what capital wants for women, it makes as an ideology for men. The proof of their power was deeply entrenched into their thinking not because they were backward or because they were male but because capital had made it clear to them through their power of having the wage that they were entitled to demonstrate that power over women.

KITCHENER

Selma James was interviewed in Kitchener on CKCO-TV by Betty Thompson, "Miss Betty" of Romper Room fame. The first half of the show consisted of a dialogue between Ms. Thompson and Ms. James, providing Selma with an opportunity to explain why all women deserve wages for housework. At one point, Ms. Thompson exclaimed, "If I was getting that money, I certainly wouldn't come to this job!" to which Selma replied, "Of course not. Most women don't want two jobs."

In the second half of the show, 2 men joined the panel. One tried his best to bait Selma James, but she remained calm throughout. Frustrated by the lack of success of his "political" arguments, he finally resorted to, "Well, might I ask who would be silly enough to finance your speaking tour?" to which Selma replied, "This isn't the first time men have called women 'silly'".

A commercial break followed shortly thereafter. When they were off the air, Ms. Thompson leaned across Selma to remark to her colleague, "You know, she beat the hell out of you."

There was another struggle going on which was the welfare struggle of women who had children. They insisted that the state give them a wage so that they could have those children. They were going on, each separate, one over there and never the twain met at all. At the same time it was perfectly clear that if the abortion campaign continued separate from that other struggle that the interests of women were being contradicted. As the abortion struggle developed, it was perfectly clear that there was a section of capital itself that was in favour of abortion being spread, not only abortion but sterilization.

It looked like capital had joined our side. They never joined our side. We should be careful when it looks like they and we have exactly the same interests. They did not join the side of the welfare mothers who were demanding money to have children; they joined the other side that said we have the right not to have children. We have to understand why this is so and to what degree their support of us is the undermining of our power. The more wages are demanded, in the home and outside of it, the more it is economic to replace us by machines which means, on an international level, they need less and less workers. They don't mind if there are 150 million people looking for jobs; they mind if there are 150 million who are not looking for jobs but for money. When the abortion amendments were passed in the U.S., Mayor Daley of Chicago said round up all the welfare mothers in Chicago and insist that if any of them are pregnant that they be aborted now that it is legal. So Mayor Daley has used our struggle for his own purposes. He wanted less and less of us to have any children at all.

Women in Italy were demanding the right to have abortion which the Catholic Church stood against. There were 3 million abortions a year, 40,000 of which died. The Catholic Church didn't mind. It was not abortion they were fighting against but our right to decide whether or not we have an abortion, they objected to our saying that we had a right. They wanted to maintain our work discipline. What they did not want us to have was power. We demand the right to abortion, we also demand the right to have the children we want.

In Budapest in August 1974, the Governments of most countries in the world came together. Rockefeller said we should produce 2.2 children. The woman from Russia said no--because she's a Communist and has an entirely different position--she said 2.7. So they are planning our production and the consumption of ourselves.

We allow capital to blackmail us on two levels. In the industrialized world, they tell us that if we have children we are being irresponsible because of third world starvation. In the third world, they tell women they should be sterilized for the same reason. That starvation is the kind of genocide they need to counteract the struggle there for wages.

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FEMINISM AND BUSINESS

BY PAT LESLIE

Feminist businesses, as a definite trend in the movement, have been of concern to North American feminists for some time now. The implications of this trend cannot allow more time to pass. We must deal with the problem now. This article should lead to some open discussion on where we are going.

It seems like a long time ago that we (that is, the women's movement) made a deliberate decision to base our activity on a direction which involved the setting up of alternative institutions to: 1) better meet our needs under a capitalist system and 2) use these in order to develop a comprehensive strategy. What happened to the second part of this decision?

An alternative institution becomes a feminist business: "...when the goal is sacrificed, the movement has no reason for existence. Thus, what begins by denying the goal ends by denying the movement."* Alternative institutions fail when they do not make political connections with economic reality. The only possible goal for a business of any kind under our economic system is to make money. In order for any business to succeed, it has no option but to acquire a cash flow from a market economy which means to place oneself within the system rather than to be posed as an alternative. Therefore, those 2 words--feminist business--are a contradiction. Feminism is in opposition to a social system which exploits all people through MONEY. "Feminism is concerned with women as a class. Business by its nature can only benefit a few women directly."*

"Alternate institutions can be used as a power base if they are: 1) linked to a strong mass movement, 2) governmental in nature and 3) providing basic necessities to the population. It is also necessary for the regular institutions to have broken down and/or be insufficient for meeting the needs of the populace. Most importantly, however, these alternate institutions are conceived of not as alternate or substitutes for existing institutions but as vehicles for taking power. If the alternate institutions do not meet all these criteria (and "feminist" businesses do not), "alternates" serve to sidetrack people from the main goal of taking control of major institutions (and changing some and abolishing others). The very name--alternate institutions--defines them as something parasitical to the ruling system. An additional result, in the case of "feminist" businesses, is the myth of the "individual solution" to political problems.

"Feminist" businesses may give those few women who work in them the chance to gain economic independence, do work they like, possibly learn new skills and become involved in an "alternate lifestyle" (another one of those "alternates"!.) With these side effects, an illusion is created that the "feminist" business is a new type of operation, liberating to women. A false sense of security--and of movement strength--is fostered both for the operators of "feminist" business and for

their customers. Individuals involved at either end of the "feminist" business are under the impression that they are doing their bit for the women's movement by being so involved. In fact, working in a "feminist" business becomes pseudo-movement busywork, and energy which could be devoted to political action is sidetracked into the work of owning, operating and keeping afloat an academic enterprise. These individual solutions are being mistakenly construed as solutions for all women, but are really a way of running away from the political realities of women's oppression. "Feminist" business becomes an ivory tower--a way to avoid the grim realities of life. It is ironic that cultural feminists, who claim to be anti-capitalist, are using capitalist strategies as a road to liberation. But despite their radical claims, cultural feminists and "feminist" businesses, with their emphasis on upward mobility and personal liberation, basically constitute a liberal ideology, and liberalism, of course, is the ideology of capitalism."*

"However, proponents of "feminist" business state that "feminist businesses provide a means for women to take power, not directly through the economic system, but as an alternative base and springboard. The trouble is that feminist businesses are joining the present economic system by using its methods, and operating by its laws (they must produce, or stock, what sells, for instance). Because they cannot separate themselves from the present economic system, and are inextricably intertwined with it, they inevitably are coopted into the larger system they initially tried to escape."

"[T]hey claim to be changing the definition of business, with frequent references to the "non-hierarchical" internal structures of their enterprises, and to these businesses as services for women. But they must depoliticize feminism for it to fit into the structures of business and capitalist theory. They do this by changing feminism to a commodity which business can sell at a price and for a profit..."*

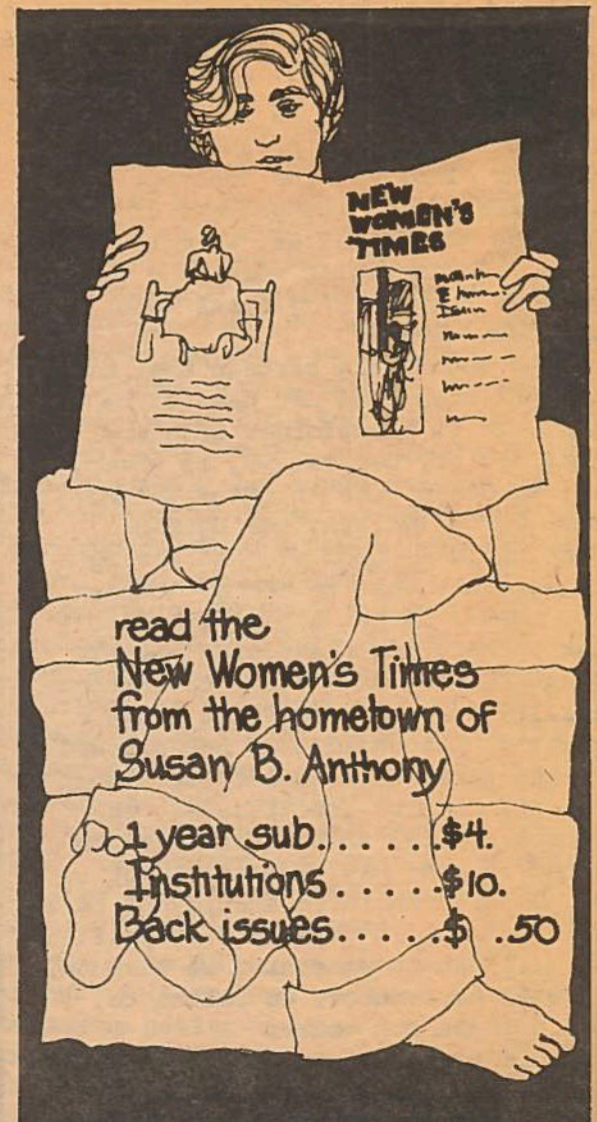
By way of example, I will use tow as a feminist newspaper. In Canada, due to our particular conditions under a State which has its own goal of cooptation through controlled funding, we should examine even newspapers which, going by the definition "by, for and about women", are feminist in content. (See next issue for analysis of government funding.) tow cannot receive Canada Council financial backing (a publication funding source) unless the Council's philosophy is broadened to include more than culture--or unless we restrict our content. What makes tow a political alternative is the distribution of feminist propaganda through our orientation of working outside the present system. At the same time, we repudiate the "counter-culture" attitude inherent in any and all alternative institutions because fighting back against women's

oppression cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered "cultural".

One other deliberate decision which we had set down in our theoretical framework was the basic principle of collective structures which is definitely not only an alternative but a political move to counteract the hierarchical domination evolved through the many stages of patriarchy. Collectivity starts from the premise that there can be no change in a political system without the most basic structures being questioned and that we must begin now to plan "for people whom we are not yet". (Selma James)

It is always easier to agree with what we are not rather than what we are. For those who would dispute the above, to take a "hard line", it is obvious that they have chosen, whether intentionally or not, to ally themselves on the side of capital. They have chosen to take a certain class position which is directly opposed to the reality of political organizing. Somewhere along the line, as more and more women became involved in the movement, things got out of hand--or perhaps, put differently, into the hands of capital.

SEE NEXT PAGE



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THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

VERSUS YVONNE WANROW

Yvonne Wanrow, an Indian woman who has been sentenced to 25 years for the murder of her child's rapist, spoke at a rally for her defense on Feb. 15, 1976, at the Ontario College of Arts. A beautiful, sensitive, creative woman, she began her talk with a prayer to Goulanchue, "the creator, in my language, of the lakes", she said. She hardly seemed the hardened criminal the media has made her out to be, but a poet and an artist, a brave, courageous and thoughtful woman protecting her child and the children of other women.

Yvonne Wanrow's story goes as follows. She says of her arrest and trial in early 1973:

"They handed down their conviction of me on Mother's Day, May 13, 1973, sentencing me to at least 25 years for first degree assault and second degree murder. When I heard them announce 'The State of Washington versus Yvonne Wanrow' I took it very personally; I knew that the State of Washington was at war against Yvonne Wanrow. They are at war against me because I am an Indian, a woman, and a mother. But the State of Washington does not have to run our lives. You have power; each and every one of you have power. This time, right now, you can act--tell everyone my story. I go to court again on the 23rd of this month--with your support I may not have to go through another trial" (the hearing on the 23rd is to see whether there should be another trial or not).

"When I went to trial in early 1973 I had no support at that time. My lawyer would not allow support in the way of friends or protesters to come into the courtroom. It was the time of the occupation at Wounded Knee. Indians were considered evil violent people. I was not allowed to wear braids. They denied me a trial of my peers. I could not have witnesses on my behalf.

I was convicted because of the calm tone of my voice. I was convicted because I was not a stereotyped woman. I was convicted because I did not scream and shout. They convicted me because of the calm tone of my voice; they said I was a calculating, premeditated murderer. I am a political pawn facing 25 years in prison to justify the greed and brutality of this society. A friend of mine, Eagle Bear, said to me: 'Yvonne, when they say "Justice" they mean "Just us".'

They did allow 2 Indian people to speak on my behalf in a plea for leniency. But the judge paid no attention to them. He based his verdict on a stack of papers from the Probation Officer who said I had no faith in the law and should be punished for this. The Probation Officer glamorized prison, saying that since I am an artist I could teach art to the other Indian women in prison and since I come from a large family I would have a lot of people to take care of my children.

The violence which lead to my arrest began when 'Chicken Bill' was prowling around Spokane preying on helpless children. The police refused to arrest him.

They said I was violent because I bought a gun. I bought a gun because I lived alone with my 2 children in big cities and I needed it to defend



"I DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE"
yvonne wanrow (Lake/Colville)

myself from rape and break-ins. When a friend of mine phoned me to say that this man was threatening her and was breaking into her house, I came over and I brought my gun.

After I was arrested, because I was poor and broke, they gave me a public defender and this defender would not allow me to plead not guilty. But my brother, who was in the Navy, said: 'Don't let them railroad you. Fight it like an Indian. Here, take my life-savings and fight it.'

So I got my own attorney. Shirley Hooper, my baby-sitter, turned State's Evidence against me (whether she did this because she was bought off or scared off, I don't know). The 7-year-old who had been raped by this man was not allowed to testify. The District Attorney was told by the Judge: 'Hey, wrap it up before the weekend, I want to mow my lawn'. My trial was a travesty with a foregone conclusion.

I now have three attorneys. William Kunstler is one of my attorneys. I also have 2 women attorneys, Nancy Stearns and Elizabeth Schneider. I won the appeal last August, saying my trial was illegal, because of the evidence they used to convict me--the tapes of my voice. But this was only a small win because the Attorney General was able to turn around and appeal this appeal again. I go to court on the 23rd of this month. Write direct letters of protest to the Governor in Olympia, Washington, if you want to help me.

I am telling you this because it could happen to any one of you."

Then she ended up by reciting her poem "You Make Me Afraid, America", some of which goes as follows:

"America, you do not love your little children, their playgrounds are not safe;

you do not love your mentally ill; a mentally ill man has hurt our children

and you have not done anything to help him get better or protect our children;

America, you make me afraid."

She said, also, speaking on environmental issues, "We should concen-

trate on protecting our environment because, as far as I am concerned, the Earth is our Mother. The water is Her living blood, the trees are Her hair, and the rocks are Her bones.

I had a vision in which the eagle filled the whole sky, and I like to think that this is the Eagle-Spirit who, in my language, is the keeper of this land and the protector of its people. I take it as a good omen."

Afterwards, Bill Lewis, speaking for the Prisoners' Rights Committee, aptly ended the rally by saying, You've heard from Yvonne Wanrow that one of her Native sisters suggested to the judge that her people be allowed to take care of her, instead of sending her to jail. The only way to reform any prison is with a bulldozer. Anything done within the walls can be much better done without."

YVONNE WANROW'S Indian Legal Defense Committee,
P.O. Box 49
Inchelium, Wash. 99138

BUSINESSES

To take power so that control is in our interests, some of our tactics must be: "1) to combat the ideology, cultural feminism, which fosters the businesses, 2) to insist that these businesses be made accountable to the movement if they wish to be considered part of it and 3) to begin workplace organizing..."*

Now that the Toronto Women's Bookstore (originally conceived back in 1972 with the establishment of Women's Place) is no longer run and operated on a collective basis, it has managed to slip out from under the limiting influence of movement accountability. This subversion of the collective process is not an isolated case as, once successfully, carried out, it will inevitably produce a snowball effect. Must this happen?

