

DISPLAY

broadsheet

new zealand's feminist magazine

TEACHERS COLLEGES

July 1978 no 61

90 cents

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Another Year Older — Broadsheet Celebrates

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Women Win Rape Trial in France



Six years of the Women's Liberation Movement — What have women won?

Registered at the GPO, Wellington, as a magazine

Fronting up

Office

Office hours for *Broadsheet* are:

Mon — Thurs: 9.00am — 3.00pm.

Friday: 9.00am — 12 noon.

It is best to ring first to check that someone will be there, as we are sometimes out and about. It is also possible that someone will be there after 3.00 pm.

Phone: 794-751

Address: 65 Victoria St West, City.
(Just above Albert Street).

Please note our new phone number. It is in the Auckland phone book under *Broadsheet Magazine* in case you forget.

New Subscription Rates

One year (10 issues) of *Broadsheet* costs \$8.00 in New Zealand.

One year (10 issues) of *Broadsheet* costs \$10.50 anywhere overseas by surface mail. Airmail by arrangement.

One copy of *Broadsheet* bought on a newsstand costs 90 cents. So it's worthwhile subscribing! Don't forget that your sister, mother, aunt, friend or daughter might like a gift subscription, too.

Grapevine

There is no Grapevine at the back of *Broadsheet* this month because we are updating current listings. Every group listed in the June issue has been written to and asked to confirm or alter their listing, as appropriate. If you belong to a feminist group which is not listed, please send us your name, address and phone number by August 1 so that we can include you in the September listing.

August issue

There is no August issue, so don't be surprised/worried when one doesn't appear. We take a break in February.

and August to allow our largely voluntary staff to recuperate. See you in September.

Now we are six

Broadsheet began publication in July 1972. In those days you got six side-stapled pages for 15 cents. In 1973 the magazine got bigger (20 pages) and the price went up (to 20 cents). In July 1974 it left the small side-stapled format and became the 40 page professionally-produced magazine you know today. At this point all work on the magazine was still voluntary. In 1976 *Broadsheet* was able to employ two women on a part-time basis, and in 1977 a third woman joined the part-time staff. Between them these three women have responsibility for the office work connected with the three major parts of the magazine — business, editorial and technical. All the rest of the work on *Broadsheet* (and there is lots) continues to be voluntary.

We think we must have set some sort of N.Z. publishing record. We're not out to make a profit, of course. Our only financial dream is to be able to one day pay *all* the women who work for *Broadsheet* a decent rate for their work. To be able to pay for poems and pictures as well as the bare essentials like postage and power bills. We don't measure success in financial terms, but in the numbers of women we reach and stimulate with feminist ideas.

At a time when several non-sectarian political magazines have started big and collapsed, we think that *Broadsheet's* small beginnings but steady growth is a sign of success — not just for the magazine, but for the feminist message.

In this issue we have made a special point of recalling the beginnings of *Broadsheet* and the birth of the Women's Liberation Movement. It's a time for celebration and reflection. Looking at where we've been and where we go from here. Happy Birthday to us all!

New Advertising Rates

From September *Broadsheet* advertising rates will increase. The new rates are \$2.00 per column centimetre for a two column page, and \$1.33 per column centimetre for a three column page. A full page costs \$85, a half page \$46.50 and a quarter page \$23.45. These rates are still cheap, and because we don't carry much advertising the ads really stand out. We would really appreciate it if readers in a position to do so could recommend us to advertisers — and keep down the cost to you and to us. We also try and advertise the things you'll be interested in — books, films, records, travel, jobs, etc.

Our classified rate has also gone up slightly, but at 45 cents a line a classified ad in *Broadsheet* is still good value. Advertising deadlines are the 10th of each month for the following month, i.e. ads for the September issue should reach us by August 10.

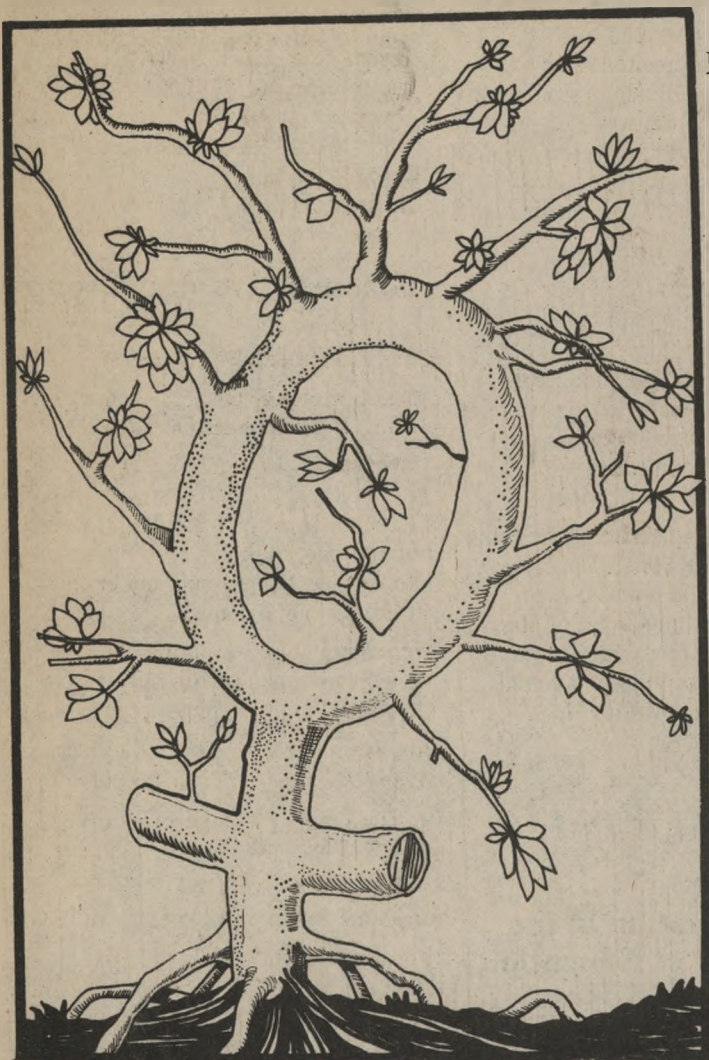
Chairs

The floor of the office is hard and cold and uncomfortable. We know, because some of us have had to sit on it recently as there aren't enough chairs when we have meetings with more than six women. So if you have any spare chairs, please think of us. Give us a ring about arranging collection or delivery.

Files

The *Broadsheet* files are a subject for despair. None of the office staff have time to keep them up properly. At present there is a whole box of newspaper clippings waiting to be filed. There is a mine of useful information in there which writers could make good use of, but first it has to be rendered retrievable. Does anyone out there have the time and inclination to fix up our files? The work could be done at home. Please give us a ring if you'd like to know what is involved.

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women

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Broadsheet is on file at the Women's Collection, Special Collections Department, Northwestern University Library, Evanston, Illinois 60201, U.S.A.

These women worked on this issue: Val Cole, Rosemary Curl, Christine Dann, Marianne Doczi, Rachala Landon-Lane, Anne Parsons, Jill Ranstead, Rosemary Ronald, Annie Tuck, Jean Volkerling, Anne Woodley, and the enveloping women.

Cover photo: Rosemary Curl

Illustrations: Sharon Alston p1, 6, 7.
Rosemary Curl p12, 16.
Vanya Lowry p21, 22, 23.
Robyn Conway p34.

Letters

Subverting the Movement

Dear Broadsheet,

The feminist movement is being systematically subverted by a deliberate campaign of misinformation being conducted by SPUC via its puppet group "Feminists for Life". Propaganda emanating from this source seeks to undermine and ultimately destroy our movement.

These pseudo-feminists aim their propaganda at middle class men and women. True feminists are depicted as screaming, neurotic extremists while they claim to be the true woman's representatives. Mr Muldoon's recent outbursts on his preferences in women are a good example of the damage these vipers have done.

Recently I heard an address by one of their number at the Palmerston North SPUC A.G.M. Mrs Connie Purdue (MBE, Executive National Council of Women, Executive Clerical Workers Union, Executive Feminists for Life, Member Auckland Hospital Board, etc.etc.) sold our movement down the drain, again. I was appalled that a person (a woman no less) could hold such bigoted anti-social views.

She began her address by saying that every time she met or heard pro-abortionists she turned to the bible for inspiration. Perhaps she turned to Luke 14:26 in which Jesus says "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, his mother, his wife and children, brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he can not be my disciple."

If she did then that would help explain some later passages of her speech. She went on to outline the Patients Rights Act which she was having introduced to the Auckland Hospital, of which she is a board member. Among other things Mrs Purdue said that women seeking an abortion would receive compulsory counselling. This counselling would involve telling the woman about the baby she was carry-

ing, how it had developed to that stage, what development was going to happen up till the miraculous moment of birth, how abortion was going to kill the baby. How a suction curette would be inserted and tear the baby limb from limb like a huge vacuum cleaner.

She would be given further gory details apparently laid out by Mrs Purdue and finally told of the alternative to abortion.

I could fill the rest of this magazine with my thoughts and reactions to This shocking indictment of women's inhumanity but I don't have to. You can reach your own conclusions.

This address was taped by SPUC. Their address is P.O. Box 5156, Palmerston North. I suggest you write to them and ask them for a transcript of Mrs Purdue's speech. Then you can read it for yourself — all of it. Now we really know what "Feminists for Life" stands for.

Yours in sisterhood,

Anne O'Leary
Palmerston North.

Discrimination in the Department of Education

Dear Broadsheet,

I wonder how many of your readers have had dealings with the Department of Education. They may have discovered, as I have, that the Department draws a major distinction between male employment and female employment. If a married female teacher is under bond to the Department she may be considered 'immobile' if her husband has a job in one locality and is not prepared to move. Not so for a husband whose wife has a job — he is expected to be prepared to go anywhere in New Zealand regardless of his wife's employment. I have found myself in this position — my wife has an important secretarial position in Christchurch but the Department's attitude is 'stiff cheese'. It is unfortunate that an organisation charged with the duty of preparing the younger

generation for responsible citizenship in the 1980's and beyond should be living so far in the past.

Yours faithfully,

Roger Browne,
Christchurch.

Gisborne Lesbian Group

Dear Broadsheet,

We are trying to start a Lesbian Group in Gisborne where lesbians can meet others for support, friendship and discussion.

Contact is proving difficult and we are hoping you can include in your information page the phone number and address of our Group.

We will welcome, with open arms, visits from lesbians from out of Gisborne.

Any woman wanting to join us can write to:-

The Lesbian Women's Group,
P.O. Box 1398,
Gisborne.

or phone Robin at 4285 Gisborne.

Yours in sisterhood,
Maureen Stewart
Beverly M. Davy
Jennifer Robin

Women and Immigration

Dear Broadsheet, *

As a subscriber to *Broadsheet* I should like to offer some points of clarification in respect of the letter from Suzi Upton published in your May 1978 issue.

I would like to assure "Broadsheet" and its readers that the Immigration Division of the Department of Labour is able (and has been for some time) to consider either spouse in a marriage as the principal breadwinner when an application for permanent entry to New Zealand is submitted. The principal breadwinner (whether female or male)

is required to meet any of the registration requirements applicable in the particular occupation; to have had useful experience in that occupation; and to be entering full-time employment in that occupation (so as to have a realistic expectation of being the principal breadwinner for the family).

Finally, I would like to mention that where an applicant considers that her or his case has not been processed correctly or fairly, she or he has the option of writing to the Minister of Immigration, setting out full details and asking that the case be reconsidered. When such letters are received, a careful investigation of the case is carried out, and reported to the Minister, who has the power under the Immigration Act to make the final decision on the issue or refusal of a permit to enter.

Yours sincerely,

M C Riches (Ms)

Supervising Immigration Officer
(Policy/Advisory)

We hope that Suzi Upton and other readers will make use of Ms Riches' information. Unfortunately this is far from the first instance we are aware of where government theory does not always tally with government practice, especially as far as women are concerned.

Support For Feminist Weekend

Dear Broadsheet sisters,

Reading Alison Walker's article on the successful feminist weekend held in Nelson, which I attended, has given me the desire to write and express my support and say that for me the weekend was a wonderful, stimulating and spiritually high gathering of united women from all walks of life, and all with much to offer.

I came away feeling a renewed woman, feeling full of strength and beauty, feeling more able to cope creatively with my four children, and my relationship with my husband is growing beautifully with my assertiveness flowing.

I wish to thank those inspired beautiful women who organised the weekend for

their effort in offering such a learning and growing experience. The efficiently-run creche was an essential part of the weekend for some women and I thank the Values men for their time and energy.

In talking about it since I have found that the average Kiwi male reaction has been, "Oh, you're one of those libbers are you?" (snicker) with a grin of amusement, whereas most women have been genuinely interested and wanting to hear more. I feel so saddened when I look around me and see so many women downtrodden and controlled by their husbands, unable to express themselves, unable to be themselves, always having to meet his requirements, regardless of her own. All I can do to help is to keep on discussing issues and I'm learning too!

May there be many more of these very important and much-needed workshops.

in sisterhood,

Jill Simpson,
Blenheim.

Changing Our Names

Dear Sisters,

Want to change your name by deed poll? Don't want to be ripped off by lawyers? I was quoted eighty dollars by my lawyer, and not having that much to spend, but really being determined, I decided to try and "do it myself". It was shockingly simple. No wonder lawyers are so rich. I think their charges are criminal. If I had been the lawyer my time would have been worth **EIGHTY DOLLARS PER TEN MINUTES!!!** That's how long it took me!

ONE: Obtain full birth certificate.
Cost four dollars.

TWO: Obtain appropriate papers from registrar of the court. (Just ask for the forms to change your name by deed poll.)

THREE: Take the completed forms with birth certificate to Registrar to witness and sign.

FOUR: Send forms with birth certificate to:— Stamp Duties Division, Inland Revenue Dept, Private Bag



(enclose one dollar for stamp duty) asking them to return the papers to you.

FIVE: When returned, send to Registrar-General, Private Bag, Lower Hutt — with ten dollars.

Entire Cost: **FIFTEEN DOLLARS! — NOT EIGHTY!!!**

Time involved, ten minutes!!!

Let's face it sisters, half the time lawyers put us crook anyhow. You can't do a worse job yourself, so before consulting those very expensive lawyers, go to the library, look up the law (no, surprisingly it's not that hard to understand, considering the mistakes the lawyers make).

Ask your registrar for help, forms etc. Give it a go and save hundreds of dollars. Then share your knowledge with your sisters. I'm trying a "do it yourself divorce" next.

In love and sisterhood,
Carol Lamb,
Te Awamutu.

(Was Jeffcoat, but now cheaply Lamb, as I wanted a name of my own, not my husband's.)

Dear Broadsheet Sisters,

Just a quick note to point out a rather critical factor which seems to have been overlooked in the discussions on "names" in the May *Broadsheet*; namely (sorry) that when women triumphantly revert to their "maiden" (ugh) names with the feeling that they have made some sort of statement, or

the feeling that they have re-claimed their "own" name back, such women are simply swapping one male-chosen and male-conferred name for another ... WE HAVE NO NAMES OF OUR OWN ... that pre-marriage name that you feel is yours, is simply the last name of your male parent. In other words, women have three choices: the male parent's name, the male spouse's name, or to begin creating our own names-heritage. Like wearing a pro-abortion badge EVERYWHERE YOU GO, changing your names (after all, why not be known by the names *you* like and choose?) can be a statement which causes a ruffle in "the order of things" at least, if not actually producing some thought in the people who encounter these new name-forms.

Be creative, be witty, begin to create our own lineages and heritage ... some examples:

cathy sarachild, eileen annsdottir, emma goldwoman, ruth mountain-grove, liz freewoman, diana willow, kaymarkon, sara wisdom, mari seagull, lee margot, jean sirius, mary scarlett, marcie starchild, jacquiline lapidus, pat aspen, chris spring, diane mariechild, polly joan, dianne elise, sara sunshine, bara woodlark, nancy black, janet wolf, anne amber, judith joy, etc.

Although no doubt these names sound strange, even perhaps "romanticised"; they are all names that women from various countries have taken for themselves ...

... choose yourself a name that *you* love and relate to, and a happy re-birth day to you!

Chris,
Hamilton.,

Natural Sponges

Dear Broadsheet,

Eleanor Moyles' letter, (*Broadsheet*, May 1978) regarding the use of natural sponges in lieu of tampons has annoyed me. I took up the suggestion of using these sponges as tampons (Dec. issue) and for five months have found the sponges to be excellent. They are far more comfortable than tampons and

what's more, I told other women of my success and they responded the same way as I did and are now serious 'sponge users'.

Nobody can say whether or not excessive profiteering from tampons and sanitary pads goes on, or if price fixing is present. I think that any anxiety about infection from the use of these sponges is simply over-reaction. Should I sterilise my finger before examining myself — should I refuse intercourse unless my partner sterilises his penis? At this rate, my poor vagina will be living a cold and isolated existence.

Mary Williams,
New Plymouth.

