

**Dinner And Showers Honor Sandy Finney**

Prior to her Aug. 21 marriage to Brian James, Sandy Finney was honored at shower parties. Hostesses were: Judy Piche, Woodlands Crescent, St. James-Assiniboia, with Mrs. Dan Peters; and Heather Iverach and her mother, Mrs. Hugh Iverach, Manhattan Avenue.

The bride-elect was guest of honor at a dinner arranged by Judy McMahon at the Pizza Place, Hargrave Street.

The couple were entertained at a social evening held by Kathy and Bill James, sister and brother of the prospective groom.



**BODY LANGUAGE**  
by Julius Fast

A digest of Julius Fast's fascinating book, *Body Language*, this fifth of 12 instalments tells how social scientists are discovering that your body cannot lie.

There are many methods with which we defend our personal zones of space, and one of these is masking. The face we present to the outer world is rarely our real face. It's considered exceptional, almost peculiar, behavior to show what we really feel in our facial expressions or in our actions. Instead we practise a careful discipline when it comes to the expression of our faces and bodies. Dr. Erving Goffman, in his book, *Behavior in Public Places*, states that one of the most obvious evidences of this discipline is the way we manage our personal appearance, the clothes we select and the hairdo we affect.

The masking process goes beyond the facial muscles. We mask with our entire body. Women learn to sit in a certain way to conceal their sexuality, especially when their skirts are short. Men wear underwear that often binds their sexual organs. Women wear brassieres to keep their breasts in place and mask too much sexuality. We hold ourselves upright and button our shirts, zip up our flies, hold in our stomachs with muscle and girdle, and practise a variety of facial maskings. We have our party faces, our campus faces, our funeral faces and even in prison we have particular faces to wear.

Again, there are certain situations in which the mask drops. In a car, when our body zones are extended, we often feel free to drop the masks, and if someone cuts in front of us or tailgates us, we may lose tides of profanity that are shocking in their out-of-proportion emotions. Why do we feel so strongly in such minor situations? What great difference does it make if a car cuts us off or comes too close?

But there is a situation where we are generally invisible and the need to mask is gone. Our

**Masking Emotions Guards Space Zones**

reactions can be all the greater because of this.

The need to mask is often so deep that the process becomes self-perpetuating, and the mask cannot be taken off or let down. There are certain situations, such as sexual intercourse, where the masking should be stopped in order to enjoy love-making to its fullest, and yet many of us are only able to unmask in complete darkness. We are so afraid of what we may tell our partners by body language, or of what we may reveal with our faces, that we attempt to cut off the visual end of sex completely and we raise moral bulwarks to help us do this. "It's not decent to look." "The sexual organs are ugly." "A nice girl doesn't do that by daylight." And so on.

For many other people darkness is not enough to allow unmasking. Even in the dark they cannot drop the shields they have put on to protect themselves during sexual intercourse.

This, Dr. Goffman speculates, may be partly responsible for the large amounts of frigidity found in middle-class women. But in terms of sexual practice, Kinsey has shown that there are just as many shields, if not more, among the working classes. If anything, the middle class tends to be more experimental and less apt to shield its emotions.

In many cases masking can be used as an instrument of psychological torture. Take the case of Annie, married to Ralph, an older man, older and better educated and very conscious of the fact that Annie, intellectually and socially, was not his equal. Yet in a strange and somewhat perverted way Ralph loved Annie and realized she was the best wife for him. This did not prevent him from playing his own type of game with Annie, a game that involved masking to an intricate and exact degree.

When Ralph came home from work each day there was a well-standardized ritual. Annie must have his supper ready and waiting at exactly 6:30, neither later nor earlier. He would arrive home at 6, wash and read the afternoon paper until 6:30.

Then Annie would call him to the table and take her seat, watching his face furtively. Ralph knew she was watching him. She realized that he knew. But neither admitted to this.

Ralph would in no way indicate that the meal was either good or bad and as they ate Annie would construct a soap opera in her head. She would feel a sick despair in the pit of her stomach. Does Ralph like the food or doesn't he? If he doesn't, she knows what to expect: a cold upbraiding and a silent, miserable evening.

Annie would eat uneasily, watching Ralph's impassive face. Did she prepare the dish correctly? Did she season it properly? She followed the recipe, but she added some spices of her own. Was that a mistake? Yes, it must have been! She would feel her heart sink, her whole body tighten with misery. No, Ralph doesn't like it. Isn't his lip twisting in the beginning of a sneer?