*Quotes excerpted with permission from the copyrighted article by Brooke L. Williams and Hannah Darby which appeared in Vol. 5, No. 11 of *Off Our Backs*, Washington, D.C.

MOTHER SPEAKS OUT

LIFE IN THE REVOLVING DOOR

I can best portray my mother-led situation in terms of a revolving door. This revolving door propels me madly and senselessly past, and at various times into, the four chambers of my life cycle: marriage, work force, unemployment insurance, and ultimately welfare.

My daughter's life began like a rose blooming in the garbage, in the obscene institution of marriage. Like most new mothers, I cringed and cowered in the economic "safety" of my husband's salary. Outwardly I was the dutiful, supportive wife. Inwardly my spirit was crushed. Never did I force myself to consider the economic alternatives. Then the "alternative" forced itself on me when the husband (and the salary) were gone.

I ran the limit on his bank accounts and charge-cards. During this time I lived with several other mother-led families at a subsistence level, frantically trying to figure a way to avoid the welfare situation. Finally down to my last dollar, I got a job. Whoosh! The door pressed on; I spun into orbit as a mind-numbed clerical drudge and my daughter's mind spun out of control. She was speechless and hysterical at my withdrawal. Our life was worse than I could have imagined before I went to work: it took so much out of me that we were miserable constantly, together or apart.

Soon I was in a decline at work knowing that this existence was terrible for both of us. Eventually I quit. To get unemployment insurance I had to fake a "previous employer" story and lived on the edge of my nerves for months. Every two weeks insistent bureaucrats poked and prodded me to take another crummy job. When I could no longer maintain my grotesque posturing for the UIC officials I turned with some mental relief to welfare.

I won't dwell on the drudgery of life as a welfare mother--we all understand that. But the door won't stop: my daughter was starting school. Here we go again Mom, another job, this time as a bank teller. Then a night job. Then a series of "temporary" stints in government offices. Now collapsed on UIC payments again, I wearily wait for the door to open on the next chamber of horrors.

In the time-between-these-revolutions, I gather myself together with other mothers to work toward another revolution, the final door--the one that opens when society recognizes the value of the job of mothering, for ourselves, our daughters and our granddaughters.

by Mary S.
Reprinted from the Motherled Union
Newsletter, No. 4, October 1975.

DAY CARE

DAY CARE CUTBACKS CREATE CRISIS

Carol Sherman



The Province of Ontario has chosen to cut back public investment in day care by not approving money for building new centres and by requiring existing subsidized day care centres to hold their operating budgets down to a 5.5% increase. This move has forced Metro Toronto's social services department, which receives 80% of its funding from the province, to issue orders for day care centres to cut back. This ignores the Henderson report (a provincial government document prepared to seek ways of cutting government spending) which recommended that day care should be made available to everyone who needs it and the funds must be provided from other areas to expand the day care services.

The crisis situation created by the cutbacks set into motion an organized attempt to inform the public and the politicians that there is indeed a definite need for increasing availability of day care and that the struggle to attain it will be followed through until universal day care is a priority item in any government's programme of social services.

A Committee Against Day Care Cutbacks has been very active since the announcement of reducing the money was made. Studies have been carefully conducted concerning long-range effects of day care expenses vs. welfare expenses. Metro Toronto government has taken the stand that funding a single mother with dependent children staying at home with welfare is cheaper for Metro's budget than day care funding because most high subsidy day care provided by Metro goes to this group which would otherwise be eligible for Provincial Welfare. This may be all well and good but changes in welfare eligibility then destroy this alternative.

Petitions have been circulated to add the pressure of public support to any decisions involving cut backs and a rally at Toronto's City Hall was held to show how visible are the people who care about day care. People addressing the more than 300 men, women and children--representing various ethnic backgrounds and income categories--who united on that extremely cold January day pledged



TIMES CHANGE

women's employment service

Are You Looking for a
Part-Time or Full-Time
Job?

TIMES CHANGE OFFERS

- . Workshops for job seekers to help you organize your job search.
- . Career Planning workshops.
- . Manpower apprenticeship and retraining information.
- . Spanish and Portuguese Interpreters on staff.
- . Workshops for Immigrant and Black women.
- . Placement.
- . Legal Clinic.
- . Babysitting.



OR
" ISN'T IT TIME THE GOVERNMENT STOPPED PUTTING WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAST?"

BY ANGELA SERGIO

their efforts to restore in the Social Services budget enough money to provide day care for all who wish it. Margaret Campbell, Liberal party spokesperson at the rally, emphatically stated that the Liberal Party is "for universal day care at a quality level". The NDP speaker, Ross McLelland, disparaged the Conservative government's austerity drive which seems to concentrate on doing "major surgery on the elderly, the working poor, mothers and families" because the current cuts in Ontario are against women and families.

"Davis (Ontario's Premier) is saying if you want to work in this province, you have to do it at the expense of your children", continued McLelland. Elody Scholz, Director of St. Andrew's day nursery, keynoted the rally with these words "When times are fat, it's fine for women to be working, but when times are thin, the government wants us out." Further comments from Ms. Scholz point out that she feels that the government is more willing to pay welfare than to encourage women to go into the work force as an attempt to get women out of the economy, which is reminiscent of post World War II, when day care was lessened because the men were returning from the war and the women had to retreat to the kitchen.

The Committee Against Day Care Cutbacks has publicized their position concerning the budget guidelines. The committee calls for an increase in the number of subsidized children as parents of these are most in need of day care. If the 5.5% ceiling is held to, then subsidized parents will lose their places because centres cannot create ways of financing their own expenses. With restraints on spending, fewer subsidized children will have space and this will have the effect of forcing mothers to accept welfare.

There are nearly 52,000 single-parent families in Metro Toronto, and nearly 80% of these are led by women. If day care subsidies are provided for these single mothers, several benefits result. The mother can work if she must and she can be independent in pursuing whatever interests she may have without the worry of whether her children are cared for.

Most people usually see day care as a need of working people. *The Other Woman* sees day care as a need of all children and of all women, who work whether they go to a factory, an office, stay at home, or attend school. *The Other Woman* recommends that the Committee Against Day Care Cutbacks continues its action, but broadens its political analysis to recognize their struggle is tied to all other struggles women are waging. The struggle for good day care cannot be isolated from other struggles women are coping with for the attainment of an oppression-free state of being.

AND ENCOURAGES DIALOGUE BETWEEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF PEOPLE.....

... PROVIDES A CREATIVE ALTERNATIVE TO STEALING MEDIA....

"I'M BORED ALICE."
"YAWN!"

THE END
SIGH...

HANDS OFF THE FAMILY ALLOWANCE

NO INCREASE IN BABY BONUS

The \$220,000,000 Baby Bonus increase we were all expecting has fallen victim to the government's "anti-inflation program". Why have they seen fit to make one of their biggest cutbacks from the pittance they give mothers? As always, we women are the ones expected to do without, to put ourselves last, and sacrifice "for the good of others". WHAT BETTER WAY FOR TRUDEAU TO LAUNCH HIS "LOWERED EXPECTATIONS WAY OF LIFE" THAN BY TAKING MONEY AWAY FROM MOTHERS, THE SYMBOLS OF SELF-DENIAL!

WE REFUSE TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE

We know it means EVEN MORE WORK, AND LESS FOR OURSELVES AND OUR CHILDREN. It also means we are more of a discipline on the men so many of us depend on. Nurses said "dedication won't pay the rent" and have fought for well-earned increases across the country. Teachers are refusing the blackmail of paying for cutbacks in education and are going on strike. All around us others are demanding their share of society's wealth which OUR UNPAID WORK IN THE HOME HELPS CREATE.

WE WANT OUR INCREASE TOO

And we need it more than most. Many of us are sole-support mothers and \$36.00 a year per child--little as it is--does make a difference. Much more than anyone with a 10% surtax on their \$30,000. salary can begin to imagine! And for those of us with husbands, the Family Allowance is often THE ONLY MONEY WE CAN CALL OUR OWN, the only recognition that we WORK in our homes.

Trudeau's cutbacks in Family Allowance represent a widespread effort

to make women pay for the present crisis. On top of all the unpaid work we do in our homes, we are faced with:

- HIGHER PRICES which mean more work shopping for bargains and more time in the kitchen.
- A GROWING WAGE GAP between women and men in the paid labour force, and tougher policing of women on UIC.
- ELIMINATION OF GOVERNMENT-FUNDED SUBSIDIES (LIP, CYC, OFY) which provide wages for young people (many of whom are women) and sustain community services for children, old people, immigrants, etc.
- CUTBACKS IN DAYCARE SUBSIDIES which mean more work finding adequate childcare or looking after our children ourselves.
- CUTBACKS IN SOCIAL SERVICES which jeopardize the wages of many women and throw the burden of the work back in the home.
- MORE HARDSHIPS FOR WOMEN ON FIXED INCOMES like the sick and the aged who are expected to live on next to nothing after a lifetime of hard work.

WE WOMEN ARE AN EASY TARGET BECAUSE WE ARE SO USED TO WORKING WITHOUT PAY IN OUR HOMES AND FOR LOW PAY OUTSIDE. But we don't intend to stay at the bottom. Let the government go after the banks and the corporations--they have more than us!

WE DEMAND

- the family allowance increase as scheduled.
- the removal of family allowance from taxable income.

A petition is being circulated to protest Family Allowance cutbacks. For copies and more information, contact Wages for Housework Committee, 745 Danforth Ave., Suite 301, Toronto, Ontario. 416-466-7457

MAKARA?

SHE APPEARS EVERY TWO MONTHS WITH ARTICLES, FICTION, ART, POETRY, CHILDREN'S STORIES...

AND REVIEWS AND COMICS ON HISTORY, ART, POLITICS, SCIENCE, HOW-TO, LABOUR, ENTERTAINMENT, LIFESTYLES AND ANYTHING ELSE SHE CAN THINK OF.

SHE CAN BE FOUND ON THE STANDS WITH THE OTHER MAGAZINES...

LOOKIT! GEE, GREAT!

SHE ENJOYS A VARIED READERSHIP.

THOUGH SHE'S QUITE NON CONFORMIST...

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LOCAL NEWS

CULTURAL CENTRE

A group of Toronto women, including poets, actresses, artists, lawyers and others are making plans for a Women's Cultural Centre to be centrally located in Toronto.

The Centre will include: a small, approximately 200-seat theatre; an art gallery which will offer regular exhibits of women's works in all areas of the visual and plastic arts; a small repertory cinema; a reading room and reference library containing a large selection of books and periodicals of subjects and issues of interest to women, and Canadian art publications. Another integral part of the Centre will be an area on the main floor furnished with tables and chairs to accommodate about 75 people. This space will operate daily as a coffee house and drop-in centre, and will be used for many of the cultural activities. There will be studios and meeting rooms for workshops and discussion groups, and a small amount of office space.

One of the primary objectives of the Centre, particularly in its function as a drop-in centre, is to encourage and strengthen communication among women. The comfortable atmosphere of the coffee house will provide women with an informal meeting place; a place to get together, to establish contacts, to learn of and discuss activities and projects in which women are involved and to generate wider participation in these projects. No such facility exists in the area.

(Editor's Note: Since the writing of this brief, a feminist coffee house, Three Of Cups, has been established. However, it has no permanent home, is only open Saturday nights, and does not satisfy Toronto's need for a complete Women's Cultural Centre.)

The lack of such a place is one of the primary reasons why women have always and traditionally had great difficulty in uniting and co-ordinating their efforts, in planning together and drawing on the resources of one another. We believe that a coffee house/drop-in facility will help bring these objectives about.

The Women's Cultural Centre will be a focal point for women involved in the arts. Some of the cultural events will take place in the coffee house, programmes of an informal nature and those which require a more intimate atmosphere, such as poetry readings, writers' workshops, musical performances by soloists or small groups, and so on. There will also be discussions, panels and speakers on issues and subjects of interest to women. These will be organized by the staff of the Centre, often working together with other women's groups, or the time and space will be made available to accredited groups who wish to organize their own programmes.

An art gallery, to be called The Muse Gallery, will display the works of women painters, sculptors, graphic artists, photographers, potters, etc. The works will be exhibited in sophisticated, professional showings with official openings and approximately three-week runs. The works will also be offered for purchase.

The Redlight Theatre, Canada's only women's professional theatre company, which has been enjoying some success since its inception two years ago and which has been touring Canada part of this year, will be the Centre's resident theatre group. They are at present with a home base in Toronto, having to rent church halls and private theatres for their performances. The Centre will provide them with a home base, rehearsal and office space. They will administrate the theatre, which will also be used for other dramatic and musical groups and performing artists who will be invited to the Centre.

The cinema will be a small, approximately 150-seat space which will show second-run features and classics, bringing good film viewing at reasonable cost. It will also be used for the screening of women's films and films concerned with women's issues, followed by discussions and workshops.

The Women's Cultural Centre would not be just Toronto focused. Art exhibitions, for example, put together at our gallery, would then be sent on tour to other galleries across Canada. We shall be contact with other women's centres across the country, passing on to them information about activities and projects at our centre and making them available to other groups.

Once the Centre is well established, it could become self-sustaining financially. However, in order to achieve this goal, we shall need sufficient assistance during our inception and our first few years of operation to carry our objectives out effectively in order that they have lasting results.

The planners of the Women's Cultural Centre want the Old York County Courthouse, at Adelaide and Victoria.

GAY WOMEN UNLIMITED

GAY WOMEN UNLIMITED meets every Monday night (8 pm) at 201 Church St. The Organizing Committee, consisting of 12 women of varied nationality, background, and from all walks of life, arranged the first two meetings as "games nights" to give new women the chance to readily participate in the evening's activity and to get acquainted with the other women present. The third meeting resulted in a brainstorming session to focus on the most important concerns of the organization. Action committees have now been formed and these committees will be responsible for planning programs, preparing and distributing advertising, fund-raising, and finding a "future home" for the group.

GAY WOMEN UNLIMITED has a purpose--and that purpose is to provide a meeting place and a warm social atmosphere in which gay women can help each other. If you're a gay woman reading this article and can remember that sometime in your life, somebody helped you, maybe you feel the need, as we do, to give of yourself to help other gay women. Or if you're lonely, new in town, or just "coming out" and don't know where to turn--we'd like to see you on Monday night because we understand what you're feeling and we've all been where you are now and we can help.



THREE OF CUPS

The Three of Cups (the Toronto Women's coffeehouse) is open at 567 Queen St. W. every Saturday from 8 pm until the Witching Hour. Food, tea, coffee, cider and beer are available at reasonable prices. The collective which coordinates all the activities has future plans which include a night of folk and ethnic dancing as well as nights featuring feminist musicians and poets. Past musicians who have performed at the coffeehouse are Rita MacNeil, April Kassirer and Carol Rowe (see review this issue) and Cheryl Roth; poets who have read their work include Alexa de Weil (Conversations with Bibi), and Gillean Chase (represented in Traces, an anthology of poems) and Gwen Hauser (Sisyphus Was a Woman). For up-to-date information about the coffeehouse, contact 532-9047.

WOMEN'S ARTS CENTRE

The Ontario Women's Centre for the Arts and Arts Mobile, headquartered at 567 Queen St. W. in Toronto, is an ambitious project conceived by Adrienne Potts and Helen Mills. The project will allow a variety of women (i.e., sole-support mothers, welfare recipients, non-English speaking women) to participate in a fine arts programme which is run by competent artisans. Every woman participating will have the opportunity to explore her own skills in any of several fields without worry about the cost of instruction or material. A long list of resource people has been compiled and a tentative schedule has been arranged. The centre will have workshops in figure drawing and painting, bookbinding, film making, macrame, dance, music, carpentry and many other fields. Day care will be available because the staff believes no woman should have to forego a right to develop fine arts skills because she had to look after her children.

