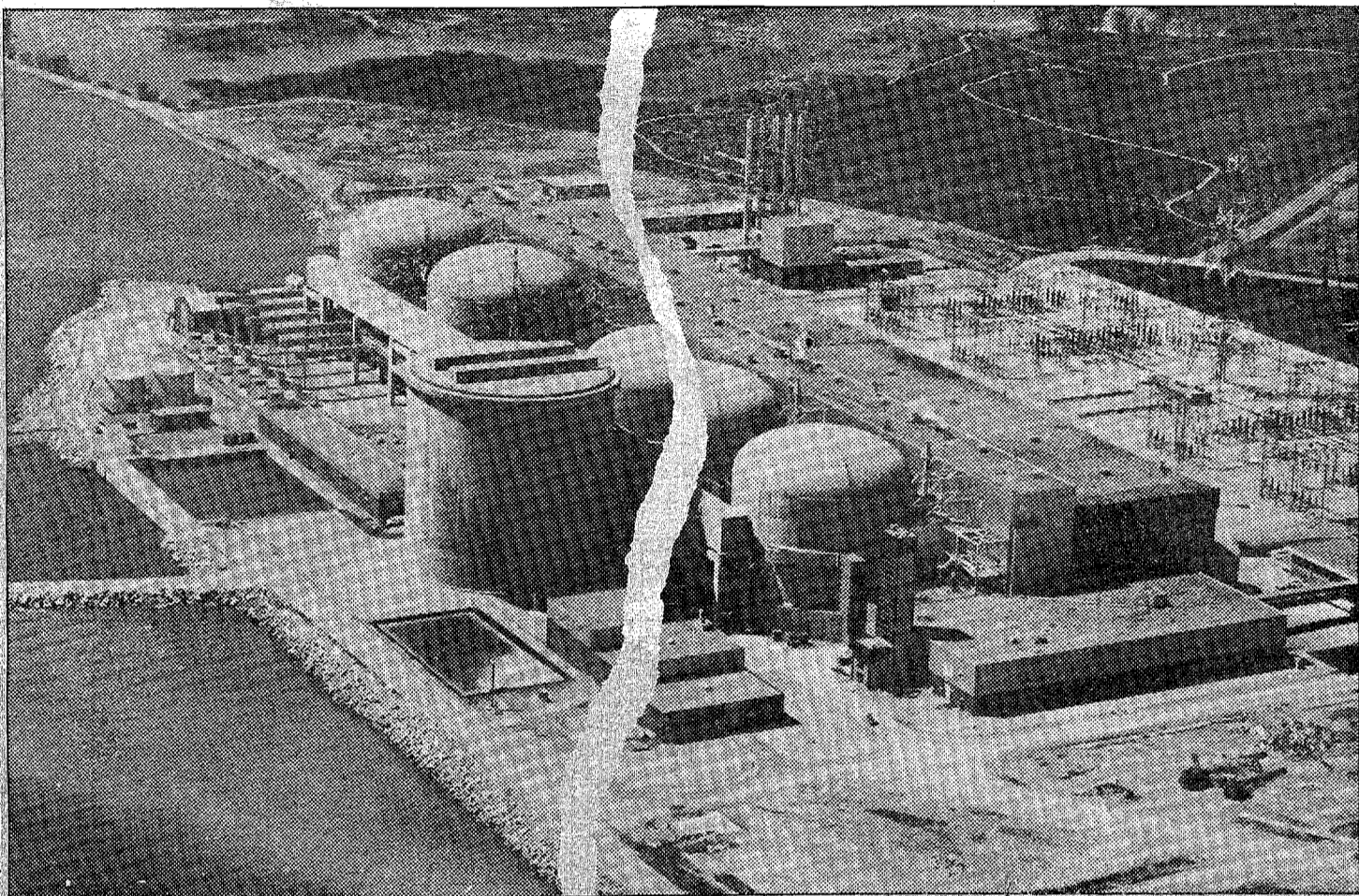


Broadside

Introductory Issue

May 1979

\$1



Heads They Win, Tails We Lose

by Jacqueline Frewin, Judith Lawrence and Eve Zaremba

Three Mile Island near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was the site of a very 'significant event' on March 28th, 1979.