Dear Broadsheet,

I was astonished to read Eleanor Moyle's letter in the last *Broadsheet* about the use of natural sponges. If Eleanor Moyles believes that tampons are more hygienic and less irritating than sponges, then she needs to start reading the reports of bodies such as the USA Food and Drug Administration, which regularly reports on what has been found in tampons there. Of greatest concern are the chemicals added to the cotton material, including asbestos and other harmful substances. She should also note that tampons are noted for causing vaginal irritation and cervical erosion. Sponges, because they are soft and do not irritate the vagina, do not do this.

Eleanor Moyles seems to me to sound very like the doctors who give women the injection because *they* say women will forget to use the pill. Women are not stupid — they realise that there is a possibility of infection and take care to properly wash their sponges and keep them clean.

Women are well aware that they cannot look to government agencies to safeguard their health. But the US Health Dept and the FDA have an appalling record when it comes to women's health issues. Doctors on these boards have resigned when there has been a refusal to act against products found to be dangerous or the companies producing them.

There is clear proof that companies are worried about the increase in the numbers of women using other than commercial products such as tampons, and that chemical additives are being tried out, officially to improve the absorption of the cotton, etc.

Women are demanding the right to take control of their own bodies, and we will use whatever seems to us to be good. I personally have used natural sponges for over two years. They have cleared up my cervicitis and vaginal infections are rare. They are comfortable and I have never had any problems. Each 50c sponge lasts about six months with care.

Yours

Sarah Calvert,
Hamilton.

Dear Broadsheet, *

It comes as no surprise that Eleanor Moyles, a registered nurse, thinks as she does of natural sponges. After all, she went through a system that, as it is currently trying to do to me, strips you of personal identity and proceeds to teach you that initiative and independence are not good qualities in nurses but rather that the ability to carry out orders is.

The use of natural sponges is not regression but progression. I have been using them for three months — a personal/political choice based on comfort, and the belief that the sooner women take control of their bodies out of the hands of doctors, Government and the whole patriarchal system the better. Natural sponges are an alternative, not a substitute. They are natural so therefore don't contain unknown *man-made* fibres that are harmful. They are soft and so are less likely to cause cervical erosion than tampons which are hard and rough.

Common sense should tell you not to use harsh soaps or detergents when washing them. As for bacteria — dry them in the sun, a proven method of sterilisation.

Why petition parliament to lower the cost of tampons when natural sponges are cheap anyway? Talking to MPs is not, as herstory has proven, the shortest route to change but the longest.

in sisterhood,

Maureen A. Stewart,
Gisborne.

We also received a letter from Carol Lamb on natural sponges, which made similar points to the three we have printed.

Women's Work Unwanted

Sisters,

Recently my husband, three children and I have been extremely hard-pressed financially. To resolve this situation I decided to seek a part-time job — I am now left with a feeling of rejection and worthlessness.

For some twelve years I have worked for a variety of agencies in a purely voluntary capacity. I am not without "proper" qualifications, albeit a humble

B.A., State Registration as a nurse and twelve years counselling practice.

When I go for an interview I am first told that I am "too qualified" — judging by the demeanour of my interviewers this is seen as a personal threat to them. Secondly I am asked if I am a "feminist" — whatever that means — no-one has satisfactorily defined that for me yet!! Because I am somewhat dynamic (!), speak my mind, thoughts and feelings, and am open about my aspirations (ladies don't — they should be passive, humble and accepting) — do I sound bitter? — I AM!

Because I've not worked for money for such a long period people tend to feel that there is no reason for me to work now!!

And now the crunch! I have dared to produce three children — goodness, how will they manage without me? Heavens, my voluntary work is time-consuming, and I've chosen to do that — I loathe being at home, always have. My husband is co-operative, able and accepting. Note that our offspring

are 13, 10 and almost 5, hardly babes in arms — *and* — I have made contingency arrangements for sickness etc!!

Why should I first have to lie about qualifications, and about my kids. Pretending that I have neither really seems the only solution!!

I WON'T!!!

R.S.,
Auckland.

* Indicates that letters have been cut for reasons of space.

A Multi-Media Women's Show
Little Theatre, Maidment Arts Centre, July 22 and 23.

Proceeds to Broadsheet.

Last month we printed a book review of a book entitled, "Woman's Body, Woman's Mind". There is no such book. The correct title is "Woman's Body, Woman's Right. We apologise.

Progressive Books still stocks the very popular 'Our Bodies Ourselves' \$6.45 (postage 34cents) and also have available the Penguin edition of 'Woman's Body, Woman's Right' \$3.95 (postage 22cents) a history of Birth Control. By Linda Gordon.

Progressive Book Society Limited,
21 Elliot Street, Auckland. Box 5151.

The Auckland Film Festival July 7-20

Adoption — Marta Metzarus, Hungary
Daguerrotypes — Agnes Varda, France
Harlan County, U.S.A. — Barbara Kopple, U.S.
Sandakan Number 8 — Kei Kumai, Japan
The Balance — Krzysztof Zanussi, Poland
Raise Ravens — Carlos Saura, Spain
The Singer and the Dancer — Gillian Armstrong, Australia and many more

Film Festival Guides and booking forms available from A.I.F.F., Box 1411, Auckland 1. For information on the films, see "The Feminist Eye" in this issue.

BOOKS

Books of interest to feminists can be hard to find, especially if you live miles from town and the few bookshops that stock them.

You can order the following books through us:

Tick Boxes

The Women's room, Marilyn French \$10.95 ☐
Stay at the dinner party, Rachel McAlpine, poetry \$3.25 ☐
1978 Herstory Diary \$3.95 ☐
Private Gardens, ed Riemke Ensing. The first anthology of New Zealand women's poetry \$7.20 ☐
Methods of Natural Birth Control, detailed information prepared by Sarah Calvert to supplement her article on this subject in the October 77 Broadsheet 75 cents ☐

Name

Address

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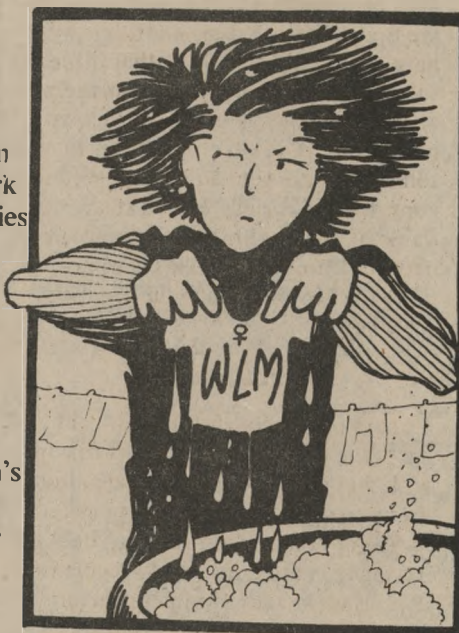
Editorial

The Movement to end all movements reached New Zealand seven years ago. For many women, nothing will ever be the same again. But how fares the Movement which started it all? Christine Dann looks at the Women's Liberation Movement today.

The State of the Movement

The Women's Liberation Movement has shrunk. While the number of women engaging in feminist activities has increased, along with the numbers of women who are prepared to admit at work and at home to feminist sympathies and beliefs (even if they hotly deny being "Women's Libbers") the actual Movement is, I think, smaller than it was five years ago. I am using "Movement" in the sense of an organised group of women dedicated to working for a feminist revolution. The Women's Liberation Movement has avoided the rigidity of political party style organising, but in effect the Women's Liberation Movement (radical feminists organising for liberation) is in the same relation to the women's movement (women in all stages and processes of feminism) as the Labour Party is to the labour movement.

The current shrinkage of the Movement is not uniform in all parts of New Zealand. It is particularly noticeable in Auckland, where there has been no Auckland Women's Liberation group for several years. In its place there have been project, cultural and *ad hoc* protest groups formed largely by women who became involved with feminism some years ago, and/or by new women who are personally known to the "old girls". There are very few "cracks" in this present form of organisation (or disorganisation)



through which new women can readily enter the Movement. This lack of effective organisation, which makes it difficult rather than easy for new women to become part of the WLM, is further compounded by the very insular phase the Movement is now in. The WLM has yet to come to terms with its success. Its *what?* I know that we are far from reaching our ultimate goals, but nevertheless the Movement has had an enormous impact on the consciousness of women and men. Words and phrases which were coined only ten years ago (sexism, male chauvinism) are now in common usage. The consciousness of a woman who defends her boss/husband against suggestions of male chauvinism is very different from the consciousness of

the woman who has to have the concept explained to her.

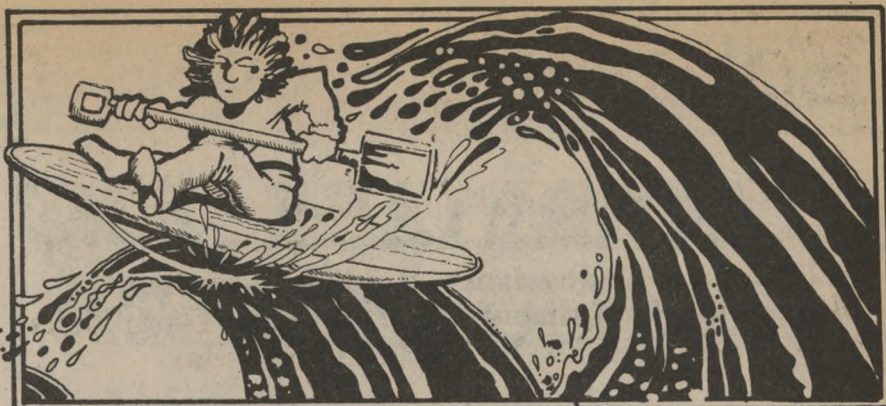
Practical problems

Within the Movement we hear the criticism that the Movement is in a bad way because it has not developed its theory sufficiently. While this criticism has some validity, in many ways I think it is less of a problem than the fact that we have not yet developed our *practice* sufficiently. We have changed the world, but we have yet to come to grips with the changes we have made. The *theory* of five years ago (the basic pro-woman, anti-oppression, pro-liberation line) may be still fine for today (I think it is) but the *practice* of reaching and involving women who are now familiar with the concepts of sexism and the like, which the first Women's Liberationists had to work out so painfully for themselves, must be different.

In some ways, I believe that we have got ourselves out on theoretical limbs (arguing over the intricacies of "heterosexism", for example) when we would be better off organising activities based on the insights given to us by our understanding of basic Women's Liberation theory. There is still much to be done to realise the insight that women have both the skill and the right to control their own bodies, to take but one example. We don't need any more theorising on that subject — what we need is more thinking and doing on reaching that goal. We don't lack ideas — we lack organisation. Effective

organisation is currently the biggest problem facing the WLM and until we begin to work on solutions we will not make our second leap forward.

The judgemental attitudes and authoritarian lines which prevail in some parts of the Movement at present (another barrier to the entry of new women) are both symptoms and causes of the lack of organisational activity. When any organisation doesn't seem to be going places, it tends to "go" people. This is especially likely in a movement of oppressed people, since oppressed people suffer from a tradition of taking it out on each other, rather than on the oppressor, since the oppressor seems too powerful to tackle. (For an excellent analysis of this phenomenon see "Pedagogy of the Oppressed" by Paulo Friere, pp.37-41 Penguin edition.) Even in a liberation movement, of course, no one is perfect, and we can all benefit from *constructive* criticism and self-criticism. What I see as dangerous is not criticism, but the one-sided criticism which has been occurring because some groups put themselves beyond criticism. Especially pernicious are the lines that women are somehow more perfect than men (and therefore not open to the same sorts of judgement or criticism); that lesbian feminists are "purer" feminists than heterosexual feminists, and are therefore entitled to criticise heterosexual feminists, but not vice versa; and that only activities which measure up to the exacting and arbitrary standards of a self-appointed group of radicals are to be called truly radical and therefore commendable. All these attitudes and their sisters stand in the way of developing a WLM which is the backbone of a wider women's movement. If they are not combatted, then they could deflect the WLM from its leading role and turn it into a freaky and ineffective clique. We need to realise that the New Testament injunction against criticising our neighbour does not apply to us. Undoubtedly we have specks in our eyes — but they, the oppressors, are the ones with planks. Our hope lies in uniting against the weight of our common oppression, not in fighting among ourselves over who is the "most oppressed", "most radical", or whatever.



Finally, I think that the WLM, like the rest of the world, is suffering from an "energy crisis". The first flash of enthusiasm carried us through two or three hectic years, but now many of us are tired. We have done a lot, but we have set our sights so high that ultimate success is still far away. We can't rely on those charges of energy, which are historically rare, which occur whenever something new gets underway. We must consider how we can keep a steady flame of activity burning in the years between "eruptions". This is something the Movement should be giving top priority.

Directions

To sum up: although the WLM still has some theoretical problems to cope with, basically our current stagnation is due to a failure to take responsibility for effective organisation. The WLM has a choice; to consciously recognise its role as the radical impetus behind and in front of a diverse women's movement, with a responsibility for developing liberating theories and practices, and effective forms of organisation which will both spread liberation ideas and involve more and more women in feminist activities; or to refuse this, deliberately or unconsciously, and continue its present drift away from mainstream political activity into alternative theories and practices (be they socialist, separatist, cultural or liberal) which take us further and further from the radical feminist premises on which our Movement was founded, and which made it so successful initially. Sisterhood, it turns out, is not simple — and a revolution is not a tea party. There are many mountains which have yet to be moved, and that work is not done by magi-

cians, orators, or stars, but by teams of women organised in digging relays, who remain cheerful, persistent and supportive despite the enormity of their task.

Some of us will be handing our shovels on to our daughters — and sons. They are part of this mighty process of change too. If we put our Movement into this historical perspective, then our present task becomes clearer — to develop ways of ensuring the continuity of radical thought and action so that the thread is not lost, as it was almost lost after sixty years of struggle for the vote. We must keep the Second Wave going, instead of spending years in slack water waiting for the Third Wave.

We must go on — we can't stop now. We have too much to lose — and a world to win.

The Women's Studies Association will be holding its inaugural conference at the University of Waikato, Hamilton, from the 25th–27th of August. People wishing to enrol, present papers etc., must contact Registration Chairperson, Mrs Jean Walsh, 18 Ngaere Ave, Hamilton by July 7th.

katerina seligmann
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Behind the News

MARRIAGE AND THE MENTAL HEALTH STAKES

Too late to catch our June deadline, this ad appeared in *The Listener* of May 27. But although "Women's Mental Illness Week" 1978 is now over, the malady (if you'll pardon the sick, unoriginal but entirely appropriate pun) lingers on. We reprint the offensive ad in full, so that you can appreciate its nasty nature for yourselves.



For better. Or worse?

On your wedding day it's probably the last thing on your mind. But there's something a man should know about the woman who's going to share his life. The fact is she is about to join an "endangered species". She's about to become a wife. And being a wife and mother can be a mental health hazard. Married women are much more likely to need psychiatric help than married men. (Although single women are less at risk than single men.) Consider these statistics:

- Married women are the major users of tranquilisers. Their use of prescription drugs is approximately three times the New Zealand average.
- Married women have a higher record of mental disorders associated with depression. Our mental hospitals treat twice as many female depressive patients as males.
- With these facts in mind this final statistic should come as no surprise: Three times more women than men attempt suicide in New Zealand.

Women's Week May 28 June 4th

We've set aside a week in Mental Health Year to spotlight the special problems

of being a woman, a wife and a mother. Because women play such a key role in our concept of family life in New Zealand, there are problems that affect us all. Marriage as an institution is not to blame. But the statistics do suggest that being a married woman can sometimes be enough to drive you to despair. Isn't it time we gave some thought to what we can do to reduce the strain women face in marriage? Time perhaps to re-examine our ideas and pre-conceived notions about women's place in society. If you're a married man, ask yourself what you know about your wife's needs and emotions. Does she have enough time to herself - does she have any time at all in fact? Could you spend more time with her - help with the children sometimes? Ask how she feels about it. Perhaps you could both benefit from simply sitting down together and discussing it. If you're getting married, invest a little time in finding out now what you both expect in a marriage partner. This is Women's Week. Can we spare the time to think about the special needs of women? Can we afford not to? Understanding is the first step.

Mental Health Foundation of New Zealand, P.O. Box 17436, Parnell, Auckland

NZ Husbands Test

Here's a quick quiz for men. How do you rate as a husband? Your wife may find it fun to check your answers (after she's done the washing-up, put the kids to bed and ironed your shirt for tomorrow). If you're not married, spend a couple of minutes to find out what kind of a husband you'd make. Are you man enough?