To expand on the concept of fine arts being readily available, the project will also support an Art Mobile. This will be a team of 3 women who will travel to several Ontario towns in order to arouse interest in the fine arts field. The Arts Mobile will draw heavily on local people's art work and will basically allow community members to conduct the workshops. The Art Mobile will also serve as a very small recording studio because one of its purposes will be to seek out female musicians to record in order to bring back to the Arts Centre a variety of music from all class and cultural backgrounds.

The grand opening of the centre will be March 8 with an informal party at 567 Queen St. W. By that time, the big, open space will be set up into definite studio areas and the walls will be ready to display women's art work.

Women's Centres

VICTORIA SPONSORS CONFERENCE

The Victoria Women's Centre sponsored a provincial conference for women's centres on Sept. 28, 29 & 30. Women from approximately 60 centres attended. Workshops covered such areas as: counselling skills, community organizing, organizing a transition house, setting up an ombudswomans service, organizing a health collective, problems of organizing in rural areas, an informational meeting on the matrimonial and property law changes in B.C. Sunday afternoon was given over to concentrated discussions on funding -- a problem for women's centres all over the province. Any women's groups wishing to receive further information on this conference, please send donation to Victoria Women's Centre, 552 Pandora, Victoria, B.C. (385-3843).

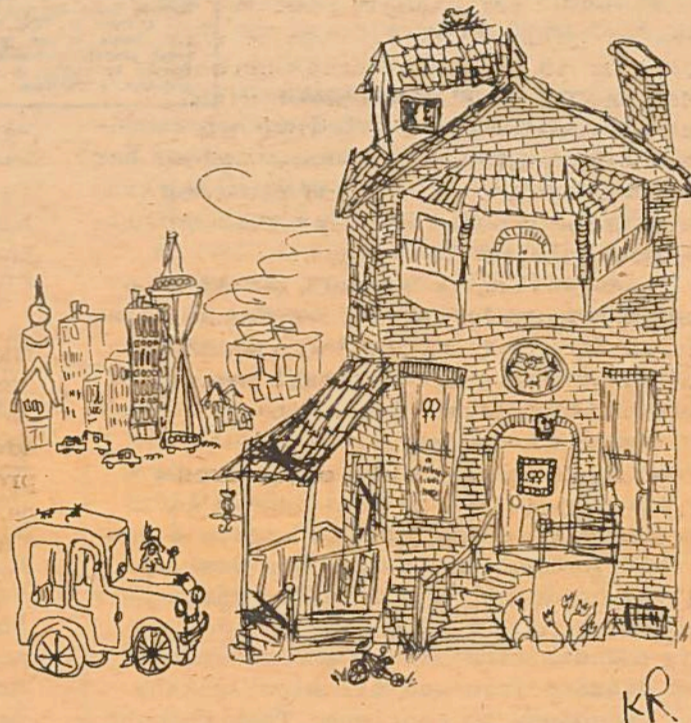
RAPE STUDY

We are beginning a study on the social and psychological effects of rape on women. Rape means any act of sexual intercourse you are made to commit against your will whether it be by your husband, neighbour or a stranger. We need to talk with and receive information from as many women as possible. Anything you might tell us is strictly confidential. If you have been raped and would be willing to fill out a questionnaire on your experience or be interviewed, please write to me: Betsy Spaulding
c/o Psych. Dept.
University of Guelph
Guelph, Ontario
or call: (519)-742-6745.

Thankyou.

KITCHENER BOOK

Building The Movement From One Women's Centre To Another by Liz Willick and Sue Berlove of Kitchen-Waterloo Woman's Place, 25 Dupont St., Waterloo, Ont. \$1.25 Well-designed, well-illustrated, finely written 30-page pamphlet on how to set up a woman's centre, and some of the pitfalls to avoid, from women who have had the experience and lovingly share it.



CHARLOTTETOWN RESEARCH

This winter the Women's Traveling Resource Centre will produce an audio-visual presentation exploring the role and contributions of Island women in the past.

Extensive research will be done on the history of Island women in the home, in agricultural, in industry, and in the community. Based on this research, an audio-visual presentation will be produced and made available to community groups, students and interested citizens. It is hoped that this project will provide a new perspective on the role of women in the past.

BURNABY PLANS FESTIVAL

S.F.U./Burnaby Women's Centre is making plans for a lower mainland/west coast women's festival to be held next summer. They are looking for ideas, suggestions, energy, regarding workshops, dates, place, etc. They are planning a 3-day festival revolving round workshops, displays and performing arts.

WESTERN CANADIAN WOMEN'S NEWS SERVICE

We are presently funded by a \$10,000 grant from federal Secretary of State Department and a \$5,000 grant from the B.C. (provincial) Status of Women Coordinator (which office is now defunct). Our money runs out in March but we hope to continue somehow. We have been operative since May 1974. There is one full-time paid coordinator and half a dozen women who write for us on an honorarium basis. We were started by Vancouver Status of Women but are now independent although still working out of their office.

Our news goes to all B.C. politicians (MP's, MPLA's, civil servants, mayors, alderwomen), all B.C. community newsmen (radio, TV and newspapers) and 200 status of women groups in B.C., as well as libraries, community groups, individual public subscribers, teachers federations, unions, etc. Our perspective is provincial although we are located in Vancouver.

Our material is reprinted by Kamloops News, Terrace Herald, Port Alberni Valley Times, Kimberley Bulletin, etc. In this way we are reaching the public generally and women uninvolved in feminism! Our subscription rate is \$5 for individuals and \$10 for institutions.

Our purposes are many:

1. to increase communication between status of women groups in B.C.
2. to increase quantity and quality of feminist news in traditional media.
3. to make politicians aware directly of B.C. status of women issues.
4. to provide modicum of journalistic skills to women.
5. to provide vehicle through which women writers can be published.
6. to focus on issues of interest to elder, young and native as well as ethnic women.

RAPE CENTRES IN DISTRESS

Rape is a rapidly increasing problem in all Canadian communities both large and small. The growth of rape crisis centres has been one positive response to the problem and the spontaneous appearance of over 20 such centres across Canada is an indicator of the need for the services they can provide.

At present there is no permanent funding available to the centres and every one of them must survive from one short-term grant to the next never knowing if the grant will be renewed when the present money runs out. Most centres do not get enough money to enable them to pay salaries so must operate through the services of volunteer labour--hardly a fair system considering the knowledge, expertise and training necessary. Maintaining an exclusively volunteer staff also means that commitment to the centre often is a secondary commitment for the workers, their first priority being a paying job to sustain themselves. So, many centres are in constant danger of collapsing due to lack of staff.

Some centres have been in existence for up to 3 years and there are hundreds of victims who will

testify to the effectiveness and importance of rape crisis centres. Rape victims need a special kind of support, and possibly referrals to professional agencies, which other existing social agencies are not willing or able to provide.

Rape is not usually a matter of life and death, nor is it usually considered a 'fate worse than death'. However, many victims of rape, unable to get the support and help that is so vital to their recovery, may often see it as being of similar proportions.

Rape is a problem that affects our whole society, although only one out of two Canadians stand to suffer from it directly. Rape crisis centres are filling a vital need and it is deplorable that the government has not yet seen fit to ensure their continued survival by means of money subsidies.

Send a letter to your member of Parliament using the below example: "I believe that rape crisis centres perform a valuable service which is deserving of support. The issue of permanent government funding of such centres should be the subject of immediate investigation and action."

motherhood: is it worth it?

peggy wallace

The year was 1942. When I got around to planning for motherhood, the decision was taken out of my hands by the army. There I was along with many other wives sitting in a town next to a large camp where our husbands were taking artillery training. I stayed as close to my due date as was possible and then one cold day in November, my pals took me to the train for Toronto. My brother drove me to the hospital and a kind, older friend stood by me and held my hands. The baby arrived at one in the morning and my husband dashed in at eight to be told he had a big son. I had embarked on the stormy sea of motherhood little realizing what I was in for.

The plan was that we would stay in my father's house while Bill was overseas. He went about a week after the baby was born--leaving me desolate. Another week passed and my father died very suddenly--another bitter blow. His house was sold and I had to find an apartment for us. The big problem was no landlord really wanted an army wife with a small child. Most of the time I felt very unwelcome everywhere. It was ironic that the only landlord who seemed glad to have us on his premises turned out to be a member of a notorious Toronto gang. Our wanderings hither and yon began with my in-laws having us in their house for a few months. That didn't work for too long since my mother-in-law wasn't well. School friends took us in--we stayed with one for over a month. Her little one was the same age as mine. Her apartment had a small back porch and every day it was festooned with dozens of diapers. I can still see the Eaton's man groping his way through them to deliver a parcel! After 11 moves I was very nervous and depressed so we left Toronto. We found a small fire trap of a flat in a town where I had lived with my parents. By the time Bill came home, my son was 3. When I began my experience if anyone had told me I would spend 3 years wandering around in sole charge of a small child I would have said, "you must be kidding". Somehow I did it but I was really worn out.

My friends and I believed once we got our husbands home and our families together we would all live happily ever after. It wasn't so. The problems changed, that's all. After my daughter was born I had to do something outside the house. At night, I took a radio writing course. It was a wise move and saved my sanity. My husband had exchanged the army for a large bank as his 'boss'. We moved constantly averaging about a year and a half in several places. Often I felt lonely and displaced but the great thing was to keep my children from feeling that way. We tried to teach them to jump into the middle of friendships...no time for a long buildup. My younger son was lucky. When he got into high school we stayed in one place long enough for him to finish.

There is a folk song called 'Turn Around' which describes what happens

to parents. 'Turn Around' and your children are going out of the door for good. Of course one has warning but, like death or any other human experience, she doesn't believe it until it is facing her. I found myself with the 'empty nest syndrome' feeling depressed and useless. Kind friends had lots of suggestions. "Make yourself useful--try volunteer work," they said. I worked in a hospital gift shop and a blood donor clinic. I enjoyed meeting the people but the jobs just weren't creative

enough. At present, I am singing in a choir and trying to get back to the writing pad.

If someone asked me, "Motherhood--is it worth it?" She would get a resound "yes!" In spite of all the ups and downs, accidents and disasters it was a tremendous experience. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. My young people have been away from home for some time now. I think of them as close friends. Now the grandchildren are coming along...and that is a whole new life!

erika

diann

justine

an other family

by
angela
sergio

GREENLAND--Justine Sarah Jane, born to Erika and Diann, on Monday October 27, 1975, at 2 o'clock p.m. safely in the home of the happy grandparents Jane and Cyril. Thanks to Doctor J. McCullough and Mrs. J. Peterson.

According to law, Erika is a single, unmarried mother receiving government support to raise her daughter. Diann is a single, working woman, having financial responsibility only for herself.

According to society, Erika is a mother coping with a new-born. Diann is "the best friend" who generously assists in Justine's upbringing for the time being while the two friends share an apartment.

In reality, Erika and Diann have freely chosen to share their lives in every aspect and to create a loving, stable situation for Justine. Both adults are conscious that their situation is extraordinary.

Their first decision concerning Justine involved allowing Erika's pregnancy to continue. They thought of an abortion, but finally didn't feel that was the right choice. Erika considered getting married for religious reasons and coping with the male-female roles. Soon she realized she loved Diann too much and that she really wanted the baby which she was carrying in her womb. After deciding this, both Erika and Diann worked to prepare themselves for the whole birthing process.

They attended all-women prenatal classes. Diann was the only non-pregnant participant, but she was soon a totally accepted member of the group. Because Diann was with Erika throughout her pregnancy, was

going to be in classes with her, and was there when Justine was born, she feels that Justine is fully a part of her. Erika was very happy during her pregnancy and feels that Justine's contentment is a reflection of that fact.

Justine is the culmination of Erika's period of enlightenment and of her settling some of her personal hassles. If she had come along before 1972, Erika probably would have had an abortion. Because she accepts Justine as a miracle who changed her life, Erika has a sense of responsibility to show her as much as she can about the power and bigness of the Creator. Justine means a commitment to a whole different life for Erika and Diann, with a feeling of freedom for they no longer have illusions about forcing themselves into straight society. They know they are where they must be.

Erika and Diann hope that Justine will not suffer because their household differs from the standard nuclear family. They are grateful Justine will not have to struggle against "love the father, hate the mother" attitudes and develop guilt feelings because of this. They want her to have respect for women and for herself. They wonder if Justine's peers will give her a hard time by expecting her to have a mother and father. To counteract this, they will attempt to make her understand that there are many situations as far as children are concerned--man, wife, children; man and woman who are not married and have children; women who are not married and have children; men together who have children.

Erika and Diann have hopes for Justine. She's named for a Lawrence Durrell character who is really intelligent, liberated, intellectual and beautiful. They want her to be aware of religion, to be happy, to feel ease. Someday, perhaps in 20 years, Erika and Diann will be retired on a yacht in South America, with Justine as the pilot. She will be able to bring aboard whoever she wants to be with, be it man or woman. Perhaps *The Other Woman* should follow up on Justine in Vol. 24, No. 3; from now on, it's her story.



Margaret Murray

motherhood

A MOTHER COMES OUT



reprinted from the second wave

Maybe I should say at the outset that I didn't find out that I was a lesbian until about 9 years after my son was born. I don't know whether I would have had a child if I had known that I was lesbian. But one fact remains and that is I've always liked kids and wanted to have a kid. I'm kind of surprised that I only had one. I don't think that I will have any more unless I adopt.

I remember when I was 15 thinking that I wanted a child someday. I never really could see a man in the picture though. I thought about that. At one time I did a lot of thinking back over things trying to figure out (in the light of the discovery of my sexuality) whether there was any chance of my having discovered this sooner.

My son was about 9 when I began to go through what I look upon now as one of the major crises of my life. Some people could call it a breakdown, but I call it a breakthrough. It took the form of my having to get out of my marriage and realizing that I was doing strange things. For example, I would get terribly depressed and go through a whole week where I wouldn't get out of bed. I was also feeling this pressure to push myself out of the home, meanwhile resisting it. At the same time I had developed an infatuation for another woman. I had up to this time harboured no thoughts whatsoever about other woman, never had thought about them in sexual terms consciously anyway. I was in some ways just learning how to talk with women because I had been 8 years in a nuclear family relationship with a husband who was very much a recluse. We didn't dance, go to parties, smoke or drink. I was STRAIGHT. This infatuation happened. It grew and grew. At first my reaction was ---I need this like a lobotomy. The worst part of it was that I really began to like it. I began to have sexual fantasies, but they were very restrained. This was all to myself. The woman in question never knew about it although she noticed my behavior was kind of strange. I was finally willing to discuss the question of being a lesbian in my own head. Just previous to this I had gone to the library and got out a copy of The Well of Loneliness. I was in an absolute panic that somebody would see the title. I read almost the whole thing immediately.