In the vocabulary of the nuclear industry, it was a 'significant event'. In our terms it was a potentially disastrous nuclear accident.

The worst of all possible disasters was slimly averted. The dramatic impact of *The China Syndrome* came perilously close to reality: the equivalent of a nuclear bomb destroying the surrounding area, making Pennsylvania uninhabitable and contaminating the water, air and food chain as far away as Ontario.

Now government regulatory agencies, power companies and the nuclear industry are falling over backwards attempting to reassure us and pacify our very real horror. Making the best of a bad situation, they are insisting that this 'significant event' merely proves how safe nuclear power is, since disaster was averted.

In Canada, we are assured that our own Candu reactors have an extra safety feature: a vacuum chamber surrounding the core. All is being made safer. We are not to worry. Meanwhile, more and more reactors are planned and under construction. Business is booming.

But there was human error. There was mechanical malfunction. What the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has now termed a

'transient accident' — transient because no one knew what to do, it just came and went — was the exposure of large portions of the core for approximately fifteen hours. Improperly closed valves on the reactors, premature turning off of the emergency cooling system which is the principal method for preventing the overheating of the uranium in the reactor core, and poorly designed containment which did not isolate some of the water as it was meant to do. Magnetic valves failed to close properly and pressure level indicators were inaccurate at a crucial point.

Dr. Ursula Franklin, Professor of Metallurgy at the University of Toronto, consultant to the Royal Ontario Museum, ex-member of the Science Council of Canada (1974-78), Director of Energy Probe and life-long activist, has attempted to clarify some of the issues for *Broadside*. She affirmed some of our suspicions that nuclear reactors can never be safe, not with the best safety reviews and emergency back-up systems in the world. Furthermore, "whether one is satisfied with safety is completely a political consideration. The issue is not a technical one. The central lesson is the relationship between the triviality of the cause of the disaster and the enormity of the consequences. No amount of reviews will get that out of the way, that is the nature of the beast. Life just isn't a totally predictable thing.

There are all the possibilities within which one can operate, considering that human beings and machines have a certain rate of randomness, and the disproportionality between the size of the error or mishap, and the consequences. It's in the nature of the technology."

Because of the nature of the technology they say it will take two years to decontaminate Harrisburg. Have we even considered what this term 'decontamination' means? Dr. Franklin suggests that we misconstrue the term. "Radioactivity is irreversible. Nothing we do can destroy it!

"Decontamination only means taking the radio-activity from place A to place B and waiting until it has decayed naturally. Now, some things decay fast, and some things decay slowly. Iodine will be gone within weeks. Other things can take a thousand years. The things you worry about are the long-life things and those which might get into the food chain."

The basic issue then is not simply the 'safety' record of any specific plant or energy authority to date. Ultimately what we are seeing happen is the increase of radioactivity and the multiplication of sources of the deadly radiation. All we can do is attempt to hide it and move it around.

"Ever since one has been able to create artificial radio-activity something really very pro-

Continued page 3

Volley Number One

There hasn't been anything like *Broadside* — ever. It's been a long time coming, but finally it's here and it intends to stay and make an impact.

Broadside recognizes the need to cut across the left/right, good/bad polarities women usually face when we make the political and personal decisions that define our lives. We all need to cultivate a critical eye, a grasp and a tolerance for ambiguity combined with an intolerance of tendentious tripe. *Broadside* wants to create a dialogue among women — not only among politically active feminists — in a forum which belongs to us all, not to large corporations, or left wing sects or advertisers or even any particular feminist group.

We are not objective. We leave "objectivity" to the daily papers and other media which consider women as a "special interest" group. As it is, *Broadside* is uniquely and openly biased in favour of women. We are setting out to represent ideas and priorities that are not reflected in the mainstream press. We want to rediscover terms, words and concepts and define them for ourselves. For example, the battered term feminist must be rescued from media-conceived notions and given a new lease on life. We see our bias as an effort to counterbalance the unacknowledged bias of the mass media in general.

At the same time *Broadside* intends to play its active political role. The Women's Liberation Movement is alive and we intend to cover it as it develops — whether in

Parliament, in women's organizations or in the streets. *Broadside* offers a section dealing specifically with local women's movement activity, bringing readers news of women's services, meetings and the issues that the women's community confronts as we go to print.