- Q.1 When your wife asks you for money do you:
 - a) Change the subject.
 - b) Show her your TAB tickets - and an empty wallet.
 - c) She doesn't have to ask for money. What we have we share.
- Q.2 Do you regard the kids as:
 - a) Your wife's responsibility.
 - b) A joint responsibility.
 - c) Great. (As long as they're in bed when you get home)
- Q.3 Why did you marry your wife?
 - a) Because you were tired of washing your own socks.
 - b) All your mates were getting married.
 - c) Because she was the partner you wanted to share life with.
- Q.4 Would you rather spend an evening:
 - a) Talking with your wife
 - b) Talking with the boys
 - c) Talking with the boys about your wives.
- Q.5 What does your wife do during the day?
 - a) Good question.
 - b) Looks after the house and kids - what else?
 - c) Does her share of home making and pursues her outside interests as well. Same as you.
- Q.6 Should men and women have the same commitment to marriage?
 - a) No. Marriage is more important to a woman.
 - b) Yes. It's supposed to be a partnership isn't it?
- Q.7 Why do you think women have more emotional problems than men?
 - a) They have got nothing better to do than moan.
 - b) Could living in a male-dominated society have anything to do with it?
 - c) They were born to suffer.
- Q.8 How should little girls be brought up?
 - a) With the same care and attention as little boys.
 - b) Just kept out of trouble until they get married.
- Q.9 Two people apply to you for a job. One is a man - one is a woman. Who do you hire?
 - a) The man. You hired a woman once before and she didn't work out.
 - b) The person best qualified.
 - c) The woman. It's not much of a job anyway.
- Q.10 Would you rather be a man or a woman?
 - a) A man.
 - b) You must be joking.

ANSWERS

are as upside down as this paragraph. Perhaps your attitude to marriage out for yourself. If you didn't then we're sure you figured the answers

Women's Week May 28 June 4th

Mental Health Foundation Activities

- Women's Week - second in series of special interest weeks. Visiting speaker - Anne Deveson (Australian Royal Commission on Human Relationships). Watch for meetings, seminars, TV programmes and cinema films.
- To date \$145,000 allocated for mental health projects this year.
- Recent "Have Crisis - Can Cope" community discussion programme identified gaps in social services - remedial action planned.
- Forthcoming Mental Health Year events: Second allocation of Telethon funds. Community Contact Week (July) - Dependency Week (Sept) - Family Week (Nov)



Understanding is the first step...

New Zealanders raised millions of dollars for the Mental Health Foundation through the 1977 Telethon. At the time *Broadsheet* raised questions about whether the directors of the Mental Health Foundation were the right people to be in charge of so much money (see *Broadsheet* No. 51, July 1977) because we would strongly question the "knowledge" which conventional psychologists and especially psychiatrists claim to have about the mental processes, states and illnesses of women. This ad proves that we were right to ask such questions.

What's so bad about it? Isn't one week to ourselves and a bit of money spent publicising our problems better than nothing? Only if it is spent to assist us, not insult us.

For starters, who is this ad addressed to? As any advertising agency will tell you, you always address your advertising to the people who matter, the people with the power to purchase, the people who make the decisions. Now this ad is addressed to men, to husbands. This is far from being an accidental slip. The persons who conceived of this ad and "Women's Week" obviously still regard women as being dependent on men, controlled by men,

"purchased" by men. Unfortunately, they are right in most cases. But instead of questioning this male domination, which as they rightly point out drives women to madness and suicide, they appeal to the dominators to be "nicer". Instead of encouraging women to control their lives, they appeal to the controllers to ease up on the whip and spur.

Their inability to grasp what is really going on is highlighted by the sentence "Marriage as an institution is not to blame". Years ago Women's Liberationists put One — the historical evidence of centuries which shows us that marriage was a dangerous state for women since it placed them and their children in complete legal, financial and physical subjection to men — together with Two — the present situation, in which we see vestiges of the past (the way in which rape and assault within marriage are condoned) mingle with newer horrors (the massive use of tranquillisers by married women) — and came up with Three — *marriage is a health hazard for women*. As an institution it is certainly to blame, and encouraging it is anti-woman and anti-human.

An analysis of who fares best in the mental health stakes, which this ad hints at but fails to pursue to its logical conclusion, proves the Women's Liberation point. Married women and single men are worse off than unmarried women and married men. Married women do the physical and emotional dogbody work for married men, which gives married men an advantage over their unmarried brothers, who are secretly pining for a dogbody of their own, despite their pretensions to carefree bachelordom. Single women are neither dependent on someone nor seeking to make someone dependent on them. This is the only truly healthy state to be in.

"Greater love hath no man..."

There is no such thing as a caring husband, as this piece of propaganda suggests. Of course, there are many men

doing their best within a rotten system, giving their wives equal access to the money they (the husbands) earn, sharing childcare and housework, and so on. But if a man *really* cared about a woman, why would he want to subject her to an institution which gives him greater power than her, in law and in practice, which is likely to make her ill?

The "N.Z. Husband's Test" begs for more questions than it asks. The writer (and presumably the Mental Health Foundation) assumes that sharing money with one's wife, helping with childcare, and talking to one's wife will "reduce the strain" on women and thereby decrease mental illness among married women. What possible basis can there be for these assumptions? Is it being suggested that women who swallow tranquillisers and suffer from depression suffer from "nothing more" than stingy, child-hating and/or non-talkative husbands? I bet that the Mental Health Foundation could not say whether this was the case or not, since it has not done any research to find out. I will also bet that even if they did do some research, they would find out that this was not the case. That women who rate their husbands as "good" are just as likely to end up being treated for "mental illness" as women who are married to husbands rated as "bad". (Those married to brutes who threaten physical as well as mental health are more likely to end up in a refuge than in a mental hospital. Refuges which despite their proven value in helping women to a happier and healthier life are still not showered with finance by this Foundation which is supposed to promote mental health — see the report on the Dunedin Women's Refuge in this issue). *Fifteen years ago* Betty Friedan made an excellent analysis of "the problem which has no name" (the depressions and related symptoms which affect even women in "happy", "successful" marriages and drive them to tranquillisers and suicide attempts). Friedan's book "The Feminine Mystique" broke

new ground, and by drawing on many sources explained why the American wife and mother of the Fifties and Sixties, who seemingly "had everything" was nevertheless miserable. Since Friedan's book helped legitimise research into this area, there have been countless studies which have proved and expanded on her point. Studies which demonstrate conclusively what a destructive effect the institution of marriage has on the lives and health of women.

What men get out of marriage

The problem is not just individual men (although they are part of the problem) and the solution therefore does not lie only with individual men (although they must do all they can.) The problem is male-dominated society (as even the "Husband's Test" coyly suggests.) I mentioned earlier that single women enjoy greater mental health because they are independent — they have greater freedom to make their own legal, financial, sexual, domestic, and other decisions. Nor are they required to "service" other people, i.e. husbands and children. In detailing these differences between the married and single states we find the clue to the greater misery of married women. The difference lies not in the individuals — it lies in the *institution*.

Marriage works in men's favour and all men gain from perpetuating marriage as an institution, both for themselves personally and for society as a whole. Marriage was founded as an institution in which women are expected to be of service to men, as the words "love, honour and obey" in the marriage service make abundantly clear. Modern young brides now drop that offensive word from the service, but they should be aware that as far as society (male-dominated society) is concerned, it still applies. Which is a most unhealthy state of affairs. When the personal and social power of men is decreased, while the personal and social power of women is increased (or to use the

feminist jargon, when the patriarchal system is destroyed) *then* we can say goodbye to Valium, Librium, Mogadon, and all those other warlock's pills which dull the pain of powerlessness.

When Cinderella no longer pops pills in the three bedroom concrete block castle (which is half a mile from the nearest pumpkin coach stop – but who can afford to go in to the palace nowadays?) waiting for Prince Charming to come home and help her look after their royal offspring and share his

golden ducats with her; when the whole myth of marriage is blown sky high and exposed for the shabby deal it is beneath the French lace, catered receptions, new furniture, heavily mortgaged homes, "forever" vows which now are repeated at least twice in a lifetime, wedding bells and honeymoon hotels, and other "glamorous" trappings (like wreaths on a coffin) which serve to disguise its true nature; when we realise that marriages which can be said to "work", i.e. make women happy rather than miserable, work *in spite of* and not because of

the basic function of marriage (which is to perpetuate woman's role as a "helpmeet" to man); why then – the possibilities are endless!

Just think what Cinderella can do when she no longer has to justify her female existence by keeping the castle clean. Even if it is a "joint family" castle. What happens next is up to Cinderella – and you. By way of a few suggestions we propose replacing the Husbands' Test with a Wives' Test, which goes like this:

N.Z. Wives Test

Q.1. When you ask husband for money do you:

- (a) wheedle gracefully
- (b) pinch it when his back is turned
- (c) never ask for money because you earn your own (you're part of the movement to guarantee every woman a decent living – good on you).

Q.2. Do you regard the kids as:

- (a) your responsibility
- (b) a nuisance and you wish you'd never had them
- (c) people who have a right to loving care and financial support from all adults in the community.

Q.3. Why did you marry your husband?

- (a) Because it was a better way of surviving than slaving for unequal pay
- (b) all your girlfriends were getting married
- (c) because you didn't realise at the time that marriage means more than sharing your life with someone you love, and that it was likely to put you at such a disadvantage that your health would suffer.

Q.4. Would you rather spend an evening:

- (a) talking with your husband
- (b) talking with women about men
- (c) talking with women (and sometimes men – including your husband) about how we are going to make changes in society so that men aren't expected to get all the thrills of being a "good guy" from saying that they like talking to their wives.

Q.5. What does your husband do during the day?

- (a) Good question
- (b) Goes to work and then to the pub – what else?
- (c) Something useful and constructive which does not oppress women – same as me.

Q.6. Should men and women have the same commitment to marriage?

- (a) No. Marriage is more important to men.
- (b) Yes. They should both be committed to destroying marriage as an oppressive institution.

Q.7. Why do they think women have more emotional problems than men?

- (a) It is due to living in a male-dominated society

Q.8. How should little girls be brought up?

- (a) Preferably with more care and attention than little boys currently receive – little boys deserve better treatment too.
- (b) To "love, honour and obey".

Q.9. Two people apply to you for a job. One is a man – one is a woman. Who do you hire?

- (a) The man because he is better qualified. (She's got a higher degree but men are better in positions of authority).
- (b) The woman – I'm trying to redress centuries of discrimination.
- (c) The woman (she's better qualified – male secretaries look lousy in short skirts).

Q.10. Would you rather be a man or a woman?

- (a) I'd rather be someone struggling for liberation than someone perpetuating oppression.

Answers

We're sure you figured the answers out for yourself. If you didn't then your attitudes to marriage are as upside down as this paragraph.

In June we gave you the background to a significant rape trial in France, and this month we are pleased to report on the outcome.

Victory For The Victims

On the third of May 1978 justice was finally done, and the three men who raped Anne Tonglet and Araceli Castellano in 1974 were sentenced to prison — six years for the ringleader and four years each for the other two.

The trial was a major event, with hundreds of demonstrators outside the courtroom. They came in response to appeals from the French Women's Liberation Movement, unions and left-wing parties. The rapists' lawyers were heckled by the demonstrators, while lawyers Gisele Halimi and Agnes Fichot, who represented Tonglet and Castellano, were spat on and slapped by supporters of the rapists.

In France rape cases are heard privately in a lower court, and are treated as a misdemeanour rather than a serious crime. It was at the first trial in a lower court that the three men were acquitted of rape. It took two years to get the case moved up to a higher court, and

the appearance of the men in public made French legal history. The rapists and other Frenchmen were shocked. Up till then they had been able to regard rape as a "prank", suitable only for mild punishment. At last, however, the case was heard before a jury of seven men and two women. Three women jurors were challenged and refused, but the two remaining women had been raped themselves.

It was the intention of the women's lawyers, and of Choisir, the feminist organisation which supported the case, to make it a political process, to put rape as well as the rapists on trial. To this end a large number of witnesses were called, from various fields. They included Professor Alexandre Minkowski, who compared the experience of the women to his experience in the Resistance during the war, saying: "These women speak of their experience on that night as I speak of tortures undergone during the Resistance. Something within them has been broken for life, as it was within me."

So much political testimony was called that the judge made use of a legal ruling introduced during the Algerian war to prevent "political outbursts" during trials. However, he wasn't able to repress all the political evidence. Choisir intends to publish a book on the trial, as it did after the Bobigny abortion trial, and one of the chapters will be called "The things we weren't able to say". The rapists' lawyers also introduced a political element by trying to play on divisions between the middle-class Parisian women and their supporters presenting the women's case, and the working class provincial men they were "picking on"!

The problem of what to do with rapists troubles feminists, since prison is obviously not the solution for them or other criminals. Choisir's slogan on the subject was: "Abolish prison for everyone — yes. But for rapists only — no." At present Choisir is working on obtaining the right to have all rape cases heard in public, unless the victim herself requests a closed court, and to remove the distinction between rape and other forms of sexual harassment. The publicity, testimony and outcome of this trial makes it a step forward in exposing the issue and getting justice.

C. Dann

Information from *Le Monde*, May 4 and 5, and *La Tribune de Geneve*, May 23.

Copies of an interview with Gisele Halimi (in French) on the trial and rape generally are available from *Broadsheet* for 20 cents.

French feminists demonstrating



Photo: from "des femmes en mouvement"

Typists, Salary Claims, & Bureaucracies

What happens when women stop typing and start making demands? A report on salary claims for Public Service typists.

There has been a long silence from the women who work as typists in the public service. Now they are beginning to make their voices heard: early in May, stop-work meetings with nearly 100% attendance were held throughout the country to discuss a well-overdue rise in salaries. The issue, however, is developing into something more than one directly related to the salary claim — the women are raising many questions about their status as typists, the nature, and conditions of their work, and about the structures of their job situations. The implications of their demands are wide-reaching, and in the next issue of *Broadsheet*, unfortunately not until September, we shall be printing a longer article in order to talk about these.

A brief look at the history and the course of the claim is in itself interesting. It began as a straightforward enough matter, when at the end of 1974 typists approached their union, the Public Services Association, for a review of their salaries — the first such review for 30 years. In 1975, an Advisory Panel was set up in Wellington to prepare a claim for better salaries and promotional prospects for typists. It is easy to see the justification of such a claim. At one stopwork meeting a woman pointed out that she had been working for 15 years and had been forced to stay on the same grade for all that time because of the way



the job prospects are structured; another told of how she began work as a shorthand/typist 20 years ago but was still limited to a \$5,900 salary. And these are by no means isolated cases.

Another demand being made is for the replacement of the present typing pool system. Each Government service employing typists has a room set aside in each building in which all the typists sit and churn out the work handed to them from all the other departments in that building. A supervisor walks around the room checking on the work. The atmosphere is a macabre mixture of factory and classroom situations, causing hearing and health problems, and making the work conditions sometimes unbearable.

The claim was written and lodged with the typists' employers, the State Services Commission, in August 1977. A brief calculation, and it will be noticed that it took about two years for the claim to get that far. In part, this is due to the fact that the Advisory Panel had to check on the salary scale offered to typists in the private sector. Salaries for public service

typists have to be formed behind private sector rates, with all the different conditions and positions that have to be taken into account; not to mention the problem of access. Another complicating factor is tied into the Equal Pay Act. There are no male typists, which would have made it difficult to establish a rate of pay equal to that of male workers. So the salary scale was related to that of clerical workers, and the comparison is not a satisfactory one. Typists, for example, receive extra training once they begin their working lives.

When the claim was finally lodged, the State Services Commission declared it to be "interservice". Public service typists do not include those in other Government departments under the State Services Commission, such as the Railways, and the Post Office, and whether or not the Commission was enthusiastic about it, it was obvious that they would want to be included in any salary rise. So then the representatives of other unions in the Combined State Service Organisations — i.e. the Rail-

way Officers Institute, Post Office Association and the Educational Officers' Association — had to be contacted and made aware of what the Public Services Association claim contained.

Then, in November 1977, the CSSO met with the State Services Coordinating Committee (a higher-upper in the State Services Commission) to begin negotiations, but first, the SSCC had to inspect groups of typists throughout the country in order to make *its* preparations for the claim.

So there is this curious bureaucratic network that had to be cranked into action before the claim could be seriously considered, and it seems that

the delays are largely a part of this process. There is also another possible reason. The State Services Commission deals with the various claims it receives according to the priority it gives them. If the typists had been given high priority by the Commission, their claim would have reached the negotiating table two months after it was first lodged in August 1977. It was May 15 before the first negotiations began, and there were no definite decisions made when this article was being written, in early June. It would seem that the Commission thought little enough of the work done by the women typists to put off their claim for salary rise. The delay has angered the women: the near-record attendance at the stopwork

meetings was an expression of some deep-seated feelings at the treatment they have received.

But there are many questions that are as yet unanswered; why is it, for example, that women's work is given such low priority and status? What do the questions raised by the typists' demands mean to the power structures that give them this status? Why is there so little space in these structures for women to move in? And why is there such resistance when we begin to want more? It is these questions, and their implications that need to be thought about.

Jill Ranstead.

women's community video

'Women must get into the media' — Flo Kennedy, Perth, 1977.

'The film and T.V. industry being such a notorious under-employer of women in the creative and technical roles means that there is not a large number of women who have learnt the conventional modes of film expression. The rest of us have started to invent our own forms.'

