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# The Struggle Continues

By Roberta McGinn

I've been reading lately about the Russian Revolution of 1917 trying to find out what I can about women workers at this cataclysmic period of history. It seems that the revolution was catapulted into reality in February of that year on Women's Day, by striking women workers. This was not according to Bolshevik plans. Gatherings of women had been addressed on the eve of Women's day by male leaders and urged to "act exclusively according to the instructions of the party." The Party did not think the moment was ripe for revolution. Apparently the women did.

It turns out that women's gains from the revolution were the legal trappings allowing them to continue to perform the double duty of production and reproduction. Plus a change, plus a reste la meme chose. A tatty old phrase but still so usefully apt. Back then, back at the beginning

of our century, now soon to close, a lot of women were angry at the way things were shaping up for them. Working women were going on strike against the deplorable working conditions. Women were demanding political and economic equality. Women's demands though did not fall under one united banner. There were a wide spectrum of ideologies ranging from women's natural moral superiority, hence societies need for their full participation, to outright insistence on full equality in every respect.

In this dynamic atmosphere International Women's Day emerged as a day of consolidation of women's common interests. It was officially initiated by the Second International Conference of Socialist Women in Copenhagen in 1910. The concept however derived from the successful American celebration of Women's Day in 1909 and 1910. This success was itself fuelled by the first massive strike of Ameri-

can shirtwaist workers. 30,000 workers, 80 per cent of them women, walked out for three months following the massive death toll in a shirtwaist factory fire. The workers, mostly women, had died behind doors locked against their exit by factory owners.

These then were the dramatic beginnings of IWD. There is a history to our actions and we should know our history. The story of women and the Russian Revolution is essentially no different than that of women in North America. We have simply chosen different roads to arrive at the same old place. My reading includes a recent Moscow publication which extolled the wonderful equality of Soviet women. I laughed at its, to me, obvious rhetoric and propaganda. Was I seriously expected to believe this fairy tale? It certainly didn't measure up to other sources I had been reading or first hand accounts I had heard. Then I

looked at some of our own government publications and political rhetoric. Apparently we also live in the best of all possible worlds.

Except for the poor in Canada who are increasingly women and children. Except for the elders in Canada are largely poor and mostly women. Except for wages for women workers in Canada that are two-thirds of male workers. Except for the majority of women workers in Canada who are segregated into underpaid, gender specific jobs. Except for women in Canada who do not have legal control over their own bodies. Except for women have primary responsibility to raise their children. Except for other childcare which is somewhat less than available.

This list is not complete. Inequality does not adapt readily to a list. It gets too long. And we haven't even touched on the global realities.

This is International

Women's Day 1990. The struggle is still going on. We need to wake up to these realities. Moments of solidarity and solidarity are hard to find. We are seen to hang on to. We are seen to change eyes, but change is not confined to linear progression. The verbiage around the progress of women is a shallow and inadequate cover, a white wash seems a suitable phrase, for what remains unchanged. The incessant, obsessive need to ensure control over women. Plus change.

## Celebrate Faith in Women

By Jennifer James

Despite the dose of gloom and doom we receive daily through the news media, there are still occasions for celebration. Women around the world gather in small and large groups March 8 to think about the struggles of the past and future and to celebrate hard won victories.

It's unfortunate that many men and women often de-ride the efforts of the women who work toward changes. If women's history were included as part of the writings of history a more balanced picture of events would emerge.

Just over a century ago women and children were still legally considered men's property. Women had no rights to own property or even keep the wages they earned. In a divorce, a woman had no right to keep her children because they were her husband's property.

How would it feel to go to a polling booth at election time and be told you had no right to vote? Unthinkable you say. Women aren't turned away from the polls now because of the years of campaigning and lobbying by suffragists in the early decades of the 20th century.

The women of Manitoba were the first to win the right to vote in 1916. It wasn't until 1940

that Quebec women won the same privilege. In 1921 Agnes McPhail was the first woman elected to the House of Commons.

A landmark decision in Canadian political history was recorded in 1929 when the Person's Act was legislated. This allows women to take seats in the senate. Officially you couldn't give a Senate seat to someone who didn't exist under the law. That year a women's existence as a person was recognized.

The list of Canadian firsts is impressive. Lunenburg County has also produced some important women in Canadian history. In 1987, Lunenburg native Sheila Hellstrom became the first woman in Canada to hold the rank of general in the Armed Forces.

In the 1920s, another Lunenburg resident was the first woman to hold a seat on the local school board. In addition to that accomplishment Ada Powers travelled extensively in the province, across the country, in the United States and Europe on behalf of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (W.C.T.U.), one of the forerunners of today's Women's Movement.

In 1875 Canadian Jane Wright was the first woman to attend university in the British Empire.

Former Governor-General Jeanne Sauve was the first woman

to hold that vice-regal position and prior to that was the first female speaker in the House of Commons.

Vancouver born Molly Bobak was the only Canadian female war artist during World War II.

Although male and female athletics striving for excellence is now a common sight it may be interesting to remember that the first women to participate in modern Olympic track and field events was in 1928. Not only have there been significant breakthroughs for women in the public field, many hundreds of people work behind the scenes to effect changes in our daily lives.

If you used birth control before 1969, you were committing a criminal offense. It took many years of work to have that section of the criminal code changed.

A ruling two years ago by the Supreme Court of Canada has taken abortion out of the criminal code. The decision said the old ruling violated the rights and freedoms of women.

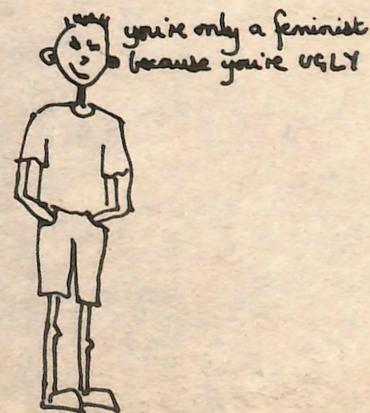
It's easy to forget the accomplishments of the past or take them for granted. The struggles for equality in social, political and economic areas has been going on for over a century. Sometimes it's quiet. Sometimes it's noisy.

The word feminist used to describe those who advocate the granting of the same social, political and economic rights to women as the ones granted to men.

That's what my Funk and Wagnall's dictionary says. It's a simple definition for a complex dream.

The women's movement has evolved over the years and will continue to change. Genetic engineering and reproductive technology have come out of the realm of science fiction. Day-care, pollution, economics, politics, housing--these areas will continue to present challenges to women of the next generation.

International Women's Day, March 8 is a celebration of women's courage, strength, talent and spirit--a renewal of our faith in ourselves to work toward a better future for women and men.



### CKDU-FM Woman-Positive Radio

CKDU-97.5 FM celebrates International Women's Day Thursday, March 8, 1990, with twenty-four hours of woman-positive radio. "While this programming initiative is not a departure from our regular on-air content," says Program Director Jan Farrow, "we felt it would be fun to celebrate women the world over with these twenty-four hours of pro-women and pro-change features, themes, spotlights, and music."

Known as "Halifax's Independent Alternative", and the only FM-band campus/community broadcaster in Nova Scotia, CKDU-FM is known for the variety of its musical and current affairs offerings, and its alternative coverage of local issues and events.

"In addition to the enthusiasm shown by our women programmers, the response of our male programmers in embracing women-positive content is an implicit expression of the universality of women's struggle for equality," Farrow says, "and importantly, is a programming feature that listeners in this area are not likely to hear elsewhere."

CKDU-FM enacted an employment equity policy in its hiring nearly two years ago. At present, half of the paid staff and nearly 40 per cent of the two hundred volunteer programmers and technicians are women.



# Food For Thought

By Suzanne McCarthy

In 1917, suffragettes in America demanded that President Wilson keep his promise to fight to give women the right to vote. When their cause was refused, more than 200 women demonstrated in front of the president's mansion. Their protest, however, came to a halt when the police arrested the women and 97 were imprisoned. But even behind bars their protest continued. They resorted to their ultimate weapon inside the prison walls; they went on a hunger strike. A new battle began in which the control of food became the expression of their deep desire for political power.

Some 70 years later, despite all the rhetoric about equality for women and despite what appear to be real changes in the freedom women have to live their lives outside traditional and narrow roles, food remains to be the one consistent way women try to cope with their oppression. While suffragettes used the hunger strike as an attempt to win political reform, today different starvation patterns, but ones from the same roots, are prevalent.

Consider the fact that it is now normal for North American women to have eating disorders. Consider that some surveys suggest that 80 per cent of the women on an average university campus have borderline-to-severe eating

disorders.

Today, anorexia - deliberate starvation, and bulimia - self induced vomiting, are considered almost normal acceptable behaviour, even to the women themselves. And it's not uncommon in women's residences, even on this campus, to find women participating in group purges.

But these bizarre and destructive relationships with food have been trivialized as simply "fashion gone out of control." They have even been turned into an industry and our present culture booms with diet centres, Nutri-system packages and aerobics classes. The dominant aesthetic of the day is thinness and women suffer through painful rituals with food in an attempt to become the feminine image that society has created.

Women's uncomfortable relationships with food, far from being trivial, can and should be seen as the language of women's experience. Distressful and uncomfortable feelings around food are symbolic of how women feel about our place in society. An attempt to control the food a woman puts in her body must be linked with her larger attempt to control her life and its direction.

Given the socialization of women as care-givers, the ways in which women are encouraged from an early age to care for others rather than themselves, it should

be no surprise that women will symbolize their conflicts around meeting other's needs and their own needs in the relatively "safe" area of food.

This involvement with food as a means of expression flows out of our culture which insists that what women eat, how much they eat, and how they cook for others, is their special domain.

My mother always laboured in the garden and in the kitchen. She selected the best foods at the market and would then spend long hours preparing those foods for her family; her labours of love. A large and impressive collection of recipe books stretch across the top shelf of her kitchen bookcase. On the shelf below is an equally large set of diet books. One tells her how to cook food and feed others, the other tells her how to deny herself those very same foods.

Fashion magazines fill their pages with slim, sleek, bikini-clad models. When we turn the page we are given the recipe for Chocolate Bavarian Mousse. What mixed messages!

