

LAST HERIZONS

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HERIZONS

WOMEN'S NEWS AND FEMINIST VIEWS

Women of Conviction

Ten Dynamic Women Share Their Views On The Direction Of The Feminist Movement

Where Are All the Great Women Composers?

An Interview With Artist Wanda Koop

Peace Activist
MURIEL DUCKWORTH

Dorothy O'Connell

Rosemary Brown

Mariana Valverde

Nonqaba Msimang

Arlene Mantle

Irene Todd

Mary Louise Adams

Charlotte Cowtan-Holm

Flora MacDonald



Last Horizons?



So much has happened since we published our last issue, and happened so quickly, that it seems like a lifetime ago that we made our most recent appeal to readers for donations.

And in many ways, it was a lifetime ago. Last December, when the last typesetting was done before the January/February issue was sent to the printers, we pinned our hopes on a successful direct appeal for donations, believing it to be the only chance that existed for *Horizons*' survival. Nearly two months into the moderately successful campaign, we came to the painful realisation that even if efforts were extremely successful, it would not have been enough to establish long-term viability. Now, our only hope may be a rebirth of *Horizons* at some point in the future. This will be the last issue of *Horizons*, at least until we can secure operational money for the estimated two year period that it will take us to reach a self-sustaining circulation of 20,000.

Three years in the national marketplace has brought us an encouraging 7,200 circulation, but it takes long-term economic security as well as a strong editorial market to grow into self-sufficiency. Subscriptions make up a significant 19 per cent of our revenues, but simple mathematics tells us that it will not be enough to fund the magazine's operations until circulation reaches beyond the 20,000 mark. And although we know that there are at least 12,800 more potential readers out there, it takes tens of thousands of dollars in promotional money to reach them. All magazines expanding their circulation know that it takes promotional dollars to gain subscription dollars, since only 4 per cent of all newsstand buyers convert into subscribers. So, although we know we have a marketable product, and one which has been successful in terms of identifying and seeking out readers, the bottom line tells us that it will take us an additional two years (at least) to increase the subscription and advertising revenues to the point of self-sufficiency.

It is perhaps ironic that, while Employment and Immigration grants have enabled us to grow into a national feminist magazine and tap into the market of women looking for an alternative voice, an incredibly slow and volatile government bureaucracy has also directly contributed to our demise. It wasn't until October of last year that we got the official go-ahead from the Department regarding our funding for 1986-87. The delay of almost three months

was costly in terms of halted plans and stalled marketing agendas, causing revenues to be lost. More importantly, it caused an immediate financial crisis. Already one quarter into our fiscal year, we were told that L.E.A.D. would provide no further assistance to *Horizons*; the entire L.E.A.D. program was being phased out and funding past 5 years was not possible for any of the projects.

Immediately, we immersed ourselves in the planning of fundraising events and appeals to supporters and subscribers, and after making budget and staff cuts and preparing for a possible shutdown, we were told by sources within the Department that the decision not to allow *Horizons* any further assistance was a political one made in Ottawa. We also learned that some projects qualify for funding past the fifth year of operation if they can demonstrate financial growth. As you might well imagine, we were outraged.

We immediately sent a telegram to Employment and Immigration Minister Benoit Bouchard, urging him to give us the same opportunity as other projects to apply for further funding under L.E.A.D. The next day we held a press conference to announce that, unless the venues to reapply for funding were opened, *Horizons* would be forced to close its doors at the end of March. With the March issue nearly ready to go to the printers, we laid off staff and put our energies into publishing what would likely be our last issue.

Since then, we have been urging our supporters to write the Minister of Employment and Immigration Benoit Bouchard, at the House of Commons in Ottawa, K1A 0J9, (no stamp required) urging him to give *Horizons* the chance to re-apply for funding.

If our cultural industries are of any value to us, then it looks as though we are going to have to fight for their existence. Historically, cultural industries have been supported through tax breaks and incentive programs as well as through direct subsidy, but the Conservative government's tough luck approach to cultural industries, including magazines, means that even those of us who do survive long enough to attain self-sufficiency will be hampered by the elimination of such incentives.

Right now (February 17, 1987), *Horizons* chances of survival are bleak, but we haven't ruled out other possibilities. Private financing might be one of our options, if we can locate and convince investors to back *Horizons*. We will also continue to look at subsidy and grant programs, now and in future governments. It is difficult to give a definite answer on the future of *Horizons*, but the interest and support

that we have relied on in the past will certainly be one of the keys to *Horizons* future.



If a single word could sum up the life of *Horizons*, it would probably be commitment.

In 1979, a group of enthusiastic women who saw the need for an alternative means of communication for

women formed a volunteer collective and began printing *Horizons*, the Manitoba Women's Newspaper, whenever money was available. Paste-ups, planned for after-the-children-went-to-bed hours, often ended in all nighters, after which the kitchen table was cleared for breakfast. Because couriers were a luxury, we took the newspaper to the printers ourselves, children wailing and bored in the back seat, trying their hardest to mangle the paste-up boards.

In 1980, *Horizons* received a grant for a feasibility study; the response was overwhelmingly supportive! In 1982, after much negotiation, hard work and dedication, *Horizons* was allocated one year of funding under the L.E.A.D. (Local Employment Assistance Development) program of Employment and Immigration. A staff of six was hired. We produced two newspaper editions. After extensive discussions and consultations with industry professionals, we decided to change to a magazine format, a change we knew we had to make in order to reach the advertisers, newsstand buyers and subscribers we needed to achieve self-sufficiency.

In one short month, filled with many long hours, we produced our prototype — our motherhood issue. Motherhood was the theme in the spring of 1983, since in addition to this first magazine, Penni's daughter Katie and Debbie's son Jacob were born. With no leave of absence, the mothers brought their newborns to work daily. After daycare hours our children, a collective of seven all under the age of seven, helped with tasks like working on mailouts.

Our subscribers were increasing; from a subscriber list of 708 in April 1983, we grew to 1,491 only a year later. As our popularity grew, a great number of women expressed their eagerness in a nationally focussed publication. So in September 1984, we printed our first national magazine. That year, our subscribers leapt to 6,264.

In May 1985, we conducted a direct mail campaign targeted at increasing subscribers.



Herizons staff is (left to right) Penni Mitchell, Marie Montreuil, Patricia Rawson, Heidi Muench, Debbie Holmberg-Schwartz, Mona Brisson and Erica Smith.

According to industry standards, a successful campaign yields a 2% response rate; our campaign drew a 4.6% return.

Herizons has made great strides in reaching its market. Many marketing strategies, including three readership profiles, three direct mail campaigns and a subscription campaign with women's organisations, have been carried out. Each year, the magazine has generated more and more revenue, from \$44,724 in year ending July 1983 to \$181,214 in year ending July 1986. And we have no deficit!

Since receiving funding under L.E.A.D., each spring sent Debbie and me into seclusion at my apartment to prepare the proposal for next year's funding. This extensive, 60 to 120-page report, which detailed projections and strategies for the upcoming year, was the product of endless 16 hour days, fueled by caffeine and determination. The production of each proposal was celebrated with the rest of the staff, who would listen to our gruelling tales of late night crises.

Over the last eight years, *Herizons* has produced 19 tabloid and 38 magazine editions. *Herizons* has existed and thrived because of the commitment of the people who share in the dream of a national feminist publication:

Staff — who sometimes got no pay, let alone overtime.

Children and Significant Others — who patiently (usually) waited for their own needs until the meeting ended, shared in the delight of each new edition and still help with tasks.

Government People — who saw our potential and gave support to us over the last five years.

Advertisers — who committed their advertising dollars and were not afraid of controversy; who knew the dedication of our readership.

Our Community — who rallied in support of us by donating time, energy, and money in our fundraising endeavours to help keep us afloat.

Readers — who renewed consistently; wrote so many love letters; sent flowers and cards

when we were criticised for being pro-choice and pro-lesbian; spread the words by buying gift subscriptions; sent donations; and above all, have stuck with us.



who then formed the collective seemed so closely knit, their experience seemed so vast. I felt comparatively untutored. The art of magazine production seemed a mystery I would not easily fathom.

I longed to work on an all woman staff, in a collective. Years of teaching and subbing at the junior and senior high levels had convinced me of my incompatibility with traditionally structured work situations. *Herizons* appeared to be paradise.

It still does. Having fulfilled the functions of an administrative assistant since the fall of 1985, and having grown into the responsibilities of editorial work, I've certainly come to know *Herizons* from the inside out. I've woven myself into the pattern of relationships that so fascinated me from the outside. I've learned how a collective handles frustrations, conflicts, tensions, and have experienced the intense support such an environment offers its members. My co-workers have populated my dreams. Their opinions have guided and challenged me. Together, we have searched for and found the best in each other and ourselves, all while striving to publish a magazine more or less on schedule.

There is another group of women who have become an integral part of my life: the writers and artists whose work has made *Herizons* a vi-

The Staff of Herizons

tal publication for women throughout Canada and beyond. I've been unfailingly impressed with the determination of women from all walks of life to tell their stories, to help widen our perception of what it means to be woman in this world. Diverse as the viewpoints expressed in the magazine have been, various as the degrees of craft each writer has displayed, what has remained common is the passion and integrity of the voice that speaks and the art that envisions. I am proud to have been a small part of the process that has enabled so many voices, so many visions to find an audience.

It is a law of physics that energy is never lost, just transformed. Whatever the short term fate of *Herizons*, one thing is certain: the effort and feeling that have gone into this magazine will not be lost. The connections made through the magazine with thousands of women, the truths spoken in its pages, the angers shared, all these will continue to exert their effect on the world.

What once has been spoken, written or envisioned cannot die. The support and concern that all of you have given us, through all our struggles, will sustain and inspire us.



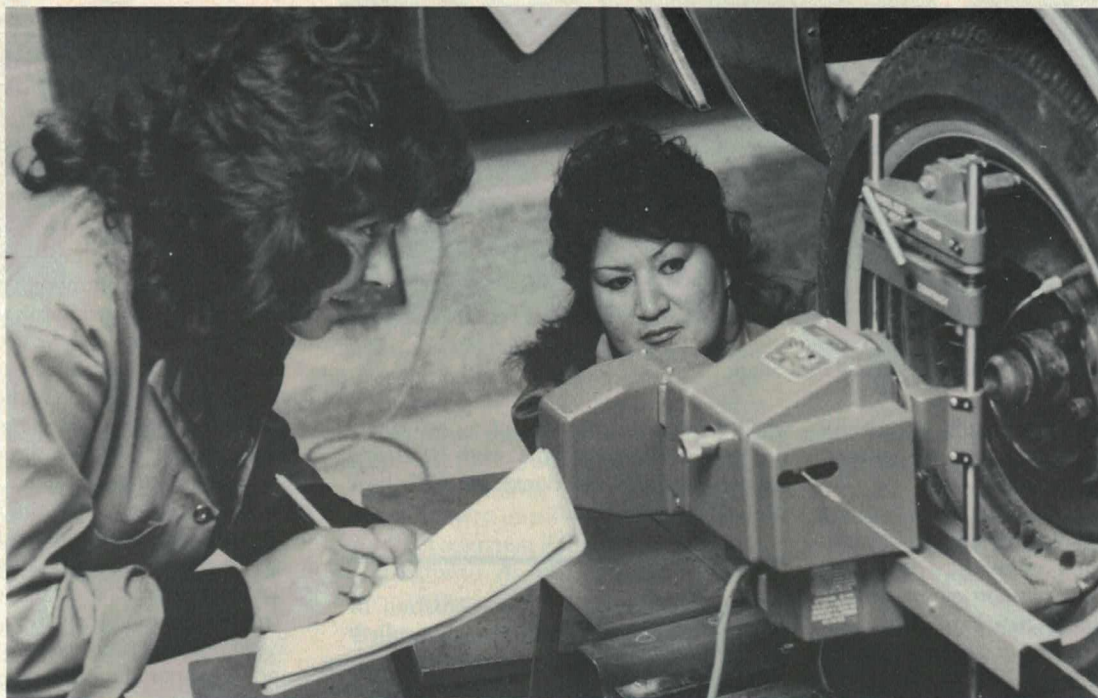
It never failed, when I was at my wit's end selling advertising space for *Herizons*, that advertisers gave me the encouragement to continue my work. The enthusiasm these women expressed about the magazine's unashamedly feminist voice, made the endless and often frustrating task of selling ads worthwhile.

1985 was a particularly difficult time to sell advertising. Many of our clients received letters from different groups and individuals threatening to boycott their services if they advertised in *Herizons*. There were clients who had pro-lifers enter their premises and call them baby-killers. These advertisers did not cancel their advertising contract; in fact many renewed them. Their strength and determination sustained the staff of *Herizons* in this time of adversity.

I have spoken to women from the Yukon to Nova Scotia, and even though we have never met personally, the connections we have made were precious to me. We often discussed the problems facing women in business and the cutbacks in funding for women's organisations. Our mutual concern unified us in our struggle.

To all *Herizons'* advertisers throughout Canada — thank you for your advertising support.

TRAINING TODAY FOR TOMORROW'S CHALLENGES



Job Training for Tomorrow is a Manitoba Jobs Fund program that is committed to strengthening the employment capabilities and performance of Manitobans. Manitoba businesses must keep up-to-date with technological changes, adjust to new demands in the labour market, and increase productivity if they want to stay competitive. This program has been developed to help them do just that.

The **Job Training for Tomorrow** program offers wage assistance to Manitoba businesses, institutions and non-profit organizations that can create new jobs for unemployed Manitobans and provide them with the training they need to perform their work with skill and pride.

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As well as providing wage assistance, the program will guide employers through the development and

implementation of training plans, helping them to make the most of subsidized training time. And with well-organized training, new employees can do their jobs more efficiently, increasing productivity.

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For more information, fill out this coupon and mail it to:
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FEATURES

- 18 Women of Conviction** Where is the women's movement headed? What are its strengths, its weaknesses? We asked 10 women what feminism has meant to their lives.
- 30 Where Are All The Great Women Composers?** Women have been composing their own music for centuries, but as Pamela Fairbank discovered, history has not always treated them fairly. Today, women composers are reaching a growing audience, as they gain equal footing with their male counterparts.
- 35 Poetry** *by Patricia McKenzie Porter*
- 36 Fiction** *The First Visit by Eunice Brooks*
- 38 Art As Affirmation** An interview with Wanda Koop, a bold young artist, whose monumental work has been acclaimed as impressive in both scale and content.

UP FRONT

- 2 Editorial** Last Herizons?
- 5 Letters** VOCAL Opposition, R.E.A.L. Threats, Sam's Birth
- 14 Bulletins** Rosalie Bertell Comes to B.C., Radical Thought, Childbirth Options

NEWS

- 7 Project Pays Tribute to Eastside Women** *by Sharon Knapp*
- 8 Discrimination Against Gays and Lesbians Banned** *by Carroll Holland*
- 11 Savouring the Sound of Heather Bishop**
- 12 Is Grey Matter Male Matter?**
- 9 Farm Women Encouraged to Take Power** *by Nancy Painter*
- 10 Feika Vows to Make Issues of Women a Priority** *by Char Toews*

COLUMNS

- 15 Rubrique** 40'eme Anniversaire! *par Nicole Morin*
- 43 Notions and Potions** Cervical Cancer: Sexually Transmitted? *by Sadjia Greenwood*
- 41 Going Places** A Walk Up Valencia St. *by Gail Buente*
- 42 Satirically Yours** Let's Fall Off Our Barstools *by Lyn Cockburn*
- 44 A La Mod** The Lessons of Postfeminism *by Heidi Muench*

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The aim of this magazine is to provide an alternative means of communication with a feminist perspective in order to stimulate, to inform, to effect change, and to unify women's strengths, serving as a forum for women.

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R.E.A.L. threats to feminism?

I'm writing in response to your editorial (August issue) which was critical of my position on R.E.A.L. Women in the summer edition of *Pro-Choice News*. While we certainly agree that caution is needed in giving too much attention to R.E.A.L. Women, I don't think you recognised our major concern in alerting our readers about this group.

The readership of *Pro-Choice News* represents almost all sectors of society and as such the newsletter is meant to inform a wide audience, as well as our own membership. While recognising the well-founded fear that too much public concern will lend legitimacy to the R.E.A.L. Women organisation, it is also important to expose their anti-choice, anti-woman program. This is a group that is becoming increasingly agile at purposely concealing their true agenda.

In their recent brief to Members of Parliament in which they present themselves as "moderate" and "grass roots" women, they do not even mention their position on sex education, contraception and abortion, knowing full well their extreme views would win them little support.

After spending a great deal of time lobbying in Ottawa and in the provinces, it has become clear to us at CARAL that a number of politicians are taking the R.E.A.L. group seriously in their efforts to obtain funding and support for programs which attempt to reverse many of the gains women have made.

Many Canadians are quite unaware of the threat presented by this supposed alternative to feminism and I think it is imperative that all of us expose the lie that the R.E.A.L. group is and that is advanced by much of the popular media.

Norma Scarborough
President

Canadian Abortion Rights Action League
Toronto, Ontario

Vocal opposition to VOCAL

I write in response to the editorial by Heidi Muench in the October/November issue. Although this letter is late in coming, it is important that this response be heard. I too shared Heidi's outrage and frustration at the formation of a Manitoba chapter of VOCAL (Victims of Child Abuse Laws).

I am currently employed by a small social service agency, the Women's Post Treatment Project, Inc. Our program was created to address the specific needs of women recovering

from a chemical addiction, and who have experienced sexual abuse in childhood/adolescence. (Current literature cites the incidence of sexual abuse histories in women seeking treatment for chemical dependency at approximately 80%. Rush, 1980, Densen-Gerber, 1981).

Through our clinical experience, we have found that in the majority of cases, until a woman is able to address issues related to her own past victimisation, she will be unable to maintain a chemically-free state.

On the basis of this identified need, we provide individual and group counselling (free of charge) to assist women to:

- understand the ways in which the abuse has affected their lives (consequences of the victimisation);
- identify and deal with feelings related to the abuse;
- examine their beliefs about the abuse and themselves, thereby alleviating guilt and shame;
- identify strengths
- identify self-defeating behaviours and bring about desired change.

Through our contact with these women, it becomes evident that the unresolved trauma of child sexual abuse greatly and tragically impairs the lives of countless women. In the majority of cases, these women have been unable to talk about their own victimisation, and the horrendous impact it has had on their lives. In the cases where these women have disclosed their histories the response received was usually negative and damaging. We hear often that the woman was told to "forgive and forget," and to move on with her life. This invalidation and negation of the effects of the past often results in feeling of being crazy and/or deficient in their inability to forget.

The lack of sufficient, suitable services for adult survivors of child sexual abuse further invalidates these women and their emotional pain. At present, the staff and board are devoting a great deal of energy to securing an on-going, stable funding base, as our resources run out at the end of March 1987. Unfortunately, this instability is a reality we share with most community-based social services for women.

We have decided to remain vocal and struggle to ensure that our much needed service continues. Until the public, and those in power understand the severity and widespread nature of this problem, numerous women will continue to suffer (during childhood and later, as adults). . . . And their pain continues.

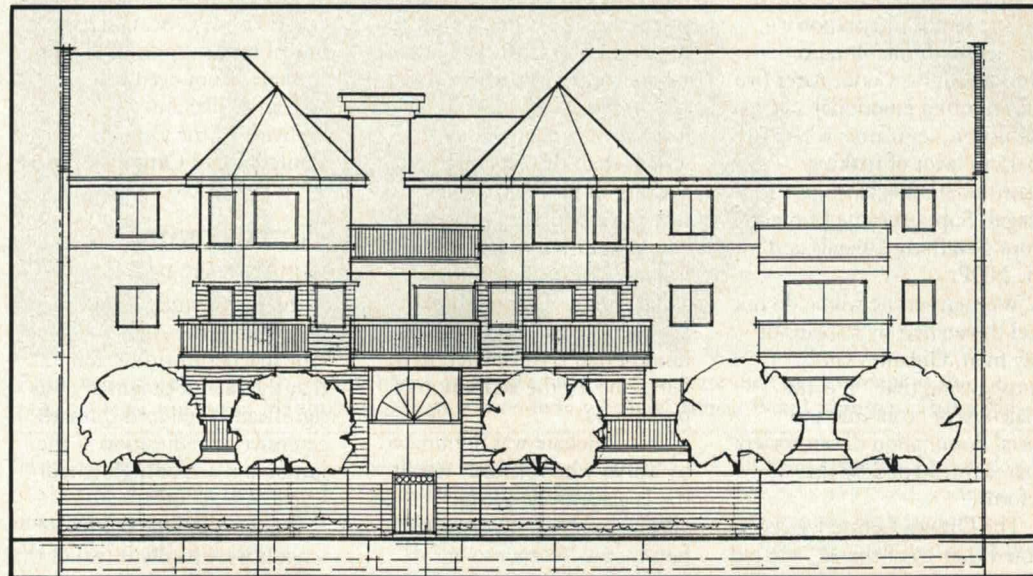
Cindy Bettcher, BSW
for Women's Post Treatment Project, Inc.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Vancouver housing project pays tribute to Eastside women

(VANCOUVER) Downtown Eastside women are celebrating the approval of a \$1.8 million subsidised housing project for Vancouver women who live in skid row hotels. The project, which has been authorised by the B.C. government and funded by federal government transfer payments, is scheduled to open before the year is over. The volunteers on the board of the McMullen Residence, "Mavis' Place" say it is a fitting victory for 1987, the International Year for the Shelter of the Homeless.

The name of the 34-unit residence pays tribute to two women who typify the determination of the women of the Downtown Eastside and the harsh realities of life there.

Helen McMullen is a 73-year-old Mennonite and feminist who has been a hardworking volunteer at the local Downtown Eastside Women's Centre. Mavis was a black member of their community who was murdered several years ago, and her death is a reminder of the dangers of living in the area, where 80 per cent of the residents are men. "Our minority position used to be a reason not to provide special housing and services for



Architect Linda Baker's residential style apartment building for women in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside is designed to meet the safety and child care needs of the women who will live there, as well as provide them with comfortable surroundings.

women," says board member Laurel Kimbley, "but it makes it even more of a necessity. Life is more brutal here." The Downtown Eastside is the home of native, white and Chinese women. Many are ex-psychiatric patients who can't afford to live elsewhere and are not accepted in other communities. Board member Nicky Kozakiewicz says, "The argument used to be that this

area is not safe for women and children, so let's not build anything. But this community is home for some women and they already know where their support services are in it."