Margot Oliver, Dec '77 Filmnews

Television is the medium of the twentieth century. Love it or hate it, it's here. To read requires effort and skill: anyone and everyone can watch T.V. and gain access to the 'instant everywhere' as T.V. critic Dr Daniel Boorstin called it. The weight of T.V.'s impact is immeasurable; it is an undoubted element in rising illiteracy rates and not surprisingly the most efficient tool for mass manipulation yet. It's understandable that so many bemoan its invention, but to burn your T.V. or drive a super custom-built Cadillac through a wall of them as Ant Farm did in one of their 'media art happenings' merely symbolises the frustration many of us feel at seeing such an amazing medium misused.

Only an authoritarian, paternalistic state could exert the control required to restrict our viewing to programmes of educational and artistic merit only. Only a repressive state would want to. The need is for "democratization" of T.V. When members of the public have access to communications from a wide range of groups and individuals they can exert their right to edit their own viewing. Cable T.V. would enable more programmes to be made locally with more community feedback, but it is unlikely to happen in N.Z., for even if the government favoured the idea its costliness would be an adequate deterrent. A less effective alternative to community programmes on the network is community access centres as established under the Whitlam

government in Australia. These centres in the major cities contain video equipment — for recording, editing and playing back — which is available to any member of the public, free of charge, on the condition that they attend a brief training course in the operation of the equipment. Of course this still places the onus of finding an audience on the tape makers, otherwise only the searching enquirer will request to see them at the centre. The catalogue of community-made tapes in Australia is now extensive.

In Auckland during the International Women's Film Festival in 1975 a group of women met to take part in a video workshop that had been advertised outside the cinema. Using borrowed and rented equipment the group has covered conferences, held workshops and made tapes. In 1976 the group became an incorporated society, Women's Community Video Incorporated. Still operating pretty much as a collective the group has pursued several roles. Many members are feminists and see video as a means of disseminating feminist views, others are more interested in the technical side and some in its artistic potential.

news

The attractive thing about video is its simplicity. Everyone comments on this after having used the camera of the portapak. It bears close resemblance to an ordinary tape deck. The camera is plugged into it for taping and a monitor for playback. Apart from the special care with which everything should be handled operating is very straightforward. In 1976 using portapak equipment the group taped the Pacific Islands Women's Conference and the Women's Festival in Albert Park, and also made a tape on 'Women and the Medical Profession' for N.O.W. Using the studio equipment at Vid Comm we collaborated with the Women's Centre Drama Group for the suffrage day performance of 'Herstory' at the Maidment Theatre. The tapes were shown on a 6' x 4' screen.

One of our most rewarding projects was making a tape for C.S.M.C. It was originally commissioned by the medical school for its community health lectures as material on how single mothers feel about the treatment they receive from doctors. The women on the tape said they wouldn't have been able to speak as freely in front of cameramen. The tape was received with great enthusiasm by women in Melbourne when shown there, which indicates what would be obvious to most women, the need to have women controlling the representation of women's interests in the media.

The group presently consists of approximately twenty women. We are always looking for new members who are prepared to put time and energy into the group. We would welcome any requests to show tapes we have made or purchased. The group is also available to take video workshops in the use of portapak equipment and to make tapes. The following is a list of the tapes we currently have which are available for hire at \$10 each. We will negotiate the fee with those who can't afford this. All tapes are ½" Black and White, some can be played on a cartridge machine as well as a portapak.

Sandra Wilson – 30" long – The longest serving Australian woman prisoner. Held at the 'governor's pleasure' for 18 years – declared insane then re-imprisoned when pronounced sane. Sandra is a lesbian. The tape is largely about the group of women who organised a very efficient lobby to get her release. Some impressive demonstrations.

Flo Kennedy – 20" – American black radical woman lawyer talking about the media, women and her super dyke sweatshirt.

From our end of the Speculum – 30" – A beautifully-made tape about women's health from the U.S. Begins with women talking about the failings of the health service and ends on a high note at a women's health clinic.

In Moral Danger – 20" – Made in a Sydney girls remand home, talking with girls who have been charged with 'being exposed to moral danger'.

The Game of Life – 30" – Made for the Herstory production in '76. About abortion along T.V. game show lines.

The Rape Trial – 20" – Also made for the Herstory production.

The Committee – 20" – Made for the Herstory production. How the story of Adam and Eve came into being.



Photo: from the Women's Community Video Inc.

Single Mothers Speak Out – 50" – Women from C.S.M.C. talk about experiences with the medical profession.

Shere Hite Talks to Broadsheet – 20" – A tape of the Broadsheet interview with Shere Hite in April '78.

Contact address is:
Women's Community Video Inc.
C/o 30 Bellwood Ave,
Mt Eden
Auckland 3.

VIDEO TAPES SHOWING

The Women's Community Video Inc. will be showing tapes of women's experiences, issues, struggles:

15 July: 8.00 p.m.

Cafeteria Extension, Auckland
University Students Association

These include both overseas and locally-made tapes, and are well worth seeing. Cost is \$2.00, which includes a wine and cheese. **For women only.**

What the well-dressed beady-eyed slogan-chanter is wearing . . .

T-Shirts

"Beady-eyed Ladies Inc." across the front, "Slogans by Request" across the back. In National Party blue, red, gold and white. Send your chest size, colour choice and \$6 to Co-action, C/o 25 Wyndham Rd, Pinehaven, Upper Hutt.

SISTERS IN NAMIBIA

Where is Namibia? Namibia is the African name for South West Africa. The area is a mandate territory and the South African government should have given control to the black inhabitants but it continues to rule Namibia illegally. The South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO) is currently fighting to free Namibia from South African domination. Women too.

in the latest newsletter of the International Feminist Network which calls for solidarity with the women of Namibia, Putuse Appolus, organiser of SWAPO Women's League, is quoted as saying:

"Within African society women were long considered commodities and brought up as slaves for the men – told how to cook, bring up the children, be loyal and friendly to the husband ... It was another form of repression. My generation were among the first women to be educated ... On the front all work is shared without question. Everyone takes their turn in the hunting, skinning and cooking and skinning of the animals. They all wear the same uniform and it's interesting to see that the girls don't treat themselves as 'girls' ... It's a matter of 'comrade', a communal sort of life (without the sexist division)."

During her visit to Britain in 1975, Putuse Appolus was asked about the involvement of Namibian sisters in the Liberation struggle. Her immediate response was an urgent appeal for the underwear and sanitary towels non-existent in military supplies, and urgently needed by the women militants.

Double oppression

The leaflet goes on to say that women in Namibia face a double oppression – as Namibians under the illegal occupation of the South African regime, and as women under traditional forms of oppression. In the process of the war of liberation which is being fought by SWAPO, both these forms of oppression are being confronted together.

Large numbers of women are fighting side by side with the men, and one of the problems that have arisen is that some of the men have tried to get out of obeying orders given by the two female commanders.



Graphic from Namibia Support Committee pamphlet.

Women are proving very effective in Intelligence as well as in the actual fighting, and can supply SWAPO with military information. There are large numbers of women and children in the camps also, and child-care, health, and education are all collectively organised there. Many of these camps are in neighbouring Zambia.

In Namibia itself the illegal regime recognises the threat women pose to it as is shown by the forcible expulsion (in 1973-74) of many women and young people from the area around Windhoek, the capital, to the northern region. Windhoek was the scene of a massacre, some months before the one in Sharpeville, after a successful demonstration and boycott largely organised by Namibian women.

What can be done?

Anyone who would like to show active support for and solidarity with these women could send contributions of either tampons and underwear, or of money to buy these in bulk to:

Namibia Support Committee
21 | 25 Tabernacle Street
London EC2.

A kit to last 6 women for about a year will cost about \$60.

... AND AMERICA

Last year, Jennifer Patri's ex-husband attacked her and threatened her with a knife, enraged because she refused to let him visit their teenage daughter, whom he had been sexually abusing. He had beaten her many times during their marriage, and terrified, Jennifer grabbed a shotgun and killed him. For this she was convicted of manslaughter in December, 1977. On February 22, 1978, she was sentenced to 10 years in prison – Wisconsin's maximum manslaughter sentence.

Patri's defence committee believes that the Governor will be responsive to public sympathy, and are asking everyone to send letters and wires requesting her pardon, to ...

Governor Martin Schreiber
State Capitol
Madison, Wisconsin 53702
U.S.A.

I do urge everyone to write on Jennifer's behalf; she has only done what most of us would have wanted to do in her place.

and the Lord taketh away

"Feeding, clothing, housing and educating four teenagers on \$58 per week" — a report on a public meeting on the reduced Domestic Purposes Benefit organised by N.O.W. Christchurch in April.

At this meeting the following facts were uncovered. A woman must wait two to three weeks before a reduced benefit is granted. "In cases of persistent violence, which are more prevalent than many realise, the woman concerned cannot wait until she has enough money to escape. Any woman faced with a crisis situation needs a minimum of \$100 to establish herself in a flat . . . very few women have anywhere near \$100 when they leave their home". Women and children must rely on halfway houses, hostels or friends and relatives, which causes extra strain and insecurity at a crucial time.

"Technically the reduced benefit is for a period of six months after separation or until such time as maintenance legalities are finalised — the onus being on the woman to start legal proceedings. How doubly unfair this is on the woman whose husband's whereabouts are unknown. This, among other things, places a woman in a position of pressure at a time when she is most vulnerable." Jennifer Toki reported.

During the first six months a woman is most in need of a full benefit. For example:

"Eighteen months after her husband deserted her for another woman "Jane" who had found employment, was, through the economic situation made redundant. This forced her to apply for the D.P.B. as she was not eligible for the unemployment benefit. Much to her horror she found that she and her four teenagers were expected to survive on \$58 per week, being the reduced rate — proving that this was to apply across the board for all new applicants, in spite of the fact that her marriage had broken down some 18 months before. The effect on this



family trying to struggle along on this small amount proved almost too much. This situation occurred two months before Christmas so there was no hope of providing any extras for these teenagers, all of whom were still at school. Mr Walker was contacted and told of her plight and remarked that it was admirable that she wanted to keep her teenagers in school and she was to be congratulated but, he was sorry, there was nothing he could do to assist her situation. Everyone here can surely see the benefit should be increased back to at least the full level at a time when it is most needed — namely, the first six months. How many others are struggling along? How many of the statistics quoted for reconciliation are forced back into an intolerable situation because it is the only choice left to them when they find they can't cope with life on a reduced benefit. "Jane" didn't even have a choice."

Although the reason given for reducing the benefit for the first six months

was to discourage separations by making them financially difficult for women, the above example shows that *all* applicants for a benefit are placed on the reduced benefit initially, regardless of the length of their separation.

Diane Lawrence researched previous examples of cuts in benefits in New Zealand, and found that in 1932, when both benefits and civil services wages were cut, the health of children deteriorated drastically, until in 1936 285 children from five Christchurch schools were found to be suffering from malnutrition. The situation did not improve until the newly elected Labour Government restored benefits and wages. D.P.B. cuts hurt children as well as women. Dr Robyn Hewland suggested that a minimum living income be made available to children in solo situations and paid to the "caring adult".

Information from N.O.W. Christchurch May/June Newsletter:

Chomo-Uri

a women's multi-arts magazine, is seeking submissions for its upcoming special issue on *Women and the Law*. Graphics, photography, poetry, fiction, non-fiction, reviews and essays are welcome. We are particularly interested in the following issues— rape, forced sterilisation, divorce, women in prison, lesbian rights and custody, abortion, ERA, battered women, women as lawyers or involved in the law, welfare, child abuse, minority women, women and credit and economics.

Please send all submissions with a self-addressed stamped envelope to— Chomo-Uri, P.O. Box 1057, Amherst, MA 01002. Submissions deadline is September 15, 1978.

Forum

In the April issue of Broadsheet, we printed an article entitled, "Women, Psychiatry and Shock Treatment". This month we print the responses to that article, and the story of a woman who received ECT.

Dear Broadsheet,

I read your article, "Women, psychiatry and shock treatment" (April 1978, no 58), with great interest because in 1976 I was given five sessions of ECT as treatment for severe depression. I found that there was a tremendous improvement after the first session, (I had not felt so "light-headed" for a decade), with very small improvements after the second and third sessions. The last two sessions made no difference at all. After ECT I was able to become self-motivated to help myself, but there have been 'bad' side-effects. I have lost my mathematical ability to work with figures (which I used to be good at), and I also discovered, from a programming course which I took, that my ability to problem-solve within logical mathematical constraints was impaired. I was able to get only so far with problem-solving but no further. Consequently, I think some of my brain cells have been damaged through ECT.

I object to ECT being used *routinely* as treatment for depression, although in my case I was so desperate I agreed to the treatment. I also feel strongly that women are not able to get help till they get so depressed that ECT is used. I always felt guilty that I found rearing children in the suburbs depressing, and once in 1969 when I did get the guts to mention my depression to a GP, he laughed and said I needed to have a holiday in the sun. Because I blamed myself for my depression and was distrustful of psychiatrists and psychologists, (whom I always imagined to be male), the next step was in 1973 when I attempted suicide. That almost succeeded and left me with partially damaged kidneys. The male psychologist, who talked to me and my hus-

band for about an hour, decided the problem was a small communication-gap between us, and sent me home, telling me I should be happy with such a good husband, such healthy children etc. The breakdown in 1976 was a break-through. I became a radical feminist, convinced that women need local health centres set up by women, for women.

Love and Peace,
Pat Wilkinson
Christchurch.

Dear Broadsheet,

As a psychiatric nurse I feel I cannot let Hilary Haines' article "Women, psychiatry and shock treatment" (April Broadsheet) pass without comment.

I have no argument with the points she makes concerning theories of causes of depression. However, I cannot help feeling that in her discussion of current practice and attitudes among mental health professionals she is not speaking from a position of first-hand experience, I am.

She quotes Janet Frame from 1961. Seventeen years is a long time ago. I wasn't around mental hospitals then, but in my seven years at Oakley/Carrington there has been considerable change, almost a reversal of attitude to ECT. The list of acceptable indications for ECT has been steadily reduced. In the unit where I work (one of the 3 acute admission wards) ECT is given very seldom, and then as a last resort.

(In the last 2 cases I recall, the patients had refused food and fluids for some time).

I hardly know where to begin in challenging and correcting some of Hilary's statements, and the attitudes she presumes to exist among mental health professionals.

For a start the psychiatrist, who Hilary implies makes all decisions concerning a patient's treatment, is only one member of the therapeutic team. The others include psychiatric nurses, social workers, occupational therapists and psychologists. Every one of these individuals has a voice in decisions affecting a patient's treatment, including whether ECT is given.

I do not know Dr Leeks of Lake Alice, but I have never worked with anyone who would utter the statement ascribed to him and quoted by Hilary.

Some of Hilary's statements leave me gasping, e.g. "After all, these people are loonies . . . Anyway, the psychiatrist's job is to get these square pegs back into their round holes as soon as possible, with minimum cost to the taxpayers", " . . . those employed in institutions have the primary role of either curing or imprisoning . . . women who aren't managing to carry on caring for their family properly, for example", "Such women . . . have their brains scrambled and are booted back into the same situation, with perhaps some helpful advice about 'getting out a bit more'."

The kindest thing I can say about those statements is that they must stem from ignorance.

In the ward where I work we are acutely aware that depression is seldom purely endogenous but usually arises from the effect on an individual of a unique and complex combination of social, cultural and economic factors, and interpersonal relationships.

The treatment we offer in hospital takes this into account. It consists typically of 3 main components:

- (1) Hospitalization
- (2) Medication
- (3) Group therapy and family interviews

* Hospitalization offers people asylum — a temporary refuge in a caring community, away from stresses which have become unbearable; a chance to get themselves together without having to consider others' demands.

* Medication (anti-depressants) provides artificially a lightening of mood, allowing depressed people to regain some initiative and drive to examine their situations and make changes.

* Group therapy — people are placed in a group with others whose problems are broadly similar. There is opportunity to share experiences, express feelings, explore alternative ways of coping. People are actively assisted to examine their life situations and identify areas where they can make changes.

* Family interview is usually offered — not always accepted — to enable us to form an impression of the depressed person's home situation. The initial family interview may lead to continuing family therapy, marital counselling, referral to a couples group.

Every effort is made to avoid labelling the patient as "sick" or "in the wrong" and the family or spouse as without responsibility for their condition. We don't take sides; we try to help people examine their problems in the context (personal and social) in which they occur.

This approach to the treatment of depression takes much longer than ECT — and obviously costs the taxpayer more. The reason we use it is that if lasting changes can be made to a depressed person's environment, the circumstances which produced the depression are unlikely to recur.

This is only an outline. I could write far more, but I hope I have already corrected some of the misleading impressions given by Hilary's article — particularly the erroneous idea that no advances have been made in psychiatry in the last 17 years, and that ECT is still the sole and invariable treatment for depression.

Jean Barton

A comment on the following article —

I met the author of this piece only once, through another job. She came to help me with some routine tasks, but found even checking lists of addresses difficult, and as she lit a cigarette her hands were shaking. It distressed me to see her like this, and to hear the self-deprecating way she talked about herself, for she was obviously an intelligent and capable woman.

When I rang recently to ask for her help again, I was told that she had committed suicide only a few days ago. Her friends thought that she was improving, but it seems that the pain and depression which she expressed in this piece must have become too much.