Feminists have been offering an insightful perspective and inspire us to see women's troubled relationships with food as a response to complex social circumstances. Ignoring this alternative perspective, mainstream clinicians choose to give psychological and individualistic expla-

nations.

Perhaps the failure to see women's problems with food as a social phenomenon is due to the fact that people live with the idea that women have "made it" in our today's world, that women's liberation is no longer needed.

This attitude, however, keeps clinicians and women themselves from asking important bigger questions of why women continue to be involved in complicated struggles with food and why the problems are intensifying.

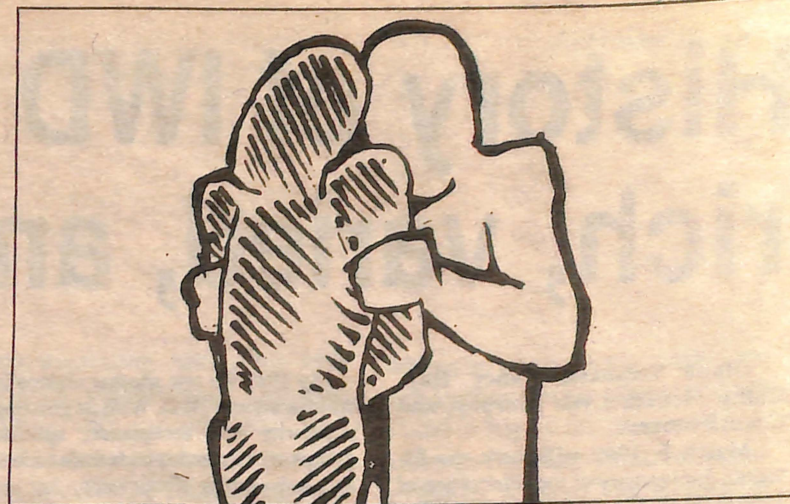
The treatment most often administered is to put a woman on another diet and once she has achieved the target weight set by the doctor or therapist, she's considered cured. But nearly always the problems that caused the eating problems remain untouched.

Weight loss dietary solutions are not true solutions but are major barriers to making peace with food and our bodies. This approach only perpetuates the

idea that who we are is what we look like. The idea of peeling off fat in order to find one's true self is like peeling an onion to find the core.

The therapy commonly offered to women who engage in patterns of starvation is comparable to the government's and prison officials' response to the suffragettes' hunger strike of 1917. And like the suffragettes who were painfully forced and placed in solitary confinement, anorexics can often meet the same violent treatment.

Like our sister suffragettes who fought for our right to vote, women today must continue to strive for a voice in the body politics. For until we can freely speak of what it means to be a woman in today's world, of our deep dissatisfaction with the fact that our position in society remains economically, politically and psychologically precarious, then we will like the suffragettes, use our bodies as mouthpieces and most often in destructive ways.



## You've Come a Long Way Baby!

This caption was used originally in a cigarette ad and has become a slogan for the women's movement.

Just how far have we come you ask? Well, in terms of women's sports it looks like this...

In 1928 women first entered the Olympic 100 meter race.

In 1972 women first entered the Olympic 1500 meter ( the mile ).

In 1984 women first ran the Olympic Marathon ( 26 miles )

1400 meters in only 44 years, and 25 miles in only 12 years somehow it hardly seems like a long way. Why has it taken so

long?

The question of biology has always been central to the issue of women's involvement in play and sports. Assumed biological differences and limitations, relative to men, had been and still are used as rationalizations for excluding women from sport.

These assumed differences have been propagated by mass media and early medical "experts".

The mass media portrayed women's athletic competence - beyond the requirements of general and reproductive health - as unfeminine and unattractive to men.

The nineteenth-century medical position held that female anatomy and physiology were suited only to the most gentle of physical activities. Many doctors linked athletics to complications of childbirth.

The medical profession has played a dominant role in dictating safe and appropriate sporting activities for women. By the late 1800s, doctors were expanding their professional influence and their moral leadership on

questions of women's health and women's place in society.

They stressed their beliefs that sport wasted vital force, strained female bodies and fostered traits unbecoming to "true womanhood". To jeopardize their god-given capacity to bear children, by straining body or brain, defied both common sense and divine decree.

Thankfully for a few "radicals" or we would still be hiding behind bloomers, playing "sensible" games like croquet and experiencing the "vapours".

An interesting point to remember that while athletic pursuits were considered too excessive for a frail female, there existed a double standard that suggested heavy work was safe, but heavy play was dangerous. Doctors simply justified this by saying that since "nature" provided the basic muscular development for women's work and the involuntary muscles necessary for childbirth, it made good sense not to tamper with such admirable arrangements.

In order to understand how

women could allow themselves to be dictated to about their own bodies in terms of physical activity, one must remember that medicine at the time was still a dark mystery in large part. Women rarely questioned the "professional" opinions of the M.D.

Women's sporting participation during the past century has been constrained by the forces of patriarchal control over female sexuality. Doctors have attempted to classify as inappropriate any sporting activity which allegedly jeopardizes female reproductive health.

Although significant changes have taken place over the past hundred years in women's sport, underlying assumptions regarding women's physical inferiority continue to operate. The potential for change, however, is present and many historical and contemporary trends initiated by women have effectively countered

male control. The process of reforming sport has begun but we still ( believe it or not ) have a long way to go.





# History of IWD in Halifax—rich, varied, and “disruptive”

Pandora, March 1990, Page 10

Diann Graham, Nancy Hay, Cathy Mellett, Lynn Murphy, and Carol Putnam

March 8, 1990 will mark the fifteenth anniversary of the celebration of International Women's Day in Halifax. Although short, our history is rich, reflecting the energies and interests of the women—over 200 in all—who have helped organize the event and the changing political and social climate of the Halifax area. The organizers have primarily been women in their 20s and 30s, each participating, on average, for only two years.

As a result, we have had a constant influx of new faces, new ideas, and new energies. Many of these women are now actively involved in various facets of the women's movement as paid workers or volunteers, utilizing the organizational and leadership skills they learned when working on IWD committees.

Despite the ad hoc nature of the committees, new leaders have always emerged, enabling our celebrations to continue and grow each year.

The first IWD celebration in 1975 was organized primarily by the women of the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary group “In Struggle.” The event consisted of an evening at Veith House and included a play on women and work.

These beginnings reflect the historical roots of IWD which are inseparably linked with the struggles of women in the trade union movement. The women of “In Struggle” continued to be instrumental in organizing IWD events for the next four years.

From 1978 to 1983, IWD was organized and centered at A Women's Place, a Halifax women's centre which has subsequently closed. During this period we saw a shift in emphasis from trade unionist issues to other feminist concerns such as violence against women, pay equity, and poverty.

Some specific events come to mind. In 1983, a wreath was laid in Grand Parade in memory of a prostitute who was murdered on South Street on March 8 of the previous year.

In 1982 our focus was on housing issues, that year being the middle of Halifax's housing crisis. During the march we drew attention to the need for shelters for homeless women. We took direct actions in the form of pickets and sit-ins against rental agencies known to discriminate on the basis of source of income, and we lobbied the human rights commissions.

By 1983 we saw another change in the character of IWD. With its growing popularity and acceptance, specific groups such as those inside trade unions and universities (Patchwork, for example) began to develop programs to suit their special needs.

It became impossible for the central committee to function as the sole organizer of events which were now taking place throughout the week of March 8. Instead, we took on the task of gathering and publicizing information on the various happenings while continuing to organize the march and other special events.

IWD has also been a time to celebrate women's culture. We have had variety shows, displays of paintings, photography and architectural drawings, and an on-location videotaping of a segment of the “Women of the Arts” cablevision show. In 1982, a variety show held at NSCAD was the first to have full interpretation for the hearing-impaired.

As we look back through the years, we are aware of several recurring issues. One of these which has resulted in many heated debates, concerns the involvement of men. Two points of view have been put forth. On one side there is the belief that men should be included in order for them to show solidarity and support. Along with this there has been the recognition that some women would not attend events if their male friends were excluded.

The opposing view is that all events should be for women only, thereby encouraging the involvement of women who feel uncomfortable with men being included. This view also asserts the rights of women to be independent of male control. As a result of these debates, men have sometimes been welcomed at marches, but never at workshops or dances.

Another recurring issue has been lesbianism. Lesbians have been active in organizing IWD events, but in doing so have remained relatively invisible. Sometimes this has been by choice, but at other times it has come from a lack of acceptance.

For example, when the dance was held at the YWCA in 1978, objections were raised over lesbians dancing together, so this event was moved to the Turret, Halifax's gay club at the time. On other occasions, lesbianism has been a focus of attention.

In 1985, lesbian organizers made signs protesting the expulsion of six

women from the Canadian armed forces base at Shelburne for being lesbians. On the day of the march, many women, both straight and lesbian, carried signs in support of the Shelburne women.

Marches have been a part of the IWD celebrations since 1978. We have been blessed with everything from bright warm conditions creating jovial, celebratory spirits (1989) to snow, very cold temperatures or freezing rain (several years) when only “mad dogs would come out.” But still we marched.

Several marches have had a unique flavour. As we gathered at Victoria Park in 1980, a police officer informed us that without a permit we had to stay on the sidewalk, to which we replied, “but we always march on the street.” After several minutes of conversation, one woman grabbed a poster and started off down the middle of Spring Garden Road, with everyone following.

The march ended up at the law courts, where the same police officer approached the woman asking her name. A large group of women encircled him, asking why he wanted to know. Finally he closed his notebook and left. The next year we were initially denied a permit to march because of this “disruptive behaviour.” We had to persuade alderwoman Debbie Grant to intervene with the police department and get the permit for us.

In 1986, about 25 anti-choice men and women, with banners in hand, decided to crash the march. There was much confusion until some of the old-time lesbian organizers stood up with the megaphone and shouted, “We're here to celebrate a woman's right to choose. Never again will you control our bodies, so let's get going.” They positioned themselves between the marchers and the anti-choice forces. A very rowdy march followed with a lot of

spirited chants. At the end, a little shouting and a lot of confrontation were required to keep the anti-choice forces out of the workshops.