The professional women who have used their credentials and know-how to facilitate the creation of the Helen McMullen Residence are adamant that they will assume a secondary role as the building grows closer

to completion. "This program is based on the needs of the women who live in the hotels," says Kimbley, "The women who will be living there will be deciding who they want to live with. Ideally, the board will be there to help, but it is hoped residents will be developing their own policies." The residence is already a success with over 80 women applying for membership. —Sharon Knapp

Social Evening for Herizons



All proceeds to be used for Herizons' relaunching efforts!

Time: Sat. Apr. 4, 1987
8:00 p.m.

Place: Indian & Metis
Friendship Centre
465 Alexander Ave,
Winnipeg.

Cost: \$7.00 (\$5.00 lowincome)

The winner of the Wanda Koop
raffle will be announced

Tickets available from:
Herizons, 478 River Ave., Wlpg.

Discrimination against lesbians and gays banned in Ontario

(TORONTO) Evelyn Gigantes (NDP — Ottawa Centre) told the Ontario legislature November 25 that a male-dominated social system is at the root of hatred and victimisation of gays.

She was speaking during debate on a Bill 7 amendment adding sexual orientation protection to the Ontario Human Rights Code. After five days of often emotional discussion, legislators voted 64 to 45 in favor of making discrimination against gays illegal. Support came primarily from governing Liberals and the NDP.

Women on the whole do not feel threatened by lesbians or gay men, Gigantes said, emphasising that "it is the maleness of economic and social domination of our society that is threatened by this reform."

The Ottawa Centre legislator noted that 10 of the 125 elected representatives were women. "If the sexual numbers and the social power were reversed, I believe that the (Bill 7) causes of section 18 relating to sexual orientation might not even be necessary."

Last winter, Gigantes proposed the Bill 7 amendment which eventually sparked the legislative gay rights debate.

Gigantes told the Legislature that anti-gay material was

circulated in Ontario by groups from as far away as British Columbia and the U.S.

"The whole poisonous attempt to smear homosexual people by association with despicable sexual crimes has forced me to reflect on the very nature of our judgements about sexual assault. When we get to the bottom of it all, I am afraid we are confronted with a social system that judges assault on little boys to be much more serious than the more frequent assaults on little girls. That is why the assaulter of little boys, who is assumed to be homosexual, is the ultimate social pariah. That is why anyone who is assumed to be homosexual is considered to be fair game for the accusation of pedophilia."

Initial debate was dominated by Tories who solemnly rose in the Legislature to pledge allegiance to the heterosexual family, the "cornerstone" of Judeo-Christian society which they said would crumble if sex-driven homosexuals received "special protection" from human rights legislation. There were dire warnings about falling birth rates, as well as bestiality and pedophilia.

While pro-gay educational efforts were consistently maintained by groups such as the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO), an organised

right-wing backlash developed prior to the debate.

Lobbying by letter and phone was almost unprecedented in volume. Anti-gay denunciations were fierce enough to be censured in the Legislature by Conservative Leader Larry Grossman. And Susan Fish (PC-St. George), one of four supportive Tories, strongly denounced the McCarthy-like anti-gay lobbying of the Ontario Conference of Catholic Bishops

in an impassioned speech on the need to correct historic injustices against gays.

Bill 7 will make it illegal in Ontario, as it has been in Quebec for the past decade, to deny lesbians or gay men access to employment, housing or services such as restaurants on the basis of sexual preference.

The day after the vote, a Toronto Star editorial declared that "conscience and tolerance prevailed over fear and hate."

—Carroll Holland

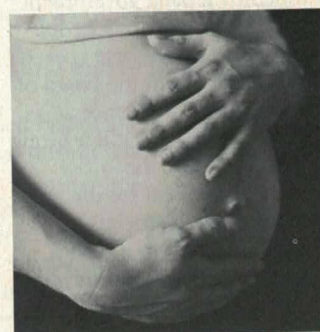
Nelliegram

PREVENTING PREGNANCIES

A three-year study published in a journal of the Alan Guttmacher Institute, found that the rate of pregnancy was significantly reduced through extensive sex education at the junior and senior high school levels.

Students in four Baltimore schools were studied: two of the schools taught only the basic sex education course required by the state of Maryland, and two offered a more extensive program, including free birth control centres next door to the schools.

Sexually active girls in the 'basic' sex education schools actually increased their rate of pregnancy, from 3 out of 10 before the study, to 5 out of 10 within a 28-month period,



while the rate for those in the 'advanced' program dropped to 2 out of 10 pregnancies.

And far from leading to earlier sex, this study found that those with more information on sex and sexuality became sexually active an average of six months later than those in the 'basic' program.

—WIN NEWS

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Farm women encouraged to take power

(PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE) Though women represent 52 per cent of the population, they are easily intimidated and often afraid of politics, according to Anne McEachern of Carman, a Liberal candidate in the 1984 federal election. McEachern spoke at a recent Manitoba farm women's conference attended by 360 participants, where she told her audience that politics is the exercising of power and influence — something women do all the time in their homes and at other levels. But McEachern says in order to achieve power and reach their goals, women must gain authority and legitimacy.

McEachern believes it is important for women to support each other in order to give that needed legitimacy. Women also need to educate themselves about the process and the issues.

"The real power is in the riding executives," she added, urging farm women to get involved at the political level.

Informal bear pit sessions, with federal Wheat Board Minister Charles Mayer and provincial Agriculture Minister Bill Uruski, were a good opportunity for women to utilise these lobbying skills.

Jacie Skelton, former Manitoba Co-ordinator for the National Farmers' Union, told participants that before getting involved in the outside community, "You have to get your life straight. The people close to you must understand and support you in that work. You must choose your picture of yourselves, and respect others' choices."

Equality begins in our own home and community, Skelton continued. "It's up to us to ensure our families work on equality."

"Women have lived on the assumption of equality on the farm for far too long. If we want to be equal partners, we must be full partners. The men



photo: Nancy Painter

Farm women were urged to gain authority and power as well as increase their involvement at the political level at a recent Manitoba conference attended by Federal Wheat Board Minister Charles Mayer.

have to give too."

She urged women to get involved in organisations that challenge all political parties. "We must be the best we can be, have our facts straight and always deal in honesty. We are the power as the people."

Marion McNabb of Minnedosa, an active lobbyist at the provincial executive level of the Manitoba Women's Institute, offered concrete steps for women to take to make their voices heard.

"If you care, do something," she urged. "Isolate a topic that concerns you; pay attention to what's going on around you."

She urged farm women to question things and to identify allies through local publicity and the formation of groups, or by tapping into larger groups.

Document happenings, research the issue, find out what others have done in the same situation, then take action, she advised. Make the best use of the press that you can. "You have to get the attention of people in power. Link into contacts, people with credibility." Be sure to review your activity from time to time to see if you're on target, she added.

Involvement often begins

with the translation of national statistics into your own community, McNabb said. "It starts with one person saying, 'Something's wrong, or missing, or needed, and I can't wait for someone else to do something about it.'"

The Farming Alone session featured three women farmers: Bernice Anderson, of Morris, who continued farming after her husband's death; Susan Proven of Minnedosa, who has farmed since her marriage ended; and Cindy Murray of Erickson, who chose farming as her career.

The audience's focus was on widowhood, perhaps reflecting participants' reluctance to identify divorce statistics with their own future, and their hesitancy to strike out on their own in what is traditionally a male-dominated area.

Several of the "Farming Plus" panelists urged women to put themselves higher on their priority lists, to take care of themselves and then give to the community if they had the time and resources left after personal, family and farm concerns were all attended to.

The Farming Plus panel discussion brought out many problems encountered by different generations of families

farming together. Differences between older and younger generations were evident.

Older women wondered how they could protect a farm that had been in the family for generations from being broken up if their son's marriage failed, while younger women wanted to know how to protect their investment of time, labour and money in the farm, especially in cases in which all the assets were often still in the name of the father-in-law.

The overwhelming response to the first provincial conference — it was solidly booked several weeks in advance, with 300 plus on the waiting list — underscored the strong need for such an event.

Overall, participants were realistic about current problems in the agricultural economy, but they seemed optimistic that they could survive personally, and were eager to gain more knowledge on how to do that.

Organisers are investigating the possibility of a second provincial farm women's conference to be held in November, 1987. The Third National Farm Women's Conference will be held in November, 1987 in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

— Nancy Painter

Feika makes women a priority

(SHERWOOD PARK) — It was spring in Montreal when I first met Irene Feika. I was working as one of the co-ordinators of the 1985 national conference of the Coalition-of-Provincial Organisations of the Handicapped (COPHO). I remember that it was an exhausting and exhilarating event.

Staff and council members met outside the workshops and plenaries to work out final details on resolutions, and to make last-minute changes. It was well after midnight when we gathered in then-chairperson Jim Derksen's hotel room, the lights of Montreal twinkling invitingly so far below, with plenty of logistics yet to work out for the opening plenary the next morning. In strode Alberta delegate Irene Feika, an impressive blonde-haired woman with a ready laugh, a clear voice, and a refreshing analysis of the human condition that combined optimism with a good dose of wry humour.

Feika has since been elected National Chairperson of COPHO; the first woman to hold the position. Although she is quick to downplay the significance of her gender, there were some people at the conference at which she was elected who thought it was an important factor.

"Dr. Fatima Sha, (an activist for the rights of the visually handicapped and outspoken on women's issues) wouldn't let anyone forget my gender," Feika recalls. "Some delegates from DPI — and Disabled Peoples' International tends to be very male-dominated — were also in Ottawa for a meeting, and some of their cultures do not see women in leadership roles." Confronting old images is something Feika is very familiar with.

Another change she brings to the leadership image of COPHO is the fact that Irene has a "hidden disability," diabetes. "I think people tend to picture mobility impairments when they think



Irene Feika says it is exciting and terrifying to be the first woman elected to her post.

of disabilities," says Feika. However, things have turned out well; others with hidden or less obvious disabilities have said they feel well represented, including COPHO's associate member, the Canadian Association of the Deaf.

Feika places women's issues high on the priority list for COPHO. While research and employment dollars are typically spent for men with disabilities, she notes that, "women are given Valium and Depo Provera. And women in institutions have often had their rights and their choices taken away."

Irene says it's long overdue that women with disabilities got together to concentrate on concerns important to them. "You've got a double-whammy, especially with our society so caught up in the image of the physically ideal, perfect woman."

Issues such as unemployment, consumer legislation aimed at reducing the availability of cheaper generic drugs, even community mail boxes can affect handicapped people.

Feika is also a co-founder of the Institute of Human Sexuality Canada, a non-profit organisation focusing on counselling, research and education, and her involvement there also reflects her sensitivity to women's issues.

—Charlynn Toews

Nelliegram

IS GREY MATTER MALE MATTER? Iranian Parliament Speaker and cleric Akbar Hasemi Rafsanjani recently revealed his level of intelligence to the people of Iran when he said that there is no such thing as equality between men and women. Speaking on measures to enforce women's dress codes, Rafsanjani insisted that the measures to correct women's dress were to their own benefit, and added that "women have smaller brains than men and smaller hearts and are normally physically less strong." Therefore, he said, "they have different roles in society."

Iranian law forces all women, Iranian, non-Iranian, Moslem or non-Moslem, to cover themselves from head to foot, leaving only the face and hands uncovered. "Badly veiled" women may be sentenced up to three months in "reform" camps.

—HER SAY

(Her Say's address is P.O. Box 11010, San Francisco, CA 94101).

INSUFFERABLE PRO-LIFERS

— It's no surprise to us, but someone should tell the pro-life lobby that they might want to start calling themselves the anti-life lobby.

In a study of 21 primitive cultures outlined by James W. Prescott in *The Humanist*, interesting correlations can be seen between views on abortion and other practices, such as slavery and capital punishment. For example, 73 per cent of those cultures studied that punish abortion also torture, mutilate and kill enemies captured in warfare; 80 per cent of cultures that permit abortion do not torture, mutilate and kill those captured in warfare.

Canadian Parliament voting patterns on capital punishment and abortion were also examined, and Prescott found that in 80 per cent of the cases, there was a statistically valid relationship between anti-abortion and pro-capital

punishment votes and vice versa.

In the U.S., similar trends were found, linking anti-abortion votes on bills involving abortion to greater support for capital punishment, the Vietnam War and for opposition to gun controls. Interestingly, 95 per cent of congressmen who oppose abortion also oppose pain relief in dying cancer patients, a conclusion based on voting patterns on a bill to permit the use of heroin to relieve the pain of terminal cancer patients.

Prescott says: "It was concluded from the above data that the anti-abortion ideology did not reflect compassion and respect for human life, but rather an ideology of authoritarian control over the personal lives of individuals that included violent means of human oppression."

—WIN NEWS

Women's Issues



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Savouring the sound of Heather Bishop

(WINNIPEG) — Heather Bishop's latest record, *A Taste of the Blues*, was released in Winnipeg on February 18th, and audiences across Canada are savouring Bishop's sounds live, as her cross-Canada tour begins.

Bishop is travelling with bass guitarist Kris Purdy and Sherry Shute. The trio brings a synthesis of talents to the tour, performing a rich texture of different styles — from blues, to contemporary folk, rock, and country & western.

A Taste of the Blues is Bishop's sixth album, and as always, her "rich, belt-'em out blues" voice delivers a powerful message as it entertains. Bishop is known for her stories of strong, gutsy women who challenge and surprise listeners with their wisdom and conviction.

For 10 years, Bishop has been



Bishop: her rich, belt-'em out blues voice is her trademark.

criss-crossing the continent, singing and playing guitar and piano, performing in concert and at festivals, for adults and children. Bishop has released two children's records

(*Bellybutton and Purple People Eater*) in addition to *I Love Women Who Laugh*, *Celebration* and *Grandmother's Song*, all on her label, Mother of Pearl Records.

Women in Nigeria battling "female circumcision"



(NIGERIA) — The Women's Centre in Eket, Nigeria has recently taken the first local initiative to launch a massive education campaign against the practice of genital mutilation in that country.

Hannah Edemikpong reports that home visits and countryside tours, as well as a media campaign have been undertaken by the Women's Centre to protest the practice of "female circumcision."

In light of recent research which points to a higher

incidence of AIDS for women living in areas where genital mutilation is most prevalent, Edemikpong says, "this new theory has disastrously increased the dangers that have befallen millions of African women who practice female circumcision and has prompted urgent need for eradicating this barbarous practice."

Because AIDS is passed on through bodily fluid contact, women whose genitals have been cut are thought to be at a higher risk of contracting AIDS

through sperm contact.

Although groups working to have the practice banned have persistently appealed to various African governments to legislate against it, Sudan is the only African country cited by the women's organisation as having legislated against female circumcision.

Donations for this campaign, inquiries and other aid may be sent to: Women's Centre, Hannah Edemikpong, Box 185, Eket, Cross River State, Nigeria, West Africa.

CORRECTION

In the December issue of *Horizons* the United Way was incorrectly reported as being a funder of Evolve. The Winnipeg Foundation should have received the credit for supporting this worthwhile program, and we apologise for this error.

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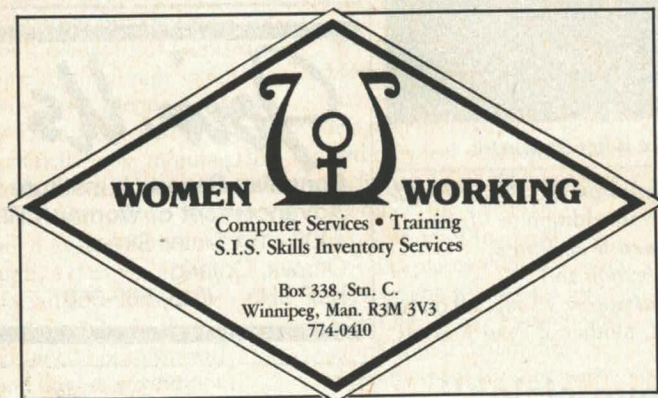


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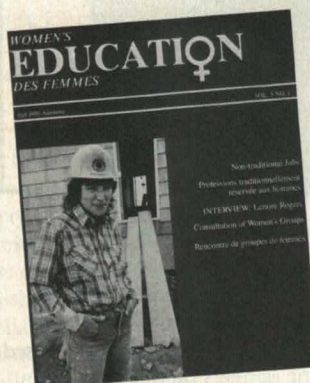
Heather Bishop



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EASTERN REGION

DAWN is the DisAbleD Women's Network, a national organisation controlled by and comprised of disabled women. DAWN Toronto meets monthly. Call (416) 694-8888 (Pat) for meeting times and places or for more information. Voice or T.D.D.

TWO LESBIANS researching for a Lesbian anthology: we want to hear from other Lesbians who have tried to "go straight." For more information write to OPTIONS RESEARCH, c/o Box 2761, Stn. D, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5W8, or call Ev (613) 726-0634 or Jean (613) 232-4900.

THE NAC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be a celebration of NAC's first 15 years and will plan for the next 15 years to the year 2002. It will be held in Ottawa, Ontario from **May 8-11, 1987**. Contact NAC, 344 Bloor St. W, Suite 505, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1W9 or phone (416) 922-3246.

DON'T BLAME MOTHER: a feminist look at motherhood is the theme of this year's WOMEN AND THERAPY CONFERENCE. **May 21-22-23, 1987**, University of Toronto. Guests include authors Judith Arcana, Paula Caplan and Phyllis Chesler. For information contact Professional Development Association, 3 Cameron Cres., Toronto, Ontario M4G 1Z7.

WESTERN REGION

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS for exhibitions at Plug In Art. Deadlines are **March 1, 1987** and **May 1, 1987**. Submissions must include an artists statement, slides, a slide list with titles, medium, size and date, and a resume. For additional information please call or write: Plug In Art, 175 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, Man., R3B 0S1, (204) 942-1043.

DR. ROSALIE BERTELL will headline "Our Nuclear Backyard: A Conference About Hanford," **April 10-12** in Nelson, B.C. The Conference is sponsored by the Kootenay Centre for a Sustainable Future. For further information, contact Bill Metcalfe, 809 Baker Street, Nelson, B.C., V1L 4J8, Canada or telephone (604) 354-3967.

SKILLS INVENTORY SERVICE is a computerised data base program for women in trades and technologies. We are looking for Manitoba residents who have training and/or experience in any number of trades or technical areas. Completing a lengthy questionnaire, which must be returned before **April 30, 1987**, is involved. The information will be used as a referral service for women seeking work and for statistical purposes. Contact Alison Nutt, Women Working Inc. at (204) 774-0410, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

THE B.C. SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY, established in May, 1984, functions without financial assistance from the government and is supported by tuition, membership fees and donations. The yearly membership fee is \$50.00 per individual or family. Donations are gratefully accepted. Send financial support to: Fraser Valley Childbirth Education Association, 567-810 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5Z 4C9.

KATHLEEN SHANNON from the Women's Studio at the National Film Board will present a lecture "Speaking of Women's Culture" at the Winnipeg Art Gallery at 8 p.m. Saturday, **March 28, 1987**.

THE WINNIPEG YM-YWCA will be holding the 11th Annual Women of the Year Awards Dinner on **Tuesday, May 5th** at the Westin Hotel. For further information, contact Pat Cherry at (204) 941-2745 or write YM-YWCA of Winnipeg, 477 Webb Place, Manitoba, R3B 2P2.

INTERNATIONAL

CHILDBIRTH OPTIONS CONFERENCE will be held in Moorhead, Minnesota on Saturday, **April 4, 1987**. For further information contact: Childbirth Options: Informed Choice, Education and Support (CH.O.I.C.E.S.), Inc., P.O. Box 1155, Moorhead, Minnesota, USA, 56560 or call (218) 557-9112. Registration is \$25.00 or \$10.00 low income and is due by March 25, 1987.

FIRST WEST COAST CONFERENCE OF OLD LESBIANS is scheduled for **April 17-19, 1987**, at Calif. State U., Dominques Hills. Contact West Coast Celebration, 2953 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica, CA, 90405, USA or call Kate (619) 481-0375, Shaba (213) 857-2131, or Sylvia (805) 569-1276.

A NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON RADICAL THOUGHT FOR WOMEN is being held in Cleveland, Ohio from **April 30-May 3, 1987**. The conference will focus on offering an atmosphere that will encourage creativity and mutual support. For information contact the Conference Planning Committee at the Women's Building Project, P.O. Box 18129, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 44118, or call 216-321-3582, Tues. and Thurs., 9:30 to noon.

OUR EYES HAVE FOUND YOU: ANGRY WORDS FROM HONEST WOMEN is a call for submissions for an anthology that will provide a creative and constructive expression of our anger as we use it to heal, recover and create. Please send poems, short stories, plays, journals entries (all forms of expression are acceptable) along with a SASE to: Celine-Marie Pascale, P.O. Box 2959, Santa Cruz, CA 95063 before September 1987. All pieces will be published in the language in which they are written.

WEAVING WOMEN'S COLORS: A DECADE OF EMPOWERMENT, the 1987 National Women's Studies Association Conference will convene at Spelman College in Atlanta, GA, **June 24-28, 1987**. Contact: NWSA '87, Emory, University, P.O.B. 21223, Atlanta, GA, 30322, USA, or phone 404-727-7845.

THIRD INTERNATIONAL INTERDISCIPLINARY CONGRESS ON WOMEN will take place in Dublin, Ireland, **June 29 - July 3, 1987**. The theme is "Women's Worlds: Visions & Revisions." For more information write the Congress Secretariat, 44 Northumberland Road, Dublin 4, Ireland.

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40ème anniversaire! NICOLE MORIN



çaises et internationales.