I was all mixed up from these pressures pushing out of the home, questioning of my sexuality. I had to stop going to school. I couldn't take on the academic year as well as working through all this. I was very broken up about that. It was the vehicle through which I wanted to help the family and myself. I stopped in my third year. I got very depressed and at one point I bought a gun and some bullets and I was going to shoot myself but fortunately I didn't know how to load it. I didn't want to have an accident; I did not want to do a messy job. I had it all visualized. I would do it in the bathtub so they would just have to turn on the shower and the mess would go down the drain. I did bring the weapon out at one time and my husband was utterly shocked by my brandishing this gun. The real problem was our communications were so nonexistent that he didn't know what

I was going through. But, on the other hand, he never laid any trips on me; he is a real, gentle, self-effacing person. He's the only man I have ever had any relations with. I had a lot of freedom to do whatever I wanted to, I laid a lot of responsibilities on myself. I decided I had to get away. I realized I had to get out of that relationship, out of that marriage, out of the situation I was in. I didn't look at it, at the time, as getting out of the marriage. All I knew was that I had to get away on my own, I just physically felt that I could not breathe, I was suffocating. I was wanting, needing to be independent and I was experiencing life coming directly at me, rather than being filtered through a man's world. I began to see very clearly that the world was a man's world.

I went over to France, accepting the fact that I was looking for female contact. When I was there I got over being suicidal and depressed. Back in Toronto, I found I could not get into the life that I had left. My home seemed so small and like a cage. I couldn't do it anymore. I told my husband that I felt that I needed a room of my own somewhere out of the house. He accepted that. I went back to see the New Feminists to a c.r. group. In the course of a few months I met a lot of feminists and I actually came out. I consciously told myself, yeah, I think I am a lesbian.

I have made up for lost time and got physical, concrete experience. It was great coming out, discovering my sexuality. By this time I was going out a lot and my family just had to make the best of it.

I am still, to this day, devoted to my son. I think he consciously now knows what the score is but we have not had a talk about it because first of all I wanted to make sure the divorce was completed. I think for a young person who is right in the midst of discovering his own sexuality, it would be hard for him to take on the knowledge of my being a lesbian and a "deviant". I had some idea from him that he didn't want to hear it. We do have a good relationship in spite of the fact that I am not living with him.

In fact, just recently in the last couple of months, he said, "Why don't you get a 2 bedroom apartment

and I could move in with you? He said, you know, I can talk to you much better than I can dad, I'm really much closer to you. He's almost 15. I don't want him to turn against his father. He doesn't have any other male figures to relate to other than my husband. I think that is one of the deficiencies of the nuclear family.

My lifestyle is my own, a bit different. He already knows that I am not like the mothers of his friends. I do karate and so on. If he still wanted to, he would have to make sure that we split everything in the house right down the middle--no way would I cook, clean and scrub. He's got a fairly unsupervised life with my husband. I would supervise him a fair bit more. It wouldn't do him any harm to have a more structured environment. I am not making enough money to afford a bigger place so I don't want to consider living with him unless under optimum conditions which means plenty of space.

People could say, oh, she doesn't want to live with him anyway. I am quite willing to accept that too. After all, I'm a woman, a lesbian, my life is with women, I have chosen that, I wanted it that way, I am not about to change it for any man including my son.

I am very happy that I had a child, I had a beautiful pregnancy, and he's a healthy kid. There's a special relationship that I have with my son that I obviously don't have with anyone else. I am nobody else's mother. I really like that relationship...I have to listen to him, try not to talk down, try not to give advice all the time either. I am aware that my husband's horizons are very narrow. I don't want this to happen to my son. I want him to know that there are far more alternatives in the way you can live. I think there is something special about that relationship and I am glad I have it.

My son went through a stage where he was really feeling threatened as he knew that I was in the women's liberation movement. I don't think he understood what that meant. He knew it had something to do with women talking back against men, and he was a little man. He felt that he had to challenge and needle. He does not do that so much anymore. He's very conscious of being put down constantly because he is a young person. His personal sense of dignity was squashed a great deal. I used to draw the comparison between children and women vis a vis the male power structure. He never thought it was as bad for women as it was for children. I would point out that he would grow up someday and he would not be a child anymore whereas I was never going to change being a woman. I think some of that sunk in. We have discussed the question of homosexuality in civil rights terms. He will admit that he says he is not prejudiced against homosexuals but it's all right as long as they don't bother me. So I have to go on from there. I am going to try to be real with him, to keep talking to him. Dr. Spock never covered this one.

judith



thoughts

margaret murray

Time feels both incredibly short and incredibly long. i often feel the pressure of not being able to do the things i want to, of having such low energy that i cannot keep up with the menial tasks of existing. And it always seems as though i've been in this specific stage of pregnancy for months rather than days; there is little continuity of time-space for me, all is now.

None of the books i read prepared me for the vast psychological changes i'm going through. i'm more inward oriented, passive and totally body aware. My moods are wave-like and never rest any place long. The baby is much more of a reality now, bashing away at various of my internal organs, a symphony of movements which keep me from sleeping.

My breasts shoot out colostrum; sticking me onto clothes and bed sheets, they gain a life of their own. Fear and fascination roll together as i'm not sure how to relate to my animalness. My belly swells and stretches, always seems to be enough skin to cover yet how tight and pink it is.

The baby descends nestling into my cervix and the due date is any time now (no one having given it a schedule). Looking back over the year i wonder at having to repeatedly justify my choosing to become pregnant. i realize of course that most people, including those of the feminist variety, have no idea of the rapid and vast changes during pregnancy and of the immense need of the pregnant person for psychological and emotional support. Yet the 'women's community' proved the most hostile to my expanding belly, i felt abandoned and put down at a time when my altered consciousness was throwing forward all sorts of self-doubt.

i am awaiting the arrival of the person presently residing in my uterus. i feel heavy and slow, the energy curled around my navel. i listen to the placenta so soothing and calm and realize that i must accept that the baby knows when it will feel right to enter this world. We both flow on, waiting, suspended in an unreal space. There is so much to express about pregnancy, i have not found the words.

prelude

judith dwyer

I am daily awaiting the birth of my child, trying on names, lining up baby clothes, gradually getting consumed with impatience and bitchiness, ready to clobber the next person who calls me up and cheerfully asks if i've had the baby yet.

The other main targets of my bile are all the authors, printers and distributors of those equally cheerful books about natural childbirth that describe with a mixture of bravado and obsession the 'normal' labour and birth. If you search in the last chapter of these books, right after the section on fathers, you might find a passing mention of the

possible deviations from this cosmically-ordained pattern. And deviant is how it makes you feel. My baby is breech; that is, it intends to meet the world back-arse-wards, with perhaps a sweet smelling shit in the doctor's face as its first statement. It's no big deal--millions of babies (about 3%) do it this way, and make out just fine. I'm not aware of any studies as to whether these babies are particularly bloody-minded, inclined to communism or hiccoughs, or are in any way set apart from their head-first sisters and brothers (except that they do seem blessed with their own breech-born offspring). However, i was not breech, and can see no good reason why my child should be one either. The child may have its own reasons, but as i am not privy to them, i find them hard to credit.

The reason for all this fuss is that i am one of those poor saps who blithely assumed from the very start that my baby would be born at home. I wanted to avoid all that birth



Carol Shermyn

trauma and resultant neuroses that seem to stem from the North American way of birth. That's the kind where the tender little newcomer is greeted with a barrage of technology's finest to show it what we can do, and to get it clear right from the start that it is the equipment and not the human being that is in control. And my doctor (who, like all those other non-feminist women, i trust implicitly) will not preside at a first baby's birth at home if it is breech. Not that he plans any intervention at the hospital but that he wants us to be there "in case we need help".

And i'm frightened of hospitals. One of the most sinister of all our institutions and i have to trust my impressionable babe to their mercies, not to mention my own precious body which they are going to cleanse and poke about in a way that nobody has ever been permitted (except at my own birth, i suppose). I'm scared of them taking away my power to push

this child out by our own working together. I don't know how this could happen since both Charlie, the baby's father, and my doctor are on my side and will stand between me and the bureaucratic machinations; but the fear is still there.

And what advice am i given in the natural birth books? "If the baby is breech, consult your doctor." what? This is information? Three of every 100 readers, surely a significant minority, don't deserve such off-hand treatment. We can expect to have possibly slightly longer pregnancies and slightly longer labours since we do not have the solid wedge of the baby's head helping things along. But other than that, information is scarce and what is more i am made to feel invisible and somehow guilty by all those discussions and pictures of babies with their heads nestled secure in their mothers' adequate pelvises. It is only the gory, straight medical textbooks that deal with my present minority group, and my advice would be don't bother with them. They consider almost everything a grave emergency and 'spontaneous delivery' (that is your ordinary regular unforced emergence of your ordinary everyday baby) as an archaic form, with only the inadequacies of the facilities to thank for its combined existence.

I am totally unable to lift myself out of this situation (i.e., the pregnant woman's limbo happening after her due date and before her labour begins) or to write anything with any kind of perspective or even comforting advice on the whole subject of procreation, or for that matter the entire human race. So here i sit, impatient, lonely, trying not to distribute blame for this situation, and praying for the deliverance from all the cheery advocates of any form of 'normal'.

(ed. note: rachel sarah was born at wellesley hospital on feb. 11th, after a 22 hour labour and no complications. the new family returned home several hours afterwards.)

birth

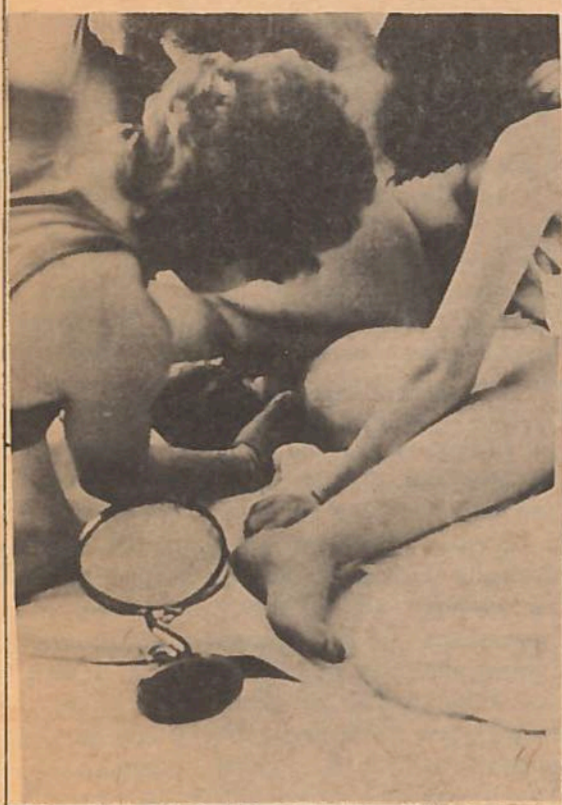
linda barret

saturday, i feel birth is imminent. there are intermittent contractions every few hours; these have been happening since thursday when some clear mucous plug came away; today, a slight constant flow of bloody mucous all day.

i sleep long and sound in the afternoon. the next chore to be tackled 'before the baby comes' is the canning of peaches and tomatoes. my sister, meem, and i peel, boil, can three loads full and clean up afterwards amid steady regular contractions. by 10 p.m., i can find nothing else to do so i have an enema and walk next door for ice cream. at 11:30 the contractions are stronger, have another enema; the head is engaged.

1-4 a.m. waking every hour, sleeping lightly through contractions. feeling exceptionally peaceful, waiting, enjoying the very still pre-

pregnancy and birth



Pat Normington

dawn silence. watching a crescent moon rise behind the trees and over my head to illuminate the bed for an hour, a clear starry night--the first in weeks.

4-6 a.m. ian, ralph, and lynn (lay-midwife) arrive separately sometime in this space and go to sleep. meem and doug (father of the baby) light the fire for tea at my request.

6-9 a.m. a vague time of drowsiness--slightly stronger waves of contractions, happy with the sunny morning. i pee in the pot, feel like a shit and go outside--breathing with the waves, hearing ian play the recorder in the garden as i squat. i join him, squatting the most comfortable position out here naked in the morning warmth. finding a few peas and beans to munch--picking carrots--digging waves with my hands buried in the earth...

until approximately 2 p.m. i doze a little--feel constant hunger, eating peaches, yogurt, toast and honey, and tea. contractions seem lighter and further apart. i am tried and want to get it happening. lynn examines and finds 7 cm. dilation. i dress and walk next door for ice cream. in the interval, friends arrive and all drift between houses. we eat freshly made ice cream, a festive party feeling. at home, there is peace and silence. stronger contractions, i long for a bath. ian drives meem, lynn (with tools) and i to murray's where i feel i could lie in hot water forever. the bumpy ride and exertion brings on stronger waves and i am encouraged; they are never much less than 5 minutes apart.

now a series of mind/body blowing contractions so incredibly strong and painful. several times i almost go under--legs and arms wanting to tense but i still have control--no expected urge to push. lynn says the baby is posterior (its backbone on top of mine), there's been a lot of movement all day and between waves....

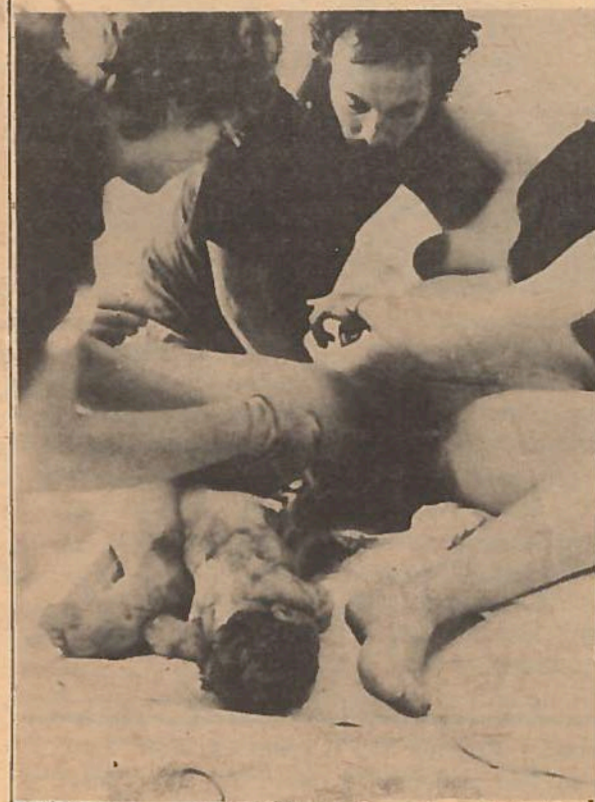


this is transition--i say no more babies, body can't take it, want out now, no more pain...my back receiving as much of the pressure as my uterus. changing to hands and knees, draped over a pillow is no better. feeling pissed off, this labour seems so drawn out and confusing. i'm not free of the expectation that this should be like the other two.

at this point i look up and ian is there. getting back massage from various people, lynn and betsy have the best rhythm and feel for what i need...a long quiet space follows--i suck water from a cloth, usually too wet; shorter, lighter contractions with longer spaces between them. feeling discouraged since there is no urge to push...i am vaguely aware of many people and candles and kerosene lamps, muted talking and sounds of food being prepared and eaten. sheila hands me hot mint tea--the best thing i've tasted in ages it seems. i feel a gentle movement and suspect the baby is finally rotating to anterior (the easiest birth position) but can't place the sensation, uterus or pelvis. contractions seem stronger, no definite urge to push. i stimulate it a bit by breathing down hard as i pant--feel a satisfying, barely perceptible lowering of the head as this goes on for some time.

lynn after me to pee every 90 minutes--i'm amazed each time that so much time has passed...i am the centre of an inner universe that knows no time or space. i drift weightless...feeling more like pushing and attempt a more pushable position but can't get the leverage. contractions still not dominating the pushing but with

Diana Chastain



Susan Linden

a deep breath i can get it started... the sensation of pushing something out takes over and there is power behind it. but pee too, every time, and lynn says to pee deliberately so i squat over the basin. with the next contraction i feel i can push the head out; i want lynn's massage and perineal support so turn round to lean on doug; on hands and knees, doesn't make it, so turn back to squatting with doug holding me under arms from behind...much more successful. can't get away from the stinging and stretching. lynn way, way below me; her head underneath me. i seem to be almost standing. yelling and squealing as the head crowns and is born with a muscular push. don't bother with contractions at this point. shoulders come out easily and again, as with melon (20 month old daughter), i panic to have the body out, relieve the last bit of pressure and work...

there she lay--no sudden cry but mewling and whimpering, testing the air, tasting the first breaths... incredibly tiny body, molded head, clean, almost no vernix...long almond eyes open with the shadows that pass over her. the light is beautiful, golden and diffuse. she lays on my belly, the cord pulses a little longer then it is time to become two. doug clamps, ties and cuts, and takes the baby as i squat to deliver the placenta easily without contractions.

a slight nick in the perineum--tribute to lynn's skill--after an episiotomy and a large tear the other times i gave birth. slight tear on the labia, cleaned off and dressed with a comfrey poultice on a pad.

melon saw, was woken up and brought in by sandy, as the head appeared she said hi, then cried when the baby cried. it is 1 a.m. sept. 1st, labour day; it has been 31 hours since it started. so now back into the flow of the seasons, a multi-harvest time for me...but no more babies.