Although we have seen IWD grow and change over the years, organizing committees have been primarily white women, thereby limiting our focus. As we head into the 90s, we are attempting to address the issues of race and accessibility for the disabled.

We believe that in order to relate to the struggles and celebrations of all women, women of colour, disabled women, and other excluded groups must become involved as members of the central committee and as organizers of specific events.

With our eyes focused ahead, we look forward to what lies in store. But at the same time, we are constantly reminded of the one aspect of IWD that never changes — “Oh god, the meetings, the dreadful meetings.”

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daily — MARTIN ZACK  
Graphic: The McGill Daily



# A Hairy Issue

Pamela Gautreau & Suzanne McCarthy

20th century technology.

*"Try giving an impromptu pool party in the middle of February and see how many women arrive within 10 minutes!"*

-- Simon Kennedy, to his 19 year old male friends who think all women are smooth, hairless beings.

We (the authors) have noticed that many people share the sentiments of Simon's friends. Women who shave legs, armpits and bikini lines often do so because they want to mirror the attractive (?) air-brushed, hairless women depicted on television, billboards, and in fashion magazines, pornography magazines, catalogues, etc. Conversely, many women who don't shave are rebelling against this false image of women which has been created over the years.

I (Pamela) have to confess: I am an ardent shaver. I can still remember my first foray into womanhood; a single, innocent looking pink razor yielded no less than five scrapes (one scar, incidentally, I still have today). Growing up in a house of four hairless women, I soon realized that this was a rite of womanhood I would have to get used to. Many years later, I have grown accustomed to spending a few mornings a week shaving. It no longer seems that it's taking up time better spent elsewhere. In fact, it is as natural to me as brushing my teeth. I don't like the awful sensation of "stubble" so I get rid of it as soon as it appears.

A couple of years ago, I became friends with the first woman I had ever met who didn't shave. She did not fit into my (then) stereotypical view of a hairy woman, because she was not: lazy, a rugby player, or sheltered from

Hi, I'm Suzanne, the friend. I haven't always been a non-shaver. It was my beautiful sister Moira who inspired me to retire from shaving five years ago. I'll never forget the first time I saw her after she'd given up the razor. There she stood in a stunning silk blouse and paisley rayon skirt. A pair of Italian leather pumps graced her feet. I remember thinking what a challenge she was, for despite her ultra-feminine appearance, there they were, two very hairy legs. Moira's beauty always attracted second looks and her legs soon did too. My embarrassment in being seen with her grew into admiration. Soon I liked walking down streets with her in the summer. I got a kick out of the confusion she provoked in passersby and I was impressed how their stares didn't phase her in the slightest. I guessed they weren't used to seeing a beautiful feminine woman with legs like hers (and boy are they hairy).

People who know me tend to think I don't shave just because I'm feminist. But that's not true. I stopped shaving long before my conscience was ever raised. As a non-shaver, I'm a minority among my close women friends. Interestingly enough, I've found myself explaining to my hairless women friends that I don't consider them less of a feminist because they choose to shave. Sure, maybe I wish they didn't. Then I wouldn't have to suffer the stares and funny looks alone.

We have been thinking about the different types of shavers there are in the world, and the various reasons why women choose not to shave. Which category do you fit into?

Convenience Shaver - one who shaves from May to September; offseason, she shaves only on special occasions or trips down South. She hates October, be-

cause that's when her hair starts growing in and it itches!! She's learned to cover up her hairiness by buying thick, wool tights, changing in the bathroom before exercise class, avoiding winter pool parties, and she always makes love with the lights out.



Dedicated Shaver - this woman carries a disposable razor in her purse. She would rather shave than have a morning cup of coffee. She is constantly touching her legs, to ensure that no trace of hair is visible. She has sensitive skin, so she has invested in an extensive line of moisturizers and other lotions to soothe her razor burn. (Unfortunately, she always gets a nasty red rash from shaving, which mars the silky skin she wants).

Wreckless Shaver - she shaves less often than the persistent shaver, but the injury rate is higher. A good portion of her grocery budget is allocated to buying bandages. Often she has time to shave only the bottom half of her leg. It looks like she has been running through low-lying burdock bushes; from the knee down her hairless legs are covered with scratches; from the knee up her uninjured limbs are covered with growth.

The "Too Busy to Shave" Non-shaver - she strives to be a Dedicated Shaver but she chooses to spend her leisure time: read-

ing, exercising, having tea with friends, volunteering, sleeping, eating, etc. etc. However, she harbours deep guilt feelings about her hairiness and is always apologizing to her lovers and friends for her hairy state.

The Political Non-shaver - she's anxious for summer to arrive so she can strut her hairy limbs and armpits on the beach. She refuses to support the multi-billion dollar hair-removal industry which has duped women into accepting a false image of themselves. She revels in the shocked looks and double takes she provokes.



"I Love Myself the Way I Am" Non-shaver - her family is of European descent and never introduced her to the world of razors, tweezers, wax, depillatories or bleaches. Shaving was never an issue to her and she still shakes her head incredulously at her women friends who are perpetually hairless.

The Insecure Non-shaver - she refuses to shave for a number of reasons: she believes she can put her money and time to better use; she and her lovers rather like her downy body hair; and she hopes to help dispell the myth that women are hairless, a myth re-inforced by media and dead male painters. However, even though she doesn't shave, she still has twinges of anxiety when spring is in the air. The constant stares

when she wears shorts, tank-tops or a bathing suit are almost enough to drive her to the nearest drug-store to buy hair-removal paraphernalia. Almost. The Resentful Shaver who is a Non-shaver at Heart - she thinks it's ridiculous to shave, but has had to compromise her principles every so of-



ten. For example, she was once told to shave or else be fired from her waitressing job; on another occasion she was in her sister's wedding and her sister, mother and the photographer all pressured her into shaving; and she sometimes shaves so as not to embarrass her lover in front of co-workers and friends at the company barbeque. It's not that she frowns upon her friends who shave; she just wishes it wasn't such a big deal not to shave.



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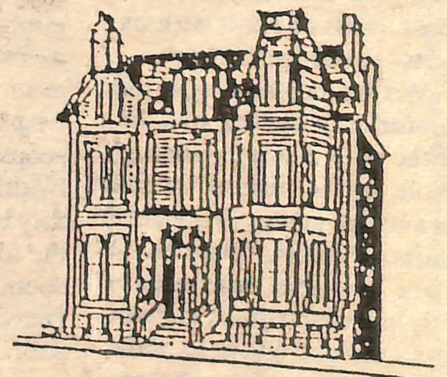
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# A Tale of Conversion

By K.C. Beaton

On December 6, 1989 my life changed. I was sitting at a table in Vinnie's Pub celebrating the upcoming holidays with several of my friends. Around 11:00 a male student came in and joined my little circle. His news: a man had charged the engineering school at the University of Montreal, separated men from women, shot and killed 13 women instantly and injured many others. At the end of his spree of fury he turned his rifle on himself.

My initial reactions were disbelief and utter disgust at this messenger's sense of humour. Massacres just don't happen in Canada. People don't do such irrational things. This was one of the reasons my family chose to return here after 23 years in New England. Did this mean that Canada was now no better than the U.S.?

After a few minutes I began to feel sick. Maybe it was the rum and eggnog. No... I sat down as my head was spinning-- also a sign of drunkenness. I'd wished at that point that these feelings had been brought on by alcohol.

I spent the rest of the night and all of the next day directing my full attention to the media trying to find out what happened. I needed to know why this happened and what would possess someone to do such a thing. One more woman died overnight, bringing the total to 14 women senselessly murdered.

I felt sorry for these women,

now denied their futures. I mourned for their families who had to deal with the horror of it all at a time of year when love and peace is alleged to abound. I was forced to admit that this was a women's issue and that it was not a random act. It represented a hatred towards women that was widespread in our society. That scared me. For the first time in my life I felt like a victim simply because of my sex. That angered me.

During the week or so after the shootings while the story made headlines I was glued to the television. I noticed that a lot of the women interviewed were crying, hysterical and irrational. Why did the media choose to talk to these women? Why didn't they talk to someone like me whose reaction (as horrified as I was) was calm, strong and rational. Surely there were others who reacted the same way. Did they think we didn't care?

I must tell you at this point that I have never considered myself a feminist. I didn't (don't) know enough about women's issues. To be honest I didn't want to associate myself with the stigma society attaches to feminism besides, I am a contemporary traditional girl. I came to university to better my life. Establishing a successful career in public relations is important to me. However, in five or 10 years if the right man comes along, I'd not hesitate to marry him and devote my life to raising our family. With such an ideal in mind, how could I possi-

bly be a feminist?

In the months since the massacre, I've done a lot of thinking about my attitude toward feminism and towards society in general. I am a passive soul. I normally don't like making waves or drawing unnecessary attention to myself, unless I am provoked into action. It's fair to say that the influence of the events of December 6 could be compared to a cattle prod.

So now what do I do? Cry?...Scream?...Run out with a gun and seek revenge on the male population? All of these alternatives crossed my mind. I was too angry to cry, too rational to scream and too afraid of guns to resort to violence. I resolved to seek out answers and reasonable explanations as to why this had to happen. After that, I vowed to do my utmost to take part in any movements which would guarantee nothing like this could ever happen again.

I started listening to reactions from these feminist groups that I had once scoffed at. I was very confused. Part of me was saying that these women were paranoid. Spreading their man-hating attitudes would encourage more people to act like Mark Lepine. It wouldn't solve anything. Yet, another voice was telling me that these women were right. If society was ever to get beyond the possibility of another Montreal Massacre, women would have to band together to end the pattern of violence, with or without the support of the men in our

lives. Maybe these women had a point.

On January 9, I attended a panel discussion on the Montreal massacre at Saint Mary's university featuring the views of four feminists. I had my doubts that SMU could hold such an event and be successful. I spend a fair amount of time at SMU with friends. They had always given me the impression that it was a chauvinistic environment, and that the majority of SMU's attendants had little more than sex and football on the brain.