N'avez-vous jamais tapé du pied lors d'une chanson à répondre, ou joué de la cuillère sous l'air entraînant des rythmes de notre culture, nos divertissements traditionnels? Car il faut bien l'avouer, j'ai moi-même pris un jour un

Les danseurs de la Rivière-Rouge fêtent 40 ans de vie! Fondé sous le nom "Les gais Manitobains", de 1947 à 1962, ils ont présenté des danses du répertoire de danses folkloriques canadiennes-fran-

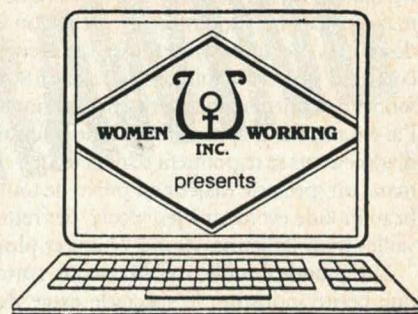
depuis septembre '78, Jean-Paul Cloutier: le pourquoi et le comment de son attrait pour la danse folklorique; quand on connaît tant l'importance (sinon l'impotisme de tout temps) des sports dans notre vie. Il m'a dit qu'il a commencé à danser en 1972, comme une amie lui en avait parlé; tradition orale du jeu des enfants et des adolescents, la gigue n'apparaît peut-être pas aussi athlétique, mais au nombre d'heures que Jean-Paul consacre à la danse, on peut bien affirmer qu'il en va comme toute autre discipline, de la course aux Jeux de Gargantua (Livre I, chap. XXII)! Il a approché surtout la danse à cause du mouvement plutôt que par la musique. Le folklore qui limite un peu, une tangente se fait maintenant vers un autre matériel; ainsi, la troupe inclut maintenant le



Août 1986: Pavillon Canadien-Français

cours de claquettes, juste pour explorer le jeu de sauter, un domaine des loisirs maintenant en demande: le tap-dance. Après une période de relâche, c'est en 1971 que la gigue fut introduite et le spectacle devint la raison d'être de la troupe; les danseurs de la Rivière-Rouge regroupent des bénévoles dans son conseil et ses comités, plus d'une centaine d'étudiants, surtout des filles, dans son école folklorique; des bénévoles aussi à son pavillon canadien-français et au-delà de 250,000 spectateurs en 5 ans, sans compter les émissions de télévision! Depuis le 15 septembre 1978 où le changement de nom s'effectue, ils font partie de la délégation manitobaine aux Jeux du Commonwealth à Edmonton. C'est la première question que j'ai posé à ce sujet au coordonnateur artistique

chant, et lui-même s'adonne au ballet. Depuis 1979, les Danseurs de la Rivière-Rouge Inc. sont les organisateurs du pavillon canadien-français dans le cadre du festival renommé, multiculturel, le Folklorama. Participant aussi depuis au Winnipeg Folk Festival, des tournées successives les ont amené à South Bend, Indiana, au Minnesota, au Québec, l'Ontario, Saskatchewan, et en France au début de juillet 1982. Les spectacles d'envergure tout au long de leurs parcours sont nombreux; je vous rappelle Mon pays en 1975, La grosse noce, 1976, Fort la Pitoune, 1977, et les autres, si vous n'êtes pas déjà bienfaiteur/bienfaitrice. En plus de donner des cours et des ateliers dans les écoles, on nous réserve cette année une tournée manitobaine; les milieux ruraux bénéficient



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de leurs spectacles avec la collaboration de Réseau-est, les fins de semaine, et vos fins de semaine en octobre/novembre, attention, on sera des vôtres. Je mentionne aussi l'existence à Lorette d'une école folklorique, dont 18 personnes dansent et manifestent un grand intérêt. J'ai été surprise d'apprendre qu'une quinzaine d'adolescents se regroupent dans la troupe. Fin mars, un spectacle majeur est prévu de tout ce beau monde évoluant à leur école, des retrouvailles pour les jeunes de 7 à 77 ans et plus.

Une grande famille, me direz-vous, surtout une petite industrie: le spectacle exige deux chanteurs, des musiciens (violon, guitare...), les 8 à 12 danseurs, le petit monde de la troupe. Toutes les réalisations amènent à penser au son, à l'éclairage. La collaboration est indivisible d'avec la directrice des Danseurs de la Rivière-Rouge Inc., Hélène D'Auteuil qui assure le côté finance, planification, budget. Une possibilité de voyage: l'ensemble folklorique adolescent est invité à participer au Festival International des Groupes Folkloriques d'Enfants de Beauport à Beauport dans la Belle Province. Car il y a ce grand mélange des gens d'ici et du Québec, la même source des racines, un peuple gai, chantant et dansant. Depuis 1982, l'ouverture officielle de l'Ecole folklorique de gigue et danse canadienne, on vous offre un programme progressif de formation, si à sauter par sus la clôture, l'envie de vous joindre aux autres vous prend, un soir par semaine, ça vaut pas la peine de manquer la bastringue, la chanson vous y invite, à la récréation... Si Fusion II — Fresque vous a plu, ne manquez pas les prochaines productions du 40^{ème} anniversaire des Danseurs de la Rivière-Rouge. Je vous recommande un livre bourré de nos traditions françaises, des emprunts aussi à l'anglaise, jeux de plein air et de sociétés, jeux traditionnels acadiens, danses populaires et quelques chansons, tout ça se retrouve: Jeux, rythmes et divertissements traditionnels, de Madeleine Doyon-Ferland, chez Léméac, 1980.

Arts visuels au CCFM

Du 4 au 29 mars, les aquarelles de la plaine de Roger Lafrenière; vernissage le 4 mars à 20 heures.

Du 1 au 27 avril, exposition de Noëlla Muruvé; vernissage le 5 avril de 2 à 5 p.m. Entrée gratuite, venez avec une amie!

Réalités africaines, suite.

Pour sa part, Maryse Condé de la Guadeloupe vit une toute autre expérience; éduquée dans un contexte non-africain, très occidentalisé, elle partit à la découverte de sa négritude: un choc culturel, la couleur n'étant que le seul point en commun dans la variété des femmes noires. Son pays cherche à se définir. Le pouvoir du sorcier demeure l'une des réalités. Les hommes se battant beaucoup pour la politique dans leurs écrits et les femmes veulent par l'écriture aider leurs sœurs, cela donne lieu à une dichotomie totale entre les deux. Société noire née de l'esclavage, le système a mis les femmes écrivaines devant l'alternative de découvrir la beauté noire créatrice. "Une fois où j'aurai établi où j'en suis, après le ménage de la maison, je pourrai aller au marché." Qui sommes-nous? Depuis quatre ans une question se pose sur la langue d'écriture: une culture créole, une langue aussi française. Une langue n'empêche pas l'autre. Pourquoi devons-nous écrire, sur nous-mêmes sans devenir une ethnie folklorique. Il faut se créer une histoire, base dans l'avenir. Continuons avec Evelyne Nicodemus, réfugiée politique de Tanzanie, vivant actuellement en Suède: je n'ai pas de langue qui soit ma langue! L'anglais utilisé dans mon pays jusqu'en 1960, puis remplacé par le souali avec le manque d'argent pour des livres

dans cette langue à l'école, à la bibliothèque, tout revient à la langue anglaise. Maintenant je parle suédois. Des restes du colonialisme incitant à un manque d'estime personnelle, il faut créer nos propres valeurs. Puis COCA-COLA couvre tout, le culturel, le pouvoir. Je transcris le son, je transmets les chansons que ma mère m'a enseigné, des rythmes, des couleurs, des formes. Les lecteurs me donnent aussi le droit d'un défi sans compromis d'être moi-même. Je suis le support pour ma sœur et au-delà. On a publié surtout ce que les femmes devraient être par l'extotisme, classifiant un type d'humain d'inférieur, qui n'a pas de valeur. La femme noire doit se définir. Je reste toujours en contact avec la Tanzanie, ma source culturelle.

Je pourrais continuer encore avec d'autres exemples de toutes ces femmes qui ont participé au deuxième salon du livre féministe à Oslo: pour ma part, je crois essentielle l'émergence d'une culture féministe des femmes, c'est-à-dire l'écriture comme lieu de rencontre, lien historique de nos vies, à travers nos récits-vérités: la connaissance et la publication de nos livres, écrits dans la pensée humaine. C'est ainsi que la vigilance s'acquiert aussi en ne donnant que l'exemple de la violation des droits d'auteurs d'écrivaines africaines; sujet difficile à transmettre puisque les nouvelles, j'aurais voulu les reproduire directement de leurs points de vue. La désinformation (comme m'avait dit Solange Vincent) se communique du nucléaire au culturel, une drôle d'union. Au dire populaire, ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut, cet adage pourrait convenir à l'affirmation d'Elisabeth Eie, de Norvège: "Every field is a woman field"; de plus, Elisabeth Hermodsson, de Suède, a rajouté qu'il y a eu main-mise des connaissances en nous cachant jusqu'ici les anciennes formes de pensées matriarcales, d'où la moitié de la réalité est amputée. Pour restaurer notre Histoire, Bente Rosenbeck du Danemark nous propose de la réécrire, de la contre-balancer en y intégrant désormais ce point de départ pour nous. ▼



Photo: Carole Dément

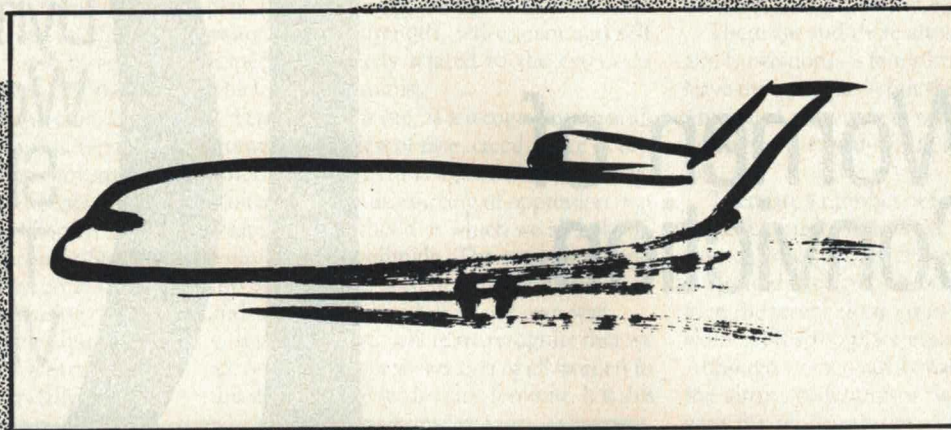
LA PAIX AU COEUR

*Où que l'on soit, être là à désarmer le monde,
Le soulager, le libérer!
Du soleil dans les yeux, retrouver la Paix au coeur,
Comme dans un rêve quand je crois que l'amour
Saura respecter la tendresse de l'enfant en chacun de nous,
Recherche continuelle de douceur...*

*Les temps changeront, même les eaux moins pures qu'avant
Nous laissant espérer encore une source de vie à transformer.
Par le soleil dans les yeux, la Paix au coeur:
Nous sentirons de nos attentes pacifiques
Le Tango de l'enchantement triompher!*

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Women of Conviction

10

Dynamic Women Share Their Views

When we first set out in search of our Women of Conviction, we were hoping to accomplish two things: we wanted to mark the diversity of feminism in Canada by exploring the various 'stripes' of feminism that exist within our movement and within our organisations, and we wanted to find out how women came to be feminists.

Some of the questions we asked were: What advice would you give to your sisters in the movement, given your experience and observations? Where do you think the women's movement is going? How do you define feminism?

The result is a feminist dialogue that brings to light those elements of diversity, and candidly shares the personal experiences that led women to become feminists. These 10 stories are filled with emotion, wisdom, anger and honesty, as each writer explores her vision of what it means to liberate women. At the same time, it is important to note that the list of women included is by no means exhaustive; many women's voices are missing, notably the voices of native women. As we began to approach different women to contribute, it became clear that some of those voices would best be heard in expanded feature articles, so be assured that we will try to continue this dialogue.

What emerges from the stories here is a critical dialogue on what feminism is and isn't, where the feminist movement has been and, most importantly, where it is headed.

I used to think that I was born a feminist, but as I began to examine my life more closely and more honestly, it became clear to me that like so many West Indian women, I was raised to be strong, capable, independent but nonetheless devoted to catering to the man in my life. Throughout my early married life, I strove to be all of these things. I worked, went to university, bore children and took full responsibility for the running of the household. The "click" came when, feeling tired, depressed, unloved and unlovely as I drove home from my job as a counsellor at Simon Fraser University, I listened to reports on CBC of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women and to the discussion of some of the briefs being presented to it as it travelled across Canada. Suddenly, Betty Friedan and Simone De Beauvoir and all those early writers on women's struggles began to make sense. By the time the Royal Commission Report was tabled in the House of Commons, I was a committed member of the Women's Liberation Movement.

A milestone conference held around that time at Hycroft, the University Women's Club, saw the founding of the Vancouver Status of Women. I was appointed its first ombudswoman and the slow painful task of raising my consciousness was intensified by my contact with other women struggling to establish their right to respect and dignity in their daily lives.

Feminism soon became for me the coordinating force, the link which held all of my other strivings together. As a member of a social democratic movement, my struggle to end racism, my commitment to preserve peace, my respect for the environment, my belief in the intrinsic worth of all persons all came together in my development as a feminist socialist.

I am in a constant state of evolution. Each day I strive to understand more clearly the responsibilities which feminism as a philosophy places on its adherents, and each day I recognise my failure to live up to the true principles of this ideology. It is possible that in my personal relationships I may never achieve either full equality or adhere to full feminist principles, but the struggle continues because I am aware that my strength, self esteem and self respect are directly related to the extent to which I am a feminist.

Feminism, for me, is a recognition that all women, regardless of race, creed, place of origin, marital status or sexual orientation are exploited, and it is this sharing of oppression that creates the sisterhood to which we all belong, willingly or unwillingly. The struggle to end this oppression is both personal and universal, and we each deal with it in our own way.

It is at the point where we recognise that we are not alone, that we are one of all women in this struggle, that we become feminist. It is this

recognition of the shared experience and the determination to change our circumstances that make us revolutionaries.

I believe that feminism is a revolutionary ideology committed to helping the human race utilise the abilities of all its members so as to achieve their full potential, and to rejecting enslavement, discrimination or exploitation on all levels. It is a revolution for good and it is one which threatens the foundations of the economic, social and religious world as we know it. Therefore it is and will remain a slow and inconsistent revolution whose demise will be continually predicted. I do not believe that its end is in the foreseeable future or that its failure is possible. Too many lives have already been touched, for a full retreat ever to be successful.

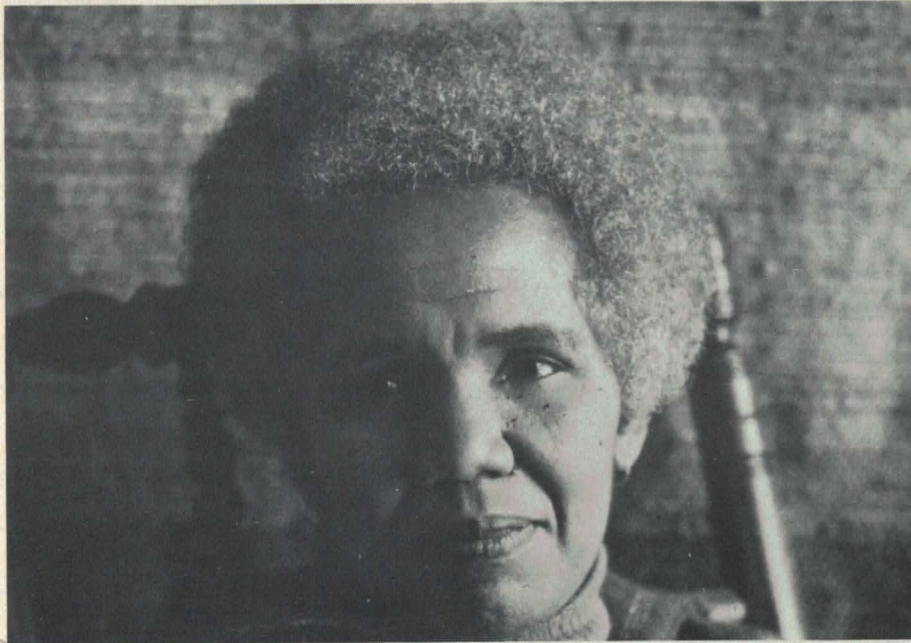
There are and there always will be setbacks and frustrations — feminists will burn out and leave the struggle — but the struggle will continue and although it will shift and change direction, the goal of full equality cannot be lost.

There are a number of factors which undermine feminism. One is the failure of so many women to use political power to achieve our goals. In the recent provincial election in B.C., as in the recent elections in the United States, women failed to place equality on the ballot. Although women talk equality and often extol the virtues of feminism, we obviously fail to vote for representatives who support these issues.*

Another factor is that tough economic times cause women to be threatened by the concept of feminism and they therefore refuse to support it. So long as marriage remains the main form of employment for women, the fear of feminism will remain. The challenge facing feminists is how to deal with this fear and, in particular, how to deal with the reality that feminist ideology is often incompatible with the traditional beliefs of home, family and marriage. Indeed, the old adage "Each woman is just a marriage away from welfare" still holds true.

Feminism provides for me the energy, the power and the world view from which I participate in other struggles. That is the message which I take to women whenever the opportunity arises.

*The sociologist Carl Wegler, writing in 1971, said that women fail to use the vote politically. His criticism remains true today and that is one of the "Achilles heels" of the movement.



*Rosemary Brown
was an NDP member of
the B.C. legislature for 14 years.
She currently teaches Women's Studies
at Simon Fraser University.*

Rosemary Brown

You asked me to write about how I became a feminist. It probably began with my grandmothers or even perhaps with their grandmothers. They were all farm women. My mother and my aunts were independent spirits, strong women. There were always heated discussions about politics, and quieter ones about religion in our home. We, the children, strongly suspected that our mother even cancelled out our father's vote in federal elections, something women were not supposed to do.

Though we lived on a farm, and there were five children, my mother always had her own business: a summer boarding house. When we moved to the nearby town, there was always the stimulus of two or three or four others in the family: teachers, bank clerks, railway workers, and sometimes, university students working for the summer in the textile factory.

My mother was a great cook, and she sold her wonderful bread and pies, cakes and cookies to summer cottagers on our lake. Every year she made the best hot cross buns I have ever eaten and sold them to make "talent money" to give to the women's organisation in our church. In spite of her intelligence, quick wit, and commitment she never sat on any of the policy boards in the church; nor did any other women.

We lived one block from the lake and from the railway station, and the station master got into the habit of sending to her care the homeless women who stepped off the trains. My mother decided the town should have a library. She took our china out of the china cabinet, bought book plates for our few books, displayed them in the place of cups and saucers, and encouraged people to borrow them. She also read Nellie McClung.

Then there were my two "maiden" aunts. About the time my parents were married, that is around 1900, my mother's youngest sister went from the Quebec farm where they grew up to New York state to train as a nurse. Most of her life was given to public health nursing. I remember her stories of isolated families and her own isolation, in the mountains of Kentucky. As a woman, I visited her often on Cape Cod, where she was known and loved, and where she grew to love the children of the Portuguese fishermen settled there.

My other unmarried aunt was my father's sister. Because she did not marry, she was expected to stay at home with her parents after the others — four brothers and a sister — had left. She earned some money sewing. When she was

over 40 and both her parents had died, she left rural Quebec to go to Boston, where she studied drama and public speaking at Emerson College. Until she retired, she taught English, directed plays, led the daily physical exercises and had an enormous influence in an all-girls school. She travelled to Europe in the 20s, and at least twice, conducted tours of school girls to Europe.

The gift I remember best from my childhood was the leather case she gave me, when I was about 10, to carry my music in. Her talk sometimes used to make me feel uncomfortable as I was growing up, because, I think, she expected something of me as a woman, as a person, besides the expected role of wife and mother.

I would be happy to tell you more about

these women in my life, but there were, as you would expect, other influences. At McGill, there were "students" and "women students." Women were expected to assume that a track-and-field day was not meant for them. Nor could we aspire to be editor-in-chief of the *McGill Daily*, president of the Athletic Association, or president of the Students' Council. But the separate-ness of women had certain advantages. We set up and ran our own organisations. I began to overcome my terror of hearing my own voice in a public meeting by letting myself be named secretary of one of these groups and thereby being obliged to read minutes. We were always known as "McGill women," not as "college girls," and the name itself gave us a certain feeling of dignity, no



Muriel Duckworth

Muriel Duckworth is one of the founders of The Voice of Women, Canada's oldest peace organisation.

In 1983 she was appointed to the Order of Canada.

matter how silly we were at times, or how resentful we felt about the restrictions of living in residence and even, from time to time, of the power of the men.

My chief human rights concerns at McGill were the shameful discrimination and prejudice against Jewish students, the poverty in the part of Montreal where I went once a week to play the piano for a gym class at the McGill Settlement House, and the desperate plight of European students, for whom we raised money through the European Student Relief. That was in the '20s.

I skip over the next thirty years, not because they weren't important to me — they were — but because my consciousness of women as women had an awakening through the founding of the Voice of Women/Canada in 1960. This was my way into the contemporary feminist movement, which spread a little later. The sense of urgency in working for peace, in searching for and trying out non-violent means of resolving conflicts, in trying to understand the forces which threaten our very existence has led me to the conviction that feminism is basic in dealing with the world's needs.

How did it happen that letters poured in from thousands of women who joined the Voice of Women? We were afraid and angry: afraid of the imminence of nuclear war and angry that politicians and military men could do this to us, create this threat. The Paris peace talks had broken down because of the U-2 incident over the Soviet Union. Would we just sit and cry? No, we would not. We organised. We found our voice.

It is strong because the peace movement and

the women's movement, the environmental movement and the human rights movement have understood that we need each other. We respect each other. We sometimes speak with one voice. It has taken a few years for this sense that we can, and must, rely on each other to emerge. This gives me hope for the future.

As a feminist, there are two other voices that are important to me. One is the voice of the feminist researcher who brings us women's experience of the past and the present and a vision of the future. I met these women through my membership in the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women. Their work uncovers for us that strand of history which is women's history and which Elise Boulding called "The Under Side of History."

I still find it thrilling, this discovery of something so precious — feminist studies of women.

Finally, there are the spiritual voices, one of which is Isabel Carter Heyward, a feminist theologian, who wrote in *The Redemption of God*:

"With you, I begin to see that the hungry can eat again, the children can play again, the women can rage and stand again.

"It is not a matter of what 'ought' to be. It is a power that drives toward justice and makes it, makes the sun blaze, the rivers roar, the fires rage. And the revolution is won again. And you and I are pushed by a power both terrifying and comforting.

"And, 'I love you' means, let the revolution begin!"



Mariana Valverde teaches women's studies at the University of Toronto. She is the author of Sex, Power and Pleasure, a book exploring the issues of pornography, censorship and eroticism.

Mariana Valverde

"Why do feminists have to disagree so much?" is a question one often hears from women just joining the movement. The question presupposes that disagreement and conflict among women, among feminists, is both destructive and avoidable. It assumes that now that we're feminists, we should immediately agree on all our main issues. It also conjures up a fear, common among women, that the alternative to a monolithic unity maintained by a policy of total politeness is complete disarray and chaos. (This is the fear of the falling apart of the nuclear family, which still haunts those of us who exercise our talent for parental care more in the public world than in the private.) Unfortunately, sometimes meetings do degenerate into disarray and chaos. But

this is to a large extent because we have not made our differences clear all along, and have suppressed and repressed conflicts until one fine day they erupt in full force.