We are not a house organ of women's liberation: *Broadside* will explore the world and be the eyes and ears of women as well as a provocative pro-woman voice. Often what we see and hear may provoke anger, anger which we want to express freely, creatively and with wit. *Broadside* will be a tough, vivid exuberant paper which, however it strikes you, will never be dull.

INSIDE BROADSIDE

NEWS:

Do the media take women seriously? In the first of a series of in-depth analyses of media coverage, Philinda Masters and Eve Zaremba uncover a distressing syndrome: the printed press seldom goes beyond the Fabulous Four — food, family, furniture and fashion. Page 10

The Liberal Report Towards the Equality of Women: Does it have any substance? Does the NDP make a stronger commitment to women? Can the Conservatives do better? As a pre-election special, Judith Lawrence and Susan G. Cole talked to party representatives and asked some fundamental questions. Page 4

The money-myths flourish: working women are putting a strain on the economy; women's right to Unemployment Insurance should be questioned. Jacqueline Frewin and Alex Maas examine the issues and set the matter straight. Page 4

In other news: King Khaled of Saudi Arabia did not play Queen for a Day and a Toronto lawyer did not want to pick up his car license sticker. Susan G. Cole broadsides these and other news developments. Page 6

COMMENT:

On the rise of Islam: Eve Zaremba On mainstream pedophilia (yes it's there): Susan G. Cole On the pleasures (or lack of them) of covering culinary delights (or disaster): Joanne Kates

MOVEMENT MATTERS:

Reports, news, and announcements indicating that women are taking care of what matters. Page 8

ARTS:

Clare Coulter, a most visible theatrical presence, is usually cautious with the press. But in an interview with Beverley Allinson and Deena Rasky, the Toronto actor speaks without reserve about Emily Dickinson, theatre audiences and her life as an artist. Page 13

A new wave of women has traded the standard harp and flute for the not so typical rock guitar. Susan Sturman describes the phenomenon and separates those who are merely selling hip female macho from those who are delivering quality rock and roll. Page 12

BOOKS:

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MOVIES:

Moment by Moment, Norma Rae.

MUSIC:

Kay Gardner.

Broadside

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The Broadside Collective does not necessarily share the views contained in any article, even if the by-line belongs to a collective member. Views of the Collective are expressed only in editorials, and essays signed by the Broadside Collective.

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This issue of **Broadside** is an introduction, a shadow of its future self. We hope these skeletal pages will give you an idea of what is to come, starting September 1979.

In many ways **Broadside** is a review: a review of the arts, a review of the news; all filtered through a pro-woman screen. Included in this issue are investigative stories, analyses, interviews with woman artists, columns, cartoons, local community events. We plan to continue in this vein. Sometimes we will run a feature for several issues, as we intend to do with our story on women in the media. This issue it's print media, next it will be broadcast media. Already we have commitments from well-respected, established Canadian women writers to provide copy for **Broadside**.

reaching network of contacts, women who will work for **Broadside**: by distributing the paper, selling subscriptions, writing copy. **Broadside** collective members have already begun to fan out and set this process in motion: we now have contacts in Vancouver, San Francisco and Montreal.

Which brings us to another point: **Broadside** is an English-language paper, although that doesn't prevent us from accepting copy written in other languages, to be translated. We will also run translated excerpts from other-language publications (duly credited). We hope **Broadside** stories will get the same treatment.

And now — the information you've all been waiting for: how to work for **Broadside**. (We've already had thousands clamouring at our doors.) It's a 3-stage process. Stage 1

with her.) After that the process of formally joining the collective can take place.

That brings us to stage 3: although **Broadside's** working structure is a collective, we are in fact a legally chartered business corporation. That means the collective members (11 of us) are also directors of the company (Broadside Communications Ltd. — we have big plans). A prospective collective member must become a board member, complete with financial commitment and legal liability. We, the current collective, think the legal, profit-making business structure is to the advantage of everyone concerned. We want **Broadside** to be a successful business, with the possibility of paying staff and contributors as our revenues mount.

We also want **Broadside** supporters to have the advantage of investing their money

This is Broadside

What is missing from this introductory issue is input from our readers. We want **Broadside** to be a dialogue, not just our own encapsulated view of the world. To stimulate participation we plan to hold public meetings every few months to discuss the content of the latest issues of **Broadside**, to exchange ideas, to keep in touch. We also want readers to feel free to submit letters for publication and to send ideas for future stories. And we plan to institute the habit of exchanges with other women's publications, for increased flow of news and views.