I also hesitated because I still wasn't comfortable with the idea of sitting for two hours and listening to these people rage on about how our male dominated society has kept us oppressed for so long. After all, aren't we all given a fair and equal chance to live our lives as we see fit?... Naive concept, isn't it?

I left my skepticism at home that evening. I am happy to say I was wrong. The discussions gave me new insight into this feminism that I'd feared for so long. The biggest eye-opener came when I discovered that two of the four panelists were men. I learned that there were other women there who felt the same way I did. I heard real life stories of how our male dominated society had kept us oppressed and I realized that I'd been living my life in a bubble. You know, like when you hear a story of some terrible doing and you think "it can't happen to me." Just because it hasn't happened yet, it

doesn't mean that it never will.

I guess I am beginning to realize that preventing another Montreal massacre can best be achieved by changing attitudes here and now. I never stopped to think that atrocities against women go on all around me in the form of domestic violence and sexual harassment. If I can work with others to put an end to this, I really will be doing my utmost to see that such dramatic acts of violence like the Montreal shootings never happen again.

And so, I am awakened. I still don't consider myself a feminist. Not because I am afraid to be associated with the term. Rather I don't feel I have the right to associate myself with the movement... Not yet anyway.

## Domesticity

Slice, chop, slice, chop. I wipe tears carefully away from my eyes, and try to focus on the fresh onion I am peeling. The firm flesh of the green tomato under the razor-sharp blade seems to allow for it's separation. The bonding of woman to woman in the discussion over work. The act of intentional living. To make chow, it takes such little effort; and the benefits are unending. The next day I go back to my friend's kitchen where she has the chow already boiling. The pungent smell of vinegar and spices fill the air. The smells are so wonderful, like all my olfactory nerve endings are not sure what message to send from the nose to the brain. Later on we sit down to enjoy the fruits of our labour. Enjoying the bonding of our friendship and enjoying the good food. The pure enjoyment of knowing our resourcefulness and our skills of domesticity. All my life I desire to be fully domestic.

Paula Arsenault

## Women And Poverty

By Joan White

We are the women who walk through the grocery store, pick up an item and hold it in our hands. We mentally calculate the cost, cross check it with our budgets--pause--put it back.

We are the women sitting uncomfortably on the bus, because the snow is seeping through the hole in the bottom of our boots and this makes us aware of our tattered coats. Only those who are not poor romanticize poverty and wear ripped jeans in a not so valiant effort to show empathy. Those of us who are truly poor do not want it to show. And most of all, try not to make our burden of poverty our children's burdens.

Flashback: My child's daycare is collecting food to take to the foodbank. We go to the grocery store together so that she

can pick out the items we will donate. She picks up a package of chocolate covered wafers, which are a favourite treat of hers, and suggests we buy them. I tell her that it's a really good idea, but maybe we should get some food that would be good for making a meal. She doesn't understand, so I explain to her that when some people open their cupboards there is nothing there to make supper, they have no money so they go to the food bank to get food. She doesn't know that reality because I have never told her that we are poor...

We walk up our steps carrying our groceries, she looks at me and says, "Mama, lets pretend that we are poor," I ask her how we would we do that? She tells me that we'll pretend that we have no food in our cupboards.

To her this is a game. She doesn't realize that as I look at

her, I am hoping that what we put in the box to be sent to the food bank is not being put in trust for ourselves.

Who are we?

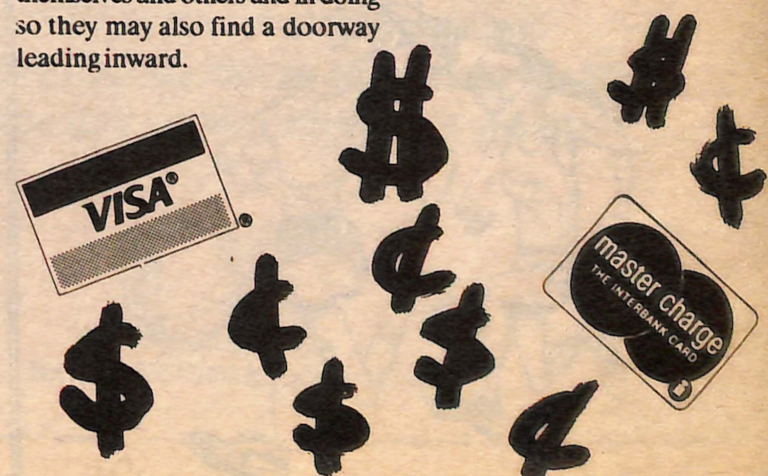
We are the women walking with our heads down, alone and separate. Travelling in our pockets of isolation, ashamed that we cannot give our children what we feel is their due and our responsibility to provide. We are told that it is our own fault that we ended up manless and now we must bear our burden and not complain.

We are the women who must say, "Sorry sweetie, not today, mommy doesn't have the money..." Over and over we make our apologies, a hundred times a day to our children, to our families, to government agencies, to ourselves.

We are the women who are trying to maintain our dignity in

the face of a thousand voices echoing in our ears that tell us that we don't deserve dignity.

We are the women who want our children to grow strong. We will tell our female children that they must love and respect themselves, even though society does not always respect women. We will tell our male children that they must also love and respect themselves and others and in doing so they may also find a doorway leading inward.





# INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY EXTENDED CALENDAR

- March 3 A coffee house hosted by Pandora at Veith House (3115 Veith St.) at 8 p.m.
- March 5 Isabel Shay speaking on Native Women's Issues. Public Archives Building (corner of Robie and University) at 7:30 p.m.
- March 6 Women's Spirituality Night. St. Pat's Alexandra School, 2277 Matiland (A.V. Room) 7-9 p.m.
- March 7 Films at NFB Theatre (1571 Argyle) at 7 p.m. Half the Kingdom; Goddess Remembered; Older, Stronger, Wiser.
- March 8 INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY
- 11:30 am- Cynthia Enloe speaking on "Effects of  
12:30pm: militarization on women" at Dalhousie Law Building.
- 12 Noon- NSCAD presents films: Abortion for Survival; Speak  
2 pm: Body. Also, there will be an information display on women's issues and organizations.
- 12 Noon- Mount St. Vincent University: Benefit Lunch for  
2 pm: Bryony House in Memory of our Sisters who died so tragically in Montreal. At Vinnie's Pub. Tickets (\$5) available at Red Herring Co-op Books and SETON 313, The Mount.
- 3-5:30pm: NFB Theatre: Goddess Remembered; Mother and Daughter on Abortion; To a Safer Place; Black Mother, Black Daughter.
- 7pm: NSCAD presents film: Naked Spaces
- 9pm: Rumours Club (2112 Gottingen) presents a Variety Night.
- March 9 Rally in support of the Morgantaler clinic from 12 - 1 p.m. at the Law Courts on Spring Garden Road.
- March 10 IWD Fair at Bloomfield School (corner of Almon and Agricola)
- 9am: Breakfast
- 9:30-12: Workshops on Women's Issues.
- 12:30pm: IWD March  
1:30- Information displays from women's organizations.  
3:30pm:  
9:00 pm: Women's Day Dance at Veith House (3115 Veith St.)
- March 12 Selma James, "Counting Women's Unremunerated Work", SETON Bldg., The Mount, Auditorium A. 7:30 pm.
- March 13-31 Eye Level Gallery presents two exhibitions by women: Leslie Sampson "X"; Janice Carbert "Dwelling". (2182 Gottingen St.)
- March 14 Centre for Art Tapes presents films and videos by women at Rumours Club at 8:30 p.m.: Night Visions; Covert Action; Reversal; Fragments.
- March 19 Krishna Ahooja-Patel, "Three Immobilities: Women in Development," SETON Bldg., The Mount, Aud A. 7:30pm.
- March 22 NFB Theatre at 7:30 p.m.: Night Visions; Covert Action; Reversal; Fragments.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT: Paula 423-3050  
Nancy 422-3977



# AWARDS BA

## DEPARTMENT AWARDS

### Sister Rose Celestine Prize for French

Awarded in memory of Sister Rose Celestine, a former member of the French Department, to a student in the second year or beyond who has shown the most progress in French.

### Sister Marie Agnes Prize in English

Awarded by the alumnae association to the graduating English major with the highest academic average.

### Sister Francis d'Assisi Prize for History

Awarded to honour Sister Francis d'Assisi, historian and former President of Mount Saint Vincent University, to a graduating student with outstanding work in history, as chosen by the department faculty.

### Maud Crouse Robar Award

Made possible by Becky Robar, a recent graduate and her father, in memory of her mother. This award will be made to a biology major who shows most promise after completion of the second year upon recommendation of the Biology Department.

### Bruce Cochran Writing Award

Awarded by the Nova Scotia Chapter of the Canadian Public Relations Society in memory of Bruce Cochran, former Nova Scotia Minister of Tourism and member of CPRS, to a Public Relations student who has completed a minimum of 10 units and who has demonstrated excellent writing ability in a variety of media as chosen by the department faculty.

### Digital Equipment of Canada Limited Award of Merit

Awarded annually to the student enrolled in the computer studies program with the highest academic performance as chosen by the department faculty.

### The Sara Elizabeth Phillips Memorial Prize in Mathematics

Awarded annually to an outstanding mathematics student on the recommendation of the mathematics department.

### The Bernice L. Chisholm Award in Religious Studies

The Award will be made to a student majoring in Religious Studies who has completed at least three units of Religious Studies at Mount Saint Vincent University and has demonstrated high academic achievement. The student will be recommended by the Religious Studies Department for such qualities as integrity of character, interest and competence in the discipline, concern for people and social involvement.

### The Society of Management Accountants of Nova Scotia Award

Awarded annually to a business administration student entering her or his graduating year and concentrating in accounting. The recipient will be chosen upon recommendation of the business administration faculty.

### International Association of Business Communicators Award

### Graduating Sociology Student Prize

Awarded annually to the graduating student with outstanding work in Sociology, as chosen by the departmental faculty.

### Home Economics Departmental Award

A prize awarded to a student who has given community service demonstrating the use of Home Economics knowledge to assist people in enhancing their daily lives.