The irrational desire for unity at all costs is often justified by an argument that goes as follows: feminism, unlike the grey theories inherited from patriarchy, is not just a set of theoretical statements: it is a living, organic body of thought based on "women's experience." The unity that we are supposed to preserve is allegedly based on a cross-class and cross-racial experience of gender oppression which would include such things as patriarchal control over women's bodies, male objectification of women in pornography and advertising, unequal pay, etc. White middle-class feminists

who are *au courant* will of course admit that this "women's experience" is "modified" or "differentiated" according to one's class or race — but they still assume that non-gender factors are modifiers or adjectives. Modifying what? Well, modifying that which has throughout the history of feminism been designated as "women's experience."

But, as Third World feminists and women of colour have been pointing out for some time, it is precisely the notion of women's experience inherited from the Anglo-Saxon feminist tradition which is problematic. One cannot use the experience of white middle-class women to generate a general theory, and then say in a footnote or in a paragraph at the end, "ah well, we know this experience is different

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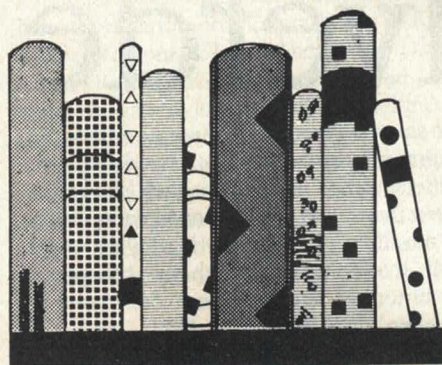
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for women of colour . . ." The general theory was flawed from the start by being derived primarily from the gender oppression suffered by a group of otherwise privileged women: their class and race privilege shaped their "experience" as much as their gender oppression.

An example would be the influential and in many ways excellent book by Adrienne Rich, *Of Woman Born*. Rich, who has recently changed her outlook in the course of the debate on race, class and imperialism, was (around 1970) not so aware of her own privilege as a white (albeit Jewish) American middle-class woman. Her "experience" of mothering, from which she derived her now classic theory of women's oppression through the institution of motherhood, was not just anyone's experience. If she had lived in the Third World, for instance, she would have had to highlight poverty, colonialism, and other factors as much as male control over reproductive technology and reproductive ideology. This would have made for a muddier theory — it is much more elegant to single out one element, i.e. patriarchy, as the culprit — but it would have more accurately reflected the experiences of women who suffer from various levels of oppression and exploitation, not just gender oppression.

There is no "essence" of womanhood that can be distilled and condensed to give us "pure" feminism. The illusion that we can single out one aspect of gender oppression (e.g. male control over women's bodies) as the basis upon which to build our unitary feminist theory is a myth which obscures the interests of those women who, while suffering gender oppression, would rather not look at their own privileged position within other systems of power.

If we give up the comfortable notion of a single "women's experience," does this mean we are going to be fragmented off according to our personal experience, so that every city will boast a multiplicity of groups which have no basis of unity at all? This is to some extent what is happening in the United States, where an overly personalistic interpretation of the idea of privilege has led to a situation where women are organised only in small groups. I have no wish to confine all my political work to Hispanic lesbians, even if that is my "experience." The alternative to a unity defined from a white middle-class perspective is not a total fragmentation. For one thing, such fragmentation would probably result in everyone who is not white and middle-class abandoning the "general" organisations (such as the National Action Committee) to the very women who have already enjoyed too much influence to define what is and is not feminism.

An alternative vision can only begin to emerge if we take the question of racial, class, and national privilege very seriously but in a way that is not exclusively personal. The often painful process of naming and acknowledging one's spheres of privilege ought not to be seen as an introspective exercise in breast-beating,

but rather as an important beginning, a necessary beginning, in the building of a new women's movement. It does not follow that, because one is white and Anglo-Saxon, one is necessarily reduced to either oppressing other women or feeling silently guilty. It is possible to examine one's personal history and current practices in order to change them, and although privilege will never disappear, one can counterbalance it by a strong political commitment to the empowerment of the oppressed.

I come from a family that, while in many ways marginal (primarily because of being leftists), still enjoys a certain amount of privilege because of our location in the "intelligentsia." (My father is a writer and university professor.) I know that I too enjoy a certain privilege — I find it relatively easy to speak in public, to form opinions and express them forcefully, and to write and publish these views. I am sure I will always exercise that privilege; I may be fairly poor but I do have a Ph.D. and a certain status as a writer and academic. However, that privilege can be to some extent counterbalanced in several ways. Personally, I can encourage women from non-intellectual backgrounds (for instance, women of colour who are my students at the University of Toronto) in their own efforts to read, theorise and write. This involves educating myself about the ethnocentrism (not to say racism) of much of the material traditionally used in courses, and trying to devise courses of study that are more suited to the needs, political and personal, of students of non-privileged backgrounds. These efforts have to go hand in hand with a political practice which supports the struggles of Third World peoples and people of colour for self-determination, as well as supporting the development of an anti-racist and class-conscious feminism.

Be that as it may, I want to conclude on a cautiously optimistic note. There are many of us working to develop a politic of the oppressed, and in particular there are many feminists struggling to build a women's movement that will acknowledge difference within its midst, not in order to fragment and immobilise us, but in order to rebuild it from the ground up. In this rebuilding, the women who have traditionally led because of their/our organisational "skills" and ease with writing, speaking and lobbying will have to recognise that such "skills" are not neutral, but are rather rooted in privilege. The new women's movement that I look forward to will be led by the women who have traditionally been marginalised, and will have procedural rules and political priorities that seek to empower those who have been most oppressed. I am sure this new movement will have a place for all of us, but it will also demand a certain level of commitment not only to the issues traditionally labelled as "gender" issues, but to the struggle against all the forces oppressing women around the world, including racism, class exploitation, and imperialism.

What kind of feminist am I? A Marxist feminist? A socialist feminist? A humanist feminist? A Conservative feminist?

I think I'm a small-f feminist.

By my definition, a small-f feminist has no idea what all those "ists" mean. I don't know the difference between a humanist, socialist or Marxist feminist. I think of a Conservative feminist as a contradiction in terms. Isn't feminism about change?

I am not trying to be facetious about other people's political beliefs, but not having taken any courses on feminism, not having had the opportunity to study any definitions, I get a little snappy when asked to define my feminism.

Feminism crept up on me gradually. I don't remember any dramatic moment when I said to myself "I think I might be a feminist" or "Eureka! That's what I am!" or "Oh, God. What will my parents say?"

That probably had to do with the fact that I was one of four daughters, with no boys in the family. My grandmother on my mother's side was a founder of the CCF in British Columbia, a Member of the Legislature and a judge. She went as a delegate to the League of Nations.

I found her a terrifying woman when I was younger; she expected a lot from her eight granddaughters.

The last thing in the world I wanted as a teenager was to grow up to be anything like her.

A couple of years ago, finding myself in British Columbia, I went to the archives in Victoria to see what they had on her. There I found some texts on speeches she had given on the need for public housing, daycare, and equal pay for work of equal value. I realised that we were far more similar than I had assumed.

I suppose that I had not really thought she was interested in poor people. But of course, as I had also discovered, the rights of poor people are inextricably tied to the rights of women. That's who the poor are.

The other thing I believe about small-f feminism is that every cause relating to women does not interest me. I have no intention of fighting for the right of women to bear arms and go to war, because I don't want anybody bearing arms and going to war — daughters, sons, friends. I will not get out and march for equal treatment there unless it is the right of everybody *not* to bear arms.

The struggles I want to spend my energies on are the everyday, ordinary fights. If we don't even have those rights, how can we be expect-

ed to gain the big ones? An example: In Ottawa a rule was imposed by the bus company that women could not bring babies on strollers into busses unless the stroller folded up and the baby was kept on the lap. There were no similar rules regarding briefcases, suitcases, shopping bags, crutches or canes.

A lot of us felt that this rule was saying that women with children were not valuable passengers; that they just got in the way of the more important people; that the passengers worth consideration all got on the bus in the morning at the same time and went home at the same time and didn't clutter up the bus with babies. Of course, working women who had to bring babies to and from babysitters and daycare centres during peak hours had to put up with harassment from the drivers and other passengers.

The right to enjoy equal treatment on public transportation is not as dramatic as the right to be appointed senator, but it affects a lot more women.

Women's issues, although contemptuously dismissed by society, are the very stuff of life itself. Birth, death, and other important rites of our civilisation are not to be contemptuously dismissed. They make us what we are. It concerns me that these subjects appear so seldom in any way which is not sensational — murder, suicide, the divorce of movie stars.

Yet so much media attention is given day in and day out, week in and week out, to groups of men pursuing balls of various shapes and sizes. It is basically the same activity in perpetuity, and I cannot see what difference the colour of the sweater makes.

In ancient times, when this kind of activity was tied up with religion, and the losers were sacrificed, I can understand why people would

have a vital interest in the outcome. Now, the only outcome is that obscene amounts of money are paid out to people who are not asked to contribute to society in any more valuable way.

The important people, the ones who care for other people, whether as daycare workers, nurses, teachers, firefighters, mothers, children's aid workers, crossing guards, or people acting as any of the above, do not receive large salaries and do not receive any particular respect.

They also do not make the decisions which are so important: what is taught in our schools about who we are, and our value to ourselves and others; decisions about what facilities are available to what families for education, for recreation, for day to day living; who shall receive obscene salaries and who shall have to beg for enough money to survive. These are decisions not enough women sit in on. Many of them are made locally.

So feminism, to me is about affecting small changes as well as large ones.

But I worry about defining our feminism; I worry about seeing the differences between us rather than the commonalities.

We have to make sure that in proclaiming the right not to have children, we don't lose sight of the right to have children; that in fighting for the right to a career outside the home, we still recognise that homemaking is also a career, that in being recognised as equal and unmarried, we don't ignore the equal and married.

There is room in feminism for all women who care what happens to a sister. And if we don't care what happens to all our sisters, we aren't feminists.



photo: Elaine Deschenes

Dorothy O'Connell

Dorothy O'Connell is the author of two books, Chiclet Gomez and Cockeyed Optimist. She has been working with and for low income women since 1968.

I entered politics more than thirty years ago. I brought with me commitments to the basic values I had learned in Cape Breton, on Canada's East Coast. Life there was not easy, but it taught the value of co-operative action and sharing. It instilled the importance of equality and the struggle against injustice.

In many respects the same values — sharing, co-operation and equality — were at the heart of the idealism and commitment that fueled the women's movement in its earliest days. They were expressed in a word — that banner now fallen out of favour — "Liberation!": the passionately held belief that women must be liberated from injustice, inequality and discrimination.

But, of course, back in the '50s when I first came to Ottawa, the women's movement was yet to be born. *The Feminine Mystique* (Betty Friedan — 1963) and *Sexual Politics* (Kate Millet — 1970) were as then unwritten. Germaine Greer was still a teenager. No discussion then of enshrining the rights of women in constitutions. No councils or commissions for equal opportunity. No women contesting the leadership of major political parties. None claiming a place on a presidential ticket. No, all of that was in a distant future.

Women were depicted in the happy images of Ozzie and Harriet — mothers, wives and housewives. In reality, many women led limited and private lives of quiet desperation. The plight of women was easily and comfortably ignored until the turbulence of the '60s laid bare the barriers to equality in our societies.

Expectations rose. Women demanded jobs, opportunities and dignity. The women's liberation movement spread through the United States and Canada as women fought the injustices which had long excluded them from meaningful economic and political action.

And their determination and commitment led to progress and change — never enough and never quickly enough — but progress and change nonetheless.

Today opportunities are expanding, not because all the barriers are gone, but because women are determined to overcome them and to take the initiative. One-third of all small businesses are owned by women. In two years, 50 per cent will be owned by women.

And in the boardrooms too, women have begun to move ahead. In the United States, women have seats on 46 per cent of corporate boards. In Canada, sadly, we are slower. Only 28 per cent of our boards include women.

Flora MacDonald is currently the Federal Minister of Communications. She has previously held the portfolios of External Affairs, Status of Women, and Employment and Immigration, and in 1976 she ran for the Leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party.

Beyond the world of business, women are also demanding a full voice in politics. Too long consigned to anonymous foot-slogging in the wards, precincts and riding associations of our political systems, women are claiming the right to lead. In the United States, think of Barbara Jordan's contribution; of Geraldine Ferraro; of Elizabeth Dole. In Canada, think of Ellen Fairclough, Monique Begin and Judy Erola.

Currently, 27 women are Members of Parliament in Canada — while still too few, this is a record number. Five are Cabinet Ministers, directing the departments of International Trade and Communications and setting and implementing national policies.

Through decisions like *Roe vs Wade*, the fundamental and inalienable right to reproductive choice has been recognised. In Canada, we have enshrined sexual equality in our Constitution. It was a battle, requiring an unprecedented mobilisation of Canada's women. But, in the end, we won.

The women's movement has indeed made significant progress. But there is still much to be done. To expect that the goal of full equality could be reached in a single generation is to belittle the magnitude of the task. There is much that has yet to be accomplished. But we have reason to be proud.

We also have reason to be vigilant. The struggle is not over. To believe that the goal of real equality can be achieved without resistance and backlash is to belittle the determination of the opposition. I believe that today, there are disturbing threats facing the women's movement — threats to what has been achieved and to what should be achieved in the years ahead.

The right to reproductive choice is under siege. Fundamentalists depict women as morally immature beings whose only proper role is a domestic one, subservient to male authority. Even though the salaries of married women are often necessary for their families' economic well-being, recent polls in Canada indicate a widespread belief that married men should receive job preference.

These are just some of the threats from outside the women's movement. But we should not delude ourselves into the belief that the challenges we face are all external. There are difficulties within. As Betty Friedan recently observed in a thoughtful article on the future of women, we have lost the ability to differentiate real issues from non-issues.

Why campaign against pornography when this simply plays into the hands of those who

would also restrict the very freedoms and rights that we have won? Why campaign against pornography when the real obscenity is poverty — and particularly the feminisation of poverty? In Canada, single parent families headed by women are five times more likely to be poor than those headed by men. And their condition is not getting better. It's getting worse. Why get caught up in arguments about women's moral superiority, when battered women and their battered children remain appalling facts of everyday life?

Why are teenage girls still dreaming of fairy tale futures, when the divorce rate is soaring; when nearly half the families headed by women live below the poverty line; when women still earn, on average, only two thirds of what men earn?

Why have we strayed from the movement's initial impulse to *liberate* — to free women from institutions and roles which were barriers to equal opportunity? Today we seem to have lost touch with that spirit. All too easily we lapse into a comfortable reliance on bureaucracy and government to pave the way. Paradoxically, we seek liberation through regulation. Retreating behind these barricades is not the response of a movement that is confident in its direction and power. It is the response of a movement that is in danger of losing its imagination and dynamism — a movement that has not come to grips with the need for change; that has not renewed itself.

I am convinced that we must escape this predicament and move ahead to a new agenda. We must meet the challenge of change; we must manage change.

This article was originally part of a speech delivered by Flora MacDonald to The Americas Society in November of 1985.



Flora MacDonald

I can't really remember a time when I wasn't a feminist on some basic level: at least in thought if not in name. Between the ages of six and eight I remember spending hours locked in the bathroom, admonishing myself to grow up differently than *them* (my middle class parents, not too different from any of the neighbours) and especially not to end up like *her* (my married mother who spend most of her energy on family and home). As a child, it didn't take long to realise the injustice of the fact that my brother and father were accorded certain privileges which my sister, my mother and I were not. However, it wasn't until I was in my early twenties, and well on my way to coming out as a lesbian, that feminism moved to the forefront of my political interests and activities.

My first woman lover, shortly after deciding lesbianism was not for her, wrote me an angry letter denouncing what she called my monomania: my obsession with women and women's liberation. And although somewhat exaggerated, her accusation did have some truth to it. I spent hours culling library shelves and bookstores for work by and about feminists: an arduous task in the conservative environs of Peterborough, Ontario. I was desperate for things written, filmed or sung by women. Every day I was astounded by some newly discovered fact of patriarchal atrocity or by some long suppressed testimony of women's strength and resistance. I nodded and um-hummed an uncritical path through Mary Daly, Adrienne Rich and Andrea Dworkin. I forced myself to read Kate Millet and Susan Griffin. I nurtured my anger. Given the right time and place, I would have made a model lesbian separatist though, thankfully, I was never presented with the opportunity. Instead, I moved to Toronto, where I was shocked to find diversity, indeed division, in what I had previously thought to be a cohesive and monolithic movement. In a large city, with the privilege of numbers, comes the opportunity to dissent and diverge. I set about developing a politic of my own.

Several years later, all I am able to say with certainty is that flexibility in such an enterprise is critical. I remain obsessed by feminism. However, my interpretation of the term has expanded some from its earlier definition rooted in the American big name variety. Hence, it is in the name of feminism that I work with gay men on the editorial collective of *Rites*, a magazine for lesbian and gay liberation ("How do

you do it?" my more 'pure' feminist sisters ask incredulously, "Men?!"), and that I am involved in Central American solidarity issues.

To my own particular brand of feminism I have ascribed no label beyond the obvious: lesbian feminist. So although I maintain socialist principles, I have never called myself a socialist feminist assuming, I suppose, that I lack the required zeal and dedication to the socialist cause. Similarly, I am uncomfortable under the banner of radical feminism, regardless of how radical I actually consider myself to be; in practice it has always seemed to me to imply a certain narrowness of focus and analysis that excludes much of my thinking and work. The other varieties of hyphenated feminism that come to mind (liberal-, Christian-, eco-, anarchist-) are simply not of my experience.

At its most basic, my favoured definition of feminism describes a movement that seeks to affect broadranging social change, so that all women will have the opportunity to live to their full potential. No small task this — the eradication of all oppression. Thinking of feminism in this way, it becomes quite obvious that the project will not be completed in a vacuum. Thus feminism, by fact of its very goals, becomes a call to coalition politics, both internal and external to the movement.

In realising this, my real education as a feminist began. And certainly, it wasn't a realisation which I came to on my own. I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to work with some very patient and tolerant women over the years; women who have pushed me on

issues of race, class, disability and other oppressions as I have pushed straight women about homophobia and heterosexism, as I have pushed gay men about sexism.

I find comparisons like this very useful when I feel myself resisting the work of addressing my privileges as a white middle class woman or when I shy away from coalition actions for fear of making a "mistake." By reminding myself of what I expect from gay men or straight women, I have a basis for understanding what women of colour, working class women or disabled women expect from me. For instance, I expect that those gay men who are committed to working with lesbians will do their homework to come to an understanding of what it means to live as a woman in a patriarchal culture and then that they will use this knowledge to work for change, on both a personal and cultural level. So, as a feminist committed to working for the equality of all women, I know I have to do my own homework and then act on it, in my personal relationships and on a larger scale.

The work involved in forming coalitions is considerable, but on those occasions when it has been successful, the women's movement has been made richer and has grown stronger. And as individuals in that movement, we have grown stronger as well. During the time I've been actively working as a feminist, my understanding of the world has been radically transformed, as have my perceptions of myself and my abilities to affect change. For this I owe a debt of thanks to the women who struggle and persist in this movement.



photo: Loren Williams

Mary Louise Adams

Mary Louise Adams lives in Toronto where she is an active feminist and writer. She is a collective member of Rites, a newspaper for lesbian and gay liberation and a co-editor of Resources for Feminist Research.

United States President Ronald Reagan's Iran affair left goose pimples all over my black skin. It reminded me of the day he invaded Grenada, allegedly to 'save American lives' threatened by the presence of Cubans who were building an airport in that country. I thought of my country South Africa. Will the marines land on Johannesburg one day to save white democracy — killing my stone-throwing nieces and nephews in the process?

I'm supposed to tell you about how I became a feminist and not worry about Nagasaki, Hiroshima, Chernobyl, cruise missiles on Greenham Common, Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars), the Iceland fiasco between Reagan and Gorbachev and now the Iran affair.

I wish I could forget about the nuclear arms race. But how can I when my friend calls me and tells me her son says life is not worth living.

No it's not drugs. The 13 year-old is scared of the whole nuclear scene, Chernobyl, cancer, the whole works. Then he dropped the bombshell: "What are they fighting for anyway mummy?"

Dear reader, while you are trying to think of an appropriate answer, I'll tell you how I became what is called a feminist.

I am a feminist. Mama is a feminist, Khulu (granny) went to her grave a feminist. They didn't write *The Second Sex* or *The Female Eunuch*, but they lived a feminist life of self sufficiency. Mama passed this on to me through education; "This is the only inheritance I have for you."

She scrubbed white women's kitchens. She sold cosmetics on sidewalks. She worked in furniture shops until she became her own boss.

She still takes the midnight train from our coastal city of Durban to be in Johannesburg by dawn. She devotes the whole day to bargain hunting in clothing, cutlery and linen warehouses. She goes back to Durban on the Midnight Express. She sells her wares at a profit, which enables her to have indoor plumbing. No more going out at night to draw water from the outside tap. In Canada she would be called an entrepreneur. Marxists would call her a capitalist. I call her a feminist.

As a human being, she is equal to any man. She is in charge of her life, and her four children minus the one in Winnipeg. Granny before her was in charge of her seven children, and although both women grew up in a society which said the men would take care of the family, they never did.

After fleeing South Africa in 1979 because of her political involvement, Nonqaba Msimang traveled to England and later studied journalism at Columbia University. She currently works as a freelance writer and photographer.

To me, feminism is the recognition that I am capable of fending for myself, thanks to the Almighty who gave me all the necessary intellect and limbs. Before the white missionaries came to Africa and told us about the Father and the Son, we attributed our existence to the Supernatural Being, *uThixo* or *Umvelinqangi*, a sexless God.

Because of the negative connotation of the term feminist, my African sisters will disown me for having made the admission that I belong to those strange white women. They'll imagine that I am a sexless spinster, or that I sleep with other women. There is irony in their stereotyping, because African women are just as strong and reliant as their white feminist counterparts. You can see this in West Africa, where women run the economy. They are not members of Parliament, but they determine which goods are available and what price will be paid for those goods. Even the military governments in those countries don't mess with them.