Although **Broadside** is based in Toronto and will cover local concerns, it is not in any way restricted to the Toronto scene. Through our exchanges we will keep our figurative eyes

and ears open to the rest of Canada and the world beyond. We also will rely on a fa-

includes any woman who wants to do anything for **Broadside**: write, layout, answer phones, sell subscriptions, solicit ads, distribute the paper, take out the garbage, set up systems to do all the above, etc. etc. Any woman is welcome. Drop us a line or talk to a collective member (readily identifiable by our arm garters and eyeshades.) We will be in touch with you.

Stage 2 includes those women who wish to become collective members. This involves a more consistent commitment of time and energy. The system has not been entirely formulated as yet, but we expect that a woman will work on the paper for a period of several months at which time a discussion will take place between the collective and the prospective member to explore the possibility (ie. she has to be able to work with us and we

rather than donating it. That way they can get it back, if they're so ill-advised as to want it back.

The **Broadside** collective is a motley crew (see masthead for our names). We include a few seasoned journalists, writers of various sorts, typesetters, a printer, some graphic artists, a few financial wizards, one or two social workers, a puppeteer and a closet taxidermist. (References on request.) That should provide a broad enough cross-section of the population to produce a unique newspaper.

Having now whetted your appetite for future words from **Broadside**, we hope you will fill out the subscription forms on the back page for yourself and 50 of your closest friends.

Old World, New World, Third World One World

by Eve Zaremba

Remember when people appeared to believe that this planet was divided into three Worlds? First and Second Worlds were seldom identified perhaps because most people, not being familiar with the thoughts of Mao, were not sure which was which and why. The favourite was the Third World. Very handy short-hand for editorial pundits, rhetoricians of the left and other lovers of simple dichotomies.

Diverse and downright contrasting parts of the world were lumped together in the Third World at whim. It made for strange bedfellows but for years few minded or cared. It has taken a long time and many distressing events to destroy the usefulness of such patronising generalizations. By the time of the oil crisis in 1973 and the rise to prominence of the OPEC nations it was hard to treat them seriously. Finally, events in Pakistan and Iran put paid to this concept.

Iran looms large these days. Journalists, politicians and economists of every stripe scramble frantically to learn how to spell 'Ayotollah Ruhollah Mossavi Khomeni' and plumb the distinctions between the minority Shi'ite sect which he heads and the more rigid Sunni Moslems. Instant experts on Islamic law and apologists for Moslem tradition spring up on every side. We hear confused attempts at analysis, about the resurgence of Islam, drastic change in the balance of power, danger to our oil supplies and even about women's loss of status and rights. Nobody quite knows what to make of it all. It's confusing as hell.

All parts of the political spectrum have this trouble.

For the left, anyone who throws out Americans, cancels arms contracts and cuts off oil to Israel cannot be all bad. And yet... isn't an Islamic Republic a right-wing system, appealing to some of the most regressive and fundamentalist instincts in the Islamic population? For anyone with a historic perspective and a class analysis theocracy must be considered inimical to progress.

Our own dear right-wingers must be rejoicing for that very reason. Back to authority of religion, ferocious punishments. Back to the supremacy of patriarchal structures, women back to the four walls of their husband's house. Great stuff! And possibly catching. And yet... rise of Islamic power is hardly to be welcomed by good Christian souls. Especially since they have all that oil. Poor heathen are one thing but wealthy, uppity ones are another matter.

Then there is the great liberal middle-muddle, even more confused than ever. Is it OK to applaud the fall of the Shah and the takeover of power for religious authority? Sort of 'Tyrant is dead, long live the Tyrants'? Probably all this nastiness is just a phase; people will return to their senses and all will be well. Anyway, it would be racist to question the right of Iranians to self-determination. That is, as long as we don't freeze in the dark or lack fodder for our gas-guzzlers because of them.