### Superior Performance in Introductory Psychology

### Achievement in the Honours Psychology Award

### Psychology Department Award for Achievement in BA program

## STUDENT PRESIDENT

The recipients of these awards are chosen by the President of the Student Union.

### President's Award

An award presented to a member of the Student Union for exemplary performance in the University.

### President's Recognition Award

This award is granted to a person who has made a significant contribution to the student body to a degree which is recognized by the Student Union.

## "A Salute to US"



Friday March 30 1990

Reception and Cash Bar  
Rosaria Terrace  
6:00 pm

Dinner  
Multipurpose Room  
7:00 pm

Dance  
Vinnie's Lounge  
afterward



# BANQUET 1990

## STUDENT UNION PRESIDENT'S AWARDS

The recipients of these awards are selected at the sole discretion of the President of the Student Union.

### President's Award

An award presented to a member of the student body who has demonstrated exemplary performance in the field of student life at Mount Saint Vincent University.

### President's Recognition Award

This award is granted to a person who exceeds his or her duties as a member of the student body to a degree deemed commendable by the president of the Student Union.

## NOMINATED AWARDS

### Student Union - Alumnae Leadership Award

Designed to recognize outstanding student leadership contributing to the quality of student life at the university. A cash prize is presented annually to the recipient by the president of the Alumnae Association and by the academic vice president of the Student Union. Part-time and full-time students in any year or program are eligible for the award. Selection is based on activity characterized by accomplishment, dedication, participation and guidance to others.

### Council Pins

Given to people that have made outstanding contributions to university life in more than one area for more than one year. Only under extreme circumstances will one year involvement by an individual or exceptional involvement in one area be considered.

### Council Certificates

Given to people that have made a significant contribution in at least one area.

### Graduate Pins

Given to those few individuals that have contributed to student and university life in more than one area over the course of their years at the Mount. Only graduating students are eligible.

### Student Affairs Award

Given to a student that has proven to be an exceptional leader and has taken an active role in various activities at the Mount. The following criteria must be considered when suggesting your nominee:

- student in at least third year
- significant contribution to the overall quality of student life at Mount Saint Vincent University
- shown leadership and active participation in a wide variety of areas (e.g. athletics/academic achievement, student societies, residence hall staff, chaplaincy team, recreation, Mount Student Assistants, Community Services, etc.) throughout university career
- has demonstrated through actions concern for the interest and well-being of others.

While students holding office will not be excluded from consideration, Student Affairs will give consideration as well to those who have shown leadership but are not necessarily in high profile positions. Please pick up the nomination forms at the Student Affairs Offices in Rosaria and return them by March 16<sup>th</sup> 1990

## ATHLETIC AWARDS

### Badminton

Most Improved Player, Most Valuable Player

### Basketball (men's)

Most Improved Player, Most Valuable Player

### Volleyball

Most Improved Player, Most Valuable Player

### Cross Country

Most Valuable Player

### Soccer

Most Improved Player, Most Valuable Player

### Student / Athlete Award

"Windsor Flash" Trophy

### Coach of the Year

### Athlete of the Year

NSCC Championship Banners, Trophies  
All Conference winners

Margaret Ellis Award for outstanding Leadership in Recreation

## COST

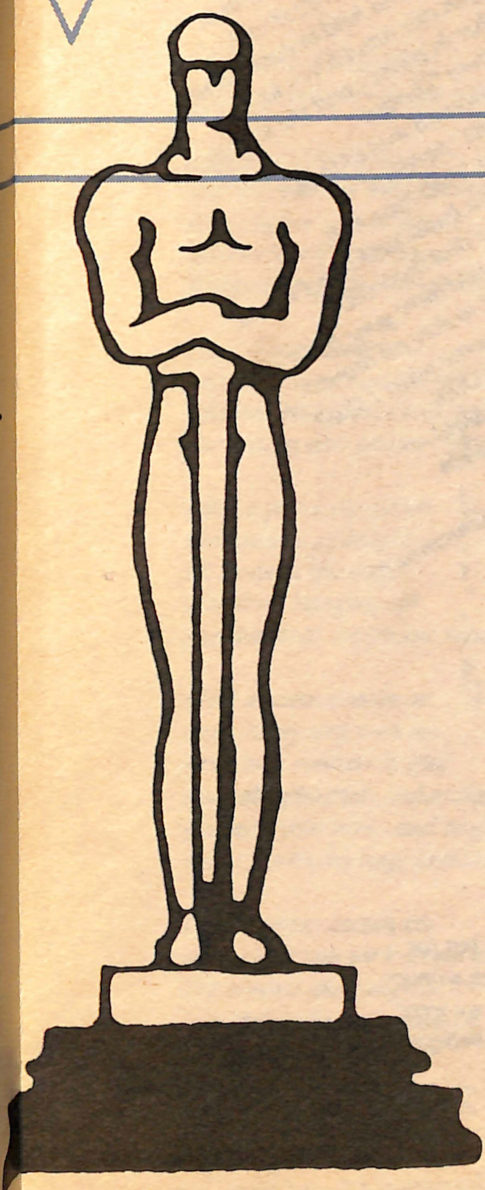
\$ 8.00 with Meal Plan

\$ 10.00 without Meal Plan

Tickets on sale at the Student Union office  
March 12<sup>th</sup>

## NOMINATIONS

Nominations for all awards not selected by faculty or athletics open on March 1<sup>st</sup> 1990 and close Friday March 16<sup>th</sup> 1990 at 3pm. Nomination forms can be picked up at the Student Union Office, 4th floor Rosaria, the Information desk in Rosaria and the reception desk in Seton. All nomination forms must be sent to Tolson Smith in the Student Union office unless otherwise stated.



to US All"

March 30 1990

and Cash Bar  
ria Terrace  
:00 pm

Dinner  
urpose Room  
:00 pm

Dance  
e's Lounge  
terward



## De-Mocracy

so they say we're free  
in this democracy  
they say we're lucky  
we've got it all  
the capitalist dream  
the emancipation scheme.

they say we're free  
in this democracy  
when half of humankind  
cannot speak  
when our bodies, our hearts,  
our minds are confined  
when the state enchains  
dictates and names.

they say we're free  
in this democracy  
so they legislate, they democratize,  
they fill our heads with  
relentless lies  
they smile, they cry  
while they look us in the eye  
and take away our freedom  
a freedom they deny.

they say we're free  
in this democracy  
so what do you do  
in this state that's corrupt  
when premiers and mp's refuse to give up.

what can you do  
when your cries go unheard  
when justice is played  
like a monopoly game  
and bigotry reigns at the cost of women's pain.

they say we're free  
in this democracy  
they say we're free  
in this democracy.

Lorene

## Poetry on a Computer

I'll sing you a lullaby  
a crazy hazy song of songs  
to spin and win the echoes of my world.

I'll speak to you of passion  
red hot and molten  
dripping and lost the echoes of my mind.

I'll shout to you of secrets  
bold and retold to me in sin  
glistening in the echoes of my soul.

I'll cry to you of memories  
haunting and emblazoned  
in the dim and long echoes of my mind.

I'll hum to you my epitaph  
of a life lived for life  
a song that will echo forever in the universe.

By Paula Arsenault

November 1989

## Afire

My stomach burns  
in a knowing

My life aflame  
I do know

This life of mine is mine  
I try not to know

The stomach burns a slow  
Flickering flame

and the tears drip tiny drops  
of knowing on my hands

By Paula Arsenault

The bridge between  
humankind and animals  
is truly declared in  
pain and death

NO  
to the endless  
suffering of animals  
cruel testing, automobile callousness  
human maliciousness

NO  
to wearing fur  
senseless slaughter  
in the name of vanity

NO  
to meat-eating  
flesh as it drips  
with life-less blood

While animals are forced to live  
in cages

NO life / NO life  
NO life

Death tastes sweeter  
to those who have  
no choice

bridging gaps between  
women's oppression / race oppression  
class oppression

animal oppression

I'm selling my leather now.

Lorene

Mother and Daughter  
Ink wash drawing  
50.7 x 65.8 cm  
1980

a mothers thoughts  
and still it rings  
with strength  
and warmth  
your laughter  
fills another day  
tho' only memory now  
with quiet expectancy  
your beauty gloves  
and i'm only  
too well aware  
others now notice  
my memory  
of yes too often  
you held it  
from caressing your shoulders  
every gleaming thread  
your hair  
now memory too  
your fragrance  
lingered  
not too long  
I wonder on who's air  
it rests tonight  
will it too  
remain a memory  
each breath in hope  
and soon  
perhaps you'll return  
just long enough  
to revive my memory

by vickie

"I saw a woman sleeping in her  
sleep. She dreamt life stood  
before her, and held in each hand  
a gift - in one hand love - in  
the other freedom - and she said to  
the woman "choose."  
And the woman waited long  
and she said "freedom"  
and life said "thou hast well  
chosen. If thou hadst said love I would  
have given thee that thou didst  
ask for and I would have gone from  
thee and returned to thee no more.  
Now, the day will come when I shall  
return - in that day I shall  
bear both gifts in one hand - "  
I heard the woman laugh in  
her sleep.

- Olive Schremer -

"One must write not only for oneself, but for  
others. For those far - away, unknown women  
who will live then. Let them see that we were  
not heroines or heroes at all. But we believed  
passionately and ardently."

- Alexandra Kollontai -



I wanna close my eyes  
and dream of loving  
you  
Doin' all those things  
we aren't supposed to  
do

Woman -  
I say the word out loud  
rolling off my tongue  
through my lips

Woman -  
I say it slowly  
with ease  
with grace  
deliberately  
no fear  
no shame  
no one ever to blame

Woman -  
smells  
filter past my face  
smooth skin  
touching

smooth skin

I remember

re - member

I wanna close my eyes  
and dream of lov -  
you

Woman

I say yes

Woman

I say yes

Woman

I say

Lorene

I Love You Crazy Mary  
(a poem for mary at the ardmore tearoom)

I feel a poem comin on  
says the woman with the black neck--  
a bag full of sacred objects  
falls between her breasts.  
Keeps me safe and keeps me calm

I feel a poem comin on  
says the saggy breasted woman  
with her black neck and bag of stones  
she moans and crunes and cries

I feel a poem comin on  
she squeals in delight  
all through the night  
with it all hanging out  
she shouts at the moon Aroo--

I feel a poem comin on  
crazy Mary sing with me  
write love sonnets in glee  
and talk gibberish and make the world squirm  
you with your bows and bags  
and I with my bags and breasts.