I don't really want to write this brief account of my experience with ECT which Christine asked me to write for Broadsheet. I am forcing myself to. I have to even force myself to get up in the mornings. I have no interest in anything. I don't want to do anything. I am totally locked up within myself. Everything I see and experience is negative.

My span of attention to anything I am doing, even the simplest of tasks, like making a cup of tea, lasts about one minute. Whatever ECT did for me it certainly didn't help me, but it is too simplistic and convenient to say that's what ECT does to people. I don't think it was simply ECT that caused my present state. I suffered what is termed a "florid psychotic breakdown" and my experience in Tokanui, in the early stages, is a pretty brutal memory.

I think I was put on a course of ECT treatment because that is what is given when they don't know what to do. I was also given phenothiazine to halt the psychotic symptoms. It is all a very confused jumble as a recollection. But let me just describe the circumstances of the ECT. When my mother was asked to give her consent and she was not willing to she was told. "Well it doesn't matter, we'll just get consent from your daughter". I only found this out afterwards. My mind's eye recalls my first ECT where I was dragged screaming and struggling to the couch where it was carried out. I don't recall it but one of the nurses (the four people dragging and wrestling with me were all men) later told me that I bit him.

After the first ECT I became much more "amenable" and submitted to subsequent treatment without demur. In retrospect it all seems so haphazard. Why the magical number of six shock treatments? I returned to a "normal" state in a remarkably short time. I wonder now if this "recovery" due to

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drugs and ECT wasn't too rapid for me to be able to cope in the long term. Why was the ECT not stopped once I was no longer "psychotic?"

I have always been fairly independently minded and self reliant and now when I most need those traits I am distressed to find myself completely reliant on others' opinions and infantily dependent. How much was ECT responsible for? That question will never be answered. But it certainly wasn't the solution. My present state is conveniently labelled "post-psychotic withdrawal". No-one has any answers about overcoming it.

I went as a private patient to an excellent and caring psychologist who provided me with a host of insights into what has led me here because he concentrated on my present pattern of behaviour. All the familiar patterns which have been so ingrained in women – lack of self-esteem, self blame, self pity, an unwillingness to accept self responsibility. But I have been unequal to making any changes in the way I act. Change requires determination, persistence and hard work. At present for some reason I lack the resources to do this. I believe that the most difficult thing women have to struggle against is (and this is more true of the past than now) that their upbringing and education seeks subtly to debilitate them. The answer to psychotic breakdowns is not drugs nor ECT nor mental hospitals. Women must make themselves strong and self reliant if they are to avoid the most lonely of all human experiences, the withdrawal into oneself.

I have no excuses, I have always had the privileges of a good education, have caring and supportive friends, I have travelled, owned my own home, had well paid jobs. To many women I represented the ideal of an independent woman, free to pursue the opportunities which life offers to independent women today, but I never confronted the real conflicts in the battle to establish my own identity

I sought to please others. I failed to enter into new and challenging fields for fear of failure. I was continually immobilised as I am now with feelings of inferiority and alienation. I squandered precious hours, days and nights in neurotic self pity, when I was faced with difficulties that confront women in their attempts to establish their own identity. I should have got up, dusted myself down and got on with the job in hand. I thought that being independent just meant you did everything yourself. I was continually frustrated by my lack of skills but instead of doing anything about improving them I just gave in. All the energies I required for battling for myself were dissipated in battling for others – a better deal for the kids at school, battles for native forests – and in the meantime I did nothing to get into a position of responsibility within the education system so that I could have an effective hand in changing that system.

You may well ask why with all these insights am I not back in there fighting for myself as well as others. I don't know. In times of crisis we fall back easily into patterns of behaviour which we *know* are not the answer, we cling desperately to old patterns though we know that a courageous jump into new patterns is needed. ECT, drugs and mental hospitals are a large part of the network which debilitates us. I hope that fewer and fewer women will be subjected to them.

HALFWAY HOUSE — A SELF-HELP REFUGE FOR WOMEN

Halfway House is a practical way of helping women confront oppression in society – and gives an opportunity to be involved in an active feminist group.

We need new members.
New consciousness raising groups are starting –
contact: Pat 501-249
Eva 775-299
Sue 605-711

**THERE IS NO SUCH
THING AS SELF-
LIBERATION AS LONG
AS THERE ARE OTHER
WOMEN SUFFERING
OPPRESSION**

SENDING MONEY TO AUSTRALIA?

The Feminist Bookshop, 204 Rowe St, Eastwood, N.S.W. 2122, Australia asks us to ask our readers who order books and records from the shop *not* to send New Zealand cheques – no-one will cash them in-Australia.

PUBLIC PROTEST MEETING!

July 10 8 p.m. Wellington High School Hall

MARCH!

July 14 6 p.m. Assemble Bunny Street, Wellington.

Further enquiries: Abortion Rights Committee,
P.O. Box 12-076,
Wellington North.

GETTING ORGANISED

PART 3

Women's Refuges or Halfway Houses are an important "service" which feminists have been involved in setting up and running. Refuges set up by feminists differ in a lot of ways from conventional hostels for women. Women who work at the Dunedin Refuge for Women explain what the Refuge is and does, and how they feel about it.

The Dunedin Refuge for Women was founded two years ago. It has had as its basis the desire to alleviate the hitherto unrecognised suffering of women abused by men — both physical abuse and what the legal profession classify as extreme mental cruelty. A basic tenet of the Refuge for Women has been that in the present social and legal climate, a woman caught in a physically or mentally violent marriage is in a more vulnerable position than a man, particularly if there are children resulting from the relationship. A Refuge was opened, in a small rented flat, in October 1976. As pressure on space mounted the Refuge moved on in an effort to accommodate the ever-increasing flow of women and their families seeking help. Our present home is a large, old, wooden villa which is often as full as five bedrooms will permit.

Who uses the Refuge?

The women who come to the Refuge are of every age, and from every suburb and social class. No pressure to follow any one course of action is applied to women who come to the Refuge, and the length of time each one stays is dictated by individual needs. The aim of the Refuge is to assist the individual woman to redress, using her own strengths and out-

side help, the unequal basis of her relationship with her male partner. Depressed, confused and often in very poor physical health, the women are able, often for the first time in many years, to talk about their problems, share the burden of looking after their children (who are often themselves disturbed or physically run-down), and make decisions about how they would like their lives to be. Most of the women return home, but they go because they want to, not because they have to; they are more conscious of their emotional, physical and legal rights. Their husbands, probably for the first time, have been made aware that their wives and children are not chattels and that they can and will make lives for themselves if stable; safe and caring homes are not provided. Many men subsequently agree to take treatment for their own problems; problems frequently associated with alcohol. A small percentage of the women coming to the Refuge decide on permanent separation. This decision has usually been made beforehand, and often legal action has been taken prior to their arrival at the Refuge. Owing to the complexities and/or tardiness of the law in processing separation orders, however, these women have often been forced to live with

men, who for months on end continue to apply mental and physical pressure. Often, in an effort to dissuade the women from their decisions, pressures are increased; leaving home merely accelerates the processes of the law. For those who have no legal rights to a family home or financial support from their menfolk, the Refuge provides time to seek the accommodation and income which are so difficult for a solo parent with children to find.

Who runs it?

The Refuge runs entirely on voluntary labour. The women involved work a twenty-four hour a day roster system, providing moral support, practical assistance, and a limited insight (gleaned by trial and error) into the wondrous ways of social welfare and our domestic legal system. (Where a woman wishes to take specific legal action, obviously she consults her lawyer). For the sake of the women's peace of mind, the whereabouts of the Refuge is confidential, consequently a twenty-four hour car roster system, primarily for bringing women to the Refuge, must also be run. However, because the women come from all over the city, this roster is also employed to drive children to far-flung schools, or take women to lawyers, doctors, etc.

Tor talks about how the Refuge has affected her personally, and what she has learnt.

One of the most worthwhile and enjoyable things for me about getting involved with the Refuge over the past months has been the amount I've been learning – both practically and emotionally. How to play with and look after kids. How to answer the phone or cope with an emergency without being paralysed with anxiety. How to be more assertive than I would otherwise have dared, especially with officialdom. How to relate to women of other ages and experiences who superficially would appear to have little in common with me. It's made me think about how much the Refuge can and should be not just an organisation running a shelter house, but a place where women can learn from one another – on all sorts of levels and each at her own rate.

Practically, depending on the crisis of the moment, a woman can learn how to keep fifteen children off their mothers' backs for a while, how to mend locks, arrange police escorts, chair a meeting, etc. On a broader scale, we can get to know more about how Dunedin city and our whole society works – what happens in the courts and the various welfare organisations, what sources of money and power exist to tap for support. Because of its relevance to us, we can begin to feel the importance of business and money, and observe how remote in their perceptions, feelings and experience are many of the middle-class, middle-aged men who control this money which can so help the women who come to the Refuge.

Sharing experiences

On a more immediate level, the Refuge is a place where women can learn about one another. Sitting up till late at night with women and hearing them talk about their lives has made me much more aware than before of how similar my own life has often been, especially in feelings and relationships, to those of women whom I once tended to see only in terms of their differences from me (they often

married young and had fewer job options, I have no kids and a university mealticket). I feel more respect now for the conflicts (emotional no less than physical) faced by a woman in such a position, for her fears and lack of self-confidence, for her pride and determination to provide a decent home for her kids, for the sheer guts it takes to keep on day after day, knowing that ultimately she is the only person in this society who will accept effective responsibility for her children. I've more respect now for the fact that a woman in this position has very little elbow-room, much less time, space or support than I've had to try out new ways of coping. I've become more aware (in ways that books do not provide) of how women can be oppressed, can get into such situations and be trapped there: – the facts of economic dependence on a husband and an uncertain job market; the lack of support or respect given by the community to the job of child-rearing; the fear of unwanted pregnancy; the emotional conditioning that can allow a woman to feel for so many years that the verbal, physical, and sexual assault

she experiences is something to be put up with, a reason for shame rather than anger.

Learning in a feminist context

Another thing I've come to see is that as an individual there's very little I can do to change the situation of the families that come to the Refuge, beyond offering the practical help it provides. That is something they have to do, and can do and maybe will do – in their own time. There's no way I can hammer self-confidence into the shaky, or openness into the mistrustful, especially if I lack these qualities myself. But I think that by the way it's organised the Refuge *can* encourage women, whether helping or living there, to develop such qualities – help them become more self-confident and assertive, more accepting and trusting of other women, to have more respect for their own and other women's abilities and possibilities. For instance the Refuge is run by women only – so there is no excuse to think "he's a man, he'd be more competent at that, I can't emulate



that". No possibility of being bulldozed or sweetly brushed off by men with the same idea. No tea-making or deferential dogsbody role to slip into or be slipped into. The Refuge is run on a collective basis with no formal leadership – which makes for occasional confusion and "inefficiency". It means a lot more work has to go into things like communicating with one another and making sure new members feel at home, but it also means that there is less need to feel one-down to a super-efficient committee or elite, and it encourages people to try new skills, and new roles. The main thing we can give and receive from one another, whether staying in the house or as a helper, is the enjoyment of being with one another, the acceptance and care for one another and doing all sorts of things effectively – face outraged husbands without being intimidated, cope with midnight emergencies without flustering, rattle

donation tins round Friday night pubs without qualing (I've not got to that point yet, but then one day why not?) Because the range of skills and qualities needed to keep the Refuge running is so great, and because the common practical problems loom much larger than ideological differences, it becomes impossible to say that any one person is better qualified for the work than another – passionate enthusiasm, balance and caution, refusal to accept compromises on principles, peace-making, practical business sense, solid hard slog, getting on well with kids, having spare time and a receptive ear etc. – all are equally important. It's easiest to learn new skills and ways of coping when you feel accepted as a person regardless of your present level of competence and when the person teaching is herself excited and involved in what is being transmitted. I think I have learnt what I have because I have felt accepted in this way by the other

women in the organisation and have felt their enthusiasm for what they are doing. In turn I would like to try to ensure that the Refuge provides the same sort of learning experience for other women who come to it. I think, in fact, that this is vital for its survival as a feminist organisation: reaching out to women not committed to feminist ideas. If we drift away from the principles of equality and acceptance of one another as they are built into the organisation, whether in the name of efficiency or of ideology, then I think the energy we have generated so far will drain away. We will be left with just a house; a drifting away of the uncommitted; and a growing distinction between helpers and helped, whether "helping" were to be defined in terms of the proselytising of feminist principles or in the more conventional terms of a charity operated by the well-to-do for the benefit of the poor.



Is the Refuge effective politically as well as personally? Pam gives her opinions.

In any movement for change, it is inevitable that the most articulate members will make their case most succinctly and change their situation most readily. Feminism is no exception and with educated and professional women thick in its ranks, it is not surprising that the movement should be regarded primarily as a middle-class one. If the feminist movement is to progress, however, it clearly needs to be *seen* to have a wider base. Perhaps this can only be achieved by picking up the tab again and again for the vast majority of women who are as yet unable to see the underlying humiliation of their role in society.

Over the past eighteen months, the Refuge has assumed the role of Cinderella of Dunedin Feminism. It has sought to help women whose sole aim is to provide a safer and more peaceful environment for themselves and their children. Most do not know what feminism is and probably care even less. In addition, with changes to the group of roster women, there are now few committed feminists directly involved in running the Refuge. As a result it has even been suggested that those women who become voluntarily involved with the Refuge are merely a group of philosophically unmotivated middle-class do-gooders looking for objects of patronage. How, then, can it be argued that the Refuge is now, more than ever, in the front line of the feminist struggle? Many of the women who use the

Refuge are the product of a lifetime's conditioning, losers in a system that may as well have branded the word across their forehead at birth. They were frequently brought up in homes where violence was commonplace. If they are strong they have learnt the hard way to work the system to their own limited advantage, by playing welfare groups off against each other, manipulating authority, and staying one step ahead of a husband reduced to physical violence to articulate his own frustrations. Many are weak, and, were probably battered into submission before they could walk. Financially, educationally and emotionally deprived, they can be indecisive and neurotic. To expect either type of woman to embrace feminism with open arms and a fighting spirit is the ultimate in self-delusion. There *are* women who use the Refuge who are organised, articulate and only waiting for this practical opportunity to make a fresh start. The fact must be faced, however, that most of the women who seek help from the Refuge will never be able to face the pressures of everyday life as individuals particularly if they are encumbered, as many of them are, by disturbed children. But by experiencing the caring, questioning and co-operative environ-

ment of the Refuge and thereby gaining a modicum of self-respect, many of them can hope for an improvement in their domestic situations, brought about by the very real pressures exerted on their husbands by the Refuge. Whether they realise it or not, these women are experiencing feminism at first hand.

The women who work on the roster at the Refuge are from every class and background, from students through to old-age pensioners; from solo mothers balancing the D.P.B. to retired professional women. There is no "average" Refuge roster woman. One thing she is not is a "middle-class do-gooder". If she were, she would have opted for one of the hierarchically structured, (frequently) male-dominated, conventional charities where she could pat old ladies on the head until she became an old lady herself. Women who come to help at the Refuge, and stay the course, are those drawn to it by an uneasy feeling that there is something basically wrong with a society that countenances the degradation of large numbers of its members. This feeling, consciously or otherwise, leads to an awareness that women are the most degraded and deprived members of that society. The continual demands of the Refuge; the day to day crises created by the heavy inflow of disturbed women and children; the constant battles with an unfeeling, patronising and authoritarian system; and the exhausting, disheartening struggle to stay financially afloat are not challenges the 'middle-class do-gooder' would have a hope of facing. In addition the Refuge has always been run on the basis of collective responsibility, involving attendance at frequent meetings where issues have to be thrashed out to the satisfaction of a vociferous and critical majority. It should be apparent that, far from being a pastime for middle-class housewives with nothing better to do, the Refuge must be one of the most challenging enterprises facing any thinking woman.

Aims and obstacles

The Refuge is not merely a quiet place where battered women can "lick their wounds" before facing the outside world again. If it were it could hope to be no more than another hostel,



similar to those run by other organisations in the city. Most women who use the Refuge return home but by becoming aware of the alternatives open to them, they go back in a psychologically much stronger position. By being prepared to help each individual woman overcome the innumerable obstacles placed in her way, the Refuge removes the hopelessness and conviction of defeat ahead, which usually discourages women from trying to improve their domestic situations. But the impact of the Refuge, to justify its existence, must go beyond the women who use it. As each battle for each woman is fought through, the Refuge must also affect the attitudes not only of the woman in it and the women voluntarily involved with it, but the attitudes of the doctors, lawyers, police officers and members of the public with which it comes into contact and often conflict.

Seen in this context the Refuge becomes the front line in the struggle for social change. Moreover, the Refuge is one of the few points of contact with the full social spectrum of Dunedin women. Working together, virtually living together, the constant exchange of feelings, attitudes and ideas affords a unique opportunity to test the pulse of female opinion in the city. The Refuge is one area where theory and ideals come into constant conflict with harsh reality, where feminism faces the acid test. Is feminism for the privileged few who can make the rules to suit themselves? Does being free and strong mean only that within the realms of one's personal

life things are under control? Surely a true feminist is one who believes that none are free until all are free, that collective responsibility goes beyond responsibility to the committed. Change can only be achieved through numbers. Numbers can only be achieved through trust. Just as the Refuge has had to prove itself to those it sets out to help, so the feminist movement must prove its worth. Theories upon which to base the movement are vital, but the patience and courage to make these theories a reality, by dragging feminism out of the middle-class and proving to all women that feminists are not just another pressure group dictating from a privileged distance, is essential.