With terms like 'post feminism' being bandied about, it's rather hard to define a feminist. But for me, feminism is about survival. When a lioness is training her loved ones she doesn't say, "Baby Jane lion, run along and put ribbons in your hair. Mummy is teaching Baby John lion how to survive in the wilderness." Consequently, the word 'feminism' doesn't exist in the animal world because of the common goal: survival. It ought to be like that in the human world.

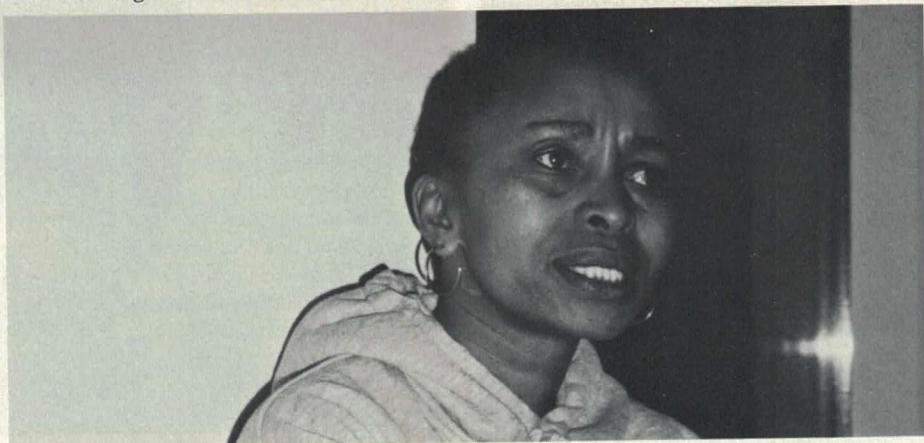
Now, how do I define my feminist politics: radical, liberal, socialist, humanist, anarchist etc? I'm sure you expect me to give you a label, after all, all things have labels, even No-name products have that screaming yellow for a label. But I have to go back to mama. Bear with me

dear reader. She is my starting point. She always said 'do unto others as you would like them to do unto you,' and this has influenced who I am. I wouldn't go to faraway places and dispossess people of their land and kill them, because it is morally wrong to do so. However, this is what is happening in South Africa today.

I cannot answer my friend's son's question about what is happening to the escalation of hostilities between the superpowers. All I know is that people's lives were ruined during the McCarthy days. Being called a commie in the U.S. is still a fate worse than death, even though Ronald Reagan is not similarly blacklisted when he sells grain to the Soviet Union. In the meantime, both countries are perfecting their weapons of destruction.

What is the feminist movement doing while it is waiting for the inevitable holocaust? Women have made a dent, a teeny weeny dent in the corporate world. Women's magazines trumpet Jane who juggles a career and family responsibilities. As an African woman, I can't stop marvelling at the woman in the western world who is expected to be a superwoman, giver of love, values, counselling, taxi services, professor, laundrywoman . . . If a teenager can drive at 16, why can't he or she help the parents with the laundry, cooking and babysitting? True love is never a one-way street. If the furniture is not rearranged, the birthrate will continue to plummet.

The declining birthrate is a warning that life cannot be divided into his and hers, like bathtowels. Feminists will have to continue preaching the gospel that daycare is not a women's issue and world destruction is not a male prerogative. We all live on this planet and we all have a right to decide what happens to its human and natural resources.



Nonqaba Msimang

I consider myself a feminist. I have lectured on women's issues, organised numerous women's groups, organised a community Task Force Against Domestic Violence, preached on feminist concerns, chosen a "non-traditional" profession, and I am a political activist. I also have been married to the same man for 19 years, have two teenage children, and have thoroughly enjoyed such diverse activities as coaching a girls' ringette team, volunteering at the YWCA, making dainties for teas and bake sales, and working on church bazaars. I've even been known to pour at formal teas — wearing white gloves.

I sometimes enjoy myself most with women my own age, sometimes with women 20 years younger — and other times with women 20, even 40 years older than I am. Where do I fit? Where do you fit? The fact, of course, is that none of us fit any one category, yet we pretend that we do.

How long will it take for us to learn that labels simply do not work? What do "feminist spirituality," "feminist political analysis," "feminist theology," feminist leadership style" really mean? Who defines them? Will the *real* feminists please stand up.

One of the major problems we face today is that feminism has gone the way of most "isms", and has over time forgotten its original purpose (the empowerment of women) — and has become entrapped in a quagmire of orthodoxies (literally "correct speech"), of "correct" doctrine and behaviour. It is ironic that women, society's quintessential "others," have fallen into the trap of developing orthodoxies of current political, social, spiritual positions. We of all people should know better. Exclusion, ridicule, oppression and sup-

pression are precisely what they seem to be whether the perpetrators are men or women.

I am among those people who are beginning to feel that the word "feminism" itself has not only outlived its usefulness, but has actually begun to be of dis-service to the cause of women's empowerment and humanity's healing.

Orthodoxies — be they religious, political, scientific, sociological, philosophical or any other kind — function to validate one or more individual's hard won TRUTH by cutting off dialogue with all those who disagree or even question that "truth." I worry about the future of feminism, about the future of women, about the future of our world. The one thing our species *cannot* afford to do at this point in time is *stop* — we must keep struggling, learning, growing. This is no time for any of us — particularly those of us who are self-identified feminists to say "We've found it now — we can stop looking."

I have witnessed too many women hurl insults, simply dismiss a sister for "selling out" because she has been successful in the business world, or for "copping out" by choosing to live with a man and raise children. Feminist orthodoxies which deny these abilities and choices not only serve to *prevent* many women from participating in the re-visioning of our world, but also remove our primary incentive for change. It is with a sense of desperation that I call on my sisters to realise that the cause which claims our hearts is too important to be lost in skirmishes and orthodoxies.

Feminism, as I understand it, has to do with the validation, affirmation and incorporation of women's experiences. Any group that systematically excludes a significant portion of data from its information processing will have a dan-

gerously distorted perception of reality. We women should not need to be reminded of this fact. We are living in a world created by 3000 years of systematic exclusion of our reality! Why, then, is it so hard for many of us to comprehend that the systematic exclusion, suppression and degeneration of male reality is not likely to produce a balanced view? We do not have time to live the next 3000 years with limited vision — even if it is *women's* vision. We do not have time to allow a full pendulum swing before finding our balance point. We must move beyond our pain — move out of our revenge motives, move on to our real goal: the health and wholeness of our species and the world.

Flexibility, interdependence, co-adaptation and cooperation are, and always have been, the keys to survival and growth of individuals and species. This is not new wisdom for women. But it is also true that over the centuries we women *have* developed finely tuned survival skills. It's time to play to our strengths — to add intentionality to our co-adaptation. This does not necessarily mean compromise; it does mean learning to work together with people of both sexes and differing views of reality. It means employing our best critical skills as well as our compassionate abilities in our judgement and decision-making processes.

This is no time for sloppy thinking, for ineffective or disempowering leadership. This *is* a time for leaving labels behind us. We no longer can afford the luxury of prejudices based on a person's genitals or sexual orientation, or even their personal identification as an atheist, Christian, Unitarian-Universalist, Buddhist, Jew, Wiccan, feminist, traditionalist, New Democrat, socialist or Conservative. As Jesus is reputed to have said: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Good judgement is always a function of values and information. We need to recognise that we *do* have standards of behaviour, decency and excellence against which we must once again learn to measure our values and actions. We need also to remember that limited vision is just that — *partial* and therefore, dangerously vulnerable vision. Not all "truths" will hold up to the scrutiny of open dialogue and critical analysis. Those of us who dream of a new and better world must be willing to face the fact that, until and unless we are willing to allow our own cherished utopian visions and "truths" to be challenged, this world we await will have little chance of becoming a world attained.



Charlotte Cowtan-Holm

Charlotte Cowtan-Holm is a Canadian-born Unitarian Minister who has served the Unitarian-Universalist Church of Flint, Michigan since 1982. She also sits on the the Advisory Committee for the Mott Community College Women's Studies Program.

I am a feminist. I hadn't ever labelled myself as such until I was in my early twenties, but my beliefs about equality for the sexes go back a long way — to a childhood growing up with two older brothers. I always enjoyed doing the things they were involved in, and my mother, having grown up with six older brothers, didn't deter me from taking part in their "boyish" activities.

Some of my first conscious stirrings of feminism came when I was advised that if I wanted to go on dates, I'd have to be a little less independent, because it was threatening to the opposite sex. My retort was that if I could find good friends of the same sex who were not threatened by my being me, I should be able to find friends of the opposite sex, too.

At university, I became very involved in music education, and at that time was introduced to some of John Holt's early books on education and learning. Although feminism was not mentioned in his books, Holt's ideas about how to help each child develop to their full potential and his analysis of the ways in which the traditional school system inhibits that development had a profound effect on my thoughts about education and child-raising.

About the same time as I was starting my own family, I had my first active involvement with a feminist organisation — the Manitoba Action Committee on the Status of Women (MACSW). We were gearing up for a provincial election and I wrote a brief on sexism in

education based on research done by students the previous summer. The research confirmed all that I had experienced as a child in school and later as a teacher, and I concluded that schools definitely do inhibit children's ability to reach their full potential, especially female children.

While my work with MACSW and the then fledgling Manitoba Women's Newspaper* was stimulating and a wonderful growing time for me as a person, I began to feel a growing dissatisfaction with the feminist movement itself. I began to have conflicting feelings about my role as a full-time mother and many of the things I saw and heard from my feminist sisters.

The decision to become a full-time mother was made jointly by my husband and I after we had read, observed and discussed various parenting styles. We agreed that in order for our children to have the best possible start in life, they needed to have one steady caregiver who was willing to meet their needs without resentment — but more importantly to me, it just "felt right" to be the prime care-giver. Being a person who puts a lot of faith in trusting my gut feelings, I had no trouble living with my decision, but I did have many difficulties verbalising those feelings and justifying my decision to acquaintances who questioned why I chose to stay at home.

The message I received — sometimes subtly and sometimes not so subtly — was that it was a cop-out to stay at home. Other women seemed to feel sorry for me because they thought I wasn't able to cope with an outside job — a "real" career — never acknowledging that motherhood is as valid a career as any.

The childcare issue was one that caused the most dissention between myself and the other women. At a time when MACSW was trying to lobby the government for more and better child-care facilities, I challenged the idea of substitute caregiving, and advocated a move towards childcare support for all mothers, including those who had chosen full-time mothering as their career. Such women, who raise a family on a lower income, need both emotional support and financial support in a society that does not value motherhood or children. I would much rather see government financial support for childcare coming in the form of increased family allowance payments. This would allow parents the choice of using that money to pay for childcare, or to support their decision to stay at home and would offer

*later to become *Horizons*.

many single parents, who otherwise have to work outside the home, the same choice.

It was about this time that a good feminist friend introduced me to La Leche League. Backed by a medical advisory board and 25 years of experience, this group gave me the facts I needed to justify my initial gut feelings. I learned, among other things, that breast milk was not only the best food for babies, but that uninhibited nursing meets emotional needs as well. My involvement with other women who could empathise with the joys and difficulties of my chosen career also helped to reaffirm me as a valuable human being.

I wanted to continue to grow as a person and yet was still adamant that my children's needs be met. The La Leche League gave me the freedom to fulfill my need for growth while not compromising my parenting ideals.

As my involvement with LLL increased (and my time with feminist organisations correspondingly decreased) I was able to develop many skills which will serve me a lifetime — chairing meetings, research, public speaking, empathetic listening, counselling, and perhaps most importantly for me personally — how to continue to trust my own feelings and do what I believe is right, even if the majority of society doesn't share those views.

This conviction, along with my concerns for non-sexist child-raising and the ideas that I developed about education along the way, has resulted in the decision to school our children at home. My husband and I are both quite conscious of the sexism present in the public school system, and we feel that it is important that children have an opportunity to develop their own values without the constant barrage from peers and especially television, which is not known for its non-sexist, non-violent programming. (And to answer to questions that readers may have, our children do relate well with people of all ages and, in spite of a lack of formal teaching, they are working over one grade level ahead of their age group as tested by the Department of Education.)

I see our feminist beliefs leading us outward to a more global perspective and having more far-reaching implications than just raising healthy, happy children for their own sake. Feminist beliefs of fairness and equality are having an impact everywhere, and I sincerely believe that children who are raised in a non-sexist, non-violent manner will do much to deal with the world's problems in a peaceful manner.



Irene Todd

Irene Todd teaches music at the elementary and junior high levels. She is a member of the La Leche League, and the mother of 3 children whom she continues to home school.

I turned 47 today and I have led what many would construe to be an interesting life. My work as a political singer-songwriter has given me privilege and access usually denied to my class. While living on social assistance in Canada, I was invited to perform in Paris, France and in Chile. I travelled to England and Sweden as well. I have been an activist since I took a university course 13 years ago, had my social consciousness raised and became aware that I could think. My roots are in Hamilton, Ontario, where I grew up as the adopted child of a working class family. My adopted mother died when I was 17 and from then on I was on my own. I married at 18 and for 14 years lived on and off with a batterer until 1970, when the marriage finally ended and I became the sole-supporter of five children. I continued my work as a country singer on the Ontario bar circuit for about a year after, until ill health forced me to stop. I went on welfare at that time.

I had dropped out of school in grade 10 and when I went back, it was as a mature student at York University's Atkinson College. I took a course called Poverty and Social Change and in order to write my major paper for this course, I participated as a group member at a program called Opportunity For Advancement; it was a watershed in my life. Here I was sitting down with a group of women who had similar experiences to mine, and as the program evolved, the beginnings of my feminism began to emerge. Up to that point, the course had raised my awareness of the oppression of poor people globally, but now I was starting to see how oppressed I and the others in the group were as women. Rage consumed me, but the hope that comes from knowledge lifted me at the same time. I believed then for the first time that things could change and I still believe that today.

I struggle to be a feminist and experience my feminism as a process. Being involved in that process helps me form a vision of what can be; the vision is never static, it changes with a new piece of information, another story told, a new friend met, and time taken to discuss, analyse and strategise. Feminism is activism. I have experienced many changes since embarking on this process of feminism. I have learned to be comfortable with my body, to be less self-critical, to love other women and to share my joy, my pain, my energy, my time and what money I have. It is not idyllic, for at times I still hate my body, think racist, anti-semitic or homophobic thoughts and wish I was rich. Our

patriarchal legacy of growing up in capitalist North America is not to be undone with knowledge and awareness alone, but must be balanced with action over a long period of time.

In my experience of travelling across the country many times and meeting with many groups of women, it is apparent to me that women are on the move. My frustration is that the organised women's movement is not keeping pace with the movement of women on the whole. Seldom has our movement organised around or responded to the issues affecting poor women in Canada. Housing, welfare rights, Children's Aid and the right to a decent standard of living are not the concerns of the women's movement. Why? In the last ten years in Toronto, my experience has been that, whenever there are rallies or demonstrations around poverty issues, the women's movement is not visible. When there are workshops on issues affecting welfare mothers or the unemployed, very few feminists come. Why? Perhaps because so many of us work within the social services delivery system we think we already have all the knowledge we need. Perhaps we really don't want to shake up the status quo.

Poor women have much to bring to our movement but they are not about to come to us — to our meetings run by Robert's rules or to our coalitions where we vote to decide which issues we will focus on for International Women's Day, while women go without housing and without food. No, they won't come to us.

If we are a feminist movement — a movement that is a process, we cannot afford to be insular. When we use a patriarchal democratic decision-making process within feminism, we have to be aware that we are not voting to establish The Truth. The priorities are clear when our feminism is focused within our society. Basics

are still basics and have to be met first. To be fair, we are addressing issues like equal pay for work of equal value, but are we encompassing within that concept, the work of a sole-support mother on government assistance? Are we asking that assistance levels be raised commensurate with work of equal value in the paid labour force? Is there work of equal value?

As a primarily middle-class movement, we cannot take our experience, analyse it, create our theories and information and then dump it into the heads of poor women without involving them in the process. For example, we know that clinics like the Morgentaler Clinic in Toronto are safer environments for abortion than hospitals. However, when we lobby for free-standing abortion clinics, are we also lobbying for greater access to in-hospital abortion for those of our sisters who would feel safer in a hospital setting? Even more, do we reach our poorer sisters in the community with any of our information at all? Do our periodicals, or our newsletters speak to poor women or to ourselves? How much of our work allows the full participation of women in poor communities? It is not good enough to have token poor women invited to events or asked to be resource persons to speak for all their sisters. There is no room in feminism for liberalism.

Personally, I feel that I am straddling the *we* and *them*. Emotionally I respond to situations as a welfare mother. However, the access and privilege that I have derived from my work has given me insight and information about women who don't share my economic situation. There are two realities and the vision is that someday there will be one, a world where the differences in women lie in their personalities, their choices of work, their art, their appearance and the sounds of their laughter.



PHOTO: CANADA WIDE

Arlene Mantle entertained Visa workers on strike in Toronto in 1985 with her inspiring songs about women and their work. She lives in Toronto, where she is a member of On the Line Music Collective.

Arlene Mantle

'How many women composers can you name?" I asked several of my friends.

"Well . . . there was Clara Schumann . . . and Dame Ethel Smyth in England . . . I don't think I know of any others," said the first, an amateur cellist, originally from Britain.

"Isn't there someone in Vancouver, on the faculty at the University of British Columbia, rather avant-garde?" queried a younger friend, who prides herself on being well-informed.

"There aren't any, are there?" said the third, a music-loving male lawyer.

My interest in the subject had been sparked by the chance discovery that the *Encyclopedia of Women Composers* was in preparation, said to include six thousand names. I was astonished, for in a lifetime of amateur music making, concert going and listening to classical music on radio and records, I had to admit that I had never played and had rarely heard any music written by a woman. I was perhaps a little better informed than my friends since several further names came to my mind: three contemporary Canadians, Violet Archer, Jean Coulthard and Barbara Pentland, and the Frenchwoman usually known as Chaminade, presumably to disguise the fact that she was a woman, bearing the name Cécile. But six thousand? Obviously it was time to do some research and I hastened to my public library.

The library catalogue was not helpful: women artists, women clergy, women criminals, women executives, women investors, women lawyers, women physicians, women poets, women prisoners, women surgeons, women writers . . . but no index card for women composers or even women musicians. I decided to consult the musical dictionaries currently available. First I looked up Clara Schumann in Scholes: *The Oxford Companion To Music* (1955); the entry struck me as sinister:

Schumann, Clara (1819-96): See under Schumann, Robert.

In two full columns devoted to her husband, Clara received just two lines in parentheses: ("She was also herself a by no means insignificant composer, chiefly of piano music and songs.") Yet I had heard some of Clara's chamber music and read her biography; I knew she deserved more than this faint praise.

Worse was to come. On the library shelves were numerous biographical dictionaries of composers, compiled at various dates through the '60s and '70s, several of them edited by David Ewen, a popular American musicologist. Not one of these books contained a single mention of a woman composer. I checked through volume after volume of histories of music and found the same story: total neglect of women or the occasional disparaging mention.

A typical reference is that quoted by Virginia Woolf in *A Room Of One's Own* (1929), where she deplores the fate of the woman creative musician; in the previous year Cecil Gray in his *Survey Of Contemporary Music* had written: "Of Mlle Germaine Tailleferre one can

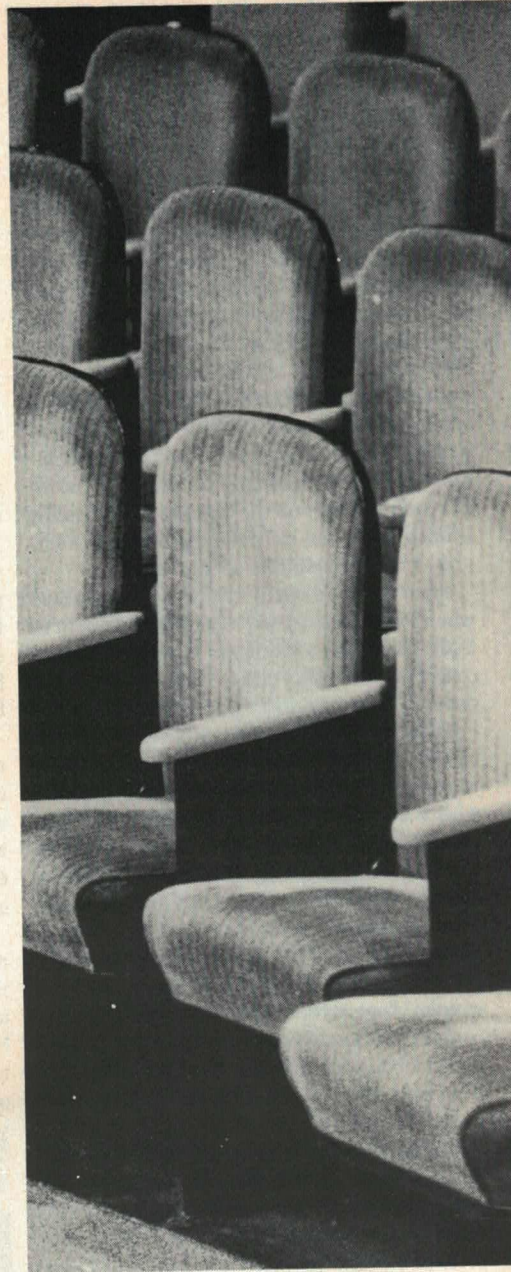
only repeat Dr. Johnson's dictum concerning a woman preacher, transposed into terms of music: 'Sir, a woman's composing is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.'"

In the same vein: "There have never been and there never will be any women composers," declared the famous British conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham some 30 years ago. The reason lay, supposedly, in the very essence of their make-up. "There is certainly no art in which women have shown themselves more helpless," wrote psychologist Havelock Ellis in 1894; their lack of achievement in the field of music was, he asserted, proof of their biological inferiority. It was accepted that music was a masculine idea: "All creative work is well-known as being the exclusive work of men", wrote Emil Naumann in his *History Of Music* (1882), a popular two-volume work which was translated from the German and widely read in Britain and the United States.

The fact that writers like David Ewen were still ignoring the output of women in books written 10 or 15 years ago, and the struggles for recognition experienced over the years by composers such as Barbara Pentland show that the general attitude towards creativity in women has not changed much during the 20th century, although the feminist movement and the institution of programs in women's studies are at last, in the '80s, beginning to have some effect.