What's the problem? Khomeini and his ilk are quite clear. They do not mince words. No 'politically correct' euphemisms for them. It is *not* merely Zionism which is their enemy, it's the Jews; it is *not* the excess of capitalism which must be rejected, it's the whole liberal, decadent West; it is *not* Stalinism which is evil, it's irreligious communism in all its guises. It is *not* radical feminism which must be destroyed, it's any movement of women towards control over our own lives. Our beloved polarities just do not hold. Paradoxes and contradictions multiply.

Take the strange case of the chador, or pornography and gender segregation. It seems as if patriarchal Islam and feminism meet on these issues, both rejecting liberal Western ideas.

Chador is a traditional robe worn by Moslem women to conceal their bodies from men. It has played a historic part in recent revolutions against colonial powers, becoming the symbol of female participation in Algerian struggle against the French. The western version of the chador is in its own cultural context revolutionary and symbolic. It consists of the rejection by women of restrictive and revealing dress. Pants, shirts and comfortable shoes are our chador. In our society, the very idea of women concealing their bodies (and minds) from men and using them freely for our own ends, is highly subversive. Western man likes 'his' women dressed up to please him, tottering on high, back-killing shoes, exposed and vulnerable.

Islamic Godfathers attack decadent western pornography which western liberals insist on equating with freedom of expression. Women all over the world refuse to tow this liberal line asking "Freedom for whom? against whom? for what?"

Patriarchal Islam segregates women from men: western men are aghast. In the west it's OK for men to associate together without women but not the other way around. When we favour all-women meetings, political action, health and referral centres, unions, hostels, newspapers, demonstrations, theatre, art, associations of every kind we can expect to be labeled middle-class man-haters for our trouble.

So how can feminism and Islamic patriarchy meet on all these issues? They can't. Few social or cultural expressions are good or bad, right or wrong, regressive or progressive in and of themselves. *It all depends on whose interests they serve.*

Islamic rules against the display of women's bodies are enforced to protect each man's private property from other men. Unlike our liberals, Moslem males have no trouble seeing that exploitative pornography can be a danger to 'their' women. They want to 'protect' and segregate women the better to control them. That's for their benefit, not women's.

"The trouble is that men interpret the Koran to their own advantage" a former president of the Federation of Iranian Women Lawyers is quoted as saying in the *New York Times*. Of course. To whose advantage would men interpret it? The Koran, the Bible, Marx, all varieties of liberal constitutions, the values, laws and customs which they expound were written by men in their interest and will be interpreted by them to their advantage. It's an illusion that western liberal and Islamic positions are in conflict with each other. Each is an expression of male self-interest vis-a-vis women in different cultural contexts. Neither is taken by and for women in their interests. In this our ONE WORLD that is the ultimate no-no on which all men can agree.

LETTERS

Dear **Broadside**:

Although all my rational inclinations would lead me to be interested in your paper, the name stopped me short! The use of the word 'broad' by men has always offended me in the extreme. Now a long-awaited feminist newspaper appears on the scene and opts for the cheap thrill of an unsubtle pun on the same theme. Cute, but no cigar.

Joan Wassler,
Toronto.

Dear **Broadside**:

Although I've heard some women think your choice of name for the newspaper unfortunate, awful, offensive, etc., I must say I like it. It's time we reclaim the English language and stop letting men's derogatory connotations intimidate us. (I like Mary Daly's use of 'spinster,' 'hag' and 'crone' in *Gyn/Ecology*). You obviously have wit and courage, and I'm looking forward to being one of your regular readers.

Eileen Anderson,
Toronto.

Dear **Broadside**:

I couldn't for the life of me figure out why you had chosen the name **Broadside** for your newspaper. I took it upon myself to seize hold of *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* (and my magnifying glass of course) to find out exactly what the word broadside means. Much to my surprise I discovered that broadside, in nautical terms, refers to a discharge of artillery from the side of a ship. I took this to

imply that your newspaper intended to hurl a series of volleys at the varying bizarre turns of the world's events. How right I was, for indeed broadside also means a verbal assault, which I hope **Broadside** will continue to launch against those forces which keep members of our sex down.

Can you imagine my delight at reading that **Broadside** is also defined as a newspaper printed on one side of the sheet. After reading your introductory issue, I do hope that you continue to write your splendid prose on both sides. Did you know that a broadsider collects broadsides? My Oxford dictionary told me that too. And I'm pleased to report that I intend to remain a broadsider for many years hence.