Note: The Dunedin Refuge no longer has one-third of its rent paid by a service group. Thus it has no regular financial support at all, except for a \$20 a month donation from one woman. The Refuge made a long and detailed application to the Mental Health Foundation (which has over a million dollars of Telethon money) but was **turned down** on the grounds that its committee had decided that it was not going to grant any money for buildings. As if a Refuge of any sort were possible without one! The Mental Health Foundation is, however, spending money on bringing out Erin Pizzey, who founded a women's refuge in London in 1973. She will tour the country informing us about the problem! Regardless of the merits of Ms. Pizzey, this ignorant disregard of the information and expertise New Zealand women have accumulated in their two-three years of running refuges in New Zealand for New Zealand women, and the callous refusal to be of concrete assistance to women and children who are suffering severe mental stresses and strains right now, is so infuriating that it merely serves to confirm the suspicions Broad-sheet had even before the Telethon money was raised — that it would be used by one lot of middle class "experts" to finance another lot of middle class "experts" to tell the rest of us "what's wrong" with us, instead of giving the money to the people in need and letting **them** decide what should be done with it.

To mark six years of Women's Liberation in New Zealand, and six years of publishing *Broadsheet*, we asked feminists to share their thoughts and feelings about the Movement. This month we print articles by Val Cole and Julie Thompson; next issue we shall be continuing the series.



SIX YEARS OF WOMEN'S LIBERATION



When I became involved in the Women's Liberation Movement in the early 1970s, the Movement was concerned with the famous six demands:

- Equal Pay
- Equal education and job opportunities.
- 24-hour day-care.
- Free contraception; Abortion on demand
- The right to a self-defined sexuality
- Financial and legal independence.

The undeniable conclusion that must be drawn from looking at these six demands in 1978 is that they are reformist. Achieving these demands will not necessarily liberate women because they can all be fitted into the present system.

This is precisely what has happened. Those demands that can be co-opted have been and yet we are no closer to women's liberation than we were before. The men who make changes to this society and administer these changes redefine our demands to fit their conception of society. We have an Equal Pay Act, but it is very desultorily enforced. We have some child-care, but its rationale is *education* for living in society.

It is arguable that achieving these demands is a pre-condition for revolution: that until more women can survive in our society they neither have the time and energy for political activity.

It is also arguable that as long as we use our woman-energy in a reactive struggle to keep our heads above water, we are diffusing that energy and diluting the revolutionary potential of our Movement.

It is at this point that we come to what I see as the dilemma of the Movement in New Zealand. This is the question of strategy — whether to

work for a gradual and continuing process of change to achieve an improvement in the position of women, or to work and live for a viable vision. In other words, working-within-the-system, or separatism.

Both have their pros and cons. Working within the system means working for equality. Is this what we really want? While men hold all the power, becoming equal to them means becoming like them. I think I can see this already happening.

Separatism, on the other hand, is an attempt to understand what is female, to learn about, and understand our own sources of power. What does the homily 'Behind every successful man there's a woman' really mean? To me it means much more than home-making.

I consider that our diversity is our strength. I think we have to fight on all fronts within and without the patriarchy. However, I also think that the six demands have their own momentum and we must concentrate on our vision for the future to generate new goals.

This brings us to the current state of the Women's Liberation Movement. The diversity of the radical element of the Movement became obvious at the Piha Congress earlier this year. Three strong factions emerged:

- The Lesbian Feminists
- The Independent Radical Feminists
- The Socialist Feminists.

These three adopt strategies consistent with their basic assumptions. The socialist feminists see capitalism as the root of our oppression; and the other two, the male-female power imbalance.



Auckland Women's Liberation. circa 1973

Hence the socialist feminists attack capitalism, and the others, men.

I don't propose to outline the strategies here, but I want to emphasise that we need to attack on all fronts. If these factions, and any others that may arise, can work out coherent strategies

and goals, then I think we will be able to make the leap to the revolutionary stage of the Women's Liberation Movement. A leap that will lead to the liberation of women rather than equality with men.

Val Cole



I have learned a great deal in my 4 years in the Women's Liberation Movement. I have been fortunate to have been involved in *Broadsheet*, the Halfway House (Auckland), in research on depression and women, the Women's Documentary Film Series, and recently, in community work in Auckland. Briefly, I would like to say something about what I have learned about the key to our struggle for liberation — **POWER**.

The actions and thoughts of women in the WLM are all aimed to take back power for women — power for the individual woman and power for women as a group in society. The initial demands (outlined by Val) are all aimed at restoring a power balance between men and women in this society.

It is herstory now that we have made little progress on most of them and lost ground on the abortion front, in law if not in popular support. I think we should ask ourselves why. But along the way we have gathered together an increasing-

ly large group of women who have begun to understand that men have power over women in this society. Legal, economic, expert, and physical power at least. Many of those women have decided to work to end that domination of men over women. Some women have a critical overview and understanding of how society works to oppress women. Most do not. Many women can only see particular symptoms of the overall dis-ease e.g. violence, or treatment of women in psychiatric hospitals.

Most women involved in WLM are involved in fighting on "issues" — fighting against the fact that we still (despite the law) get unequal payment for work done, have a lack of opportunities for paid, satisfying work; that there is no equal sharing of responsibility for children, no ability to decide not to conceive or not to have children. Some women are fighting to redress these imbalances.

At the same time many women are realising that women are stronger than men, and always have

been psychically, emotionally and spiritually stronger. These women are working for change too. Working for a new idea about power. Men want and need **power over** women and other men, in order to "show who's boss"; in order to feel alive at all. These women want us to develop our own individual power of self determination, — both as individuals and as women as a class or a group in society.

However, these women realise that learning to make our own decisions only goes so far. It may be your decision to have sex with a man; admirable to decide not to ruin your body by taking the pill; and fine to decide not to have any children. But in the final analysis, women do **not have** the power to decide. The state, the law of men, has **taken power over woman's decision** about whether she has children or not. Why? To retain a basic **power over** women as a group.

Ultimately the WLM is a movement to create a new society. Many of us find a man's world and his ways of treating women and other men very ugly. I can see now that we will have to be involved in more than seeking basic rights from men. But in fighting for these "rights", women will learn in what ways this male world of ours must change further. They will learn about **women-hating** (that is quite a shocking one to learn!)

I joined the WLM believing that women were treated badly in this world because of men's ignorance, lack of thought, and because of habit patterns lingering on from a pre-technological age. I believed in the power of justice. I thought that helping men to become aware of the effect of their behaviour on women would be enough to change that behaviour. For some men, usually those with **relatively** little power themselves, it does go **some** way to bring about **some** change. (It is very difficult for most men to really understand, for their experience of the world does differ a great deal from ours).

However, at the point at which change could really happen, there is no justice. I believe now in the power of Might over right, in the power of men's desire to control, and in the power of the fear the boys have of women.

Submissions, deputations, voting for an alternative person all go some small way to change society, provided it is the kind of change the boys do not mind. But only with the power of a mass movement of women **engaged in the liberation of other women** and themselves will there be any real change in the power-hold the boys have over women. (And that's a whole other story — maybe next time !)



The Women's Medicine Show, 1975.

She laughs, she cries,
she feels angry, she feels lonely,
she feels guilty, she makes breakfast,
she makes love, she makes do,
she is strong, she is weak,
she is brave, she is scared, she is...



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The Committee on Women
congratulates
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A review of "An Unmarried Women appears in
"The Feminist Eye" in this issue.

VOICES FROM THE EARLY DAYS



— a random selection of radical feminist ideas from the early days of the Women's Liberation Movement, to remind us of our beginnings, and the basis on which we build.

Radical feminism recognises the oppression of women as a fundamental political oppression wherein women are categorised as an inferior class based upon their sex. It is the aim of radical feminism to organise politically to destroy this sex class system.

Anne Koedt

**New York Radical Feminists Manifesto,
December 1969**

And let's put one lie to rest for all time: the lie that men are oppressed too, by sexism — the lie that there can be such a thing as "men's liberation groups". Oppression is something that one group of people commits against another group specifically because of a "threatening" characteristic shared by the latter group — skin colour or sex or age, etc. The oppressors are indeed *fucked up* by being masters (racism hurts whites, sexual stereotypes are harmful to men) but those masters are not *oppressed*. Any master has the alternative of divesting himself of sexism or racism — the oppressed have no alternative — for they have no power — but to fight. In the long run, Women's Liberation will of course free men — but in the short run it's going to cost men a lot of privilege, which no-one gives up willingly or easily. Sexism is *not* the fault of women — kill your fathers, not your mothers.

Robin Morgan

Goodbye to all that

1970

We call on all our sisters to unite with us in struggle. We call on all men to give up their male privileges and support women's liberation in the interest of our humanity and their own.

In fighting for our liberation we will always take the side of women against their oppressors. We will not ask what is "revolutionary" or "reformist", only what is good for women.

The time for individual skirmishes has passed. This time we are going all the way.

From the Redstockings Manifesto 1969.

Free our sisters; free ourselves!

THE FOUR DEMANDS

EQUAL PAY

We have to understand **why** we don't have equal pay. It's always been said that a woman's place is in the home. We don't want to do equal work and housework as well. We don't want to do equal work when it's shitwork. Equal pay means not just the same money for the same work, but also recognising how many women work not because they want to, but because they **have** to, either for money or for friends. Equal pay is the first step, not just to more money, but to control over how, why and for whom we work.

EQUAL EDUCATION AND OPPORTUNITY

We don't want to demand an education equally as bad as that of men — we want equal resources, not equal repression. We want to fight for real education, to make our own jobs and opportunities.

24-HOUR NURSERIES

We need somewhere for the kids, but we have to choose as to whether the kids will be kept out of the way or given their own space, and whether, freed from children, we just manage to survive through working or make the time to discover who stops us from living.

FREE CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION ON DEMAND

We want to be free to choose when and how many kids we have, if any. We have to fight for control over our own bodies, for even the magic pill or (in the case of mistakes) abortion on demand only gives us the freedom to get into a real mess without any visible consequences. We still can't talk of sex as anything but a joke or a battle ground.

Women's Newspaper, Issue No. 1, March 1971

Women's Liberation is a movement for human equality, a movement aimed to liberate women from their deeply imbedded image of their own inferiority. It is a movement aimed to liberate women from narrow, limiting social roles, so that women in New Zealand can grow up facing an open future with many and varied opportunities for development and fulfilment. It is a movement aimed to liberate persons, both men and women, from stultifying social roles and stereotypes, in order that men and women may be fairly assessed as persons. It is a movement aimed to encourage more honest and realistic relationships between men and women. It is a movement aimed to improve the quality of life of men, women and children in New Zealand. We see this as possibly only through the improvement of the position of women in our society.

From the Manifesto of Auckland Women's Liberation Group 1972.

'The pro-woman line' says basically that women are really neat people. The bad things that are said about us as women are either myths (women are stupid) tactics women use to struggle individually (women are bitches) or are actually things that we want to carry into the new society and want men to share too (women are sensitive, emotional).

Carol Hanisch

"The Personal is Political"

1969

Sisterhood is powerful!

1968 – December: One night someone says the main obstacle to our liberation is that we've swallowed sexist ideology; we must stop feeling guilty about being 'unfeminine', refuse to play our traditional roles. This touches off an emotional argument. It's not a matter of brainwashing, the opposition insists. There are *consequences* for stepping out of our roles. If you refuse to be a domestic servant and your man calls you bitchy and unloving, the whole culture backs him up. It won't help to find another man. Most men won't accept our individual attempts at self-liberation – why should they? They are organised, we aren't. Names *do* hurt us; they're warnings. If we step out of line too often, the penalties are loneliness, sexual deprivation and in most cases the economic and spiritual dead end of menial jobs...

So if women are 'brainwashed' it's because facing their powerlessness is too painful. If we can't change things, it doesn't help to stew about them. And we can only change things together. As we build a movement, as we organise to attack the institutions that keep us down, our psychic defences will go too. Guilt is fear...

For the first time I understand what is ultimately wrong with the 'change your head' line. Up against the wall, Beatles.

Ellen Willis from "Up from radicalism" US magazine, October 1969



A woman's right to choose!

What does women's freedom mean? It means the freedom of self-determination, self-enrichment, the freedom to live one's own life, set one's own goals, the freedom to rejoice in one's own accomplishments. It means the freedom to be one's own person in an integrated life of work, love, play, motherhood; the freedoms, rights and privileges of first class citizenship, of equality in relationships of love and work; the right to choose to make decisions or not to; the right to full self-realisation and to full participation in the life of the world. That is the freedom we seek in women's liberation.

To achieve these rights we must struggle as all other oppressed groups must struggle: one only has the rights one fights for. We must come together, understand the common problems, despair, anger, the roots and the processes of our oppression: and then together, win our rights to a creative and human life.

Chicago Women's Liberation 1969

***No revolution without the liberation of women –
no liberation of women without revolution!***

WHAT WE ARE STILL

... some random reflections and reminders of just how much men have changed — and have not changed. Realising that we have no intention of being scared back into conventional “femininity” by names like “lesbian”, “man-hater” or “frustrated spinster” and that our demands merit attention, some men have decided to “help” us. As the two examples on this page show, with “friends” like these — who needs enemies? For the most part though, as the remainder of the examples show, men remain secure in their masculine privilege, with no need or desire to fain sympathy or offer support. This is why the Women’s Liberation Movement started — this is why we have got to keep going.



How to achieve ultimate power!

Use the same systems, the same channels, the same methods that have been used against you. You must reach the potential voting majority you already have. You must de-programme and activate this silent, nonthinking majority (they are not dumb), mount massive advertising campaigns — try using a man as a leader, a figurehead: a good looking, well dressed, eloquent, erotic image of a man.

Or, if you must use a female figurehead, at least have her attractive (in a stereotyped way), diminutive, tearful, wearing a bra, and seemingly unliberated..

Warnings for men

It is just possible that men are, and often have been, the weaker sex; that we too are often discriminated against; are hopelessly conditioned to the stereotyped roles *women* and society have forced on us. It is also possible, that it may take ‘women’s power’ to awaken us, to liberate us, and to give us our true manhood.

However, if this brave new women’s world goes haywire, or becomes intent on man’s total subservience, we have one last and ultimate weapon of defence!

Start cultivating colonies of mice!!!

Signed: Peter Barrington,
‘The Mouse that tried to roar’.

A “loving” letter — with our comments

Dear Broadsheet,

Apologies to those women who went to Shere Hite’s talk Monday 11 April and felt inhibited by the presence of myself and two other men. I went at the invitation of a good friend. Neither of us knew of any gender restriction.¹ When the presence of males came under debate and the chairwoman decided on a democratic vote I stayed in accordance with the majority’s wishes.² Later in the evening when a second vote was unresolved I decided to leave on the instructions of the chairwoman, as this is standard meeting procedure. At her request I left.

No thanks to the people who without knowing me as a human being insulted me for my sex.³ On reflection, I realise you were the ones whose coarse laughter and muffled giggles — the response we all recognise in immature children confronted with new, exciting and frightening experience, especially sexual — punctuated Shere’s talk.⁴ Do you suspect that my interest in female sexuality is exploitative?⁵ Are you in fact treating me as a sexual rival?⁶ How about giving me the respect due to me as a feeling human?⁷

I spoke briefly with Shere this morning to assure her that I did not intend to cause any confrontation by my presence. She was very tired last night

and not expecting a large gathering, and has my admiration for her generosity of spirit in sticking it out. Did everyone get loosened up after we males left? I hope so. I also hope I can be with you women not just singly but in a gathering of all loving beings.⁸

Arohanui
Richard Hudson,
Auckland.

1. Many of the women present did — as advertised in “The Herald” — is your perception more important than theirs?
2. Would you have the hide to stay on a marae if even a minority group resented your presence? You might — but I suspect you’d show big brown men a lot more respect than little white women.
3. It’s not nice, is it? Women are used to it. When millions of women have suffered and died from witchhunts, backstreet abortions, rapes, and assaults, not to mention the misery they experience from everyday discrimination, don’t expect us to get too upset if

UP AGAINST

Misogyny means womanhating.

Womanhating is respectable.

There is no fancy word for manhating.

Manhating is not respectable.

Manhating arose because there was so much womanhating going on.

The Women's Liberation Movement intends to end all kinds of hating.



Photo: Sharyn Black



your poor wee ego takes a bruising in the process of redressing the balance.

4. *This is an apology?* The contempt you display is beneath contempt.
5. Too damn right! And you're not going to convince us to the contrary by turning up to "sexpert" lectures. You can only prove that it isn't in private — and that is neither trendy nor obvious. Too bad eh?
6. Don't make us laugh!
7. When you do the same for us.
8. I think it's fairly unlikely that you'll get to be with "us women" even singly after they've read this letter.