Sure enough, as I pursued my search, I was eventually rewarded, for I came across a brand new publication: *Women Making Music; The Western Art Tradition 1150-1950*, edited by Jane Bowers and Judith Tick (1986). Jane Bowers tells us in the dedication that it was after reading *A Room Of One's Own* that she was inspired to make her first investigations into the subject. The book is solid and scholarly, yet eminently readable, with contributions from a number of American musicologists. When I opened the first page I came across this reassuring statement: "The absence of women in the standard music histories is not due to their absence in the musical past." At last I was to have some clues to the unknown six thousand! Here, for the first time, the authors have provided a thorough survey of the part played by women, as performers as well as composers (since the two aspects of music making are of necessity complementary) from medieval times up to the mid 20th century, making it clear that the creative impulse has never been lacking.

I also found an earlier book: *Music And Women* (1948), by a feminist pioneer, Sophie Drinker. She delved even further back into the past, examining the creative musical role played by women in primitive societies with their lullabies, work-songs and chants to the goddesses, and then traces this role through the ages, showing how the repression of women in music in later centuries was largely due to the influence of the Christian church. (Even in the 16th century the monk Acidalius declared that



Following centuries of obscurity, the work of women composers is finally reaching large audiences. Sophie-Carmen Eckhardt-Gramatté, shown above in Toronto's Massey Hall, is one such woman who gained renown in her lifetime.



Where are all the great
Women
Composers?
by Pamela Fairbank

women were not human beings and were therefore incapable of thinking in terms of the spirit!)

From these sources, then, I learned that the earliest extant and identifiable compositions by



Although silenced in the churches of the 12th century, women like Hildegard of Bingen managed to develop their musical talents in nunneries.

a woman date back to the 12th century: the abbess Hildegard of Bingen left a considerable amount of sacred music. Although at this time women were excluded from participation in the music of the churches (with the support of the oft-quoted dictum of St. Paul: "Let your women be silent in the churches"), the nunneries offered an exceptional opportunity for the development of musical talent in singing and composition. Many will remember Chaucer's Prioress in the prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*: "Ful weel she soong the service dy-vyne/Entuned in hir nose ful semely"; nuns who rose to the position of Conventrix had the opportunity to arrange or write the music for the liturgy, in the same way as church organists and choir directors have done through the centuries.

In the later Middle Ages there were female troubadours who, along with their male counterparts, set courtly poems to music. In Paris in 1321, when professional minstrels were incorporated, eight of the 37 signatories were women. Amongst the aristocracy, women frequently sang and played instruments for their own pleasure, but as a whole, opportunities for professional training and hence status positions were denied to the female sex — a situation which continued for many centuries. In particular, when secular music became polyphonic (and more complex) during the 14th century, women, not having access to the ecclesiastical schools and universities, fell behind men in the field of composition.

It is also relevant to note that although wom-

en had enjoyed a period of relative power and freedom in Northern Europe during the 12th century, having many of the same legal and economic privileges as men, they lost much of their autonomy after the revival (in France and elsewhere) of the Salic Law which prohibited the inheritance of a kingdom through females. This trend continued and spread, so much so, that the Renaissance, frequently looked on as a period of expanding freedom and enlightenment, brought only loss of power and opportunity for women.

However, in the late 16th century, Italy led the way in broadening the limited roles assigned to women by tradition. In 1580 women singers were hired at the court of Ferrara, a musically prestigious establishment, and other courts followed suit. It became possible for women to aim at careers in music, not only as performers but also as composers and teachers. From this period emerged Madalena Casulana of Venice, whose madrigals were the first compositions by a woman to appear in print anywhere, along with Barbara Strozzi and Francesca Caccini, who both composed seriously over a number of years.

All was not yet clear sailing, however. The attitude of the majority was reflected in the Edict of Pope Innocent XI in 1686: "Music is injurious to the modesty that is proper for the (female) sex, because they become distracted from the matters and occupations most proper for

them." Women were forbidden to receive instruction from male musicians, even priests; nuns were not allowed to cultivate polyphonic music and, in fact, music making in the convents was drastically reduced by the authority of the church.

In the late 17th and early 18th centuries, France offered a better climate than most European countries for the development of women's creativity in music, and one outstanding composer of this period was Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre, who wrote in a number of different genres and styles. She began as a child prodigy, much in the same way as Mozart, was encouraged by Louis XIV and was described by a contemporary historian, John Hawkins, as "an excellent composer . . . who possessed such a degree of skill, as well in the science as in the practice of music, that but few of her sex have equalled her." Several of her cantatas and instrumental works have survived. A considerable number of other *femmes-compositeurs* appeared during the reign of Louis XV (1715-1774) but their output was mostly slender and limited to sonatas for the keyboard and solo songs, intended for performance by amateur musicians. One, however, who moved with assurance in a man's world, was Julie Candeille, whose comic opera *Catherine* received 154 performances, the composer all the while singing and accompanying herself on the piano or harp.

Alexandra Browning recently gave a recital in New Westminster, B.C. which was devoted to the songs of women composers from the 16th to the 20th century.



By the 19th century there was a marked increase in the number of women musicians who used their creative talents and they were beginning to receive recognition from critics and from the general public. For one thing, the invention and subsequent widespread popularity of the piano led to the involvement of more women in the musical professions. Another influence was the changing ideas about the education of women. The narrow views of Rousseau which had dominated the latter half of the previous century, "that the education of women should always be relative to men", and the idea that "women, in general, possess no artistic sensibility . . . nor genius", were at last being openly questioned.

In 1822 the Royal Academy of Music was founded in London as a co-educational institution. This was a landmark in the history of music. By mid-century, some women were being accepted as church organists; one of the first was Elizabeth Stirling, who in 1856 completed the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree at the University of Oxford. However, she could not receive it, since music degrees were not granted to women until 1921.

In Germany, in particular, women were attracted to the lied* as a medium for their creative talent, since it fitted comfortably into the domestic environment where they were readily accepted. Fanny Mendelssohn, sister of Felix, who is said to have been as musically gifted as her brother, excelled in this genre, as did Clara Schumann. A few of Fanny's songs were published under her brother's name, but he strongly dissuaded her from publishing more since he shared their father's view that music, for her, should be only an ornament.

As for Clara Schumann, it is difficult to condense her achievements into a few lines. There are several full-length biographies of this remarkable woman, the most recent being that by Nancy B. Reich (1985). A virtuoso pianist who performed all over Europe, the mother of eight children, a successful teacher and composer of numerous works for chamber groups, piano and voice, Clara directly influenced a number of composers including her husband, Robert, and their younger friend, Johannes Brahms, with whom she corresponded for many years. Clara, however, disparaged herself as a composer: "I once thought that I possessed creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose — not one has been able to do it and why should I expect to? It would be arrogance . . ." Nevertheless her reputation has survived into the 1980s; several of her works are available on records, in particular the Opus 17 Piano Trio, which is regarded as her greatest work and is quite frequently performed.

The first openly feminist composer appeared in Britain: Ethel (later Dame Ethel) Smyth (1858-1944). Here was a woman who defied convention and fought tenaciously to establish herself on the musical scene. From London she

*German art song esp. of the 19th century.



Diana McIntosh, of Winnipeg, recently performed her compositions at Carnegie Hall, where she was hailed as "witty, vivacious and completely delightful."

went to the Leipzig Conservatory at the age of 19, was accepted into the circle of Clara Schumann and Brahms, and met Grieg, Tchaikovsky and Dvorak as fellow-students. George Bernard Shaw, who began his career as a critic, was astounded by her music: "When E.M. Smyth's heroically brassy overture to Anthony and Cleopatra was finished, and the composer called to the platform, it was observed with stupefaction that all that tremendous noise had been made by a lady!" Others have praised her

Barbara Pentland composed in secret because of family opposition to her chosen career. She has since been regarded as a top ranking avant-garde composer.



photo: John Huberman

works as "virile, masterly in construction and workmanship." Sir Donald Tovey compared her *Mass in D* to Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. Dame Ethel achieved international fame as an opera composer, wrote 10 books and became an ardent supporter of the suffragette movement. Although her music is rarely played today, her reputation as one of the most colourful women of the Victorian and Edwardian periods remains strong, and she undoubtedly helped to make the path smoother for her successors.

About the same time, Amy Beach (1867-1944) was forging ahead in the United States. Her Gaelic Symphony was the first symphony by an American woman. When her husband died she resumed her career as a concert pianist and still managed to produce an opera and a piano trio. To the general public she is known mainly through her songs.

Meanwhile in France, a number of women were making their name. Lili Boulanger was the first woman to win the famed composition prize, the Prix de Rome, in 1913. Unfortunately she died five years later at the age of 25, but her sister Nadia (1887-1979), less known for her own compositions than for her work as a teacher, played a very important role in the musical education of this century, the composers Aaron Copland, Jean Françaix and Walter Piston being among her celebrated pupils. Other Frenchwomen who distinguished themselves in the field were Cécile Chaminade, Louise Farrenc, Augusta Holmès and Germaine Tailleferre, who became one of the prestigious group "Les Six", along with Honegger, Milhaud and Poulenc.

In this century, women composers, though still in the minority and still struggling against prejudice, are becoming more numerous and more easily accepted. In Britain the Scottish-born Thea Musgrave (born 1928) came into prominence in the 1950s with opera, music for brass band and chamber works. Four entire columns are devoted to her in the *New Grove Dictionary Of Music And Musicians*, whereas most other women average one column or less. Elizabeth Maconchy (born 1907) is best known for her string quartets; Elizabeth Lutyens (1906-1983) is distinguished by her innovative use of 12-tone music which set her aside as an avant-garde composer. In the States, Ruth Crawford Seeger (1901-53) established a very solid reputation as an innovator.

Canada has also produced its fair share of women composers. In October 1985, Edmon-



The Violet Archer Festival, held in October 1985, was billed as the first such event devoted to the music of a single Canadian composer.

ton held a three-day Violet Archer festival, billed as the first such event devoted to the music of a single Canadian composer; the world première of her concerto for two pianos is scheduled for this Spring in Edmonton, where Dr. Archer, now 72, has made her home for the last 25 years. Her works in various genres have been widely performed not only across Canada but in the U.S. and in Britain. On the West coast there is Jean Coulthard (born 1908), who, like Dr. Archer, has been awarded the Order of Canada for her achievements in composition. She has had several works commissioned by the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, including *Canada Mosaic*, which the Orchestra performed on a tour of Japan. She was moreover, the only woman composer named in *Maclean's* Gallery of the best Canadian Composers. (May 19, 1986.)

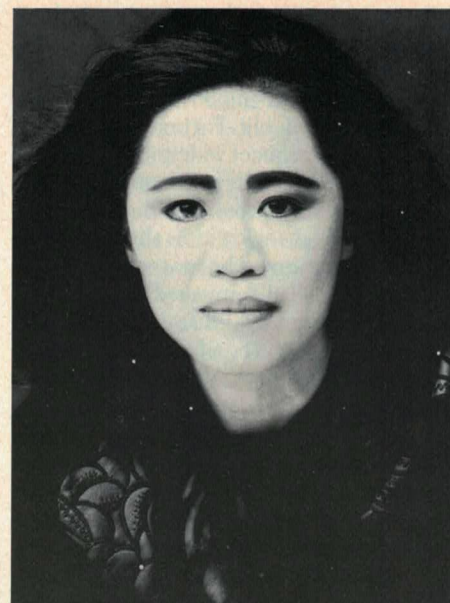
The career of Barbara Pentland (born 1912) is of special interest to feminist sympathisers, and the study of her life and works by Sheila Eastman and Timothy McGee makes fascinating reading, even for those who cannot understand all the technicalities of composition. All through her early years, Pentland faced parental opposition. Her mother enjoyed a high social status in Winnipeg and was determined that her daughter should follow in her steps. She wanted her to make what she viewed as a "good marriage," that is, one which would ensure her a position in society. The story of Pentland's lack of support at home, which led her to compose in secret, her struggles to find sympathetic teachers, her years of poverty and isolation, and her eventual successes, culminating in an invitation to join the music faculty at the University of British Columbia in 1949 to teach 20th-century composition techniques, leaves the reader with an intense desire to hear and appreciate the music of this sensitive woman who has now long been regarded as a top ranking avant-garde composer.

Another Winnipeg composer was Sophie-Carmen Eckhardt-Gramatté, originally from Moscow. In 1961 she distinguished herself by winning first prize in the International Competition for Women Composers with her Triple Concerto. Subsequently, she was commissioned by the Manitoba Symphony Orchestra to write a work for the Manitoba centenary. Her chamber works have been much admired and one was recently performed in Winnipeg along with music by Lili Boulanger, Amy Beach and Marcelle de Manziarly (a Frenchwoman who studied with Nadia Boulanger) at a concert series sponsored by Aurora Musicale, Winnipeg's resident chamber music society.

Similar concerts are being promoted in other Canadian cities. In New Westminster, British Columbia, Alexandra Browning recently gave a recital of songs by women composers from the 16th to 20th century, and her program, presented with an enlightening and entertaining commentary, will be heard in a number of centres across Canada this year. Vancouver is bringing Diana McIntosh to its Music in the Morning series early this year; this young Canadian composer recently performed her own compositions at Carnegie Hall and was hailed as "witty, vivacious and completely delightful."

Vancouver-born Alexina Louie, who was named Composer of the Year in 1986 by the Canada Music Council and who now works out of Toronto, will be remembered for her work, *The Ringing Earth*, heard at the opening of Expo. She, like Diana McIntosh and a dozen or more others (including Kristi Allik, Jean Anderson Wuensch, Anne Lauber, Elizabeth Raum, Nicole Rodrigue and Ann Southam), is an Associate of the Canadian Music Centre, a non-profit central library and information centre which has offices across the country.

After years of neglect a growing number of



Alexina Louie's *Ringing of the Earth* was heard at the opening of Expo in Vancouver.

writers, editors and publishers are beginning to repair the deficiencies of past music historians. Another book on the topic, *An Historical Anthology of Music by Woman*, edited by James R. Briscoe, is scheduled to be published early this year. Intended for use in women's studies and music history courses, it will contain 51 works by 37 composers spanning 11 centuries of Western art music.

Even though there are a growing number of signs for optimism we need to be ever vigilant that women have equal access to music education, and that the political and social conditions do not hinder our work. The future looks bright. ▼

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Bowers, Jane & Tick, Judith, Editors: *Women Making Music* (University of Illinois Press, 1986)
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 Eastman, Sheila & McGee, Timothy: *Barbara Pentland (Canadian Composers No. 3)*, University of Toronto Press, 1983)
 Kallman, Helmut, Potvin, Gilles & Winters, Kenneth, Editors: *The Encyclopedia of Music in Canada* (University of Toronto Press, 1981)
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 Sadie, Stanley, Editor: *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, (MacMillan, 1980).

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Briscoe, James, R., Editor: *Historical Anthology of Music by Women* (Indiana University Press, 1987)
 Cohen, Aaron, Editor: *Encyclopedia of Women Composers*, (Canadian distribution: Carolyn D. Lomax, Toronto, 1987)

Tracks

If only

*Forever and forever these seams ran like
railway tracks across Siberia
Which beyond carriage windows opens
to the sky, barely indented
By the feet, convoys of machinery and
armed vehicles which in town tramp
Heavily upon pavement; in country,
tear away the grass.*

*Long ago my father took me back to his province,
train wheels clicking like my great-
grandmother stubbornly saying her beads,
Passing through cities and villages, steaming
Onward though we sat with our backs to the engine
and saw only where we had been — much
As we exist now staring back upon details
Distinct as power lines against a white sky,
and though I crane my neck, I cannot
See the engine or where it takes us.*

*In place of a vast landscape, I gaze on
My daily quota of seventy pairs of gloves;
Stitches tracking over coarse cloth, pulled
in short spurts around fingers
And thumbs — and, if the will is there,
Round and round again for bonus cigarettes
Which the doctor warns are a danger
to my health.*

*Little tracks, one hundred and forty times
around the circuit of thumb
and fingers; little tracks
Jerked in and out without windows or distance
— the destination seen clearly:
A few minutes respite and a deep drag
on a cigarette.*

Poetry

by

**Patricia
McKenzie-Porter**

Love Which Lacks a Name

Tatyana, Irina, Natalya, Raisa

— our names

*A roll call, a circumambulation of sound
around diseased cells,
Malfunctioning kidneys, livers, stomachs —
Persecuted by an authority which numbers
men, women and children
in collaborating statistics.*

*One dimensional, we are hardened to endurance
through official sadism and neglect,
not able to be acquiescent*

*Except at night when whispers rise and fall
Tenderly from lungs desperate for air — words
Hushed with mother-love, sister-love, love
Which lacks a name but binds our suffering
in cords they cannot cut.*

*Occasionally we are given a respite, a brief
half hour in which we can play
At being free, interlace our fingers and link
Elbows in acknowledgement that this interlocked destiny,
This survival, absorbs us with each other
More intimately than with any mother, lover or child.*

*How well we know each cough, each sigh,
Each ragged breath; our lungs waste the same hours,
our souls repeat the prayer we do not
Speak aloud — rising like an inextinguishable bird
Which even now can fly above the compound and into
the countryside.*

The World Shrinks

*A bird rises, wings swiftly
above the compound, the
two and a half meter fence
Designed to stop our vision, our thought.*

*And at times, especially in the debilitating
whirr of late afternoon
when fingers fumble
At the needle and darkness closes the window
Early, the world shrinks to this dormitory
with bunks and sewing machines
reflected insubstantial
in the pane.*

*Or, when walking behind the meshed rows
of barbed wire and the wood
Fence which hides even the Psychiatric Ward
and TB Hospital, the sky appears
impossibly high overhead, cold
and indifferent to us caged below.*

*Yes, the world within a compound,
a small zone,
Until a bird soars overhead, calls
Beyond the fence and I see again the pain
in my husband's eyes.*

THE FIRST VISIT

It's the start of Bro-00400's wake mode. As he has done often in the past three such periods, Bro is pacing the length of his almost dark dom, three steps this way, three that. His thoughts concern something he wants to do, something he may do, something he is going to do. And he hasn't much time before Jon-00400 rises.

Bro is a natnurt, a father of two kinds. By law, his only duty is to nurture. Jon accepts the mutual task without question. Bro, however, is frustratingly different, and therein lies the dilemma.

He steps into the conditioner to rid himself of odour and waste. "Evac!" he orders. Then, naked, he emerges, and walks to the other side of the console. "Mirror and medscan!" he says.

The console lights up, showing a person with white skin, blue eyes, and features exactly like Jon's or any of the others in his series. A mellow voice, like that of an old friend, tells him: "You'll never make athlete of the year again, Bro, but you're A-OK with me today."

So why do I feel strange, he thinks.

"Would you like another scan?" It's thought sensitive.

Bro shuts down the machine, and crosses to look at the kinds in their little mute chambers. Funny how he can tell them apart, even when they're sleeping. Later, the four of them will go to a sports event at the pleasure park, and maybe take mainsust with friends. He treasures these times all the more lately because they will soon end. Bro dons his blue cloth, does not wait to order sust although his system requires it, and hurries.

He steps into the flash area and bids the machine: "Smi-02300!" Instantly he is in a dom he has never seen before, one forbidden to him. There is no way to know how far he has travelled, as all matcom travel is light speed. For certain it is under water. Everyone lives where it is free of contamination.

While waiting for Smi to release him from the pad, Bro examines her dom. It is smaller than his own, for she lives solo. She has already chosen a decor for the day, a steamy waterfall with thick ferns and a benchlike rock. Hologram. There is music. He knows it not. Naturally she has the same appliances as everyone in

the world, the console, the mute chamber, and a storage unit.

He is terrified the law could flash in and nab him for even thinking of visiting, which is unusual. One shouldn't feel fear so soon after conditioning. The law often has to force-condition rebels. He would hate that.

Her visit to his dom was a different matter. She had gov approval; she was doing a survey. He had been fascinated with her speech. It was obvious she had input, like all the coits. And he could tell she was a coit by her red cloth.

Jon had chatted with Smi about the survey (of kinds and their habits) and had been free in relating. As a rule one series does not mix with another. Bro had just stared, but he felt in her presence like a pressure about to conquer an obstacle. And he felt the survey was just an excuse to meet them.

In Smi's dom Bro feels that the known can become the unknown. It is this feeling of uncertainty that has made him risk breaking the law of gov. He is uncomfortable, yet he enjoys the short in his normal circuit.

Then she comes out of the conditioner and flows toward him naked. She breaks the laser so he can come to her. "It's about time you came. I've been sending thought messages to you for days," she tells him.

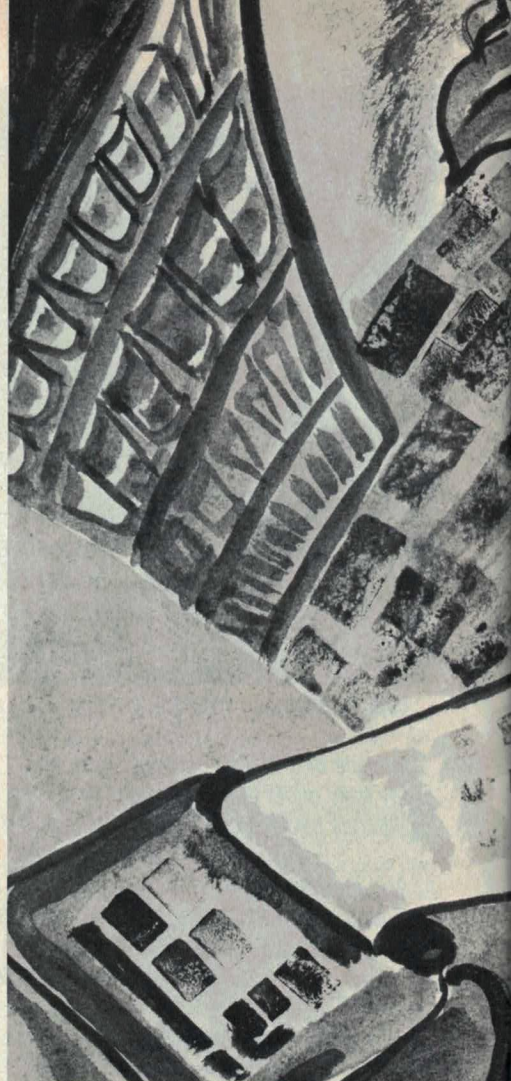
The fear that he will be sent away is gone. Yet her use of new words scares him.

She bids the console put cushions on the rock bench, then leads him to sit beside her. With no warning she reaches out and puts her arms around him at the shoulder level. In shock he leaps away. Natnurts have no physical contact with other adults. As an athlete he has learned bodily contact is foul.