THE OTHER MOTHER

BY LOU WRIGHT AS TOLD TO T.O.W.



The Other Daughter's Note: One evening, The Other Woman Collective was at my house. My mother appeared and began to talk. We caught much of it on tape, and below is the edited transcript. My mother is a teacher's aide, 41 years old, and has been married for almost 20 years to my father, Don. The same night, my ten-year-old sister, Jenny, (pictured above with my mother) wrote "The Other Kid", which appears on page 15. Cindy, T.O.W.

Nobody during the 10 weeks that I was in Wellesley (1) said to me, "What's important to you?" Then they have these little conversations every Saturday in the hall to Don about "Try to get her out a bit." But they did me a favour in the sense that I walked out of there feeling like they were full of shit. I didn't have any answers myself but I began to think and then I slowly got into thinking about things, thinking about how badly I resented Playboy magazine and dirty jokes about women. I have a very big mouth and Don and I would constantly quarrel. He would tell me I was a man-hater. One day he brought home an article from This Magazine is About Schools written by a girl called Laurel Limpus. (2) It was really fine. I still think it is one of the best things I've ever read. He walked in the door and said, "I had to look at this twice. I thought it was written by you." I really felt that that was the first time that somebody with some status was saying, "Right on, lady." And I really rode high for a long time after reading that article. I'm not so dumb, after all. Really, it's caused a lot of hassles. It's much easier to go along with the status quo and scrub the floors and bake cookies and never get mad at your husband, smile beautifully, have babies.

I'm for wages for housework. I get into so many arguments about that wages for housework. The biggest argument I get back from them is that, "My husband already pays me." I'll get the one where, "Well, he turns the pay cheque over to me" or "I do it because I love these people." Very, very few people see the political implications. I'm really amazed at how many people don't want to see the political implications. They don't want to see that, in a so-called free enterprise society, you are kicking out the biggest commodity going for nothing. I've gone through a lot of hassles over that. I've been told, "Why don't you burn your bra if you feel that way?" I did that one night. I took it off and threw it right on the dance floor and the guy never opened his mouth again. That was nice, that was good revenge.

Don and I separated for a couple of years and I went back to school. I went to an adult retraining programme once and it was half women and half men. I sort of kept my mouth shut until I began to realize that no woman in that course had ever made a statement of her own. It was, "Bill says" and "Yeah, that's right, Joe was saying to me the other day." Finally, I couldn't take it any longer and said, "Hey, look, don't any of you have an opinion of your own? I'm really not interested in Bill's, I'm asking you how you feel about it." "Oh, one of those women's libbers." So that got around fairly quickly.

I think my early pre-women's lib thinking threatened my husband and contributed to the separation. To him it was saying that all men are assholes and you are an asshole. That's what he chose to see. The fact is, they made the laws. As soon as you call them to task for that, they jump up and say, "Well, but I defend women's lib." It's one thing, philosophically, to say that I agree with women's lib, but that ain't good enough.

The separation was a good experience. I think I was at the point where I didn't see myself as being capable of doing much. I did a lot. I have an independence in the sense that if the worst comes to the worst I can support myself. I can survive, I have skills. My head isn't going to fall apart and I think that the most important thing is that I can stand me. I really feel that. It was a fairly good experience for Don. Most men go from mothers to wives anyway, never having to wash their socks. I went back to work, I hadn't worked in 16 years. I had no real skills. I think he really came to admire the things that I could do. He told me that he couldn't have gone back to school, worked, raised 4 kids, got an apartment and kept his head together too. For the first time in his life he had a chance to sit down and evaluate me in the real sense of the world. Right or wrong, I'm a lot more sure about me and my ability to cope. Plus the fact that, when we were separated, I gained an independence that nobody could take away.

I would say that most women my age that I've come across are not feminist. They are "token" feminist. Like, "I believe in equal pay"--they'll go along with that. They really don't want to offend the men in their life. They don't want to risk that. The male ego seems to be more important than their own integrity. I wonder how long it will be before there will actually be equal rights. I don't think I will ever see it. The thing that really makes me feel sad is that there is a large majority of women who are not prepared to take stands, who do more harm than good. That really bothers me. You say to someone, "Do you realize that in Canadian law, should you separate from your husband, you still remain his possession?" Some don't seem to care. That's enough to make me campaign right there.

I have never found a way to tone down my voice. I just say I've got every right to be emotional. If you were me, you would be too. If you can't handle it, that's your problem. I think it's a real hard thing for a mother to walk out on her kids. I think that in spite of the fact that we have a real shit deal from society we've at least been allowed to express our emotions. Whether they've allowed it or not, we've taken it. I still think that, in spite of everything, we are the healthiest of the two sexes. I think that we are much more involved in our children's lives than their fathers. We are much more aware of hurting somebody. I think our emotions as a group of people are far more open. A few years ago, I was one of that group of women who preferred to be with men. "They are more interesting." It's a good thing to really enjoy the friendship of other women now. We were taught to look at each other as an enemy for a long time. I don't spend all my time with women, certainly, but my women friends are important to my life.

I've been married to Don for almost 20 years and I will testify that there is no such thing as the American or Canadian Dream. I contribute to hassles around this house as much as the next guy. I won't take all the guilt that I used to. I really don't feel guilty anymore, if I say I really don't feel like doing anything for these people today or any other day. And that includes them all. I once felt very guilty about thinking that I'd give my right arm if somebody would come along and take these kids away for a month. Don and I have had a constant hassle since the day the kids were born over how to raise kids to the point where he said, years ago, "O. K., I'll opt out." Maybe he's right, I don't know. Certainly in many areas he is right. I do know that when I look at the 4 kids, I really feel quite happy. I think they're a hell of a nice bunch. I like them. I think I would love them anyway, but I like them. I think they've got a lot going for them as people. In terms of one's basic contributions to someone else's life, I think they're surviving. They have, at least, the qualities I think are important--loving, compassionate, caring people. I'm not interested in making dentists or lawyers. If that's what happens, O. K., but I'm not interested in that as a goal. I would rather have them being affectionate. Cindy'll always be a radical. So will Jenny. I think I can honestly say that we like each other. I enjoy their company. That's what I think of motherhood. Now switch off that machine and tell me what you think.

(1) Wellesley Hospital in Toronto. My mother was "treated" here after one day "putting a knife through a cake."

(2) The article by Laurel Limpus was "The Liberation of Women: Sexual Repression and the Family". It appeared in Vol. 3, #1 (Winter 1969) of This Magazine is About Schools (now called This Magazine).

'THE MOTHER WHO WOULDN'T BE' THE OTHER UNWED MOTHER by gwen

Most of my 31-odd years (odd? yes) have been spent in avoiding motherhood. Let me explain. As a child I was a mother 7 times over by the time I was 16 because I came from a family of 10 children living on the prairies on a little dust-bowl farm and was the oldest and therefore had to do most of the baby-sitting.

I and my other sister closest to me in age (2 years younger than myself) would watch the yearly swelling of our mother's belly and hold conferences together in the out-house (the only place where we could have any privacy).

"Jesus Christ," she would say disgustedly "It looks like another one".

"Yup," I would concur glumly "It looks like another one".

As the years progressed we became highly enraged at our mother's teeming fertility. The least she could've done was ask us, couldn't she, before she decided to have one? We felt all the righteous indignation of unpaid workers. (As the years roll by I have found this same situation repeat itself in various guises. Once when I lived in a communal house one of the women there was contemplating having a baby. I remember feeling highly put out with her for imposing her child on me--which I was sure I would have to take care of--without first consulting me. Naturally this wasn't the case; the house didn't stay together long enough for anyone to have a baby.)

THE OTHER KID by jenny wright

There is many problems about being a kid well usually your parents think you flipped your cookie or something. There are about 100 rotten things about being a kid. First your allways have to go to bed so early like around 8.30. You allways have to eat your meat and your salad. And your have to only have one piece of toilet papper boy what a rip. You can't have anymore than one boyfriend and your can't even go out to the pizza hut even so whats even more of a rip. Well you can't even go see a movie like JAWS. Well when we go on a trip mom has to pack every thing you can't every take your favourite top or a desint pair of underware and your alouice is about 1¢ aday and 7¢ a week or if you wan't to work a bit more so your can get more they will raise it about 1¢ maybe.

Oh ya I almost foregot my stupid brother and my crazy sisters. Well I've got a sister Toni that is nice if she would do some more things and try not to be such a idiot. Oh and my other sister Cindy she is a really nice sister if she would not be such a queer. Well your try to get attention and they just say suck a gaters egg.

And my weird brother he seemed to love teasing me. Well school is the worsed thing of all well my teacher is grose and so is my friends there. I only have two friends Gail and Bonnie that are any good friends. Well as I was saying school is the worst thing why don't they have a school that you only had to go to school when you wanted to. Now you now how rotten it is to be a kid.

Getting "on my own" meant living on Canada Student Loans and going to university in the city--a vast and amazing place for a little country-girl like myself--and finally I arrived (after 2 different universities in big Alberta towns) at what seemed to be a great big roaring metropolis to me--Vancouver.

Unfortunately, one of the first things that happened to me when I arrived in Vancouver was that I became pregnant. The thing that I had been trying to avoid all my life happened to me, in one fell swoop, just because my curiosity and the fact of pulling my pants down at the wrong time (I had never fucked before and only did it out of curiosity. Also at this state of naivete I didn't know about birth control--my mother who had always maintained that babies came from the stork had never clued me in on this, and besides, I had always been taught that sex was just something that nice girls didn't do.)

Anyway I had done it and I was pregnant. I regarded it as one might regard a car accident or some other calamity produced by natural forces beyond one's control, say, a flood or an earthquake. This couldn't be happening to me. I couldn't be having a baby. That only happened to people like my mother.

I was, nonetheless, having a baby. My doctor, a smug young gynecologist, just out of med-school, informed me glibly that I was pregnant and charged me \$20 for telling me so. I asked him if there was any way to make me not pregnant and he said yes, but that would cost between 300 and 600 dollars. He might just as well have said between 3000 and 6000 dollars--the most money I had ever seen altogether at

one time was \$200. (Also, this was 9 years ago, dear reader, when there was no such thing as legalized abortion.)

I proceeded to go through the process of being pregnant. This I did mostly by pretending it wasn't happening to me, and ignoring it as much as possible. Nature even colluded with me on this; I didn't even look pregnant until 6 months had passed and even then I had only a slight swelling of my belly; I didn't even have morning sickness. My monthly check-up with a doctor I also avoided thinking about as much as possible. Of course I couldn't avoid the fact that I needed more iron, more milk and more calcium in my diet and I had to watch my weight and I got sick very easily. But mostly I avoided thinking about it.

Then, at 6 months, with the baby kicking and moving inside me, I couldn't avoid it any longer. I got a huge flowery maternity smock and announced to the world that I was pregnant. This actually did come as a surprise to most people who knew me, except my "boyfriend" who I was living with. (This was a kind of arrangement of convenience, not a love affair or anything to base a future on, but simply a living arrangement that was handy for both of us.) My classmates at university began to treat me differently. Boys who had been mildly interested in me before were now completely turned off. It was a bit like having the measles. But I didn't mind it too much, because I never had any friends anyway. One of the boys in my creative writing class wrote a poem called "Notre Dame du Nord" that went: "you've made her pregnant but you haven't made her your wife, Johnny Apple-Seed, and she's having little babies round the hem **CONT. PG 22**

WHY I CHOSE STERILIZATION

by karen englander

I first thought of being sterilized at 16; I am now 19. Since I was 12 I remember that I didn't want any kids. I knew I wouldn't be a good mother; I have no patience. As I became more aware of feminism and what motherhood is about, I wanted to keep growing and changing, moving around and going in and out of relationships. Having a kid would really tie me down. I would be responsible for its growth. I didn't think I was capable of putting my energy into doing that. The most important person was me and I couldn't put all that energy into someone else for 18 years. I have enough trouble being with one person for a year. I don't want to have to make a commitment to a man (or even a woman) for any length of time, or into the whole thing of sticking together for the sake of the baby. In a communal situation, the house has to be relatively stable but when it comes down to it the mother is still the one responsible. I like kids. It's just the thing of them being there all the time.

I knew at 16 that it would be impossible to be sterilized by any physician in town. When I was working at the V.D. and Birth Control

Information Centre, I had started phoning around from our referral list asking for "liberal" doctors. I started in August 1974. They wanted my medical history, if I had ever been married, if a pregnancy would give me physical complications and if I had my mother's full approval. The doctor who finally did it required a letter from a psychologist and an M.D. before he would. All the doctors I went to were men. There are very few women gynecologists.

In May 1975 I had it done at the Toronto General after 2 years of birth control pills. Most of the operation was covered by OHIP. The hospital freaked me out; hospitals always do anyway. I was put into a normal surgery ward rather than maternity or gynecological ward. The Head Nurse came in and asked me if

I knew that I was in for sterilization. "Are you sure you want to do this?" The fact that I was casual freaked her out. Apparently, the doctor who did it had to go outside the hospital for an anaesthetist because he didn't dare tell any of the hospital staff about my operation.

a feminist response to men's liberation

by pat leslie

Our previous issue contained a lengthy article written by a man which, for *The Other Woman*, was a decision not taken lightly. Bill Robinson's article on "Men and Liberation" covered so much that it could not go unanswered from a feminist perspective.

The Men's Liberation Movement deliberately defuses our own struggle by lifting itself out of the realm of the 'political' and into a narrow, personal definition of liberation. The ideology of a bourgeois men's movement which promotes this personal liberation is typical of how we allow capital to rule our lives and control our thoughts. (The article on men's liberation in the February issue of *Chatelaine* is a perfect example of this.)

Men struggle around higher wages not equal pay, and alimony not mother's allowance. These are political, as well as economic, issues which are a result of power relationships produced by capital to keep all of us divided as workers--some with a wage, some with a low and others with no wage at all. The power relation in the form of a wage organizes men's lives to such an extent that, "the wagelessness of women fortifies for us a role which has become a major source of the oppression we experience outside

the job...The fact that many of us are increasingly being forced, as a result of women's refusal, to share some of this unwaged work with them does not alter the position of power the wage gives us over them."*

We must realize that the content of a growing number of books on male liberation is decidedly reactionary. The declaration of 'role reversal' as the answer to liberation ignores "the social power that the wage confers on those who command a wage."* 'Househusbands' are one instance of this social power. The man is seen as refusing his role but without ever changing the power relationship.

