

We send her to the butcher shop

by Donald Kingsbury
—reprinted from the McGill Daily

Every year the youngsters are becoming more and vocal in their lack of respect for the morality of their elders. Many factors are creating this alienation—the main one being the inability of those with power to behave in accordance with the morality they profess. Let me give you a concrete example of the immorality of the power elite which contributes steadily to the erosion of respect for the present social order.

What happens when a naughty little girl gets herself pregnant here at McGill? I have a large number of case histories to draw from—I have the face of a father confessor and I've listened to many tales and have served on more than one "committee". Abortion is by no means a rare happening here. A good proportion of the young girls I know have had abortions. The "statistics" are at best guesswork—due to our criminal morality—but in Canada probably one in every four women has one or more abortions during her lifetime; there are 100,000 to 200,000 abortions per year, perhaps 1000 deaths per year. Quack abortions are the largest killer of young Canadian women after automobile accidents. I know a very sweet McGill girl who died of a butcher abortion. About one in seven Canadian women bears an illegitimate child at least once in her lifetime.

I've seen pregnancy happen to the most unlikely kids. It happens to nice girls more often than it happens to sluts. Girls who have been brought up with a rigid code and nothing but talk-experience are the most frequent victims. They are the ones who can't cope with a real seduction when it hits them—they're always sure it won't—and they are the ones who are least able to tell the difference between immature and mature men.

ABORTION COMMITTEE

Here's the way it happens at McGill. The girl gets more and more panicky as it slowly dawns on her that she is pregnant. Usually the first person she confides in is the strongest, most mature girlfriend she knows of on her floor at RVC—then she collapses into a hysterical heap. The girlfriend immediately organizes an abortion committee. When the reality is upon them, theological arguments which were once real to these girls vaporizes.

Sometimes there are McGill boys on the committee. The girls prefer to keep the boy who did the deed off the committee unless he is capable of doing Joe jobs like raise money. No matter what the pregnant young student thinks of the father, her girlfriends think of him as a sexual zero, a know nothing. Adults are seldom trusted on the committee and with good reason. The girls know very well, for instance, that the McGill Health Service will not offer help when help is desperately necessary—after all, no adult wants to put his job on the line just to help a defenceless young woman. The adults have lots of sympathy, the same kind of sympathy that good Germans had for Jews in 1943, useless. The adults talk morality; they are much too cowardly to practice it.

Only in an extreme emergency are the parents brought into the committee. The girl either doesn't want to hurt her parents or she doesn't want to add a lot of emotional stress to an already trying

experience or she simply doesn't trust them enough

Ministers of the various religious faiths are worse than distrusted; open communication relationship. Most McGill girls manage to hide they are blamed for creating the situation. One girl told me very bitterly, "Those men! Christianity was invented by a male God who laid an innocent virgin and left her."

The purpose of the committee is two-fold—to find the most suitable abortionist who is not in jail and to raise the money for the abortion. If the committee is sophisticated—and it often is, seeking advice from medical students, etc.—the preferred abortionist is a doctor who uses the dilatation and curettage method. A quack is used and death risked only as a last resort. In this case a wise committee has already lined up a gynecologist willing to check over and clean up a bad abortion. Some doctors are evidently so callous that they will not even do this.

NO GROWN-UPS

Let me recreate for you some of my memories.

It is exam time. A young woman who has just that morning had a butcher abortion in a filthy house is taking one of her Honors English exams. She is pale and weak and not at all her usual charming self—but an abortion is no excuse to miss an exam. Her friends are outside, waiting, ready with a car to pick her up after the exam or before if she faints or gets sick. They didn't want her to go to the exam but she insisted. She desperately didn't want to take another loss. Afterwards she was brought to a student apartment and carried inside and lovingly taken care of and coached for her next exam. No grown-ups allowed. The grown-ups are butchers and everyone there knows it.

I met a friend at the Bistro in the afternoon—a McGill girl from a wealthy Westmount family. She was very drunk and made me sit down. She was just back from a trip to the States for an abortion on money loaned to her from a married girlfriend. She had to pay the man five hundred dollars and when she got there she found out that she had to sleep with him, too. She was desperate enough to do it. That's not something you can tell your parents about—but something you have to tell someone.