Did you read your *Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* before you chose the name?
For broadsiding,
Ms. Sue de Nim,
Toronto.

(From the editors: yes we did.)

Mainstream Melodies: Songs of Innocence?

by Susan G. Cole

When it comes to sensational trials, the media have a field day. They pull out of their swollen hats all the experts they can possibly muster to talk about whatever is troubling the courts — pedophilia, homosexuality, foot fetishism — usually in those sober lower register radio voices that suit newscasts. Radio people discuss these issues in this sensible way because they feel it is their duty to do so. It would shock them however, if they were to discover that radio does not exactly play the safe and objective role of the bearer of news tidings. Oh, during those sacred five minutes when we hear the news, the words are clear enough, rational and unbiased. But what happens when the voices of the we-provide-a-service newscasters give way to the other 55 minutes of regular programming? While it is tempting to simply tap your feet to the beat of pop music it can be most instructive to pay close attention to the words. It was particularly amusing to do so after hearing reports of the trial of *The Body Politic* after publication of their story, "Men Loving Boys Loving Men". "The Body Politic's publisher, Pink Triangle Press, has been charged with using the mails to distribute scurrilous material", the reporter drones piously. Indeed. And then we return to the high register screeches of the top forty jocks. Here are, are you ready, the Rolling Stones: "Aw Brown Sugar", Mick Jagger bellows, "How come you taste so good?" A tad raunchy, you might say, but this is the seventies, and one of the only holdovers from the Sixties has been the serious business of getting sex. "Aw Brown Sugar". Yes? "Just like a young girl should".

Hey now, wait a minute. Isn't that the kind of stuff that got *The Body Politic* into trouble? If those young girls taste so good, Mick, and you want to tell us about it, aren't you inciting people to commit the crime of statutory rape?

You calm down, realizing that we've always made the occasional exception for the Rolling Stones. But listen to George Harrison at his most innocent and sweet: "Little child, little child", he croons but with a beat, "little child won't you dance with me". And this was in the mid-sixties, before the Beatles were supposed to have "gone dangerous" with drugs and hippiedom. In the days of Little Child they were still in matching suits and ties, for heaven's sakes.

It sounds to me like use of the air waves to distribute immoral, indecent and scurrilous material. Now why aren't our men in blue beating down the doors of pop music radio stations, suing Loto Canada or the banks for sponsoring such content? You try to remain calm. After all, those lovely little catch phrases like Baby and Sweet Little Thing are just the endearments contrived to sweep us off our feet. Somehow that's no consolation. I'm not sure I like being infantilized. I get the feeling that our gallant suitors don't believe that they can be very convincing unless women are reduced to relatively harmless young children. There is something discomforting in the notion that as Baby Babies or as little child we invite our male sexual partners to a pedophilic fantasy.

Whatever the case, Nick Gilder is surely serious when he celebrates the allure of the hot child in the city. And if you think that this child-loving fantasy, these paeans to pre- and barely post-pubescent women have been fashioned by the venal minds of hip rock entrepreneurs, catch this one: "Go away little girl". Can it be? "Go away little girl". Isn't that middle of the road Mom and apple pie Steve Lawrence? "Go away little girl, before I beg you to stay." Steve Lawrence? You bet it is. The record industry has been peddling pedophilia for years.

Nuclear Continued

found has happened. There has always been radio active material in the earth, but is a very small fraction, and there is a balance in the universe between radioactive material and non-radioactive material. That balance now, because one can artificially create radioactive material, has in fact been displaced. We now have globally much more radioactivity than we had 35 years ago — the bombs of course are the greatest source. And that will not go away."

Meanwhile, the nuclear industry, the politicians and bureaucrats who serve it, argue that the proliferation of reactors across the landscape are absolutely essential, safe and cheap.

But what is the cost of that human and mechanical malfunction? Not the cost to the insurance companies nor the cost of Carter's ticket to arrive on the scene wearing his paternal hat of pacification, but the real cost.

Dr. Franklin adds some clarification. "The sources of radiation are there. And when you have it in places where they are open and present such as at Harrisburg, you can either just cordon off the whole thing, encase it and let it sit there, (and if you imagine that every nuclear reactor has a life time of thirty years and you look at the map now, each of these red dots in thirty years is a burial site of a nuclear reactor) or you have to take it all out with great trouble and expense and hide that. But the site is not likely to be very useful as a work site afterwards. The expense is astronomical and the landscape is pockmarked. The figures of cost are just ridiculous because the cost of disposing not just of the waste but of the site have never been taken into account."