Robinson, therefore, must make a link between capitalism and his struggle for "fuller, less exploitative relationships (with women)..." because "...the political is precisely the struggle for the needs which capitalism denies us."* (Italics mine) Capital denies all of us an open and honest sexuality precisely because the oppressive roles given to us at birth are a product of our exploitation as workers. "Our struggle to attain the power of the wage subjects us to a social role which deforms and distorts our personality, and trains us to exercise our power over less powerful sectors of the

working class, particularly women."*

The potential for a really 'political' men's movement lies in the struggle against work in a political context and not simply as 'househusbands' so that men (and women) can have more time to develop different kinds of relationships. The struggle to acquire, maintain and increase our wage, "determines for instance the way we structure our whole day, the amount of time we have to rest, play, make love, interact with friends, as well as determining the quality..."* Under capital, therefore, liberation will never be possible unless we begin to win back the time that was stolen from us so that we can determine the quality of those relationships.

A men's movement that cannot make, "the connecting link between our male role vis a vis women and our male role at work and school"* will never become political nor can it be called "the long-awaited complement to the women's movement" (Saskatoon men's press release).

* Quotes taken from "Women's Struggles and the Politics of the Male Role" by the Struggle Against Work Collective presented at the Waterloo Men's Conference, October 1975.

students and teachers

THE STRIKE by naomi brooks

Students had an important stake in supporting the recent teachers' strike. This was why the Student Strike Support Committee (SSSC) was formed--we felt it our duty to explain the other side of the strike to the students. We were very aggressive in our approach--we went to anti-teacher demonstrations, picketed with the teachers, held our own demonstrations and participated with teachers in theirs. All the time we explained that it was not the teachers' fault that the strike went on for so long--that it was the Board who refused to negotiate and that the teachers were fighting for us when they struck for better working conditions and wages. We realized that students carried a lot of weight in this strike, that if the students organized on the teachers' side; the Board, the provincial government and their echoes--the media, would have lost their main weapon to use against the teachers. The media refused to publish any news about the SSSC until the day before the back-to-work legislation was brought down.

The media constantly talked about the "greedy" teachers and how they were being "unfair to the students". The teachers were not being unfair to the students! They would have been hurting us if they did not take legal strike action to protect their wages and working conditions. The teachers want a better classroom

situation--what student could be opposed to that? The reason the Board refused to give in to their demands was because of the cutbacks in education spending which they (hand in hand with the provincial government) have been imposing--what student could favour this?

Teachers' wages have risen 13% while the average working person in Ontario's wages have risen at least 29% in the last five years. Metro teachers were only trying to make up what they had lost and to achieve parity with 21 other boards across the province regardless of Trudeau's wage controls.

The SSSC was quite effective in communicating our ideas to other students and also in explaining to teachers the importance of teacher-student unity. But we never grew into being a large organization mainly because of the media blackout on us, thus hampering our ability to communicate to masses of students at a single time.

Even though the teachers did not win their demands and are now back in school under forced arbitration, their fight was an important one. They proved to the Board, the provincial and federal governments that they were not going to sit idly by while their wages were slashed. They have set an important precedent for the rest of the labour movement in the context of the wage controls and the SSSC has set an important precedent for students.
Naomi Brooks is a student at Jarvis Collegiate.

A MEETING by pat leslie

"The only reason we WANT to go to school is because school is the route to higher wages."

Women for Wages for Schoolwork launched their campaign at a public meeting at the International Student Centre in Toronto on January 26th. They say:--

If the Henderson report is implemented, it means that we will have to compete harder. We will have to be even more productive in school. We will have even less choices about the work that we do.

Wages for Schoolwork would mean the power to have some control over what we learn. It would mean that the government couldn't threaten us with even less money. It means that we would have the lever to fight for education on OUR terms.

The government has stated that it is concerned that a good education be a matter of choice for ALL. If so, then let them pay us to go to school, and not ask US to pay.

We want Wages for Schoolwork for all students from the state.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON WAGES FOR SCHOOLWORK:
c/o Wages for Housework Campaign Office
745 Danforth Avenue
466-7457

REVIEWS



photo: liz martin

Bittersweet is a travelling art show that tells the story of Ontario women from the turn of the century to the present day. It is witty, incisive and affectionate; but above all, it is fun.

The show depicts women's experience from many different angles--housework, unions, daycare, consumer struggles and volunteerism are only a few of the subjects covered--and in many cases humour provides the cutting edge for what the artists have to say. One cloth-and-vinyl sculpture shows a woman's body disappearing into the jaws of a giant vacuum-cleaner. Another exhibit, a life-sized drawing of a bathing beauty, invites the viewer to look through the cut-out opening of the beauty queen's face; on the other side is a well-known caricature of "the suffragette who's never been kissed". Typewriters, ironing boards, and clothesline trees--familiar objects in most women's lives--are effectively used to undercut myths, send up stereotypes, or veer off into a revelation of women's inner thoughts and wishes. A conventional business letter in one of the typewriters gradually breaks down as you read it, into a personal statement from the secretary to her boss, describing their relationship and what he would have to do to understand her oppression. Traditional sayings about women are printed on appropriate pieces of clothing: "Behind every man, etc..." appears on the back of a man's shirt. Sometimes the sayings have been changed or reversed: a message on a sock fights back with "Most husbands are basically alike, but they have different faces so we can tell them apart!"

Cardboard cutouts, stuffed cloth

sculptures and 6-foot panels hung from plastic plumber's pipe are the other main ingredients of this show. There are over 30 panels, usually grouped in two's or three's around a particular theme. One panel features a grandiose photograph of the legislative chamber; below are listed the names of the handful of women ever elected to the Ontario legislature. It is a graphic, economical and striking comment on women and political power.

However, *Bittersweet* (as its name suggests) does not only expose oppression, inequality and injustice; it also documents the strength, courage and generosity of Ontario's women. As well, it captures some of the quiet, happy moments of everyday life. One of the most beautiful photographs in the show is of two women sitting on a hillside, eating watermelon.

It is obvious that a great deal of talent, energy and professional expertise went into the making of *Bittersweet*. In some ways it is quite a glossy production (literally!--a lot of vinyl and plastic is used), but it is by no means slick or alienating. The show is warm and friendly, inviting viewers to participate and enjoy it.

The five women who put the show together have been travelling throughout Ontario with it since the early fall, taking it to shopping plazas, community centres and schools. Unfortunately, funding for the project will soon run out, and school boards have shown little interest in using the exhibit although the artists are willing to donate it free of charge. It will be a great waste if *Bittersweet* ends up on the shelf. Art that is both so enjoyable and so politically important, is hard to find.

BITTERSWEET: EXCITING FEMINIST ART by genevieve

DEC PRESENTS 3 FILMS ON WOMEN by grace scott

The Development Education Centre is a non-profit, independent group of people committed to critical education on Canada and the Third World.

We recommend that you write for DEC's catalogue at 121A Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario. 964-6560.

"The Woman's Films" is technically a washout. The transition between live interviews and still photos was often abrupt and needless, making it difficult for the audience to follow the train of thought. The photos rarely had anything to do with what was being said in the interviews. Camera work was, at times, unfocused and jumpy. Even though technically the film was bad, I would recommend readers to see it because the content was great!

The full merit of the film is in the live interviews. These were women, for the most part, middle-class, who described their work and lives to show how thoroughly subjugated they were by men and a male-dominated society.

One woman, black and the mother of one, told of the struggles of being on welfare. She was a second class citizen for three reasons: being black, female and poor. Another woman told how her husband tied a string across the outside doors to see if she had gone out while he was away. It was all right for him to go out with the boys but she should be content to stay at home and work. The tragedy was she never found out about the string until years after they had been married. She had been brainwashed for so long that she did not think of going out; believing it was her duty to stay at home and look after the kids.

The second film "The Longest Chain" was again technically bad but had good content. The film is about women construction workers in India. The women are paid the equivalent of 50¢ a day (the minimum wage) providing they carry a certain amount of cement. The cement is carried in large bowls on top of their heads.

The children play on the construction site in a non-working area on another part of the site while their mothers work. Their living quarters is near the construction in the slums. Wooden shacks provide little protection from the elements and are flooded during the rainy season. Rats, lice and disease are abundant. As always, the higher jobs are male-dominated and the new building is being erected by such large companies as IBM and Kodak.

The third film was "The Amazing Equal Pay Show", a British-produced effort. Unlike the others, it was in colour and had a professional theatre group acting out the story behind the ERA. I did not enjoy this film as much as the other two. At times it was hard to understand because of the very heavy English accents. It also presumed that you knew the whole background of the ERA. It was a bit overdramatic; perhaps entertaining and colourful to watch but I would rather have seen women, not actresses, expressing what they thought of the ERA in their own words.

Despite technical flaws, the films were valuable for their political content.

MORGENTALER: THE DR. WHO WOULDN'T TURN AWAY

reviewed by
grace scott

Dr. Henry Morgentaler has been described as a martyr, scoundrel, saviour, and another Hitler.

In Eleanor Pelrine's book *Morgentaler, The Doctor Who Couldn't Turn Away*, the author gives us a detailed account of the doctor's background, abortion clinic, arrest, and trial, so that we better comprehend the man himself.

His nurse, Joanne Cornax, once warned: "There's an old Dutch saying that you shouldn't pee against the church door." Dr. Morgentaler ignored such a warning and persisted in speaking out against the abortion laws through letters, press conferences, and rallies.

There is an underlying tone throughout the book, though, that Morgentaler wished to be a martyr and went about trying to procure such a title. At times it seemed he was trying to pro-

voke his own arrest. In-between-the-lines, Ms. Pelrine makes us wonder if it wouldn't have been better if the doctor had kept his mouth shut and performed the desperately needed safe and effective abortions.

The book gives an excellent commentary on the trial, including transcripts from it and the appeals. It is an historically important work, providing the background leading to the upset of the very foundation of our jury system: the right of an accused to be judged by a jury of his or her peers.

For those who hold Dr. Morgentaler as a martyr, hero and saviour, I wouldn't advise the reading of this book. But for those who want an accurate account of a great injustice, and an insight into the victim of such wrongs, the book is well worth reading.

APRIL AND CAROL

interviewed by
ruth dworin

"I GET THE NORTHERN LIGHTS WHEN YOU SMILE"

Recently, I was fortunate enough to see April Kasserir and Carol Rowe perform at the *Three of Cups*. The coffee-house was packed with women listening enraptured as April and Carol demonstrated the range of their talents, from classical music through blues to bluegrass. The set opened with Carol playing viola and April playing guitar for several classical-style instrumentals. The performance carried much emotion. Carol seemed at times to be playing with her whole body. They progressed into a blues medley, written for the most part by April. April's light, sweet voice was ideal for these beautiful "woman's blues" songs. After a fine rendition of "Silver Blue" (my favourite of their songs), they closed with "Sowin on the Mountain" a foot-stompin' bluegrass number featuring April on banjo and Carol on viola. (And if you haven't heard bluegrass viola before, it's a treat you shouldn't miss.)

The *Other Woman* interviewed April and Carol following the show:

Q. TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MUSICAL BACKGROUNDS?

APRIL: Mine originated as folk music. In fact it wasn't until a few years ago that I became very serious about classical guitar and that really had a great influence on my songwriting. But basically I began with folk.

Q. HOW EARLY DID YOU GET INTO MUSIC?

APRIL: I guess I was about 8 or so when I picked up a ukelele. I remember coming to the realization that I was singing in the same key as I was playing. That was a big thing. I had discovered what music was all about.

Q. WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE UP CLASSICAL GUITAR?

APRIL: I was in psychology at York University and my friends kept saying, "Well, look, what are you doing? You should be in music." I played guitar, more or less, and I figured, well, I'll just take a guitar course and a music course. Then I decided that I really had to give up psychology as a major so I just continued. I thought since I already played the guitar that it would be really easy to play classical guitar but, in fact, it turned out to be a whole different thing playing a classical instrument. I guess the idea of being able to play the guitar and knowing that I was able to play anything that came into my head was really a great motivating force in my choice of music. There's a whole lot of carry-over from classical and folk music in my songwriting now.

Q. HOW ABOUT YOU, CAROL?

CAROL: Well, I started the opposite of April. I started in classical. I started playing the violin when I was 8 and there are certain things that you do when you play the violin. You learn, you practice it, you play in little orchestras. I didn't really know that I was doing anything that I could make a living at. I never thought I would be a professional musician. It wasn't the era of women doing that either. I really thought that I would be a wife and mother, and yet I went on. Something in my consciousness made me go on and my parents didn't push me. A lot of classical players--their parents really push them into it. They force them to practice and they go to conservatories. They really get into the whole thing. I didn't even realize until--actually, I met a woman who played the violin (who I fell in love with). I realized that I could actually be a professional musician. By then I had switched to the viola.

All along I was in the folk guitar movement in the 50's. I took up guitar and I always wrote little songs and I felt that I could express myself much better with my guitar except I didn't have a facility that I had with a viola. It was not until I met April. She inspired me, her songs. She played her songs for me and I thought, "Oh, wouldn't it be nice for me to play along". I could play that, I could express myself through my viola and we started to work together. The first song we did, I wrote an accompaniment to the song which has now become the last song in the medley, "Robin's Song" ("You Laugh In Colours"). So then we started to write music together.

APRIL: That was that blues song, we wrote in that style.



dougal haggart

CAROL: Right. We were at April's cottage and for 4 days the weather was really bad and we were there in this one room cottage. We started fooling round, kind of improvising. I was playing along with her singing and it just happened. I happened to have tape recorder and we taped it and we said, "Woo, that's not so bad." April was practicing so much on classical guitar so I started to practice my viola to get as good as I could. I started to improve and that improved my playing, my outlook, my feeling about everything. It all just came together.

APRIL: I think that same thing led into our writing music that was instrumental. We each had confidence in playing our instrument because each person's line, when we played together, would stand out by itself so it did not have to be like a song. One line didn't have to be background.

CAROL: Well, I feel that this a fairly unique thing that we do with our instrumentals. We write in a folk idiom, I guess, and yet we play in a classical manner.

Q. THE SONGS THAT YOU PLAYED TONIGHT, CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT HOW YOU CAME TO WRITE THEM, ESPECIALLY "SILVER BLUE"?

CAROL: "Silver Blue" was written for a woman who lives in Regina on a farm. She used to be in Toronto. We met and had a love affair. It was very nice. What I am trying to say about that song is that happiness doesn't really come from another person really. It comes from inside. The part about, "Well, I know it won't make you happy" says nothing is going to make you happy, nothing I can do. I can stand on my head but nothing is going to make you happy. But if you can get over this, you can just be happy and it can come from inside, then we can do anything.

Q. WHAT ABOUT THE 'BLUES' SONG?

APRIL: Well, the first song on the medley was the one when Carol and I started to develop some means of playing together. We had been drinking a lot and were quite mellow and the first recording of that song was about 3 times as slow as it is now.

CAROL: We were in the country and April just wrote those words.

APRIL: Yeah, "Feel so fine/my sweetheart's here/feel so fine drinking red wine and beer". We were into each other and our music playing together.

CAROL: Drinking red wine and beer. She was drinking the red wine and I was drinking the beer. We weren't both drinking the beer and the wine.

APRIL: So that was the first song. That was a nice song for us to do. The second song, I think Carol had been away for a while. Often when she goes away I have more time to write but also I was very infatuated with her at the time so it's a love song to her. "I get the northern lights when you smile". The third song was written the first year I switched into music and one of my professors turned out to be someone who I could relate to on some means other than academics and school.