Bro knows nothing of coit behaviour. How could he? He began life in a gentech lab, then was awarded as a kind to two natnurts for ten years. He served as a performance athlete in his conserve days, although he had had other choices. Jon had been an actress. Coits are the student class. It is something to look forward to.

So shaken, he rushes to condition away emotion. "Why touch?" he demands upon exiting. She has not conditioned.

"I'm learning about human sensitivity from history," she says, smiling in a way that doesn't make him feel at all foolish. "Gov would have



BY E

us all be machines, but I will not be, and there are others who think as I do." She touches his lower lip, and he tries not to flinch.

To change the subject he asks for sust. "How many cals," she asks as she heads for the console. Soon each has a steaming cup of morning sust in hand, and Bro feels safer.

Recently he has timed it to rise before Jon, to think about his life. Jon never thinks, because she is happy. Nor will she discuss his thoughts. She lives for the games, the plays, the exercise classes, and the kinds. Bro hopes Smi can satisfy some of his questionings, like who are organics, and where did we come from. He also wonders why organics are ruled by gov when it was organics who made gov in the first place.

"In time you'll get the standard gov courses by intercranial injection, like all coits, but some of us have demanded and got more. I want all the input I can tolerate. Presently I'm ingesting history. The only person who has more of it is my natnurt. She taught me that a people who do not look at their past will have no future."



GAIL NOONAN

NICE BROOKS

"Haven't organics always lived as we do then?"

"There was a war. People thought for themselves then, and had memory. They built gov to prevent all future wars. In order to do that he had to rule them completely." She paused. "People were quite different."

"Did people live by the law?"

"Bro I have to know how you feel about gov before I say more."

"Gov is. We made him because he is perfect and can protect us from ourselves. In gov we have commune. Gov provides. Gov leads. Gov is our safety from contamination. Gov is our hope for a clean future. All he asks in return is that we serve him purely for five years after we end our kinship." Bro hangs his head, ashamed that he should recite the creed, but he has no control. He cannot not say it when gov is challenged.

Smi snorts. "You mean he gets the best of us when we know nothing. Gov could do more to make our lives meaningful than just keeping us clean. Gov likes us stupid. He likes pow-

er. And the law is just a machine. Bro, some of us choose to be different. I mentioned my nurtur. I know you have lost all memory of who yours was already, but I have not. We keep in touch. I'm not an inorganic, and I do not intend to live like one. I think you saw some difference in me the other day, and that's why you are here, right?" She ends the speech on her feet, defiant, hands on hips.

The pulsing of her music has reached demoniacal rhythms forbidden to most people Bro knows. Even the walls seem to throb. Bro has never been this close to emotion before. It's dangerous. He senses, however, that not conditioning is part of the answer.

"Would it shock you to know," Smi asks, "that I still see my own kinds? One of the things you told me the other day is that you hate to see an end to your family, but your kinds are due to go into conserve soon. You love them. I am teaching my kinds logic, and they are learning without injections. They remember what I say. None of us conditions except for bodily waste. We love."

"How do you escape the law with such an order?"

"They've tried to force-condition me many times, but I learned as a kind how to block out their input. Soon I'll be an over, and a powerful one as I have a class A education. I will be in a position to change some of the law. And I am not alone. There are thousands of us coits moving on soon."

Bro trembles, a thing he has never done before, and he can feel something like a small animal moving in his chest. His hands are as wet as the hologram waterfall. He needs to condition. "Don't say such things," he screams. "The console listens." He knows the law can zap through a laser to nab them.

"Not mine. I fixed it to be my slave, which is what machines used to be. Say 'Bro is welcome in a coit dom'," she orders the console, and it obeys. "Say 'gov is a dying idea'," she orders, and again it obeys. "I have a way with it. Yes, I even wrote the music. It covers my moods very well, don't you think?" Smi tells him, as she pats his hand. To his surprise he finds the touch a small bit pleasant. He is almost sorry he has to leave but his time is gone. "You're as safe here as you were in your gen-tech tube," she says.

Bro stands. "Can I come again?"

"Please. I have more to tell you, and I want to test how much you have remembered of what we talked of today. I think you will be surprised to learn that you forget nothing. Some of us have discovered forbidden engrams, ones thought destroyed long ago. There are precious few left, so much of the lore is going to have to be passed from one to another orally. But I have taken mine, and now I have memories of my own human past. I have emotions." She takes him by the shoulders. She presses her lips against his. Not knowing what she wants, he is both attracted and repelled.

How, he wonders, can anyone live in such an agitated state.

"Jon will waken and I must be there first . . ."

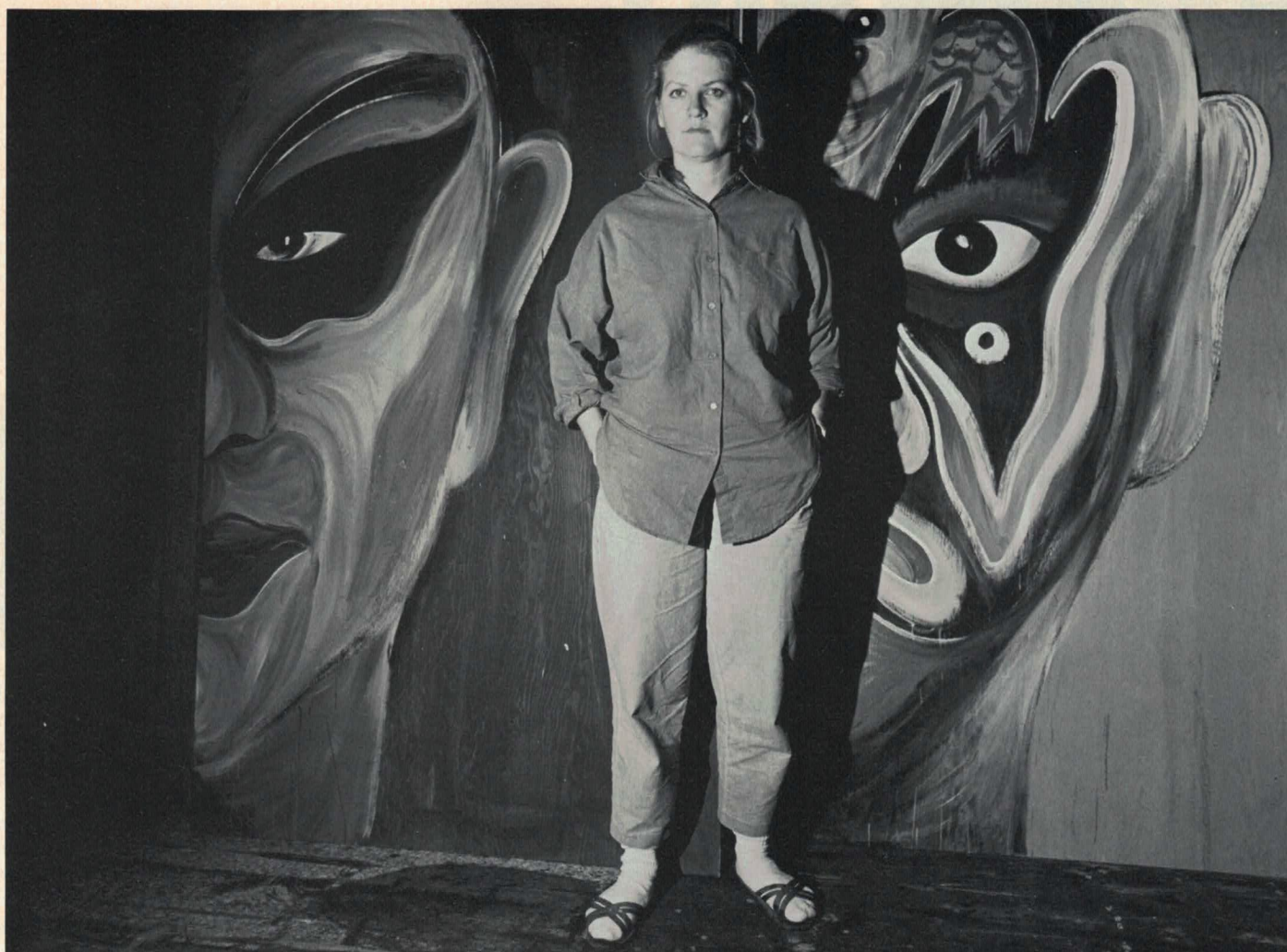
"This body language," Smi seems to be having trouble with her breathing, "is the way our ancestors told each other about mating, but then I have to remember that you don't even know what mating is yet. Glitch!"

"I'll be back," Bro repeats. Most of what she has said has been lost on him. He knows she is the flash to the sort of life he wants, and he means to keep coming until he gets the answer.

Bro steps into her matcom. Instantly he is dom. In the darkness and silence, Smi's afterimage burns like a red beacon pointing the way back. Then his lights come on, and he faces his own console. "Better condition!" it warns. "Dangerous adrenalin reading!"

Bro grasps that he has a choice. He smiles at the machine and wonders how it can be fixed by Smi to work for him. Nothing happens. No law zaps in to force-condition him.

"Get my mate and kinds up!" he orders. "And be quick about it. I am hungry." ▼



ART AS AFFIRMATION

AN INTERVIEW WITH WANDA KOOP

BY HEIDI MUENCH

Wanda Koop is a Winnipeg painter whose work has achieved broad national recognition. Her *Reactor Suite* was recently acquired by the National Gallery of Ottawa after being included in the prestigious Songs of Experience national survey exhibition presented at that gallery. The suite, with its deceptively simple four panel format and impressive scale (it is 8 feet high and 70 feet long), presents ambiguous aspects of nuclear reality that leave unsettling after images in the viewer's mind. A collection of her airplane drawings has been purchased by Air Canada. The calligraphic nature of these drawings, the expressiveness of Koop's brushstrokes, have evoked much praise. Her work is in a number of major public and private collections. One of Koop's paintings has been acquired by Diane Keaton. *Herizons* is proud to offer our readers the chance to own one of Wanda Koop's airplane drawings. (Enter the fundraising draw advertised on page 17!)

Herizons: What led you to choose to be an artist?

Wanda Koop: I really didn't make a choice. I drew as a child — it was a way for me to communicate my thoughts from a very early age. As I grew older, it became an even greater vehicle. I did make a sort of conscious choice that this would be my job. As a child I attended Saturday morning art classes and I saw a travelling Vincent Van Gogh exhibit when I was eight years old. I realised then that it was a viable

thing to do. The exhibit struck a chord. Also, my parents were very supportive.

Herizons: Later, were there any women artists whose historical or actual existence served to validate your determination to make art?

Wanda Koop: Yes, Georgia O'Keeffe and Emily Carr. I felt a kind of kinship with the work they were doing. I felt they were both strong and individualistic in their approach, that they both had a real sense of who they were. Knowing about them gave me the strength not to waver.

Herizons: Which artists do you perceive as having influenced or as continuing to influence your work?

Wanda Koop: I don't look to other artists that much. I don't look too hard at specific artists. I have a history of developing my visual language. I know how to paint, so that is the vehicle. The rest comes through studying and observing the world around me. It's like I know how to ride the bicycle and now I can concentrate on what I have to say. Now in my work I look for the most direct possible way of communicating.

Herizons: How would you describe your creative process?

Wanda Koop: I work through the power of colour. The colour triggers the work. I may have an object that I am interested in, but I need colour to translate it. Colour is the basis of my work. Even the airplane drawing (I chose for the

Herizons raffle); it's colour. Black lines on cream paper.

I work in bodies of work. It's like writing poems. For example, in the *Reactor Suite* all the panels have blue, but each panel is specific, each one is saying something. I like how the panels talk to one another. While each panel holds its own, they need each other to complete the sentence.

In the *Reactor Suite*, I counterbalance the image with a handling of paint. If I need to make something seductively beautiful, as in this work, I can. It's quite sensual. And there's a deceptive simplicity.

Herizons: How has being born in Manitoba affected the nature of your work?

Wanda Koop: It gives me strength. By living here, I'm not bombarded by a lot of distractions. By living here, I look at the world, not just my own little world. In that sense it's been freeing. I have an overview. It's like a raven sitting on the highest pole and watching. Career-wise it's another story.

Herizons: Travel is an important element of your life. You and your husband have travelled extensively both in Manitoba and across Canada, and most recently, in the summer of 1986, to China. How do you utilise your travel experiences in the studio?

Wanda Koop: I collect a lot of information. I think of it as collecting acorns so that in the winter I have a lot to eat. I store up for the winter months. I keep visual notes while travel-

ling. I select from these notebooks later on. Travelling takes me into all walks of life and keeps me vital.

I found the trip to China overwhelming. Because we travelled independently, we had the opportunity to travel to a closed city and experience an aspect of the Chinese people not usually come across. That experience changed me in some fundamental way. I'm quite excited about this new direction in my work — I feel I have a lot of work I can do and a lot of ways I can go.

Herizons: The *Reactor Suite*, which was recently acquired by the National Gallery in Ottawa, is a large work: 8 feet high, 70 feet long. You like to work large. What connection does the size of your work have with your sense of the work's intent?

Wanda Koop: It's important to me that the work is strongly physical and that the viewer responds to that physicality and becomes intimate with it. So the scale of the work is very specific. I'm not just painting big paintings.

Herizons: Do you see making art as in any sense a radical or transformative event?

Wanda Koop: I think making art is like keeping a hand on the pulse of what's happening in the world by staying aware and always challenging my own ideas in view of that. That transformative power has to do with the work's spirituality. The very act of making art is an affirmation. And as long as you have that affirmation, there's hope for the human race. ▼

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A Collection of Films Dealing with Women's Well-Being

THE WOMEN'S BODY POLITIC

D.E.S.: An Uncertain Legacy

55 min. 1985

Between 1941 and 1971, a synthetic estrogen, diethylstilbestrol or D.E.S., was prescribed to pregnant women to prevent miscarriages. This practice resulted in numerous cases of reproductive and genital abnormalities. This film looks at the development, marketing and medical consequences of D.E.S.

The Best Time of My Life:

Portraits of Women in Mid-life

58 min. 1985

Reflecting a wide range of income levels, lifestyles, careers and backgrounds, ten women in their middle years share their experiences of menopause.

Is It Hot In Here?

A Film About Menopause

36 min. 1986

One of the least understood and most universal of women's experiences is menopause. This film is an informative and sometimes humorous look at contemporary social attitudes, symptoms and treatments relating to menopause.

Abortion: Stories from North and South

55 min. 1984

Of the estimated 30 to 50 million induced abortions performed annually, more than half are illegal, and an estimated 84,000 of them result in death. Filmed in Ireland, Japan, Thailand, Peru, Colombia and Canada, this film is a survey of the realities of abortion.



Spirit of the Kata

28 min. 1985

Five women, all black belts of world-class calibre, discuss how an ancient martial art has transformed their lives.

Turnaround:

A Story of Recovery

47 min. 1984

Five women were brought together by a common illness — all had a dependence on alcohol, prescription medication, street drugs, or a combination of these. Living in Aurora House, a residential treatment centre in Vancouver, these women are learning to face painful truths.

The Recovery Series

Related to *Turnaround: A Story of Recovery*, this series of four films focusses on individual women who are recovering from drug or alcohol dependency.

Debby and Sharon

15 min. 1985

Recovering alcoholics, two sisters talk about their battle to shake alcohol and drug addiction. A factor contributing to their sense of self-worth and helping to maintain their sobriety is a renewed commitment to their Native Indian culture.

Delia

12 min. 1985

Delia spent years counselling women to confront their alcoholism and drug addiction while ignoring her own alcoholism. Finally she quit her job and sought the treatment that enabled her to gradually build a new life for herself and her son.

Lorri

14 min. 1985

Humiliated by her inability to control her drinking, and feeling confused and suicidal, Lorri committed herself to a psychiatric ward of a hospital, where she recovered.

Ruth

14 min. 1985

At 14 years of age and in search of an escape from painful memories of childhood physical, mental and sexual abuse, and prostitution, Ruth turned to alcohol and drugs. After 18 years of addiction she joined Alcoholics Anonymous.

The Next Step

A series of three films that deal with the nature and scope of woman-battering and the support services victims need to rebuild their lives.



Sylvie's Story

28 min. 1985

Sylvie recreates her experience as a battered woman seeking help at a Montreal transition house. This film emphasizes the importance of women speaking out and points out the role of the transition house as a safe place for sharing experiences, obtaining support and counselling.

A Safe Distance

28 min. 1985

Filmed in Thompson and Portage La Prairie in Manitoba, and West Bay Reserve in Ontario, the film looks at providing shelter and services for battered women in rural, northern, and native communities.

Moving On

28 min. 1985

A co-ordinated effort by police, lawyers, doctors and social workers has resulted in an effective response to woman-battering in London, Ontario. Services for victims and therapy for offenders are part of this city's attempt to break the cycle of violence.

These films are available for free loan in 16 mm from all National Film Board offices in Canada. Video rental, in VHS format, will also be available from NFB offices as of March, 1987. For more information, contact the NFB office closest to you.



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A walk down Valencia Street

GAIL BUENTE



If you're like me, you'd probably rather spend a holiday browsing in musty old bookstores than fighting the crowds at the fashionable tourist spots. Instead of seeing the sights when I travel, my idea

of a good time is a long, slow afternoon spent getting lost on sidestreets, rummaging through funky antique shops, and stopping in cozy corner cafes.

With taste like this, I'll admit that San Francisco is my kind of town. The streets and alleyways of dozens of fascinating ethnic neighbourhoods invite you to explore. Each community has its own irresistible flavour: exotic, spicy, hot or sweet.

On some streets the flavours mingle in a rich cultural stew. One with a mixture like no other is Valencia Street. Latin, white, East Indian, Black and Chinese cultures meet in a blend that seems to bring out the best in all of them. But the predominant force in this vibrant neighbourhood is the vitality of the women's community. Active feminist organisations and businesses line the stretch of Valencia between 16th and 24th Streets.

To get to Valencia Street, take BART to the 16th and Mission Station. From there, walk west to Valencia and turn left to start your walk south. A stroll along the eight-block stretch to 24th Street gives you a good sample of the best of Valencia Street.

The atmosphere along this stretch is casual, friendly and safe. It's a wonderful street for people-watching, shopping, or just strolling.

In the first two blocks, between 16th and 18th, are two of San Francisco's women's bars. Sophia's, at 527 Valencia, advertises itself as a friendly festive bar with DJ and dancing. A block away at 647 Valencia is Amelia's.

Just off Valencia, around the corner on 18th Street, is the San Francisco Women's Building/Edificio de Mujeres, a bilingual centre for women's and left organisations. *Broomstick* and *Feminary* (two feminist magazines), Lilith Women's Theatre, San Francisco Women Against Rape, the Association of Progressive Salvadorean Women and a group called Options for Women Over Forty are a few of the ten organisations with offices in the building. When you're there, be sure to pick up the



Artemis Cafe: the perfect place for a quiet conversation

Women's Building's monthly calendar. It's chock full of interesting events, from meetings of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club to Z Budapest teaching empowering rituals. The building also has a great bulletin board — just reading the hundreds of notices is entertaining in itself.

As you continue along Valencia Street, you'll find the offices of *Coming Up*, a lesbian/gay community events newspaper; *Osento*, a women-only hot tub spa; *Modern Times*, a left bookstore; *The Blue Muse* restaurant, and the Women's Computer Learning Centre, among the numerous women's and alternate businesses. There are also lots of interesting old shops to poke around in: places like *Upstairs Downstairs* at 890 Valencia, a store that sells art deco and 'atomic '50s' antiques.

One lovely spot for inspired browsing is *WomanCrafts West*. This shop at the corner of 21st Street is just what it says it is — an outlet for beautiful woman-made crafts such as jewelry, textiles, pottery and glass items.

Next door to *WomanCrafts West* is, without doubt, the gem of Valencia Street: *Old Wives' Tales* Bookstore. This cozy bookstore is packed to the rafters with books and magazines by and about women. Cards, records, t-shirts and other items are part of the incredible array of stock in this small shop. The walls are covered with

posters advertising women's events, seminars, workshops and concerts. At the *Old Wives Tales* tenth anniversary party last October, celebrants were entertained with songs by the San Francisco Lesbian Chorus, readings by Bay area feminist authors, and bellydancing. For only US \$.25 plus postage they'll send you their *Mini Catalog*, a listing of over 200 mail order books.

Before turning down 24th Street to return to BART at the 24th and Mission Station, you won't be able to resist stopping for a light lunch at the *Artemis Cafe*, on the corner of Valencia and 24th. The *Artemis Cafe* looks as if its owners have put a lot of love into making it homey, comfortable, and inviting. Its bright, cheerful decor of hanging plants and art prints is the perfect setting for quiet conversation. Their menu lists homemade soups, quiche, salads, and sandwiches. They serve beer and wine as well as espresso.

On Friday and Saturday evenings (and the occasional Thursday), *Artemis* presents top women performers from both the Bay area and visiting artists. For a small cover charge you can take in jazz, blues, folk, rock and new wave women musicians or feminist comedy improv.

If you're visiting San Francisco, be sure and spend at least one afternoon taking a walk down Valencia Street.

Let's fall off our barstools

LYN COCKBURN



Bill Cosby once said if a white man falls off his barstool dead drunk, he's just another drunk falling off a stool, but if a black man gets drunk and falls off his barstool, he's the entire black race falling

off that stool.

And so it is with women. In the barroom of life, women are not allowed to get drunk and fall off their barstools. If they do, they are Everywoman.

For example, let a woman driver do something stupid and she's all women drivers; let a woman politician blow it and she's all women politicians; let a woman principal mismanage a school and she's proof that all women teachers ought to be stored in the home economics department. Let a woman police officer make a mistake and she becomes evidence that women are "too emotional" to be cops.

In short, women are not permitted to make asses of themselves without maligning all women.

On the other hand, Ronald Reagan regularly forgets which country he's in or the name of the person to whom he's speaking, sometimes right there on national TV. He gets re-elected and revered. Gerald Ford (remember him?) and Joe Clark were and are pictured as blithering idiots by the media, but nobody says, "There. See. Men aren't cut out to be politicians. Let's try women."

In fact, within minutes of the Mondale-Ferraro defeat in the U.S., pundits were pun-diting about the fact that having a woman on the ticket didn't seem to have helped Fritz. Translation: "She lost. She blew it. Forget women."

Rumour has it Maggie Thatcher will lose the next election in Britain. I wonder how many political experts will say she lost because she permitted men on the ballot.