I feel a poem comin on  
and coming on we kareem and swoon and clasp  
our breasts and laugh at the world  
and the squirmy people on the bus  
"Crazy Mary I love you!"  
cries the black necked saggy breasted woman  
and a poem came ah.

By Paula Arsenault

February 1990

Comes the Dawn

After awhile you learn the subtle difference  
between holding a hand and chaining a soul;  
and you learn, that love doesn't mean leaning,  
and company doesn't mean security,  
and you begin to learn kisses aren't  
contracts

and presents aren't promises  
and you begin to accept your defeats with  
your head up  
and your eyes open  
with the grace of a women, not the  
grief of a child

And you learn to build all your roads  
on today because tomorrow's ground  
is too uncertain for plans  
and futures have a way of falling down  
in mid-flight

After a while you learn that even sunshine  
burns, if you get too much  
so you plant your garden and  
decorate your soul,  
instead of waiting for someone to bring you

flowers  
and you learn  
you can really endure  
that you really are strong  
and you learn  
and learn....

author unknown

Marjorie

(Waiting on the sidewalk after Church for May and Katherine)

A timid spirit nestles in the robust frame.  
Large clumsy hands pat white curls in to place  
For her old customers

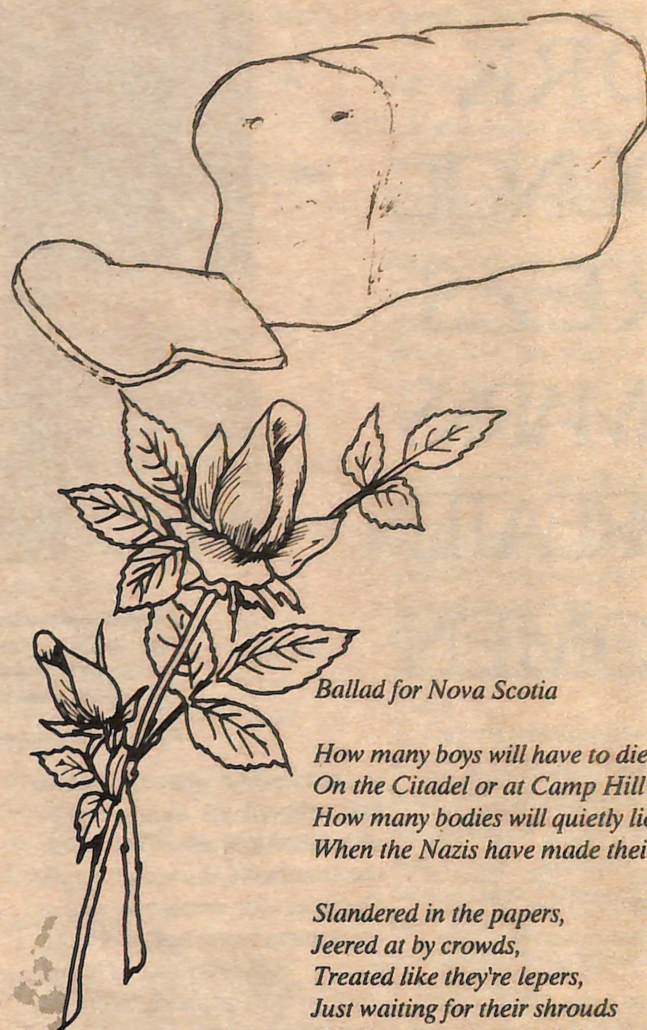
Breast gone - doctor said  
She's not pretty anyway.  
No one will care.  
An arm crippled with pain  
Pats the white curls into place.

Women together in their last years  
Have outlived their men.  
So much decorum  
Never touching, but always together  
Those women.

Majorie and her Harlequins  
May and her Christian readings  
Katherine and her cigarettes

Together on the sidewalk after church

By Jennifer James



Ballad for Nova Scotia

How many boys will have to die,  
On the Citadel or at Camp Hill?  
How many bodies will quietly lie,  
When the Nazis have made their kill?

Slandered in the papers,  
Jeered at by crowds,  
Treated like they're lepers,  
Just waiting for their shrouds  
Our laws to protect or fellowmen,  
Cover colours, faiths and creeds,  
Except of course for these gay men,  
For we do not count their deeds.

Chorus:

When the bashers want a victim,  
There's no safe hiding place,  
Will we turn aside to notice them,  
Or will we fail the human race?  
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,  
Human beings in every way,  
All they ask is to be left alone,  
In their love, their work and their play.

Chorus:

Christ Himself broke bread with sinners,  
He befriended a known whore,  
He had harsher words for the winners,  
Who turned His temple into a store.  
For a whore at least is honest,  
Which is more than some can say.  
"Fake Christians" in their Sunday-best,  
Who spit on the lesbian and gay.

Chorus:

Chorus: Slow Tempo

By Annette Chaisson

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# SEXISM: YORK COUNCIL PREZS REMARKS THREATEN WOMEN



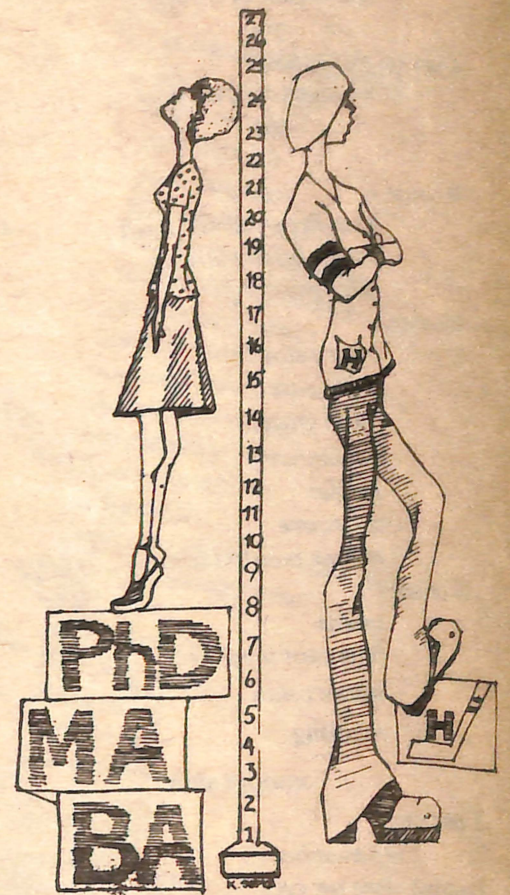
*Pre mediated Vandalism*  
Since August 1989 the Women's Studies board on 5th floor Seton has been systematically vandalized. The latest attack was an attempt to obliterate the name of the department. Anti feminist sentiments at a woman's university why?

Photo by Jennifer James

TORONTO (CUP) -- Outraged members of York's women's centre are calling for the impeachment of the student council president after he said a centre member deserves a slap in the face. In an interview with a campus newspaper, Peter Donato said a woman from the centre is an ass...arrogant and deserves a swift kick in the butt. He said the woman from the centre -- which is currently negotiating with the council for funding -- comes in and demands the world. She deserves a slap in the face, he continued. Women's centre representatives say Donato's comments are sexist and threatening. The woman Donato was referring to said she was shaken up by the remarks. She asked not to be identified, and declined to comment further. Kyla Tompkins, a member of the women's centre, said Donato's

remarks prove what the centre has believed all along: He is unbelievably sexist. She says the comments show an overall disrespect for women as well as the women's centre and an obvious fear. Tompkins said if York students were properly informed, Donato would be impeached. I think he is an embarrassment to this university, she said. Women's centre representatives say Donato has been patronizing throughout the negotiations. In January, he told them, We don't like to play the role of babysitter with any of our organizations. Donato is shrugging off the complaints, saying he doesn't consider them threatening. She is a bitch to me, so I'm being a bitch to her, he said. University of Toronto women's centre co-ordinator, Sharon Lewis, said an elected representative making a comment like this is appalling.

She said such comments perpetuate a sexist stereotype of the way women should interact with men: that they shouldn't be assertive or demanding and an appropriate response to that kind of behaviour is a violent one. Lewis said that because sexism doesn't affect men's daily lives they don't see it as a problem. That's why money is needed for women's centres, she said. This clarifies why York University needs a women's centre, she said. Who else is going to do the work to address this type of blatant sexism when it comes from an elected representative who is supposed to represent all students.



## International Women's Day Benefit Lunch

in support of  
Bryony House

Thursday, March 8,  
Noon to 2 pm,

Vinnie's Pub, Mount Saint Vincent University

Tickets are available for \$5 at:  
Women's Studies Department  
Rm 313, Seton Academic Centre,  
Mount Saint Vincent University  
and  
Red Herring Co-op Books  
1555 Granville Street  
Halifax, N.S.

A benefit event dedicated to the  
memory of our sisters  
who died so tragically in Montreal.

Sponsored by Versa Services,  
the Mount Saint Vincent University Women's  
Studies Society and the Student Union.



Listen to *Spinsters on Air*  
CKDU 97.5 FM on Saturdays, noon to 2:30 pm.

### RESIDENT ASSISTANT POSITIONS

AVAILABLE

1990-1991 ACADEMIC YEAR

"DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE ELSE AND  
YOURSELF."

APPLICATIONS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE  
HOUSING OFFICE ROOM 119, ROSARIA.