REVIEWS

CAROL: And it turns out that he's a friend of mine.

APRIL: He introduced us. At the time I just couldn't find anybody to relate to at all. He was one person I really liked. So I wrote that song for him, "Robin's song".

Q. HOW DO YOU FEEL YOUR POLITICS AFFECT YOUR MUSIC?

CAROL: Well, I used to have more politics. I must say I've grown a bit complacent in my old age. I used to be just plain radical but now I feel that I am on the lunatic fringe. I don't have the time to be radical if I'm going to be a musician and develop. I devote a good part of my day to practising, I do professional work. I'm forever the feminist, although I don't make a lot of waves. I am who I am. I feel I am a very strong woman.

I was fired by the Toronto Symphony because I was me and they were them. It was because I did not fit into the mould of the woman in the orchestra. There's a whole thing that they do and it amounts to: there's the orchestra and there's the women in the orchestra. In an organization like a symphony orchestra, there's just incredible politics. The whole thing is run by men. Of course I don't think anybody would ever come out and say that Carol is a lesbian but they wouldn't have the kind of person that I wanted to be. I was pretty naive about it. I was pretty upfront even though I had the credentials-- I was married.

Q. WHAT KIND OF ROLE DID THEY EXPECT YOU TO PLAY?

CAROL: Pretty much like what they expect women to play in our society. It was 1971-72 that I was in the orchestra. Dress turned out to be a very big objection. It was o.k. for the men when we went on tour. One time when we went to Ottawa, it was snowing and I wore my hiking boots and the men all wore jeans and boots. That was all right but the women, of course, they all appeared at the airport in their travelling suits. When I was in the T.S.O., I was the first woman to ever wear pants to an evening concert, even to an afternoon concert. They all wear them now. They are very conservative, they all ought to be working for IBM. They just happen to be musicians. I showed them up a bit. I invited all my lesbian friends to come. Holly once came to a rehearsal wearing this big button saying DYKE.



douglas haggart

Q. YOU BOTH MENTIONED THAT YOU BOTH MAKE YOUR LIVING FROM YOUR MUSIC AND I ASSUME YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH FROM GIGS LIKE TONIGHT TO SURVIVE. WHAT DO YOU USUALLY DO TO GET MONEY?

APRIL: I'm teaching. I don't have the same kind of opportunity to play because I don't play an orchestra instrument. It's solo or nothing and, consequently, it's mostly nothing. I teach folk guitar to groups of people, to adult education courses, to schools and that's fun.

Q. HOW ABOUT YOU, CAROL?

CAROL: I have a little easier time of it. I have a player/coach gig for the North York Symphony which is an amateur orchestra. I'm the principal viola and the only professional violist. Also I do the National Ballet and any recordings that come up. I've done a few recordings this year--CBC things. I'm quite fortunate in my work right now. Also I have quite a good reputation. The T.S.O. hasn't hurt me at all. In fact, I'm happy that they fired me.

Q. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT PLAYING FOR GROUPS LIKE THE COFFEEHOUSE?

CAROL: It's beautiful. It's the best way to play. Women get such a kick out of seeing other women doing what we're doing. I really loved doing it once I got into it.

Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING TO DO IN THE FUTURE? ARE YOU GOING TO PERFORM AGAIN SOON SO THAT WE CAN SEE YOU? OR ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE A RECORD?

APRIL: I'm very involved with studying where I'm at with my classical guitar. I see myself progressing. I feel like I'm in the middle of my studentship. I feel I should get as much technique together as I want and there's a lot to be gained from classical studies. I also want to get as much background as I can from the traditional music. So I find I'm torn between continuing what I see to be a progression of my classical music and wanting to get out and play. I just feel so good to play our own music. Nothing is more meaningful to me. It's my means of expression and it's my songs. I just feel elated, especially with feedback from people. I now think I should continue with my studies, at least for a while. The benefit for my folk music writing is just amazing. I just feel so much more confident when I play, especially tonight. I really know what I'm doing and I really have something that people will want to listen to. The better I get, the smoother I get with my classical stuff, it's just so much easier to play my folk guitar and I enjoy it.

I guess I have two alternatives. Right now, I have decided on classical studies and when I do that I can't be doing two things full time. I can't study classical music and gig or do recordings. It's too much.

*To take lessons from April, contact her at: 961-3693.

GERMAINE GREER

FEMINISM AND FERTILITY

by grace scott

Having read *The Female Eunuch* and thoroughly enjoyed it, I eagerly looked forward to Germaine Greer appearing at Convocation Hall to speak on Feminism and Fertility.

Knowing full well the hell of a difference between writing a book and speaking before roughly 2,000 people, I prepared myself for the possibility of a boring evening. Ms. Greer is anything but boring. Her speech was witty, intelligent, well thought out and held her audience spellbound for 2 hours.

What impressed me most was her total lack of notes. Everything came off the top of her head yet she never wavered from a point or left a thought hanging in mid-air. She touched on the sex act, period extraction, birth control, abortion, third world women and sterilization.

Ms. Greer points out: period extraction could make abortions obsolete, by extracting what possibly would be an unwanted child a few days after conception. It is cruel to put a woman through hell for such long periods of time uncertain whether or not she can find the means to abort through proper channels.

Concerning birth control, Ms. Greer urged women not to be satisfied because of feeling only minor symptoms such as headaches and depression from taking the Pill. It is a woman's right to have safe and effective birth control without suffering even minor symptoms. If women won't stand up for their rights, who will? Certainly not the drug companies.

Germaine Greer completely captivated me. If you ever have the good fortune to see her, go! Every time she spoke I felt like standing up and yelling, "Right on, sister!"

immaculate deception

reviewed by
margaret murray

IMMACULATE DECEPTION by Suzanne Arms
Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1975.
\$8.50 in paperback.
(Available in Bio/Med. Library,
University of Toronto.)

"This is a book about childbirth in America. It is neither a medical textbook, nor a political treatise, nor a 'whole birth catalog'. Rather it is a statement that grew out of my need to understand and explain my own birth experience. It is my contribution to anyone interested in the American way of birth."

Suzanne Arms has thoroughly documented the male medical profession's approach to woman's (supposed) sole domain. She has combined both journalistic and photographic skill par excellence to present the varying attitudes to and types of childbirth and woman's desperate struggle to reclaim her choices, rights and decisions about the birth of her children. She also hurls a few well-aimed bombs at certain popular myths--propagated by those who stand to gain by them--and offers the experiences found in Great Britain, Denmark and Holland as examples of different levels of medical hegemony.

Infant mortality statistics cast an interesting light on the state of affairs since they are usually assumed to be an accurate index of a nation's health care. It is generally believed that since Canada and the U.S. are both highly industrialized and fairly 'rich' countries that our standards of health are higher than less 'well-off' nations. Doctors rapidly ignore, disbelieve, or attempt to discredit the appalling truth. Given that 95% of all American (and Canadian) birthing women with adequate prenatal care could deliver in a normal, spontaneous fashion and have healthy babies, the United Nations figures point glaringly at the obvious--our infant mortality rate is criminal.

infant mortality rates per 1,000 selected countries

	1964	1971	1972*
Sweden	14.2	11.1*	10.8
Netherlands	14.8	11.1	11.4
Denmark	18.7	13.5*	
England (and Wales)	19.9	17.9*	
Japan	20.4	12.4*	11.7
Canada	24.7	17.6	17.1
United States	24.8	19.2*	18.5

Despite the fact that the countries with the lowest (and also most rapidly improving) infant mortality rates place high priority in providing universally available prenatal care and heavy emphasis on homebirths attended by trained midwives, America and Canada blithely continue pumping money into new and improved mechanical interferences which make birth a more predictable and quick procedure (for the doctor), and which incidentally create higher risks to both mother and child. Hospital routine demands as a matter of course frequent internal examinations, flat-on-the-back position, episiotomy, immediate cleansing/scrub-

bing of the newborn, oxytoxics to prevent hemorrhaging, and extended separation of mother and child for those women planning a 'natural' birth; for those who aren't, there is another whole kit and kaboodle of goodies to prevent all that unnecessary 'pain and suffering'.

The birth of a child can be an intense and rewarding experience for all those involved. While there is no denying that birth is hard work for the mother and the infant, pain (reaction caused by fear) is not necessarily a main part of the action. Hospitals being places to house the sick force the birthing woman (who is not sick) into an automatic compliance with their routines and habits set up for the convenience of the staff. Attitudes to childbirth are culturally determined and since everyone 'knows' that labour is painful (after all, the Christian Bible says so, doesn't it?), little wonder that a person who is away from her home environment and trapped in the 8 hour pendulum effect of changing staffs and sterile mountains of shiny equipment and who is undergoing immense physical and emotional changes as the labour continues; collapses into an alienated mass of pain, confusion, and quite often resentment. "If normal childbirth is to be reclaimed by women as the natural process for which they bear full responsibility, three things must happen: doctors must learn to respond to the special needs and circumstances of the birthing population; women must address themselves to what they really want in the birthing process and assert their rights to the medical community; and the midwife must be granted her rightful place." (p. 150).

It is illegal in Canada and the United States to practice midwifery; also there are no licenced training institutions for midwives in North America. A person may be a nurse-midwife (an R.N. with a specialty in obstetrics or midwifery) but is licenced only to assist the doctor and usually assumes a large part of the burden of parent education, labour coaching, and general patient contact. Generally speaking, nurse-midwives have been trained to expect anything (and everything) to go wrong during birth and have accepted modern forms of interference as routine and beneficial to the mother and child. They are not midwives as implied by the original connotation of the term, nor do they follow their field in the manner practised by the midwives in Denmark and Holland.

There is fortunately a growing number of lay-midwives and paraprofessionals who are willing to attend births at home despite harassment by authorities and doctors. Increasingly women are demanding their right to control the type of birth experience they and their children will have. Birth centres, both formal and informal, are springing up in various parts of the U.S. and Canada, and these usually have available to them the services of concerned and aware women who are competent to deliver without a medical professional's presence. In California, the Birth Centre located in the Santa Cruz community has an extrapolated perinatal mortality rate of 3.2 per 1,000 births (at a

time when the national figure was 27.1). Time and time again in the U.S., different birth centres and even government funded groups have proven that adequate prenatal and postnatal care combined with home births attended by midwives equals the safest and also the most emotionally rewarding type of birth experience for the mother and the child. Yet the myths continue. Mention home birth and most doctors, nurses, and mothers will babble about the high risk of infections and what if something should go wrong etc. etc. What it boils down to is that there is no money to be made off of home deliveries, and midwives by and large are not materialistic profiteers. This constitutes a serious threat to the male medical profession.

"It seemed strange that an American would have to travel six thousand miles from home to see a truly normal, natural birth. But as I talked further with Kloosterman, Naaktgeboren, and the midwives at the Kweekschool, the reason became clear. The Dutch like birth. They bring no fear to the normal process.... Since the choice of place, attendant, and method of birth rests exclusively with the mother, the role of the doctor or midwife in normal birth is to assist, not interfere--or simply to stay in the background as a skilled and respectful observer and applaud, 'How wonderful!'"

A note to persons interested in home birth in the Toronto area: there are a number of doctors and paraprofessional people attending births in the metro region. there are also a number of inexpensive alternatives to prenatal education with an emphasis on home situations. The VON now offer a home care package to women having a 'home confinement' (if they have OHIP). For more information about all of this, contact the Travelling Medicine Show (461-5686) or tow.



Pat Norrington

hassle free clinic

Woman doctor wanted to donate time for one evening clinic per week at Hassle Free Clinic. Remuneration possible through OHIP. Contact Joe McNerney 363-6103

REVIEWS

two reviews by
chris fox

how to handle a woman

loving women

Loving Women is an exciting book, exciting because it is the first book by and for women about lesbian love-making and because the Nomadic Sisters obviously intended to make their tale of erotic travels delightfully pornographic.

I found the first half of Loving Women especially stimulating and illuminating. This may have been the thrill of the first contact, whereas by the end i was quite accustomed to the sisters' style. Or it may have been because my lover and i read it aloud, page by page, with our naked bodies pressed together, tensing and tightening with the rhythms of the writing. I suspect (and recommend) the latter.

Reading Loving Women together was a terrific foreplay for making love and laughing, for talking about previous experiences and hang-ups. The book gives a wonderfully non-threatening impetus to discuss everything about one's sexuality in a completely affirmative atmosphere. It's like sunshine on doubts and fears--especially welcome in this miserable winter.

I've never seen a sex-manual so loving and so un-mechanistic. All too frequently manuals turn people (especially women) into fucking robots with known erogenous buttons to be pushed in order to achieve SUCCESS/ORGASM. Loving Women is into fun, openness, and pleasure with no rules except caring and sharing. Even the inanimate objects they suggest, vibrators and dildos, are infused with a warm animation.

Their treatment of dildos especially blew my mind. The Nomadic definition is "any object used for vaginal stimulation and penetration." Simple enough, but what a lot of mind travel it takes to get to that simplicity! Dildos reminded me of years of thinking i was sick; the concept of lesbian love as inferior to and imitative of lesbian love; dildos were the essence of "unnaturalness". The dildo, anathema to the "liberated" lesbian. Demystification is a wonderful thing. After a little Loving Women and some conversation the dildo is merely an object that could enhance pleasure--no longer a spectre. I haven't bought one yet--but i do feel friendlier towards them. Perhaps another section will be the one to jolt you the most but i think dildos are heavy stuff for most dykes--like tasting your menstrual blood if you've been told you're unclean.

The Nomadic Sisters also deal with vibrators as do most recent sex manuals. "Good Vibrations" gives a solid rundown on what's available, pros and cons, dos and don'ts.

"Going Down, Down, Down", the Sisters' exploration of cunnilingus, irritated my sensitive brain with its overzealous scrubbing of the cleanliness theme. Perhaps the aim was to reassure and encourage women who have accepted the myth of dirty, smelly cunts. I felt though that the exhortations to bathe reinforced the myth while not enough effort was made to debunk it. There should be no doubt that the taste, smell and texture of our vulvas are glorious! Furthermore, they don't warn you that while liqueurs

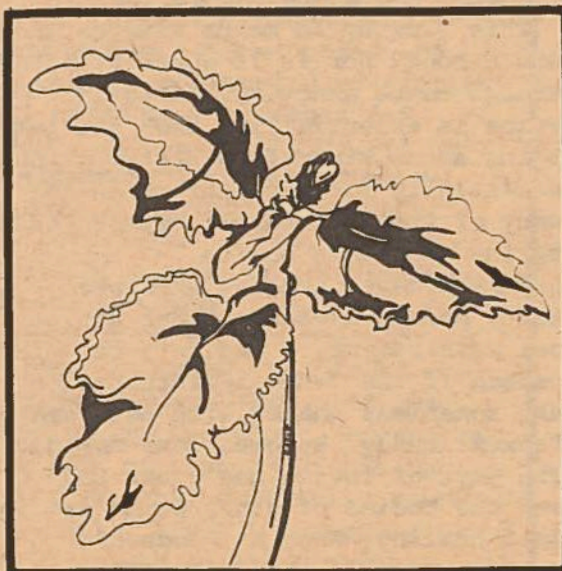
may be tasty, some also sting. If so--a quick tongue is worth a dozen wash-cloths.

The rest of the book produced more neutral feelings in me. "Give the Lady a Hand or Gimme Five" was essentially a repeat on the masturbation chapter with the addition of partner position. Not that repetition isn't appropriate or fun (as anyone who's stroked her clitoris more than once knows), but here it's not like the original lightning bolt.