Ralph, living the same soap opera, would look and for a long moment keep his face inscrutable while Annie would die a thousand deaths, and then he would smile his approval. And suddenly, miraculously, Annie's

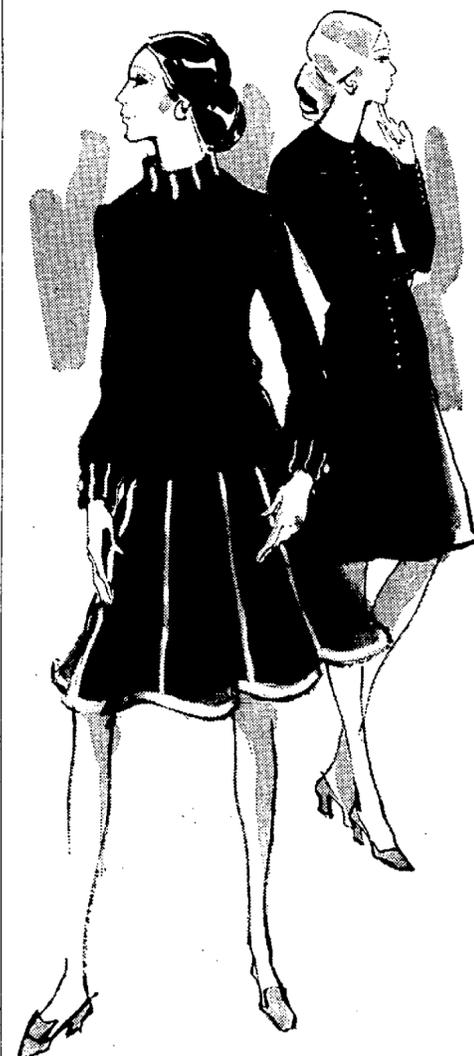
entire being would sing with happiness. Life is wonderful, and Ralph is her love and she is terribly, terribly happy. She would go back to her meal, enjoying the food now, ravenously hungry and delightfully pleased.

By careful manipulation of his mask, by timing his body language, Ralph has contrived a delicate torture and reward. He uses the same technique at night when he and Annie are in bed. He gives her no hint or indication of what he feels, of whether he will make love to her or not, and Annie goes through the same elaborate game of "Will he touch me? Does he still love me? How will I stand it if he rejects me?"

When finally Ralph does reach over and touch her Annie explodes in passionate ecstasy. Now the question of whether Annie is a victim or an accomplice is not for us to decide. The use of a mask to achieve the torture is the point to consider. The sado-masochist relationship of Annie and Ralph benefits both of them in a strange way, but for most mask wearers the benefits of wearing the mask are more realistic.

Next: The man who radiates body appeal.

**Couple Visit Son**  
Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, Montrose Street, returned from a vacation with their son and daughter-in-law, Lieut. and Mrs. Gordon Moore of Newcastle, N.B. Lieut. Moore is a Canadian Armed Forces navigator based at Chatham, N.B.



Holt's exclusive, Italian knock-out knits for Fall... two cover-the-knee length dresses in doubleknit wool. Left: brown, grape or beige with white trim, 8-14. Right: grape, royal blue, shocking pink or black, 10-20. Dress Salon, Second Floor.

**HOLT RENFREW**  
Portage at Carlton  
Also at Holt's in Polo Park Centre

**FABRIC SALE**

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS on Summer Fabrics Back-to-School Fabrics Bridal and Drapery Fabrics AT THE FABRIC CENTRE

255 Vaughan St. Polo Park Centre THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

**SUMMER FABRIC CLEARANCE**

36"-48" wide including Polyester Cotton Prints, Cotton Cordé, Plain & Printed Sealtouch Terry Cloth and many more

**75¢ YD.**

**EXTRA SPECIAL**

**WOOL GABARDINE** 54" wide Off white only. As is

**\$1.24 YD.**

**ENGLISH CRIMPLENE CRIMPKNIT** 60"-62" wide. Heavier Quality. A large selection of Pastels & Dark Shades

**\$4.28 YD.**

MANY MORE UNADVERTISED SPECIALS

**DRAPES CUSTOM TAILORED FREE**

With Fabrics \$2.99 Yard - 80" minimum length. Choose from the largest variety of drapery fabrics including Dralon - Tergal - Cottons - Polyester - Rayons, in all Modern and Provincial Designs.

ALL MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

**Fabric CENTRE**

255 VAUGHAN ST. (opp. The Bay) POLO PARK SHOPPING CENTRE.

**SUCCESSFUL LIVING** by doris clark

**DEAR DORIS:**  
You said I could write this guy a note and I did this, indicating that I missed him. I didn't get an answer.

Maybe someone is playing a trick on him. Would it be right or wrong to send a registered letter, asking if he got my first letter? What about phoning?