## "A Gathering of Men"

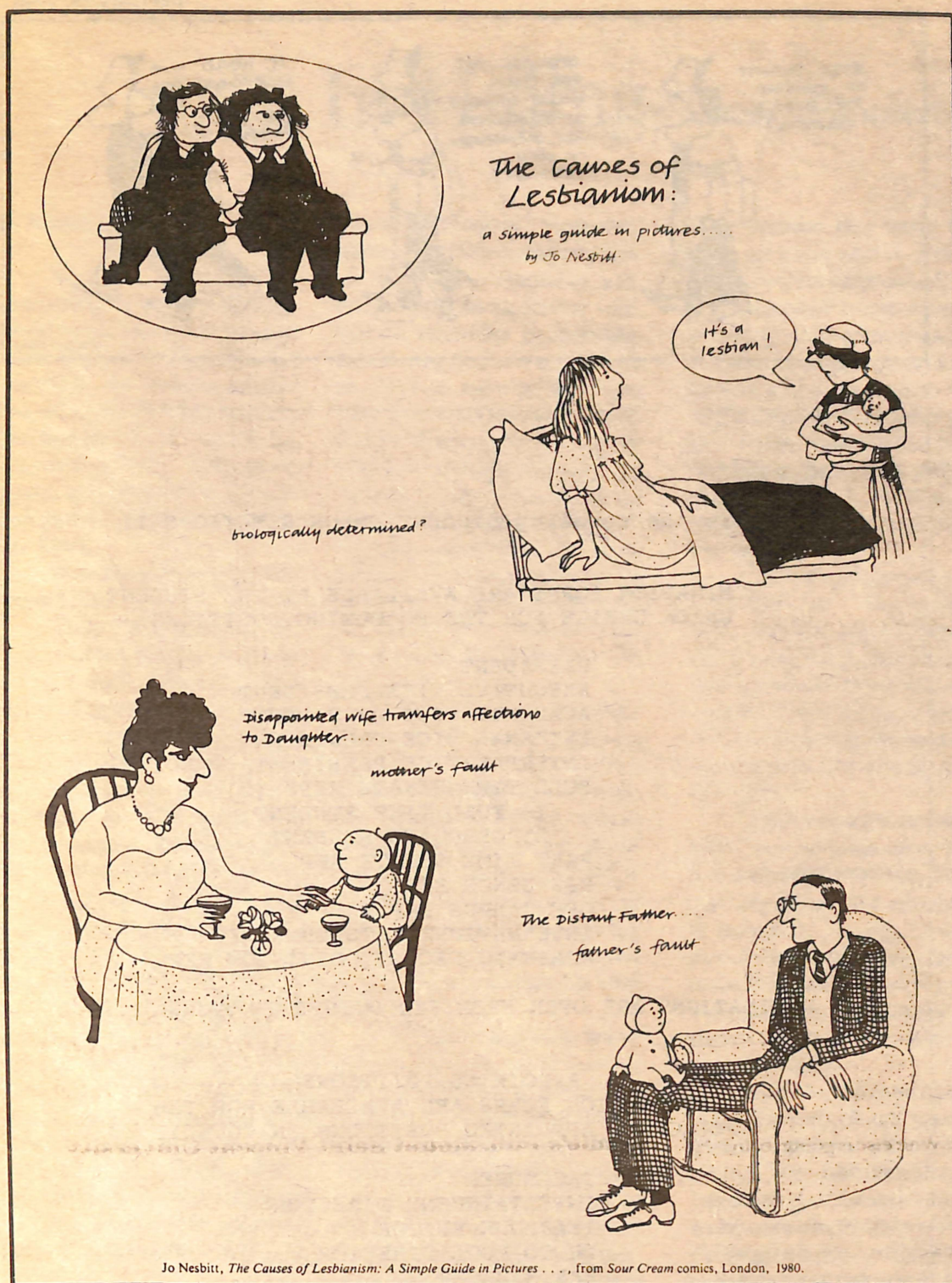
A film about men's socialization in North America by Robert Bly and Bill Moyers

Monday, March 5, 7:30 p.m. Dalhousie Students' Union Building, room 224

### SCHOLARSHIPS:

Please check the Mount calendar for scholarships available for 1990-91. Applications (if required) can be obtained from the Financial Aid Office, Rosaria 119. Deadline for applications - May 15, 1990. There are also scholarships available from outside sources. All scholarships are listed on the bulletin board outside the Financial Aid Office, Rosaria. Deadlines vary.





## Doctor, You're on Your Own

By Susan Flemming

Dear Diary,

Oct 2, 1984

I just got back from my psychiatrists. I became violent today and hurled the kleenex box across the room. Then I sat remorsefully in my chair and imagined the pieces of tissue were doves as he picked them ceremoniously from the rug. "Here you might need these. It's very healthy you can express what you are feeling. Don't worry, everything you do or say in here is confidential unless you feel like killing someone." "Doctor I could strangle you right now," I said. I thought that might get to him. "Better to express your anger than take it out on yourself," he crossed his legs and smoothed the creases in his pants.

He sat there with his wise eyes that reminded me of an alligator, skimming the surface of a dark and reedy pond. With his years of experience, he can navigate the swamp better than me. "You're getting better. When you first came in here you were spitting nickels." Kleenex boxes are cheaper to hurl I wanted to remind him. He looked so self-satisfied and in control I couldn't argue with him. His wife brought him coffee every three hours with a calendar stamped on the cup. I wished I could have talked with her. She kept him on track. She's such a smiling, fulfilled woman she'd make you croak. I couldn't help wondering how many times they had sex. Yesterday I ran into her downtown with a baton of french bread in one hand and a carton of cream in the other.

Nov 3, 1984

I spent the whole hour raging at him and hurling expletives. After that I locked myself in his bathroom and cried for an hour. I didn't care if the other patients wet their pants waiting. He wants me to imagine my parents on a movie screen with me controlling the projector. I can blur the focus, make them the size of a postage stamp. I could even pretend I was walking on them for a change.

Nov 13, 1984.

My mother assured me I had been a troubled teenager and she was glad I lived long enough to outgrow my suicidal tendencies. Mothers always win. They are worse than psychiatrists for wanting to be in control. I visited a guru who was in town from India.

He told me seeing a psychiatrist is unnecessary. I should be my own boss. He wants me to go to India with him and become enlightened. Airfare included in the \$5,000 deal.

Dec 16, 1984

I wrote my doctor after my uplifting experience and told him I was semi-enlightened already and didn't need his services any longer. He wrote me back and told me it was a shame to end our association on this hasty note. I wanted to ask him if he had latent masochistic tendencies, wanting me so badly for his patient. Maybe he's falling behind in his car payments and needs more income.

Jan 14, 1985

His secretary called and booked me for the same day as my job interview. I had to cancel.

Jan 15, 1985

Reading "Letters to a Young Poet" by Rainer Maria Rilke. He refused to be psychoanalyzed claiming, "Don't take my demons else you'll take my angels as well."

Jan 16, 1985

I wish someone would handle my mother. She keeps bringing up my father. She wished she had let him go live in the woods a long time ago and not forced him to look after her and the children. She can't wait until I get married. She wants me to move into a neater apartment to improve my chances of catching the right man. (Just when I was getting a handle on the way to placate the skeletons in the family closet).

Feb 23, 1990

His wife met him in the hallway with his coffee in the same cup. How disgusting. He hasn't changed his mug for months. I told him about the dream I had launching a rowboat into a little stream and heading for the open sea. He thought I had some story-telling ability worth developing.

February 29, 1990  
He's likely bored with some of his patients and appreciates sparring with an original mind.

Feb 3, 1985

I don't care if I meet a man for as long as I live. I'd like to send my psychiatrist, my mother and my ex-husband on a cruise together across the atlantic in a rubber life raft.

Feb 16, 1985

I'm going to leave the doctor on an authoritative note. I booked an hours appointment for next wednesday at 9 am. I've been rehearsing all week what I'm going to tell him. I'm trying to find the least sarcastic tone. When I called his office to book the appointment (to appease my guilt for leaving him without warning) he answered: "Oh Marcia I've been missing your lively tales. We must get together soon."

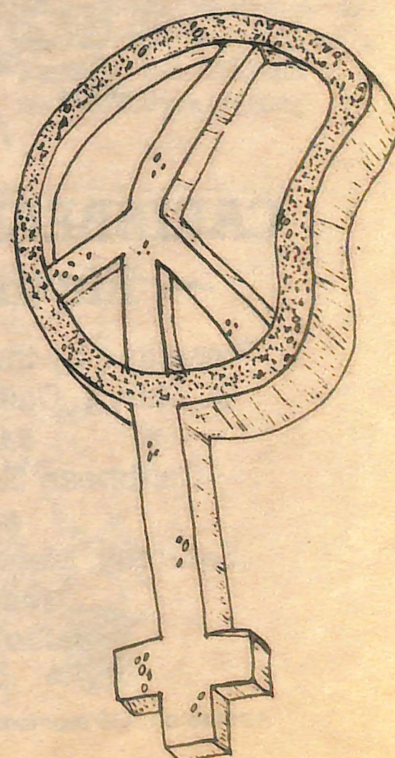
I wanted to tell him it took a big effort to haul myself out of my mood-ridden state every month to come and see him. We ended the session early and I shook his hand warmly and handed him a note to commemorate our final session.

Dear Doctor Hedges:

I think it's time you started looking for another source of amusement. I don't get paid for this. From now on Doctor you're on your own.

Marcia.

Yes. We must get together soon."





# MSVU Marketing Society Presents: Bowling Tournament

Friday, March 2

4:00-6:00pm

Bayers Road Bowlarama

\$5.00 includes shoes

Everyone will be placed on a team by the event coordinator. People may request to play together. Fees should be paid in advance of event. Register at the Athletic Recreation Office in Rosaria or the Marketing Society's table in Seton.  
ALL MSVU STUDENTS & COMMUNITY WELCOME

## CARIBANZA '90



## CARIBBEAN POT POURRI — Rhythm and Rhyme

Presented by the Caribbean Societies of:  
St. Mary's, Dalhousie & Mt. St. Vincent  
Universities  
Caribbean Cuisine, Cultural Show  
and Dance  
Saturday, March 3rd, 1990 at 7:30 p.m.  
McInnis Room  
Dalhousie University

Admission: \$10 member

\$12 non-member

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FOR OFFICE,  
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AS DEPARTMENT  
REP, OMBUDSPERSON  
OR EVEN  
PRESIDENT.



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LOOK GOOD  
ON A  
RESUME,  
WOULDN'T IT?