Pregnancy — a mental deficiency disease.

Sleuth Was Pregnant

NZPA London

When a Scottish household-er called the police after his home was burgled, he was expecting a detective who would be a dazzling combination of Kojak and Sherlock Holmes.

Instead, he was aghast to see a young woman officer who was obviously pregnant.

The story was told at the Scottish Police Federation's annual conference, as an illustration of how the federation claims the Sex Discrimination Act is reducing police efficiency.

GIRL

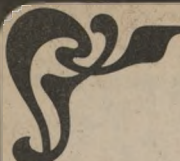
We have a tedious and sometimes demanding job, in our Papanul agency for a Grade 1 female. If you are up to looking after a dozen or so men making lots of coffee, typing letters, keeping records etc for a rather low salary (\$3265), give me a ring 529-063, 529-064, or a.h. 396-339.

NZ Herald

Christchurch Star ↑

How to compliment a woman -- print this ad as is.

How to insult a man — change "girl" to "boy", "female" to "male".



A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

S.O.S. Auckland gave us this letter from Australia to reprint anonymously. It speaks for itself. Share it with as many people as possible — some day the message must get through.

Dear Women, please don't judge this letter too quickly; finish it and I'm sure I will change your opinions, even if only a fragment of it shall please me.

I'm a young Maori housewife, with three children, happily married, stable, etc. We've lived in Sydney for six months because making a living in New Zealand was impossible for my carpenter husband as well as many of our friends who are also very very skilled. I cry at the thought of Aussie having the best of New Zealand's men, who are not well and truly part of the workforce here, yet we all miss home terribly.

Now because of human fault, and nature, much to our regret last month we were told that I was two and a half months pregnant. Having to start house again here, not to mention settling the kids into school, has been very difficult in a city such as Sydney, and we have been having a most frustrating time meeting new friends, etc. Even now we live on the barest necessities, with an eighty dollar car, but we're still living well compared to New Zealand standards. We pay rent, which is twice as high as New Zealand, food

which is very reasonable, bills that piled up in New Zealand because many companies went bankrupt and left our family with no wages plus mortgage payments for three months in Christchurch.

For the first time my husband and I were faced with what we felt was the most tragic dilemma we have ever had to face and most certainly will ever face. Either have this child — and we were well aware — yes, it is the beginnings of a child's life — or terminating my pregnancy. Decisions of this making are never light and are very traumatic emotionally for many women. I had weeks of feelings which were very new and which I would have thought alien. But! Then reason and truth of yourself gives you the strength to decide either way. Please, I'd like to make clear that before this event came into our lives I had only vague ideas on human rights, abortion, etc. I was amazed that I had never put myself into someone else's position for just a minute, and I was shocked to admit that I am more narrow-minded than I would ever have believed. How many times does this happen to





women the world over, and in a very definite form? For their lives are changed whether they decide to have a child or terminate their pregnancy.

I sat down and asked myself many questions, over and over again, debating every circumstance. We're broke, with three kids to feed – what a toll a new one would bring, with such strain, being continuously bogged down. Living conditions as they are certainly provide no place of welcome for any new being. Then there were fears of not wanting the child, fears which had already started deep in my heart. It hurt, sure, but it was there. I asked my children, without revealing my pregnancy, for their views. Definitely, no baby. Their exact words: "Save so we can go home, Mum." My husband's words: "I love you, if you can manage then have the baby, if you can't well consider termination, if you can deal with that." But how wretched my heart was when he said, "God! When will having to struggle in order to live stop? If the work situation at home were only half what it is here, then I'd undoubtedly have the baby, but four kids make us a family of six. I'm thirty you're twenty six – we matter now and today. If we can't look after ourselves, we're not worth a penny to our kids."

I could not help thinking – quality not quantity, inevitably religious teachings came to the fore but what puzzles me was how easily I handled these notions. This child is mine, this body is mine, my mind – so tight now with anxiety – is mine, the life I live right now is mine. Can you understand what I'm trying to tell you? This is not a controversial subject to be played with. It is a right, my right, women's right to have a choice. I loved the seed in me instinctively but already resentment set in like concrete. I cried for it and the decision I made.

I felt the prick of the anaesthetic needle in my wrist and ten minutes later woke in bed. I had made the right decision for me and the family, which I now had to love and rear. How can I share with you the joy of feeling a couple of months of strain, torture and tension leaving my body and soul? We shall conceive a baby in love when we return to our beloved New Zealand and can let our child know freedom and a warm bed, a full tummy.

Now my motive for the need to write to you. While at the clinic, legally set up as a surgery but made like a large home with pleasant day beds, etc., the experiences of several (and I mean several) New Zealand girls horrified me. Money of course had to be the top priority in order for them to get there. Any means of acquiring it is considered. Alone more often than not, as young as fifteen, their parents think they're visiting friends in Auckland for the weekend. I know how lucky I was to have my husband waiting with me. These girls have nowhere to go, though if necessary the clinic lets them stay overnight. *Rape* is no grounds for an abortion in New Zealand. Just hope it is not your daughter sitting in the clinic alone, scared, battered and I mean battered inside her body, knowing that her only alternative is to terminate it because it shall not even be the same colour. Many many more examples similar to these I met in one day, and most were New Zealanders. As any of you sit in judgement, think again – would you want no way out for your daughter, friend, wife? No! Help me, help us, women that need to know that we have a choice, a right to our own bodies hearts and wombs. An *Auckland Star* handed on to me yesterday saddened me, with its picture of the burnt out S.O.S. building. Don't let Aussie look after your girls too – come on, N.Z. Government and look after your own people. Help us now before it is too late. We *need* clinics fiercely and urgently. We need a choice too.



UNTIDLED...

by Sheila Knight

She had tried to ignore the averted eyes and the needless attention given to the buttoning of his raincoat, as though he were preparing for the rigours of a tramp rather than a short walk down the drive, sensing rather than hearing, the now all too familiar, distinctive, nervous pacing of the waiting car ... the violation of his life and feelings had seemed complete when she had found herself, a few days earlier attempting to match her own heart-beat to its fibrillated rhythm.

The heavy grey blanket hadn't descended yet, but she didn't doubt that it would. The thought scared her. The numbness was bearable if only she could accept the inaction that accompanied it.

She stood for a long moment. She could smell the warmth of the unmade bed, and as she entered the cocoon of rumpled sheets she created a haven by drawing her knees up tightly to her body, she covered her head and then reached out for her pillow, hugging it closely to her. The crescendo was immediate, terrifying in its intensity, but even as she gave in to it she knew that it would stop.

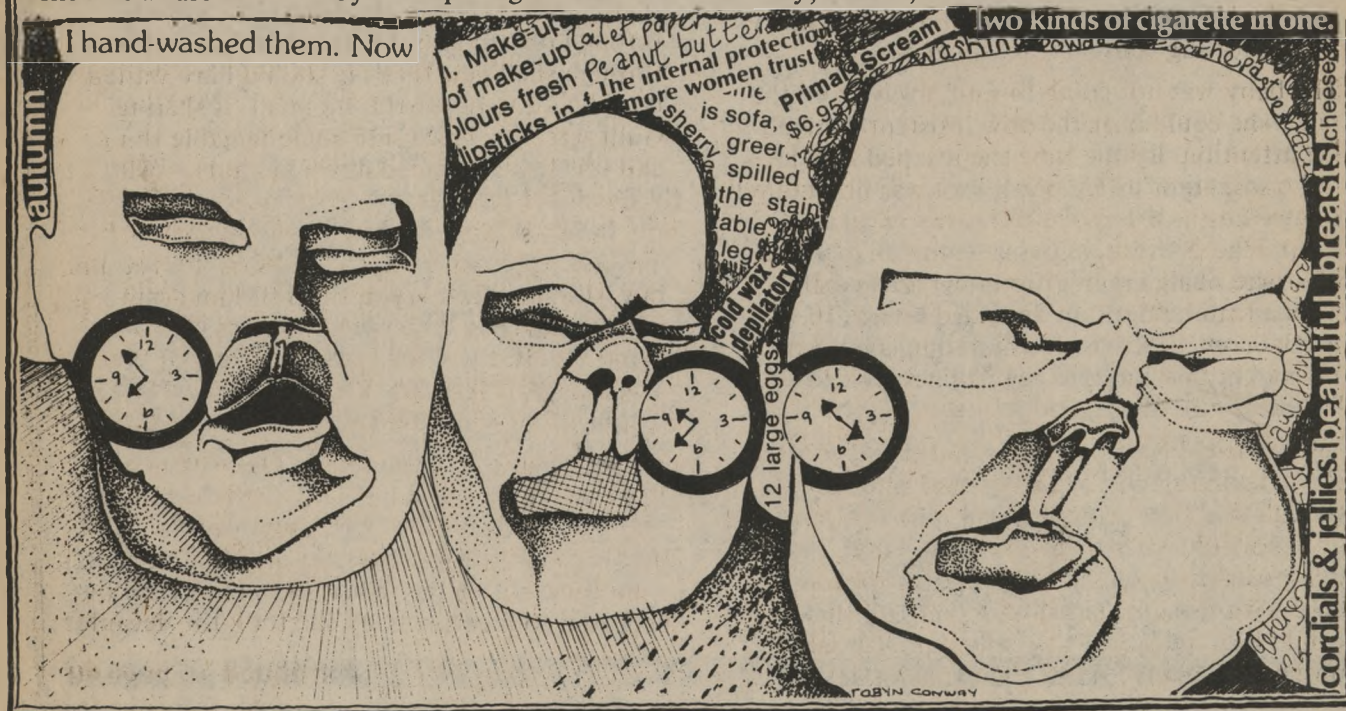
When she could no longer hear her own agony she was aware of the baby whimpering but she

didn't go to her. Instead she made her way slowly through the house, that had become, she was convinced, a second womb, dark and protective but without the warmth.

Where to start? Heaps of clothes, toys, and under the table shrivelled peas and turd-like pieces of sausages. Dishes, so many, last night's too, peanut-butter-plastered knives. Revulsion and the desire for order seeped through the fog. The feeling was nebulous and short-lived. It seemed to come in spurts; perhaps she would stack them, maybe rinse them.

The soft rays of the autumn morning gently captured the jars on the table and with just the tips of beautiful soft fingers the sun caressed them. They generously, but briefly, returned streams of light and then were gone.

She left the table undisturbed and switched on the radio. Her head couldn't really cope with the intrusion but the enveloping completeness of the earlier silence disturbed her even more. She half hoped that the unexplained whine might be the baby, but no, the damn radio needed new



batteries – shopping – making lists, carrots, soap powder

Soothed by the soft lilting refrain she attempted to capture the softness by hugging herself and was shocked yet again to discover the hostile identity that was inhabiting her body. Her head filled with tears at this failure at self-nurturing. She perfunctorily lifted a plate. Her son's milk glass had left a ring on the table again and she wondered why 'they' couldn't make glasses without leaky bottoms and hoped she'd remember to share that with Peter. She felt the beginnings of a smile which didn't reach her aching eyes, she doubted if she would ever use them for that purpose again.

The self-possessed, well-modulated voice of the interviewer, who never failed to probe in depth, had now replaced the music. Strange how she had once enjoyed listening to her. The subject, the result of a study on child neglect. 'He' spoke authoritatively but it was just words, it didn't reach where she really felt things. She contemplated using the reverse end of the vacuum cleaner to puff away some of this fog in her head, or at least to redistribute the numbness. She smiled again, this time conscious of a slight lifting of her cheeks. She didn't turn the radio off, but left the room.

As she passed through the living-room the heaps of clothes were still there

This charming old house she had once loved where now, behind unlined walls, the dirt formed into armies and then stealthily moved out in ranks of gritty fluff, sneering contemptuously at her.

The baby was not going to wait, away from the radio she could hear the now insistent demand for attention. By the time she reached her the red transparent toffee-paper face was prematurely screwed up – the eventual destiny of all such wrappings. She felt anew the vulnerability of her life-force being drained from her as the baby took a firm hold of her engorged breast. It seemed a sacrilege to give something so ugly such a pretty name and she still couldn't bring herself to use it.

The sucking became stronger and stronger until the dragging started again, visceral stabs as though she were being violated. The forceps-aided projectile-like arrival had done its worst, the itchy scar-tissue of the tear was now rigid and hard with tension. The doctor had said that it would heal quicker if she bathed it with salt water, how many? six or eight times a day –

she must somehow try to fit it in today. She had taken up his offer of tranquilisers even though it made the baby less alert and so less interesting. She 'chose' not to think what they might be doing to her. She wondered what his reaction would have been if she had told him that instead of his bloody pills she would have liked to have borrowed a transient thread of warmth and with it tenderly wrapped herself in his arms. How could she share the enormity of this thing that she couldn't even begin to comprehend.

She closed her eyes and gave in to the floating sensation she didn't want Peter to find her there when he came home from kindy she wasn't conscious that the sucking had stopped until she heard his step and tired whine of a greeting. Her little protestor: his protest was initially taking the form of slamming the door, then dropping all his belongings along the hall as though it had been an imposition to have carried them this far.

He stopped short, not able to disguise his displeasure at the sight of her and the sleeping contented baby. She straightened her aching back and watched silently while he stood just out of arm's reach and struggled to remove his jacket, his mouth set in a Charlie Brown crack of concentration, attempting the unnecessarily exacting task of pulling the body and one sleeve through the remaining sleeve. She responded, with a sudden surge of warmth, with the thought that he resembled an elephant pulling itself through its trunk, but before she was half way through she knew that she should have waited until he'd eaten, for this moment of sharing. Guilt was now made into some tangible thing and was being rammed down her guts – why were all her feelings so fragile, so transitory, the barely submerged resentment at this, yet another rejection, welled inside her, intense and raw, she shouldn't cry in front of him again – why couldn't he understand, he was four could tie his own shoe laces The arm that wasn't supporting the baby ached as though it would strike him with a force all of its own.

They had all slept after lunch. She woke to find Peter watching television – at least the mid-afternoon programmes were suitable, she'd face the storm of protest later. She would have a bath – no time – a sherry. When she went off to the bedroom to feed the baby she took the decanter

continued on page 40

The Feminist Eye

review :

Allie Eagle Anna Keir Jane Zusters
C.S.A. Gallery 66 Gloucester St
Christchurch
April 17th-30th 1978

and a Season's Diaries

Beginning with Anna's bowls in the front of the gallery the mood is strong, the bowls deceptively fragile. They are pale papier mache, with blue tendrils radiating from the base over and into the interior, and the interiors change, as the exteriors too change, from delicate pink to delicate blue to barely tinged pale parchment. Inside, the changes are more dramatic: blood red, dark blue, dark as the secret interior of breast, brain, heart. The texture is veined and celled, its webbing suggests delicate cut flesh. One group has little hearts hanging from the inside centre, sewn and stuffed hearts, one tinged a washed pink, uncomfortably tampon-like, just not bloody. Interspersed in the arrangement are shells, a bottle of dried silvery honesty. Accompanying and above the bowls is a group of 6 drawings: Bowl Cracking and Reforming, a sequence with the final bowl whole, flames rising from its interior. It seems to me a symbolic or pure abstraction of the life process of the made bowls, the drawn bowl being round and perfect. The ribs, bumps and textures of the made bowls hold the feeling pain and knowledge of woman's vulnerable anatomy. Elizabethan symbol game — Bowls equal love. Anna's bowls are a powerful and original concept in the new language of woman's art.

Then there are her diary drawings, where windows and doors hold a focus of events. The backgrounds are two pieces of pale tie-dyed cotton suggesting foliage and sky. Through the 'entries' is a feeling of strong emotions rigidly contained — stylised orderly drawings to pronounce the solid clarity of things outside an interior complex. And her one painting: the Tree for friends whose journeys are different, is flat and rich coloured, stylised as a mandala tree.

Then to Joanna's diary, a formal July calendar grid on a white cloth ground, the more complex ten days in August, "coloured rooms" on a green ground. These are a slightly more distanced series of frames, looking outwards at weather and landscape as inner corollaries: the full moon, not quite bursting through, not quite bulging behind rich clouds, a power pole on a beach frontage. Language as parallels: WOD-ENSDAY DIES MERCURII wood/mad wodnesdaeg. And poems, like colours: As she black sat/ As she black was sitting/ they red stood up . . . and activities pasted on, pasted over with visual images, the patches of vivid colour — rooms? windows? like shafts of coloured light in a changing column.

Another diary: a long orderly complex grid in headings: Planting Guide, Planted, Tide, Moon, Own Temp., Internal Tide, Children, Comments. A chart of mood and day to day activities, a poem casually in the comments column: "I'm making not a spring song/borne out by signs . . .

Gladys' diary. Here a vitality that overflows order: No limits on material: a spider, a child's sock found under the house; no limits on messages: a sheet of paper torn in half, the widening split pasted on backing paper, across it written: Today we parted and it hurt.