Doris, I'm just sick over his absence, actually sick. Also, I'm a musician, and since he left, two months ago, I've only played once, because I had to. I've played ever since I was three years old and never in my life before have I lost my interest in music. Now I've lost my song completely!

**NOT PLAYING NOW**

**DEAR NOT PLAYING:**  
I'm sure it is agony. But I just can't see sending a registered letter. Could it be you put too much feeling in your letter and have scared him off?

Take it calmly; be prepared to welcome him if he turns up on your doorstep. Deliberately turn your mind to other friends. Life is worth living; your song will come back.

**DEAR DORIS:**  
I noticed in your column a request for "Backward. Turn Backward." I'm now 73 years old and my mother used to sing this song to us. Mother was very musical and she would take alto with Dad.

There were seven girls and three boys. Four of us (girls) travelled in a quartette. We sang in churches and lastly in theatres from Moncton to Boston, and paid our Dad's mortgage off. He was only given a year to live.

We were called the Godard Sisters. Older folk would remember us well here in Moncton.

**MRS. A. R. MONCTON**

**DEAR MRS. A. R.:**  
What an enterprising and musical group you must have been! Thank you for "Backward. Turn Backward" but what we needed was the answer to it, "Backward? Nay, onward, etc." and now we have both of them.

My thanks go to Another Old Timer and O. W. as well, for versions of this poem which is actually entitled, Rock Me To Sleep.

**It's a Great New Scene**

NEW OUTLOOK  
NEW ATMOSPHERE  
NEW TEMPO  
NEW STYLES  
NEW VARIETY

AT

**Coquette SHOES**

COME ON IN AND ENJOY THE GREAT NEW SCENE

AT 347 PORTAGE AVE. PH. 956-0278  
CI-2 AND POLO PARK PH. 775-5202

**6 Generations of Canadians Can't Be Wrong**

Follow the lead of 6 generations of Canadians. Reach for Fowler's Extract at the first sign of nausea and cramps of diarrhea. Its gentle fast-acting formula of herbs and roots is quickly effective for both children and adults. Soothing, settling, non-constipating—it works!

**Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY**



**Relieves Acid Indigestion**

A 1/2 teaspoon of Cow Brand in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Mild, soothing, it helps neutralize excess acid to settle upset stomach.

**COW BRAND**

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

**CHERRY KIJAJA**  
A Danish Wine Cocktail

Learn to say **KEE-AFF-A** and you'll never go thirsty in Denmark or Canada

**or Canada**

**SERVE ICE COLD**

**The Most Exciting Fur Event in Winnipeg's History!**

**GLAZERMAN'S ARE HAVING A CLOSING-OUT SALE of FURS!**

After 44 years in business, we are closing our doors on Donald St. Mr. Glazerman, with his same dependable factory and sales staff, will be moving to 267 Portage Ave.

We were not prepared for this move! Lease and renovation problems may leave us without a store for almost a month and nowhere to keep our merchandise. Our full stock of furs, freshly made for the 1970-1971 season must be disposed of quickly.

Our complete stock of almost 1000 furs is being sacrificed at reductions of 40% to 60%.

**Glazerman FUR CO. LTD.**

OPEN FRIDAY UNTIL 9 P.M.

**326 DONALD ST. PH. 943-3640**  
(Across From The Capital Theatre)  
FREE CUSTOMER PARKING NEXT DOOR

**ALL FURS FULLY GUARANTEED**

**LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS AVAILABLE**

**MISS STERLING STERLING SHOES**

295 PORTAGE AVE. 422 PORTAGE AVE.

NO. 434 **\$23.00**

**A "Must" for your CAREER**

**THE CLINIC SHOE** for Young Women in White

NO. 309 **\$21.00**

NO. 421 **\$24.00**

NO. 411 **\$23.00**

ORDER CLINICS BY MAIL

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
WIDTH \_\_\_\_\_  
STYLE No. \_\_\_\_\_

**Bake Sale Saturday**

The women's auxiliary to Valour Road Memorial branch of the Royal Canadian Legion will sell baked goods 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday at Polo Park Shopping Centre.

**Weddings**

**MACDONALD - NEUFELD**

Mrs. Leona Neufeld of Toronto, Ontario, is pleased to announce the marriage of her daughter, Glenda Elaine of Winnipeg, Manitoba to Corporal Ian William Macdonald of South Stanley County, Durham, England.

The marriage took place at St. Paul's church, Maidstone, Kent, England on August 11, 1970 at 3:00 p.m.

Minimum charge for wedding announcements \$5 for 20 lines and 20 cents for each additional line. Rates for publication of wedding pictures available on request. All weddings and engagements must be submitted 4 hours before publication date.