"Loving" is a series of four love-making fantasies at the end of the book presumably one written by each of the Nomadic Sisters. I wish they had put the names under the pictures so you could tell who wrote what. Still--it does make for endless speculation which is always nice. I've never read erotic material which seriously attempted to be non-sexist. The stories were all very attractive, very real and pleasantly exciting. Kind of a teaser to make you want to write your own. Perhaps low could develop a porn page.

The Nomadic Sisters' "Leftovers" seemed just like anyone else's--superfluous. I'd rather have them integrated or left out. By the end of Loving Women (excluding the "Loving" section) i began to get the feeling that the Sisters were a bit too INTENT on their message--which looks bad if your message is, "have fun!" One (or one more) rewrite could have easily solved both of these problems, minor as they are.

Probably the major criticism that Loving Women might expect is that it is too romantic and too exclusively concerned with couples. There is no mention of even the possibility of more than two women at a time exploring each other's sexuality and/or making love. This could be considered downright puritanical by some and is certainly an oversight. However, many of us are just recovering from insisting that our sexuality--even in fantasy--be politically correct. Against this background the Sisters's friendly romanticism is charming and refreshing rather than a cause to take up arms. Perhaps, though, it is another reason why the chapter on Masturbation is the best--no flaws at all.



The illustrations in Loving Women are available from the artist in a separate portfolio; thus, they deserve a separate mention here. I wish i could rave about them but, unfortunately, i found them quite ordinary. They are in no way offensive but lacked even the life of the front and back photographs. Certainly they did not convey

eroticism at the same strong level as the writing in Loving Women. I don't think they could stand alone as art. They are, however, a pleasant enough part of the whole.

Loving Women is a great book for breaking down barriers. It should be read alone, with one friend or several, aloud or to oneself. Especially it should be read as it was written, with a lot of love and understanding for oneself and all the sisters. I'm really grateful to the Nomadic Sisters.

liberating masturbation

Liberating Masturbation by Betty Dodson is quite different from Loving Women though the subject matter is similar. For loving women, the self is always the logical place to start.

The graphics in Liberating Masturbation are outstanding--especially the centre section on open vulvas or "split beaver" as Ms. Dodson puts it. They are worth the price of the book alone and here i wish they were available as separate prints. Maybe i'll cut them out, mount them (oh, delicious thought) and place them round my bed, reading chair and kitchen. Betty Dodson is very concerned with (and devotes a whole chapter to) "Becoming Cunt Positive" and these graphics form a beautiful part of that goal.

The book as a whole is excellent--nearly flawless. Unlike Loving Women it is very political and attempts to integrate masturbation into the broader political context: "sexual liberation was crucial to women's liberation and that masturbation was crucial to sexual liberation and the destruction of paralyzing sexual roles."

Women's Liberation has long acknowledged the truth of this statement (witness Pleasurable Politics) but not until Liberating Masturbation has masturbation been so thoroughly explored.

Unfortunately, in my opinion, the seriousness of the politics seems to have made Liberating Masturbation a less loving book than Loving Women and a little more mechanistic. The importance of loving oneself on all levels is stressed but somehow the activity comes across more as a workout than lovemaking.

This may be appropriate. One of Ms. Dodson's main aims is to eliminate that crippling disease--romantic love. This is especially serious business since the book is directed primarily at heterosexual women. As you all know, you have to work twice as hard when dealing with a male lover since his cooperation is an unknown factor. In most cases, men do not share the same goals as feminists. However, if your lover is another feminist, you might catch romantic diseases but they're not usually fatal. There is usually a common image of the healthy state, and cooperation and understanding in working towards it. Much of the coldness of Liberating Masturbation would disappear if Ms. Dodson could have assumed that one's next sexual partner would be another loving woman.

Liberating Masturbation is concerned with working out on many other levels besides the necessary elimination of

see page 22

SELMA JAMES

We must be aware of the implications of what we are demanding and be aware also of what capital wants from us so that we will be in a better position not to give it.

The isolation of our struggles one from the other has undercut our power and allowed many of us to slip into the hands of the state. That is the isolation from which we have been suffering which has really undermined our struggle. In England, they have a button which says--abortion is the right to choose. The women in the streets look at that button and think it is the enemy. They think those women don't want me to have children. If we had said from the beginning that we want the right to abortion, we want the right to have children, we want to have money to have both and to decide when and how and under what circumstances, what is going to follow or not to follow, then we would have been able to, by now, break not merely the isolation of our struggles but bring a whole set of women into

that struggle. The abortion campaign looked at women as being isolated rather than as women being isolated but in struggle. We have not seen that the question of abortion is directly related to other struggles against production. It has been absolutely separate from the day care movement, from the equal pay movement, from the women who are on welfare, from the health movement. There is a connection. It is the connection of our work. All of these struggles have the potential of coming together and breaking down our isolation. You cannot continue to think of us as the objects of capitalist planning. We are but we are something more than that.

If I started to tell you about a plan for the new society, you should get very nervous because you are a woman and you have been told what to do by many people. If I were to tell what my vision of the new society is, it would be a list of negatives.

What I want I don't know. We are not saying that the future society is going to be a wage society. Wages for housework is wages against housework and wages for housework is against wages. The power of that wage gives us the power to destroy any system of wage labour and any system of forced labour at all. They are ready to plan us all over again --not all over again--it is one continuous process. The plan changes and adjusts to the degree that we have insights to what we need and to the degree that our power grows. They change the plan for us but we are not going to imitate them in planning again. The only way that we are going to imitate them is to make plans to destroy their plans. Other than that we would be making a grave mistake. We would be planning for people whom we are not yet. We have not begun to be the kind of people who cannot envisage a society where we can really be something other than we are today.

REVIEW LIBERATING MASTURBATION

romantic love. Ms. Dodson is extremely concerned with the flabby mess that most of us females have been conditioned to become. She warns of the dangers of food addiction and the importance of a healthy (for her--nonmeat, non-sugar, etc.) diet. Yoga and exercises from the martial arts figure prominently in the Bodysex Workshops she has designed. She bemoans the fact that most women can't keep up pelvic thrusting for more than 3 minutes without flagging. One of her goals is to build up heterosexual women to the point where they are no longer dependent on men and can, if they so chose, pick a man up and "run the fuck" themselves. Bravo! Heterosexual women have been "femmy" long enough.

My favourite aspect of Liberating Masturbation (besides the graphics!) is Betty Dodson's presentation of information. Each chapter is a story of how she herself reached a particular stage. Instead of being told what to do, we are simply given the information and left free to do with it what we will. This lack of authoritarianism is, to me, the essence of feminism.

Another wonderfully feminist aspect is Betty's sharing of her Bodysex Workshops. There are diagrams of all the exercises and a complete explanation of the activities and thought in each workshop. Using Liberating Masturbation as a guide any woman could get together a group of friends and, hopefully, experience all the benefits of one of Ms. Dodson's workshops. This, too, is the feminist way and commands a lot of respect for Betty Dodson and Liberating Masturbation.

Commanding less respect is Ms. Dodson's understanding of lesbianism. She is not anti-lesbian but does seem to lack the ability to place it properly in her political analysis of sexuality. This surprised me as she seems so aware of the problems of heterosexuality. She understands that marriage is prostitution; that men have manipulated women's sexuality to maintain their social position of superiority; that heterosexuality is "fashionable"; and that women must be sexually independent. She also realizes that women are more open to change and that women must "lead the way". Yet she never makes the leap to realizing that women don't have to help men and

constantly deal with this negative factor in their lives. The best she can do is: "*Relations with another woman can be a reasonable alternative for some women.*"

Betty Dodson does not seem to recognize that there is a different power dynamic operating between two women than there is between a man and a man. "*If you are homosexual and monogamous the same problems of the romantic ideal will hold true.*" This is not true. There will be problems but they will not be the same problems because, instead of a basis of social inequality, there is a basic equality from which to start. Sexuality does not exist in a vacuum.

This is perhaps the major fault in Liberating Masturbation. Ms. Dodson asserts: "*What should be our birth-right becomes a confusing and desperate struggle and every woman experiencing her first orgasm under these difficult conditions is essentially a radical feminist the moment she stops blaming herself.*" It is true that sexuality is very important but without understanding the social and economic oppression of women by capitalism and the patriarchy, i.e., MEN!, women could just stay home jerking off with their vibrators and miss the whole revolution.

This flaw by no means damages the whole book, nor is it apparent often enough to be annoying. As Loving Women is essentially a book for lesbians so is Liberating Masturbation essentially for straight women and many of the differences between them spring from this source.

Furthermore, judging from what Betty Dodson says about her own sexual development, I wouldn't be surprised if the "mutual masturbation" she sometimes shares with her female "sexual buddy" becomes love-making. The joys of loving one's own body and the bodies of other women are indeed healing. When Ms. Dodson's scars are well behind her I'll be thrilled to find a copy of Liberating Lesbianism next to my treasured volume of Liberating Masturbation.

Liberating Masturbation by Betty Dodson, Bodysex Workshops (\$3.50 + 50¢ mailing) and Loving Women by the Nomadic Sisters (\$3.50 + 25¢ mailing), P.O.Box 6696, San Francisco.

UNWED MOTHER

of her skirt". And that was pretty much that as far as comments went. I found out from somebody (probably some faggy friend of my boyfriend's) that if you go to Children's Aid you can arrange to have children adopted. This seemed an excellent idea to me--after all, I didn't want the baby, but it seemed that someone else in the world was actually dying to have a baby and couldn't manage it. So I found myself in the red brick building called "Children's Aid" waiting to see a social worker.

The social worker who saw me, a young pleasant woman, listened gravely to my tale of woe. I didn't have any money and I didn't want to have a baby, I told her. And she concluded that my cruel boyfriend was depriving me of this dear little baby I was dying to have. No amount of persuasion would convince her otherwise. Whether she only pretended to believe this or not, I do not know, but she certainly pretended convincingly. She agreed to find a foster mother and father for the child (which she did--the new mother was an art teacher and the new father was an engineer) but she proceeded to start a campaign of harassment against my boyfriend. First she demanded to see him. Then she demanded to see our tiny apartment where we "lived" together and were visited by my boyfriend's gay friends. Then she began pressuring him, trying to make him feel guilty and forcing him to have interviews with her. All to no avail. He simply flicked his wrist at her, stared at her disconcertingly and that was that. (The fact of the matter was, neither of us wanted to be parents and it wasn't exclusively his idea or mine).

By the time the baby was born I had decided to leave him; when we signed the papers giving up the child I had the terrible urge to go into hysterics laughing. My mouth twitched horribly, my social worker stood there with her stupid hypocritical fat staring face mispronouncing my baby's name and asking me if I wanted to give her up and 9 month's tension were finally taking their toll.

We signed the papers, went out the door and I sat down on a bus bench and laughed and laughed until I cried.

I have since then wondered what happened to my baby, and where she is now and what she is like.

spreading across the land

N.B. If you would like to be listed, please send us your address.

has a newsletter



NOTE: There are many more women's centres across the country. We cannot list them all. For further information, you might try the Women's Programme, Sec. of State in Ottawa as they have just put out a Directory of Women's Groups in Canada in French and English.

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
64 University Ave.
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
P.O. Box 6072
77 Bond St.
St. John's, NFLD.
753-0220

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
P.O. Box 5052
5673 Brenton Place
Armdale, N.S.
423-0643

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
34 Sydney St.
Saint John, N.B.

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
28 Saunders St.
Fredericton, N.B.
454-1848

LES FAM **
80 Rue Church
Moncton, N.B.
854-3095

NEW WOMAN CENTRE
3465 Cote des Neiges
Room 71
Montreal, Quebec
931-3807

WOMEN'S INFO & **
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3595 St. Urbain
Montreal, Quebec
514-842-4781

POWERHOUSE GALLERY **
3738 St. Dominique
Montreal, Quebec
514-844-4101
(only all-women
art gallery)

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
346 1/2 Princess
Kingston, Ont.
542-5226

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
821 Somerset St. W.
Ottawa, Ontario

TORONTO WOMEN'S
BOOKSTORE
85 Harbord St.
Toronto, Ont.
922-8744

WOMEN'S DEVELOPMENT
CENTRE
15 Birch Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
925-1154

WOMEN'S CENTRE
72 Centre St. N.
Oshawa, Ont.
725-2363

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56 Queen St., Box 310
St. Catharines, Ont.

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Kitchener, Ont.
744-7011

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CENTRE **

322 Queens Ave.
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YWCA
476 Peel St.
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WOMEN'S CENTRE **
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Sarnia, Ont.
337-9642

WOMEN'S PLACE **
709 Ouellette, Room 8
Windsor, Ont.
252-0244

NATIVE AND CULTURAL
WOMEN'S CENTRE
1696 Cadillac
Windsor, Ont.
944-3557

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
2 - 236 Worthington
North Bay, Ont.
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CENTRE
120 West Amelia St.
(rear)
Thunder Bay, Ont.
622-3989

WOMEN'S CENTRE **
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Barrydowne Road
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CENTRE
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Timmins, Ont.
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A WOMAN'S PLACE **
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Winnipeg, Man.
204-786-4581

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Brandon, Man.
727-5014

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Meadow Lake, Sask.
236-6445

NATIVE WOMEN'S
CENTRE
1108 Central Ave.
Prince Albert, Sask.
764-5267

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Regina, Sask.
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Saskatoon, Sask.
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482-5808

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Grand Prairie, Alta.
532-8345

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Whitehorse, Y.T.
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Cathedral Hall
Fredericton, N.B.
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Coordinating Editor
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FEMINIST MEDIA
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Education
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(Health Collective
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LESBIAN CONTACTS

HALIFAX WOMEN'S
CENTRE
Lesbian Drop-In
423-0643

LABYRIS
4391 Laval St.
Montreal, Quebec
843-6431 or
Gay Line: 843-8849

OTTAWA WOMEN'S
CENTRE
Lesbian Drop-In
Fri. 8 pm.

CHAT
201 Church St.
Toronto, Ont.
Thurs. 8 pm
862-1544

SASKATOON GAY
COMMUNITY CENTRE
124A 2nd Ave. N.
Saskatoon, Sask.

LESBIAN CAUCUS
205 - 918 E. 8th Ave.
Vancouver, B.C.

VICTORIA WOMEN'S
CENTRE
Lesbian Drop-In
Alternate Fridays
Contact Lynn

AT THE THREE OF CUPS

MYSTERY
SURPRISE
PERFORMERS
REFRESHMENTS

An **OTHER WOMAN** Event

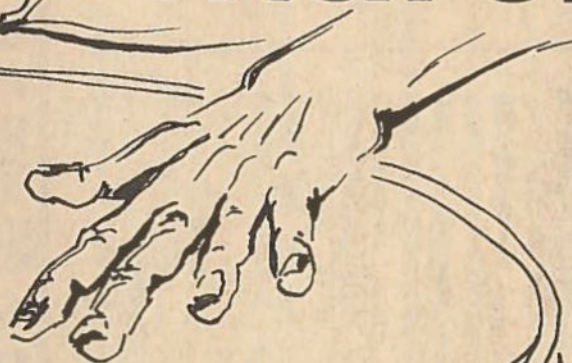
IT'S a PARTY!

march 27



DANCE

TO THE



**"FULTON AVE
FUNK AND SPACE BAND"**

Sherris

567 QUEEN ST W

subscribe to **The Other Woman**

Name ----- **six issues a year**

Address ----- **BOX 928 STATION Q**

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