She was Catholic. "Now I know what Catholics really believe in," she said. She took off her \$200 cross and threw it under the tables and that started her crying so we had to leave the Bistro because she didn't want to cry in public. She started to rant and rave. She called everyone she knew a bastard—this from a girl who never swore. She cried and cried and cried. And she cursed herself for believing in everything she had ever believed in. And she cried. I held her up to keep her from falling—she was that drunk. The cold wind and the beauty of the falling snow was good for her.

When we got to the top of the mountain at the lookout she saw a handsome man standing there looking out over the city, and said, "Look at that! Would I like to have that!" And then she started to laugh. But I couldn't tell if she was still crying because the snow was melting on her

cheeks.

Do you want more? I know fifty more stories like that about McGill girls in trouble. I am angry as I write this!

Judge this world which tortures its own rosey cheeked daughters with humiliation and terror and fear and pain and guilt. Judge this world which talks about the sanctity of an unwanted life that it isn't willing to care for or love or feed or educate—on a planet that is strangling from overpopulation. Judge this world which talks piously about a passive, unthinking, unemotional, chemical thing, in which there has been zero emotional and material investment, as if it were a life—and yet treats the mother like so much garbage who deserves her fate. subjects them to unnecessary. Judge the Canadian Government which murders a thousand young girls a year in a most horrible way.

Then act.

Are you going to become a doctor? You will witness desperate girls you'll have to turn away because of the law, girls nearly bleeding to death, dying girls, girls dead of a quack abortion. Your elders witness this crime daily—and do nothing. They are too cowardly even to speak out against a law which makes common nazis of them. Will you be a coward, too?

Are you going to become a lawyer? You will be asked to uphold a law which can't be enforced, which breeds contempt for the law. You are going to find yourself prosecuting doctors whose only crime is that they helped a young woman. Your elders are accomplices to the crime which the state commits against its women. Will you let them teach you how to be a criminal, too? Or are you going to fight for the total abolition of the abortion law?

Are you going to become a religious leader? Your elders are quite willing to humiliate and maim and torture girls who are audacious enough to violate the sexual laws of God. Are you?

Are you going to go into politics? Every member of the Canadian House of Commons is an accomplice in the murder of 1000 Canadian women every year. Your elders have excellent excuses for their role—the same ones that were used by Adolf Eichmann. Can you fight?

BREAK THE TYRANNY

Are you going to become a wife and mother of a daughter? Your little girl may grow up in a world where she has to take a trip to a dirty filthy butcher shop. Don't think it won't happen to you. Daughters will be daughters. She'll never tell you about her trip and she may bleed to death or you may have to do without grandchildren. Make sure your daughter always has available competent medical help. Get your husband to work on blowing that abortion law to hell.

When you join the power elite, if you want your children to respect you, you'll have to earn it. That is something you parents have yet to learn. Some of this respect you can earn by breaking the state's tyranny over the bodies of its women. No woman should be forced to bear a child she does not want.

QUESTION,

Do you think Birth Control Information should be freely distributed on campus?



DAWN CHARLTON
Corona Chairman,
Nursing 4

I think university should offer an elective course in sex education in which "information" about contraceptives should be included.

JOAN DICKISON
Nursing 4

Yes. People who have decided to engage in premarital relationships should be informed of, and understand the contraceptive aspect of this relationship.



HELEN HALL
Arts 2

Yes, because there is a lot of ignorance about the subject.

JOHN OLIVER
Finance Chairman of the SRC
Arts 3

I am writing the University of Toronto to find out what they have set up and are giving out, so if I find there is a need for birth control information, I will propose that the SRC set up a centre to disperse such material.



WAYNE BEACH
President UNB SRC
Arts 4

I think it should be available because many problems are posed if it isn't available. Nothing is more disastrous than students who are forced into an unwanted marriage by pregnancy.

The brutal and painful experience of a McGill girl who has had an abortion obviates the need for any further comment by the Brunswickan. Yet some effort must be made to focus attention on UNB on such a clearly important, yet abnormally inconspicuous problem.

Local pious legend might state that premarital pregnancy and its ugly corollary of abortion only happens in the wretchedly evil cities of Upper Canada. But common knowledge, and the rumour machine tell us with startling regularity of the girls leaving school and the frequency of the hospital "hotbed" weddings.

Council has yet to show any interest in this social and legal concern, and an Administration that has miserably horrified of the prospect of more "unpleasant" events, will not create a birth control information centre.

The Brunswickan demands that this issue be given a high priority because the "unpleasant" and "unpleasant" events of premarital pregnancy and abortion are not only a social and legal concern, but they have been a major cause of death.