Graphic/Sheet

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in the upcoming STUDENT UNION ELECTIONS ?

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- EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT
- ACADEMIC VICE-PRESIDENT
- EXTERNAL VICE-PRESIDENT
- INTERNAL VICE PRESIDENT
- FULL TIME SENATE REPS (2):
  - 1) FULL TIME STUDENT
  - 2) GRADUATE STUDENT
- PART TIME SENATE REP
- RESIDENCE REP
- OFF CAMPUS REP
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- ACADEMIC FACULTY DIVISION REP

NOMINATIONS ARE OPEN FROM FEB 9, 1990 TO MARCH 2, 1990

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APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FOR THE  
FOLLOWING APPOINTED POSITIONS ON COUNCIL:

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- ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR
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- PHOTO-POOL DIRECTOR
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- CORNER STORE MANAGER
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- WINTER CARNIVAL CHAIRPERSON
- ORIENTATION CHAIRPERSON
- SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

APPLICATIONS ARE AVAILABLE FROM MAR 2, 1990 TO MAR 23, 1990

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Vinnies' Pub  
Thursday, March 15  
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# Still In Hiding

## Women and Alcohol

By Michelle Towill

Woman is doomed to immorality, because for her to be moral would mean that she must incarnate a being of superhuman qualities: the virtuous woman Proverbs, the "perfect mother", the "honest woman," and so on. Let her but think, dream, sleep, desire, breathe without permission and she portrays the masculine ideal.

Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*)

There is nothing so disgusting as a drunk woman. In men it is bad but in woman it is just plain sickening. How often have we heard these statements and more importantly, how often have we stopped and taken a few moments to think about the unfairness inherent in the words? All alcoholics suffer a negative social stigma attached to them but in women the stigma is far more devastating in that she has stepped out of "her place" in society. She has forsaken her assigned sex role as nurturer to become in her own eyes and in the eyes of others a social and moral reject. The importance in addressing this issue cannot be overstated. If women find it impossible to live up to imposed societal roles, then alcoholic women are doomed to outrageous failure.

In a society which thrives on alcohol as a social function and sanctifies its use as a means for "loosening up", those afflicted with the disease of alcoholism are in for a very rough time. Our stereotypical view of alcoholics and, in particular, our image of the female alcoholic has devastating ramifications for those needing and receiving help. What is the image we think of? A woman alone in her bathrobe taking out the whisky bottle after the kids have gone to school? Perhaps it is the image of the promiscuous woman who has allowed her sexu-

ality to run rampant? More than likely, one of these images comes to mind. The ignorance and misconceptions associated with women alcoholics is appalling considering there are millions of us. Women more so than men hide their addiction because of societal disapproval and lack of tolerance towards women who "drink to much." Our inability to live up to the ideals expected of us causes great shame, guilt and feelings of worthlessness. Of course no woman wants to admit her problem when to do so means she is morally irreprehensible and not "a lady."

Every alcoholic has their own story to tell when speaking of their active alcoholism but what binds us together are the common feelings we alcoholic women have experienced. Hopefully, by telling a little of my story I will be able to dispel some of the myths concerning women and alcohol and perhaps reach someone who thinks she has a problem with alcohol.

I, while an active alcoholic, never lost a job, never lost my family, never went to prison and managed somewhat miraculously to obtain a bachelor degree. What I did lose was something far worse—myself. I come from a middle class family and did not experience anything which is not common for all women. Like many women, I suffered from a low self-esteem and consistently saw myself through the eyes of others. My drinking began when I was seventeen, in grade twelve and working part-time at a coffee shop. I was extremely self-conscious all my life and working at a job where sexual, verbal abuse was a part of the reality, added tremendously to my problem. Men would come in and leer at me, make comments about how good or how not so good I looked and suggestively try and ask me out.

They did this to the "young

ones" because they knew they could get a way with it. Being a woman, you are unfortunately told to be "a nice girl" to everyone and to politely refuse offers from men no matter how obnoxiously asked because you don't want to hurt their feelings and risk losing your job. I worked there for five years. We women put up with the abuse, feeling it is our duty and moral obligation to make everyone happy.

The first time I drank I had a memory loss. The morning after, confused and ashamed, I quickly grabbed the telephone to find out what had happened, what I had done, who saw me, what did I say, etc. Drinking was the worse act a person like myself could have done.

It allowed escape for a short while only to bring more self-hate and self-destruction. From that very first drink I was unable to control it. I went through mental and emotional torture for the next six years. I never drank every day or every week but the minute I picked up a drink it took control of me.

Because of societal images of the alcoholic I found no relief from my isolation. Many people may say, "Why didn't she just stop?" I could not do it because I did not understand why I could not drink like everyone else. I did not want to feel any more alienated from the mainstream than I already did.

After a year of drinking sporadically and waking up with bruises I did not know how I received, I decided I was sick. I went to my doctor who referred me to a psychiatrist, who when I told him what happened to me when I drank, dismissed it and asked me about my mother. He did not tell me I might be an alcoholic with predisposed tendencies combined with cultural factors to produce my inability to control what I drank while drinking. Nor did he ask me why I was

drinking. Neither did he suggest any form of therapy in regards to alcohol. So I left there worse than when I arrived because I was convinced there must be something terrible about me to cause this trauma.

The problem was I had no knowledge of the disease of alcoholism and was not dealing with the causes of the drinking but the effects. It was only when someone told me I had a choice as to how I wanted to live when I said I am an alcoholic. Feelings of powerlessness over life has tremendous effects on women. That I am alive and even typing this article is a miracle considering 96 per cent of alcoholics never even make it to recovery. Most are killed in car accidents, fires causing deaths because a person forgot to blow out the candles or passed out on a bed with a burning cigarette. Others commit suicide thinking they are insane and unable to "fit in". Only 3 per cent of alcoholics make it to recovery and the remaining 1 per cent are in mental institutions with a wet brain.

Women alcoholics have special needs which have to be addressed and implemented. One third of the alcoholic population are women. Because of the unfair social stigma attached to female alcoholics, many are still hiding and thus the actual number is probably much higher. Women often do not receive help for a number of preventable reasons. Mothers may feel the stigma of being labelled alcoholic will risk their children being taken away from them by the courts. The families of the alcoholic may not want her to "go public" because it would cause embarrassment. Often alcoholism is misdiagnosed for a psychiatric disorder. Often working women combine alcohol addiction with tranquillizer prescribed for women to "settle their nerves." Unfortunately the list goes on.

A recent report on women and alcohol found a number of obstacles in the treatment of women. Women and the causes and effects of alcohol has had little attention. The gatekeepers of society do not receive enough education in the areas of alcoholism pertaining to women. The media has not been used as an effective means of dispelling the myth surrounding alcoholism. There are no half-way houses in the Halifax area for women alcoholics. No treatment centres have any childcare facilities for the women seeking help. The facts I have given you are available in the Women's Resource Centre in the Lord Nelson Building on the fifth floor. If you think you may have a problem phone the Nova Scotia Commission on Drug Dependency and they will be able to give you some alternative means for help. You have to stop drinking and then work on everything else.

Yes, there are alcoholic housewives, just as there are alcoholic students, professors, service workers, mothers, doctors, lawyers, artists, writers and just about any others you can think of. It is imperative that we break the women alcoholic myth in order for people to receive help. Alcoholism should not simply be related to the "wino of the street"; the "promiscuous women" and the "alcoholic housewife". Many women experience their alcoholism differently. Some limit themselves to two drinks everyday and others could be like me—becoming extremely intoxicated when they drink. There are several different ways of alcoholic drinking. Alcoholism is rampant in all social classes and affects all types of women. To become caught up in the definition ignores the basic question we tend not to ask in a society which condones alcohol—why are you drinking?

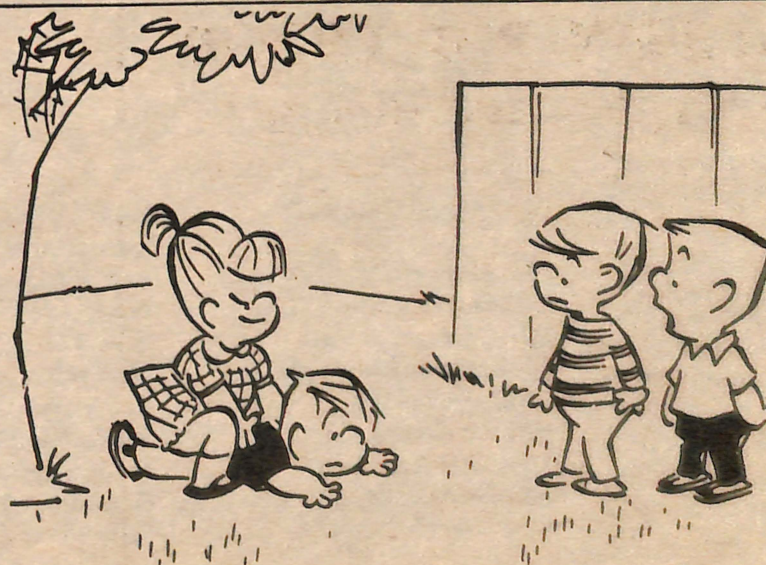
## The Final Answer

By Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 1892

Submitted by Mary Jardine

Nothing strengthens the judgement and quickens the conscience like individual responsibility. Nothing adds such dignity to character as the recognition of one's self-sovereignty; the right to an equal place, everywhere conceded—a place earned by personal merit, not an artificial attainment by inheritance, wealth, family and position.

Conceding, then, that the responsibilities of life rest equally on man and woman, that their destiny is the same, they need the same preparation for time and eternity. The talk of sheltering woman from the fierce storms of life is the sheerest mockery, for they beat on her from every point of the compass, just as they do no man, and with more fatal results, for he has been trained to protect himself, to resist, and to conquer. Such are the facts in human experience, the responsibilities of individual sovereignty.



"I guess it takes a few more years before they find out they're the weaker sex."





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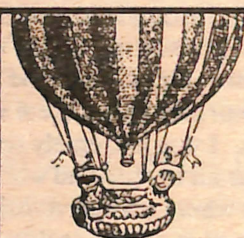
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