Jane's photographs and drawings. The photographs: some single, some mounted as quarters; areas of bright colour, pink skies. Some a homage to the beauty and significance of people and concerns in her life, all balanced by the harsh eye with which she comments on life, beginning with the quartet: Elegy for my preoccupation, the grave angel serenely looking down, a marble grave posy, a headstone; a gentle elegy. And the unobtrusive technique of soft contrasts mocking the harsh subject — the girl shadowed with bars 'who said she was going to be "nothing" when she grew up'. And the drawings — at a glance a medley of striking scribbles which resolve into a scene, the feel of a scene: Angry food, Bedroom with a trapeze, Woman being struck down by her lover; small and powerful drawings almost hot with the flash of powerful perception when tension, anger, love, litter the air. With dry humour Jane hung a respirator among the photographs.

Allie's larger section of the gallery up the stairs is initially dominated by bandaged sawn-off branches, solid, bleeding sap, buttress the walls of the gallery, dark against the clinical walls and floor . . . LIVE LIMBS THAT BUTTRESS THE PATRIARCHY. On a table nearby is a plate of red jelly in which razorblades have been stuck — RISK. (It stayed and gathered mould throughout the exhibition.) And the long centrepiece: a mattress, rather tatty, on the floor under



Photo: Julie Lambie

a steel-framed glass-topped table. The legend is RAPE TRIAL PIECE For Judges Men and Boys. Empathy with rape trial victims. On the table is a large steel column, slanted, about a third of the way down, above the pink woman's outline on the mattress . . . the genital area? And a pair of handcuffs lies on the mattress. We understand why it is tatty — where handcuffed wrists and bum would lie it is ripped to stuffing.

Allie has 40 paintings and drawings which fall into groups or small series. All relate to her life, her growth, her politics. Beginning with a rich gold and crimson Isis and the Eagle, the images which stay with me now are the free, humorous but challenging black line self-portrait, Boadicea was braver; the delicate yet strong drawings of two women through the tides, a small black ship on the horizon; The Magpies were here yesterday; a playful womb/menstrual series; the spilt cup series; THIS WOMAN DIED, I CARE (with a stethoscope to listen to your heart while you look) and the garden duo, which complete the exhibition: Old Chair Getting Older.



Photo: Julie Lambie

Allie's colours range from the harshest blue, black and red of THIS WOMAN DIED, WHO CARES to the soft pinks, greens of the garden, or yellows of the womb series; her style is free, ex-

pressionist, with often lyrical handling of paint. I believe she is one of the finest painters in the country with a unique depth and range of subjects and styles.

Allie also placed photographs among the paintings, some showing the natural object which suggested the work eg water race. Some being their own justification: the cats and the dog eating meat — Domestication; My Grandmother is a nurturer in need of nurturing — elderly woman's hands.

Overall, this exhibition is notable for originality, depth of caring, and sharing of vital life-enhancing experiences. On the final Saturday of the exhibition, a concert was held there. Diane Cadwallader and Nancy Keil and Lynne Brandon were the singers; Paulette Barr, Gladys Gurney, Heather McPherson, Pat Wilkinson and Gloria Adams the poets; Stephanie Robinson the film-maker. A caring, sharing environment with moments of power and insight.

Heather McPherson.



Daybreak Book Shop P.O. Box 5424 Dunedin.

We have books on feminism, lesbianism, women's fiction, health, spirituality, herbs, poetry by women plus non-sexist children's books and alternative literature. We have a mail order system so just tick the box beside the book(s) you want plus any others you would like us to order. You send us the money and we send you the books — all prices include packaging and postage.

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- Mary Ursula Bethel — the life and work of a NZ woman writing poetry \$3.15 ☐
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- The Future of Motherhood: Jessie Bernard \$16.00 ☐
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- Portraits of Chinese Women: Agnes Smedley \$4.30 ☐
- Our Bodies Ourselves: Boston Women's Health Collective \$7.45 ☐
- Free Space — a perspective on the small group in Women's Liberation: Pamela Allen \$2.35 ☐
- Herstory Diary: Dunedin Collective for Women \$1.15 ☐

We are regularly compiling booklists e.g. children's books, women's fiction, radical feminism, lesbian feminism, health, ecology, women's poetry, records, books by and about NZ women etc. If you would like to receive any or all of these lists, please let us know. We will also have the following titles at Daybreak — let us know which one(s) you would like and we will tell you how much it will cost plus postage. You send us the money and we send you the books.

Gender Trap I, II and III; Sisterhood is Powerful; Menopause and Middle Age; Notes from a Feminist Therapist; Sexism in Children's Books; Lesbian Reader; Female Friends; Girls are Equal Too; Sappho was a Right On Woman; Politics of Rape; Beyond God the Father; Ruby Fruit Jungle; Sex, Gender and Society; Amazon Odyssey; Lesbian Images, Mothers and Daughters; Sugar and Snails; Descent of Women; Sybil; Kinfolk; Ladies of Llangollen; Vindication of the Rights of Women; Loving Hands — Leboyer's Art of Baby Massage.

Name:

Address:

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review:

An Unmarried Woman Paul Mazursky

Can you relate to upper class Americans who move in trendy art circles and visit therapists at the drop of a hat? If you can, then maybe you can relate to **An Unmarried Woman** — I couldn't. Director Paul Mazursky (who made **Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice**) said in an interview: "I'd wanted to make a film with a woman as the central character from some time. But I didn't want to make a film about women's lib. I simply wanted to get into the head and heart of a woman." Commenting on the end result, he said: "I don't want to compare myself with Flaubert and Tolstoy, but many men have written incisively about women, so it can be done." In my opinion, Mr Mazursky is in no danger of making a film about women's lib, nor getting into the head and heart of a woman, nor reaching the Flaubert class. So what has he done?

In **An Unmarried Woman** we meander through the tale of Erica, whose husband leaves her for another woman. We meet Erica's three women friends, who talk about nothing but men and associated problems (which is both boring and unrealistic). We go out for drinks and dinner a lot, catch a lot of cabs, visit some artists' lofts (where we sleep with the artists) confess all to a motherly therapist, meet an English artist with the unlikely name of Saul Kaplan and walk blissfully through a New York winter's night without a coat on back to his bed. . . . I find it hard to remember exactly what does happen, because murmurs of other movies about the American bourgeoisie keep echoing in my mind. In **An Unmarried Woman**, for instance, the characters maintain the obligatory upper class body beautiful by jogging — in **Annie Hall** they play indoor tennis. The therapists in both movies differ only in externals — the aim is the same. In America people with money have to go to therapists to be told that it is O.K. to feel lonely and depressed after divorcing your companion of sixteen years. These sorts of details distance me so much that I can only regard the movie with the eye of an anthropologist observing strange customs — I can't identify with the characters at all.

There are some good moments in the movie — when she realises her sexual vulnerability now that she's "free" again, and lets two men who proposition her really have it, for example. But overall the movie is very unconvincing, because there is no sense of progression. Although there are a few instances where she acts rather than allows herself to be acted upon, the film moves through a series of fairly haphazard incidents which give us no insight into the changes which must have taken place before she became strong enough to say no to her husband and lover. Because we see her chiefly in her relationships with men, or with women who talk only of men, we don't get any sense of an independent identity. Work is the way in which most of us establish an identity, whether as house-workers or artists, but as in so many American movies work is rarely touched on or is so upper-class we can't identify with it. There are a few moments of interaction between mother and daughter where something deeper shows through, but mostly the daughter wisecracks in a cute fashion and the relationship follows suitable psychology text patterns, which the daughter is smart enough to verbalise.

So the ending remains a mystery right up to the end — but this wasn't supposed to be a mystery movie. It was supposed to be an exposition of a character. The alternatives — back to a husband or lover — would have been equally credible. Erica is such a wishy washy character I found I didn't really care which. A stronger character could have made the "wrong" decision and I would have still sympathised more with her than with Erica.

Seeing a movie like **An Unmarried Woman** isn't all negative. There is the sociological interest — and it does set up exciting trains of thought about how to make a movie which has a real character or characters for the central woman or women.

C. Dann

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films:

Wellington and Auckland readers — look out for these films in the Film Festivals:

Adoption, by Hungarian woman director Marta Mezaros, is about a middle-aged widow who wants to have a child — and ends up adopting a teenage girl from a borstal whom she befriends. The film explores the relationship between the two women as they come to know and love each other.

Not a Pretty Picture is by Martha Coolidge, who was raped when she was sixteen. Fifteen years later she has made a film about the experience and its consequences. **Not a Pretty Picture** is made on two levels; on one level Coolidge uses actors to recreate the events of the story. The actress who plays Martha was herself raped in high school. On the other level is a documentary about Coolidge making the film, explaining to her actors how it was, and perhaps coming to terms with her own past. (Wellington only — but this film is for sale if any group wants to keep it in NZ).

Sandakan Number Eight by Kei Kumai, has been hailed by women critics as an exceptional film. An old Japanese woman tells her story of enforced prostitution in the brothels of Borneo to a young woman historian who has decided to research the lives of the unfortunate Japanese women who were sent to these brothels. It forms a contrast with **Streets of Joy**, which is about five women working in a brothel in Japan in 1958, just before prostitution was outlawed in Japan. (Wellington only).

Harlan County U.S.A. is also by a young woman, Barbara Kopple. It is a brilliant film which covers a coal strike in a mining county in Kentucky. It won an Academy Award as the Best Documentary feature 1977. Kopple went to enormous trouble to produce this film, and by all accounts it is a must for anyone who cares about politics.

Picture Show Man is by Joan Long, of Australia, who will be a guest of the Wellington Film Festival from June 29-July 4. It's a comedy set in outback Australia of the 1920s. (Wellington only).



Barbara Kopple, producer and director of "Harlan County, U.S.A." (left) and women strike supporters in county jail.

Also look out for **Daguerrotypes**, by Agnes Varda (France), **I want to be Joan** by Stephanie Robinson (the film made at the 1977 United Women's Convention) and **A State of Siege**, a film of Janet Frame's novel of the same name. (The last two in Wellington only.)

The Balance and **Ben and Benedict** may be worth a look. The former is about a forty year old woman who is unhappy with her marriage, and decides to have an affair; the latter, by French director Paula Delsol, is described by the Wellington catalogue thus: "For the first time, a woman has made a film critical of women in society . . . with spirit but disenchantment."

Raise Ravens, by Carlos Saura, is a film

about a woman at two stages of her life — a girl growing up under the fascist regime in Spain and the woman she becomes reflecting on her life.

Bernice Bobs her hair is by Joan Micklin Silver (who made **Hester Street**). It is based on an F. Scott Fitzgerald story about a girl who is manipulated into beauty and social success. (Auckland only.)

The Singer and the Dancer is a short (50 minute) film by a young Australian, Gillian Armstrong, about a friendship between an eccentric old woman and a newly wed woman.

Festival guides and bookings available from Box 9350, Wellington, and Box 1411, Auckland.

BroadSheet on the Arts

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

WEEKEND WOMEN'S GROUP

Jan Shaw and Katerina Seligmann will be running two more women's groups, employing encounter, gestalt, psychodrama and bodywork techniques.

Group 1: 28th, 29th and 30th July
Group 2: 20th, 21st and 22nd October

The groups will be residential and will begin at 7.30 p.m. on the Friday and run through till 5 p.m. on Sunday evening. Cost \$40.00. Food provided except for a shared lunch on Saturday. Bring a sleeping bag or blankets.

For further information and bookings ring: Jan 541-610
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Broadsheet has collated the issues containing health articles, and has made them into packages on different health areas. The packages and their prices are listed below (free postage).

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Invaluable for your self-help group, women's centre or own reference. Send your cheque/money order, stating name, address and number(s) of the pack(s) you require to Health Packs, Broadsheet, Box 5799, Auckland.

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"Untitled" — continued from page 35

with her, placing it on the table in front of her — just looking at the amber liquid made her feel warmer — the ball-bearings behind her eyeballs no longer jangled harshly together.

The staleness assailed her nostrils. She *must* have a bath. She would lie and luxuriate in its warmth and caress her bruised, vulnerable self. She would use the sandalwood gift soap — where had she put it? — and with closed eyes concentrate on the royals till they ached with the brilliance of their colours and then graduated to the soft heathers, she would think of jersey silk and mohair and slowly seek out the soft contours of her smooth, warm body.

Peter was still immobile but now watching television through half closed eyes. He was probably not going to last till his meal and both he and the baby needed to be washed, she'd have to do them first. What had happened to the day of infinite length, the thought of which had once scared her.

She drew the curtains. Fatigue was bringing with it a certain mellowness, its own release and a

feeling of hope? Today, the Meter Reader had given her that in one of his brief cheery remarks that required no response. He had implied that there would be an improvement in the weather. His stock-in-trade heartiness had jarred but neither had she wanted the devastating loneliness that was hers again when he left, leaving only a flimsy piece of green paper as evidence that he had indeed called. Yesterday, someone had telephoned. Maybe she could manage a walk tomorrow she picked up the baby and spoke her name softly, Jessica. She could feel the dampness as she held her close. She held her closer, panic seized her when the irrevocable glow reached deeper into her right breast and arm but she overcame the desire to thrust her back into the cot. The tingling suffused her neck, manifesting itself in sweat like rivulets between her breasts, moving slowly down to her groin. It reached her big toe, encircling it with its imperceptible warmth and bubbled upwards again like a barely suppressed giggle Oh God! What would she do if the warmth seeped over to the other side, the left side, the side where her heart was?

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A film-maker's film about her own rape and its consequences.

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Academy Award winning documentary.

From France — Agnes Varda's **DAGUERREOTYPES**
A gentle look at the people of her Paris street.

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Meet the producer who'll be a festival guest.

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Two sides of a woman's nature.

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Phone Rosemary Hope, Wellington Tel. 850-163, and ask for a free
programme brochure to be posted to you.

The Wellington Film Festival is at the Paramount Cinema
from June 30 till July 15.

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The following issues are available at 40 cents each:

- No 22 September 1974: Women in the arts in New Zealand, women writers, Robin White, Sue Holmes, Katherine Mansfield and others.
 No 23 October 1974: Women in advertising, models, airline advertising, working in the freezing works.
 No 24 November 1974: Aging and older women, interview with Freda Cook, psychiatric hospitals, 'turning thirty'.
 No 25 December 1974: Women and religion, muslims, women in the Catholic church, Virgin Mary or fallen woman.
 No 29 May 1975: Chinese women, interview Robin Morgan, women lawyers, IUDs, separatism.
 No 30 June 1975: Payment for housework, consciousness-raising, IWY, Vietnamese women.
 No 31 July 1975: Women's Centres, how Broadsheet operates, abortion counselling, Greer, Reid on IWY, Sue Kedgley on NZ.
 No 32 September 1975: Mastectomies, female offenders, report on Select Committee on Women's Rights.
 No 33 October 1975: Rape, the morality of abortion, women and politics.
 No 34 November 1975: Solo mothers, mothers' benefit, demystifying parliament, separatism revisited.
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 No 36 January 1976: IUDs, politics of housework, feminists bringing up daughters, unemployment benefit.

The following issues are 60 cents each:

- No 37 March 1976: Masturbation, interview Charlotte Bunch, female law students, Copper IUDs.
 No 38 April 1976: Accident compensation for housewives, equal pay, family planning, women at medical school.
 No 39 May 1976: Women in teaching, drugs and women summing up IWY, the PM's conference.
 No 40, June 1976: Rural communes, diaphragms, is the Pill for or against us?
 No 41 July 1976: Urban communes, sexist attitudes of male doctors in NZ's past, feminism/socialism, Part 1 pill articles.
 No 42 September 1976: A midwife looks back, halfway house, National's performance on women, British equal pay act.
 No 43 October 1976: Abortion practises in NZ's past, women on boards, conditioning or repression, morning-after-pill.
 No 44 November 1976: Marilyn Waring, nursing, Maori women, Tongan women.
 No 45 December 1976: Beginning of herstory series, cystitis, clerical workers union, the pros and antis in the abortion struggle.
 No 46 January 1977: Day care, your rights if you are arrested, radical feminism.
 No 47 March 1977: Moon madness, male-designed cities, vaginal infections, sexist vocational guidance pamphlets.
 No 48 April 1977: The politics of childbirth, feminist mothers bringing up sons, herbs, pioneering health workers.
 No 49 May 1977: Walker's witchhunt on solo mothers, Women in WW 1, herstory part 2, interview with a midwife.
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 No 52 September 1977: "Women" television series, depression in marriage, first of women singers and songwriters series.
 No 53 October 1977: Rural women, lesbianism and mental health, natural birth control, what's wrong with the women's movement?
 No 54 November 1977: high school women, the SIS Bill, Depo Provera, Consciousness-raising, social welfare department, Joni Mitchell, Teresa Trull.
 No 55 December 1977: assertiveness-training, rape, music supplement, non-sexist children's books, Anna & Kate McGarrigle, Alix Dobkin.
 No 56 January 1978: visions of the future, feminists abroad, birth books, interview Marilyn French, Silly Sisters and Bette Midler.
 No 57 March 1978: new findings on the Pill & IUD, 1978 WLM Congress, the politics of physical strength, abortion tactics, books for teenage women, menopause part 1.
 No 58 April 1978: shock treatment and women, Sisters Overseas Service, more feminist news from abroad, menopause part 2, Wendy Waldman and Maria Muldaur.



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