Then there's Margaret Trudeau, now the respectable Mrs. Kemper. She made a fool of herself and supposedly embarrassed Canada while she was at it. Never mind that her husband was in his 50s and she in her 20s. I sometimes shudder when I think of the things I did when I was in my 20s; I sometimes shudder when I think of the things I did yesterday. Nonetheless, Margaret was derided and scorned

because she publicly fell off her barstool. She represented every "unsuitable" wife of a highly visible man. And somehow, Pierre came out of it smelling like the rose in his lapel; a single parent to be admired. Margaret was reduced to titillating copy and finally to oblivion.

Meanwhile, Teddy Kennedy continues to bounce in and out of beds with an abandon which belies his bulk. His affairs are legion, his attitude towards women deplorable. Not until an aide pointed out that women are half the electorate and rapidly becoming more influential, did he hire any for important staff positions. Until then, women in Ted's camp were there to lick envelopes or butter his ego.



However, he remains a powerful member of the Democratic Party and may yet become President. His bedroom antics are taken lightly; he's just another man drunk on sex. He may fall out of bed, but he is not all men falling off his barstool. He isn't even all male politicians, or all Irish Catholics, or all rich men. He remains a good politician with a liking for the ladies or a 1950s attitude towards women, depending on your point of view.

Then there's the matter of expectations. Yesterday, a friend and I were discussing the tragic consequences of Israel's deplorable war with Lebanon. "I was disgusted when Israel went into Lebanon," said my friend. "I expect more from the Jewish people."

"I was against the invasion too," I replied. "But I don't understand why you want more from Jews."

"After all they've been through, you'd expect more compassion from them, more understanding, more caring."

I thought about that. "Are you saying Jews don't have the same right as the rest of us to be

wrong, stupid or insensitive?"

It seems blacks, women and Jews are not allowed to fall off their barstools.

And feminist expectations are sometimes unrealistic. We are faintly surprised that the Margaret Thatchers of this world exist, Barbara Amiel infuriates us, we never quite knew what to say about Indira, we cringe over Imelda's shoe fetish and we wish Nancy Reagan would take her little pearl handled revolver and disappear into the sunset, preferably followed by her husband wotzizname.

Somehow, we want all women to be Gloria Steinem, Doris Anderson, Rosemary Brown, or Margaret Atwood.

Peter Gzowski, one of my all time favourite people, interviewed Betty Friedan not long ago on CBC's Morningside. Betty was loud, abrasive, argumentative and refused to let Peter get a word in. Everytime he opened his mouth, she jumped on him. She was obnoxious and my soul flinched. My god, I can remember thinking, she'll convince everyone all feminists are vulgar and rude. I was so embarrassed, I didn't hear the crash as she fell off her barstool and it took me awhile to realise I'd helped push her off and that I was down there on the floor with her.

Since then, I've heard Peter interview an economist, a minister, a doctor, an author, a lawyer; all men and all specialists in rude behaviour. Not once did I think, "Omigod, listeners will assume all men or all economists are nasty louts."

Canada's first woman mayor, Charlotte Whitton, mayor of Ottawa from 1951-1964, once remarked, "Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult."

It was a witty remark; it's still funny. It's also dangerous. It locks women into perfection; it promotes the idea that somehow, women ought to be better than men in order to succeed. It allows us no mistakes. It doesn't leave room for idiocy. It permits us no stupidity. We don't get to make fools of ourselves, an act which is surely the right of every human being.

Choice is the name of the game and if I don't have choices, I'm forever falling off my barstool. I must have the option of being a caring, wonderful, nurturing, obnoxious, stupid, emotional, cold, nasty, loving and foolish person. Only when I can freely be any or all of these things will I be able to fall off the barstool without dragging my sisters down with me.

Cervical cancer: sexually transmitted?

SADJA GREENWOOD



Why do virgins, nuns, and lesbians almost never have abnormal Pap smears? Why are monogamous wives of men who visit prostitutes at high risk for cervical cancer, while women who use barrier

contraceptives such as the diaphragm or condom remain at low risk? Researchers are beginning to understand the answers to these baffling questions, and the evidence points to the virus that causes venereal warts (condyloma) as the main culprit.

The early precancerous stages of cervical cancer now appear to be a sexually transmitted disease (STD). Several types of sexually transmitted wart viruses have recently been closely linked to the growth of cervical cancer. Presently, more than 30 types of human wart viruses have been isolated, and several of them are associated with warts in the genital area. Most genital warts are caused by viral strains that do *not* cause cervical cancer. Unfortunately, at present, the average doctor cannot tell if a patient's warts caused by a viral strain are associated with cervical cancer.

When cervical cancer is viewed as a sexually transmitted disease, the low risk of nuns, virgins and lesbians makes sense. Since they do not have intercourse, the wart virus never comes in contact with the cervix. (Lesbians and nuns who have had sex with men in the past may have acquired the infection at that time.) Monogamous women with monogamous partners in groups such as the Mormons, Amish, and Seventh-Day Adventists are also at low risk for cervical cancer. Monogamous women whose partners are not monogamous or women who have multiple sexual relationships significantly increase their risk of cervical cancer, as do women who began sexual relations in their teens when the cervix may be more vulnerable. Since the relaxation of sexual mores in the mid 1960s, genital wart infections have increased six fold. This increase may result in a dramatic increase in cervical cancer unless women continue to be vigilant about annual Pap smears.

One positive note in the wart-cervical cancer scenario is that women who use a diaphragm or condoms receive considerable protection from the wart virus infection (and other STDs). Numerous studies from family planning clinics

have demonstrated the protective effect these barrier methods of contraception have against cervical cancer.

A number of factors may promote the growth of cervical cancer once it's been initiated by the wart virus. Some studies have shown that long-term use of the pill (four years or more) is associated with more rapid growth of cervical cancers. Counterbalancing this increased risk is the fact that pill users are more likely to have regular checkups and annual Pap smears, so any cervical abnormality is more likely to be detected early and treated successfully.

Recent studies have also shown that cigarette smokers suffer more cervical cancer. The inhaled toxins in cigarette smoke presumably circulate throughout the body and affect cells that are far-distant from the lungs. (Cigarette smokers also have more cancer of the bladder, kidneys, pancreas, and other organs.)

How can you protect yourself from the wart virus and subsequent cervical cancer? Here are a few suggestions:

- **Use barrier contraception.** The condom and diaphragm are associated with lower rates of abnormal Pap smears. If you use another type of contraception such as the pill, the IUD, the sponge, or the rhythm method, consider switching to a barrier contraceptive, especially if you develop abnormal Pap smear results. Shielding the cervix may allow the abnormality to regress.

- **Have an annual Pap smear.** This is important particularly if you are sexually active with men or have been so in the past. Lesbians or celibate women who have had a normal Pap result two years in a row can generally wait two years between Paps. Consult your clinician about frequency of Pap smears.


- **Don't ignore an abnormal Pap.** Many precancerous conditions can be eradicated by superficial freezing or laser techniques that don't affect your fertility.

- **Have genital warts removed.** If you or your partner develop genital warts, have a clinician remove them. If a woman develops cervical cancer or its precursors, her male partner(s) should be carefully checked for warts by a health professional. Sometimes these can only be seen on the male by using magnification, so an experienced dermatologist or urologist should be consulted.

- **Don't smoke.** This is particularly important if you have or have had an abnormal Pap smear.

- **Eat foods rich in folic acid and vitamin A and C.** The American Cancer Society and many researchers say that a diet rich in deeply-coloured vegetables and fruits may help prevent cervical cancer.

Sadjia Greenwood is Women's Health Editor of *Medical Self-Care* Magazine. This article originally appeared in the September/October issue of *Medical Self-Care*, available for \$17 Canadian per year, P.O. Box 1000, Point Reyes, CA 94956.



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The lessons of postfeminism

HEIDI MUENCH



Postfeminism has arrived, or so *Chatelaine* proclaimed recently. In "Meet the Postfeminist Woman" by Bronwyn Drainie, the aspirations, concerns and values of this supposedly new woman are made public. Ac-

cording to Drainie, postfeminist life is a pragmatic affair, in which women work hard in their own best interests. Trying To Make Things Work For Me and Not Blaming Others For My Problems are mottoes that guide postfeminist behaviour.

What intrigues me most about Drainie's article is that none of the women she interviewed refer to themselves as postfeminists. Only Drainie uses the term. This strikes me as somewhat odd. Wouldn't the adherents of a new movement be eager to declare their allegiance to what Drainie describes as a new and positive aspect of women's complex evolution? If postfeminists don't use the term postfeminism, whose term is it anyway?

I suspect postfeminism is yet another media catch phrase, like "Supermom," and "Braburner." The term implies that the revolution is over; that feminism is past history; that there is no longer any need to kick up a fuss, because liberation has been achieved. Well, articles on postfeminism aside (and the *Chatelaine* article is only the most high profile one I've run across), I haven't read, heard or seen any announcement informing me that patriarchy has resigned, or even that a ceasefire in this centuries old war of violence against women has been declared. According to the daily news, rape, wife battering, child abuse, the criminalisation of prostitution, and the feminisation of poverty continue unabated.

A Questionable Concept

So, why would a mainstream magazine try to foist such a spurious concept upon us? For one thing, new movements make great copy. For another, the concept of postfeminism is a twist on the old divide and conquer technique: if an identifiable group of predictably young, bright, white and financially successful women espousing the doctrine of the self-made man, and obviously prospering by it, can be touted as the new wave of the future; then those of us who refuse to conform to this model of womanhood can be labelled anachronistic,

neurotic or underachievers who want to blame others for their own shortcomings.

Of course, such a strategy assumes that those of us who are white and upper middle class believe that ours is the rightfully dominant group, and that those of us who happen to be non white and/or of a different class would rather we belonged to the group portrayed. It also assumes that privilege and choice aren't linked, that women reading how "postfeminists" have chosen success won't question exactly what conditions allow such choices. In fact, all these assumptions are outdated. We know that we live in a racially and culturally diverse world. We understand the politics of race and privilege. And no amount of slick colour photography and upbeat prose will change our world view.

An Important Lesson

Why should feminists bother analysing a movement that has little basis in fact and is less than inclusive? It strikes me that "postfeminism" is an effective object lesson in the perils of losing a sense of who we are and what binds us together as women. "Postfeminists" believe they have no one but themselves to thank for their success. They define their individually garnered achievements in careerist terms: good money and high status. They pride themselves on being one of the boys and on playing the game superbly. None of this is very new. Since the time when a power imbalance was first imposed between men and women, there has always been a certain number of women who have chosen to better their lot and gain access to male power and status by playing according to the rules.

Part of what it means to be oppressed is that the avenues to influence and financial security have been previously mapped out and that the costs involved in using them have been predetermined by those already in control. There have always been those of us whose privilege has insulated us from the most blatant forms of female oppression. There have always been some among us who have sought and been granted special status, who have been designated honorary males and have thus been accorded some of the perks reserved for that gender. But then, the need to assimilate (as opposed to the right to maintain an alternative identity) has always been a sign of oppression.

What remains a truism is that there are dangerous consequences to assimilation; for assimilation involves estrangement from oneself and

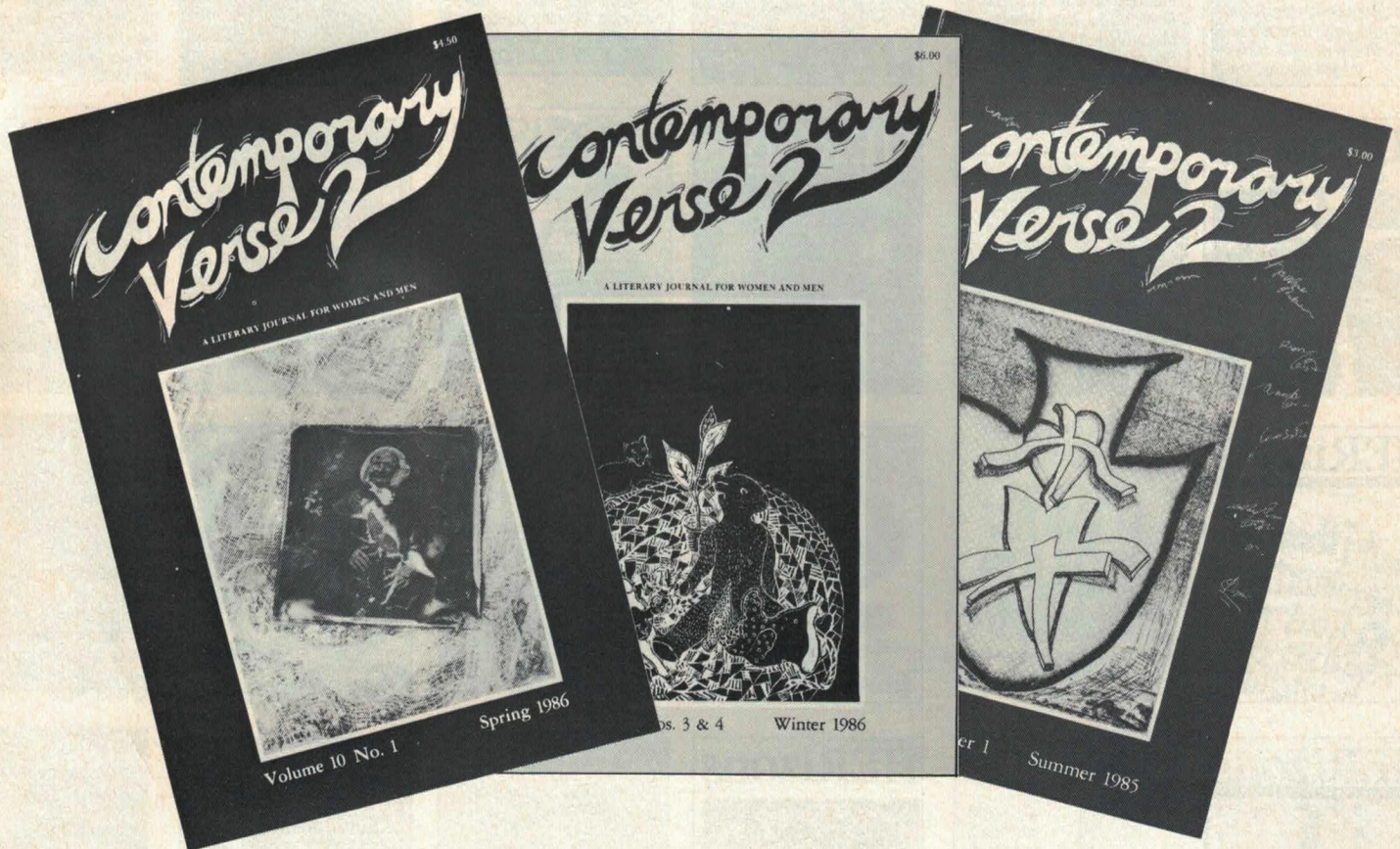
from others that are like one, and thus inevitably results in a sense that the achievements bought at such a cost are never completely satisfying and that the security gained by such means always seems tenuous. "Postfeminism" is a case in point. The women Drainie spoke with express a sense of emptiness, of isolation, of having been led down the garden path by feminist promises of equal work opportunities. They are upset that their long battle to gain entrance to the inner sanctums of the corporate world doesn't seem to have been worth the effort. They also display a sense of the ephemeral nature of the safety they have worked so hard to achieve. They describe the pains they take to appear nonthreatening, their pride in being seen as feminine, and their efforts to convince the men they work and socialise with that they have nothing in common with so-called man-hating feminists. These women seem neither at peace with themselves nor completely convinced that they are safe from male anger.

"Postfeminists" have discovered that the inner circles of the corporate world are arid places, but they are unable or unwilling to link this discovery with the fact that corporate values are inherently destructive to anyone's sense of emotional well being. They cannot recognise that materialism and individualism are juggernauts that crush every woman's spirit. Nor can they perceive that their emptiness and isolation are a consequence of their denial of any connectedness with other women. And since they cannot bring themselves to fault a system that has ostensibly rewarded them, they choose instead to fault other women. This is not surprising, since centuries of conditioning have taught women to do just that.

"Postfeminists" have wrongly confused influence, power and money with liberation and empowerment. They have made their own way in this world and now reaping the results of that method of advancement. Their experiences underscore what all of us who have chosen not to avoid the costs of being female in this world but who have chosen instead to assert that such costs will not and should not be paid know: "The master's tools will never dismantle the master's house. They may allow us to temporarily beat him at his own game, but they will never enable us to bring about genuine change. And this fact is only threatening to those women who still define the master's house as their only source of support." (Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider: Essays & Speeches*, The Crossing Press).

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Herizons Back



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Premiere Issue on Motherhood. Single Moms, New Fathers, Miscarriage, A Lesbian Mother's Personal Experience, No-Marriage Mothering and Much More!



6. December 1983

Women's Arms Embrace Seneca Peace Camp. Parachute Club Rising Up. Spotting Bigotry: It All Comes Out in the Whitewash. Even You Can Write a Children's Book.



11. June/July 1984

The Listening is Easy . . . Summer Festivals. Delightful letters home to Mom in Tribal Lights. Interview with feminist theologian Mary Daly. In the Name of Equality — What Do Fathers' Rights Mean to Women and Children?



2. April 1983

In this body image issue, *Herizons* explored Women and Weight in Consuming Women, Cosmetic Surgery, Weight Lifting and To Shave or Not to Shave.



7. January 1984

Coming Out — What happens when a lesbian looks for support. Also featured: An Interview with Gloria Steinem, Inadequate Child Care: The 80s Answer to the Pill.



12. August 1984

Women and Housing: Building a New Direction. Sonia Johnson — A Woman for Change. Sati Lyn Cockburn — Can Readers Digest a Condensed Bible?



3. July 1983

This humour issue included Gloria Steinem's If Men Could Menstruate; Wearing Your Politics and (Spare) Rib Ticking Humour (a cartoon feature).



8. February 1984

Be Our Valentine: *Herizons'* Own Selection of Valentine Messages. Really Being in Love Means Wanting to Live in a Different World. Life After Birth: Post-Partum Depression.



13. September 1984

Herizons' launch as a national magazine! How to Relax — an Live With Everyday Stress. Is There a Better Way to Birth? Teaching Children How to Read and Much More!



4. August 1983

The ABC's of Sexist Schooling. A Non-Sexist Guide to Teaching. Mathaphobia: The Invisible Filter. Conference Notes — Women and Words.



9. March 1984

DES Daughters: What You Should Know. Also, an inspiring interview with peace activist Monique Foley. This issue features the launching of our humour column by Lyn Cockburn, Satirically Yours: An Invitation to Robbery.



14. January/February 1985

Special Issue on Youth. Girls Wanna Be Equal. From Preppies to Punks. On Being a Teen Conversations with Four Grad Students. Teen Pregnancy. Poetry and Essays.



5. November 1983

In Freedom for Whom?, Penni Mitchell examines pornography. Fem-Erotica discusses the insights of five women as they talk about sexuality.



10. April 1984

It's Just Your Nerves examines the dangerous practice of unnecessary prescriptions. Reaching for a Feminist Workplace discusses how we put our politics into practice. Profiles of several exciting Manitoba artists.



15. March 1985

Old Women Are Feminists Too! Sybil Shack. Should You Get Personal with Your Computer? portrait of Rural Women's Lives. A Letter From the Country. Do Need Homemakers' Pension Stay Afloat?

Just Look What You've Been Missing!

Issue Special



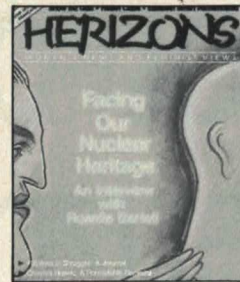
16. April 1985

Our Cover Story — Celebrating the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. REAL Women and Feminists — Will Their Differences Come Out in the Wash? Women and the Criminal Justice System. Profile on k.d. lang.



20. December 1985

Federal NDP President Marion Dewar shares her vision of equality, peace and justice with readers. Women of the Revolution in Nicaragua, a sensitive and personal portrayal of the worn-torn country. Living with Agoraphobia — A Woman's Struggle to Freedom.



24. June 1986

Rosalie Bertell: Can We Survive Our Nuclear Heritage? Witnessing the Struggle in the Philippines. Hard Times on the Homestead — How the Farm Crisis Affects Women. Chaviva Hosek: Working for a Feminist World.



17. May 1985

Birth Technology: Shopping in the Contraceptive Marketplace. Is Someone Bugging You? How to Keep Fit as a Fiddle. Feminist Voyageurs Paddle Their Own Canoes. Women in India Work for Change.



21. January/February 1986

The Politics of Planned Parenthood reveals how the state has crept quietly back into the bedrooms of the nation. Margaret Atwood discusses the frightening parallels to *The Handmaid's Tale* that threaten women today. Behind the Scenes of *Loyalties*.



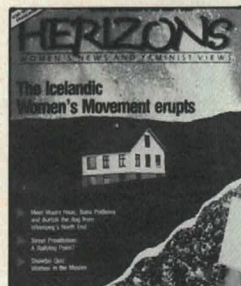
25. July/August 1986

Special Issue on Culture. The Parachute Club's Lauri Conger: A Key Player With a Vision. Health Clubs and the Ordinary Woman. Myrna Kostash Bridges Ethnicity and Feminism.



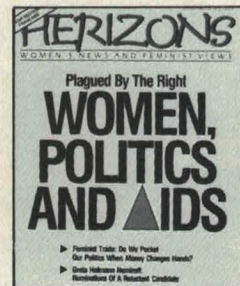
18. July/August 1985

Special Issue — Active in the Arts! This issue features country and western singer, songwriter and single mother Terilyn Ryan. Profiles on a Feminist Astrologer, Sci-Fi Writers and Much More!



22. March 1986

The Icelandic Women's Movement Erupts. An Excerpt from Humourist Maara Haas' book, *On Stage with Maara Haas*. Lyn Cockburn talks about Don Johnson and Sex Appeal.



26. September 1986

Women, Politics and AIDS. Why Do Some Women Steal? — Understanding Poverty and Privilege. Quilting for Peace. What You Should Know About Amniocentesis. In Defense of Girl Guides.



19. October/November 1985

Renown child birth educator Sheila Kitzinger: On Women's Experience of Sex. What Really Happened in Nairobi? — Reports From the End of the Decade Conference. Gail Buente — Finding the Female in Mexico.



23. April/May 1986

Our cover story examines one mother's struggle through her sons' adolescence. What Incest Survivors Can Tell Therapists. PMS: The Monthly Controversy. And just for fun — Perusing the Personal Ads and A Show Biz Quiz.



27. October/November 1986

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