And how do we calculate the cost to pregnant women and children who were exposed to the radiation leaks for a period of days, perhaps years? Who pays for the release of radioactive iodine into the air which could affect the thyroid function of new-born babies as far away as Boston? Who pays for the radioactive contamination over the thousands of years that it takes to get rid of it? Such costs do not appear in any cost-benefit calculation because neither the nuclear industry nor power companies have to pay. 'Society' as a whole pays.

Meanwhile, we will have gone ahead with another generation of nuclear power plants, will have spent billions of dollars and multiplied sources of radiation and therefore possible contamination. We are already being told it's too late to stop. The most we can do is slow down. There is an enormous industry, billions in investments and thousands of men with vested interest in promotion and expansion of nuclear power. Their final and ultimate argument is that we have no choice. There are no alternatives 'unless we are prepared to freeze in the dark'. Scare tactics are very effective.

But what is the truth of these 'scare tactics'? All estimates of future energy needs are projections from the past. Predicting is one of the hardest and least exact arts. But it helps if it can be self-fulfilling. If it is in your interest to predict high and you have the power to affect outcome, you predict high and do your damndest to prove yourself a good estimator.

All our power authorities have outrageously over-estimated our energy needs even assuming that there will be no major change in our economic priorities. Canada is one of the fortunates that does not clearly need nuclear power as an energy source. Yet we have been stuck with billions of dollars of reactor construction. It seems clear that our boys do not want to be left out of the nuclear game. Dr. Franklin says: "We use twice the energy per capita that Sweden does, with similar climate and standard of living. It's been cheaper to waste energy (ie, in the design of buildings) than not to waste."

Yet all 'authorities' (Trudeau, Atomic Energy, Ontario Hydro, etc.) are telling us that we need more and more nuclear reactors. Who benefits from this fantasy? We know who takes the risk and who will suffer, but who benefits? Our government has a vested interest in Candu reactors, the politicians and Atomic Energy bureaucrats want to prove the billion-dollar investment worthwhile. We need exports, sales abroad, prestige as a nuclear power. The nuclear industry is large, well capitalized and growing. It wants to build more and more plants, make more and more money. Power companies and publicly owned utilities (eg. Ontario Hydro and Hydro-Quebec) are no different. Ontario's

oversupply of energy, paid for by the consumer, will enable Ontario to sell its surplus to the US. Ironically, if the US cuts back on building nuclear reactors, Ontario may have a better market for its nuclear-generated surplus energy. Hydro will make money, the Americans will get their energy and we will have these plants in our back yards. Wonderful prospect!

And that prospect can only lead us back into the political arena. Dr. Franklin makes that link succinctly. "I can only conclude that the political issue is not what risks or benefits are derived from the use of nuclear energy, but *who* is at risk and *who* benefits from the continuation of the illusion that nuclear energy is a safe, cheap and plentiful energy source. When, how and where the proliferation of nuclear reactors is stopped will tell us much about the state of democracy in the West."

Essentially, it is clear that with reasonable care and some trend toward a consumer rather than a consumer society, Canada can do very well without nuclear energy. But what about the argument that, on a world basis, there is no alternative? Not all countries are as fortunate as we. Can we expect them to forego cheap electric power?

Firstly, it is not 'cheap'! It is obvious that the costs are tremendous both in direct costs and social costs. And secondly, perhaps more people and countries should be posing the question: "Why are the big boys pushing nuclear reactors all over the world?"

Could it be that they have the technology and can continue to dominate with it? Solar energy might have been economically harnessed if thirty years of money and effort had gone into it. But solar energy does not lend itself as easily and directly to control and exploitation by major industries. For that matter there is even less profit and power in tidal energy, even though it would require a large input of capital and technical knowledge to harness it.

So why has all this money and skill been spent developing the one technology which could be disastrous to us all? And why is every country clamouring to get on the bandwagon, despite all the risks and costs? Could it be that money and domination mean more to the men in power throughout the world than the health and welfare, perhaps even the continued existence, of its inhabitants?

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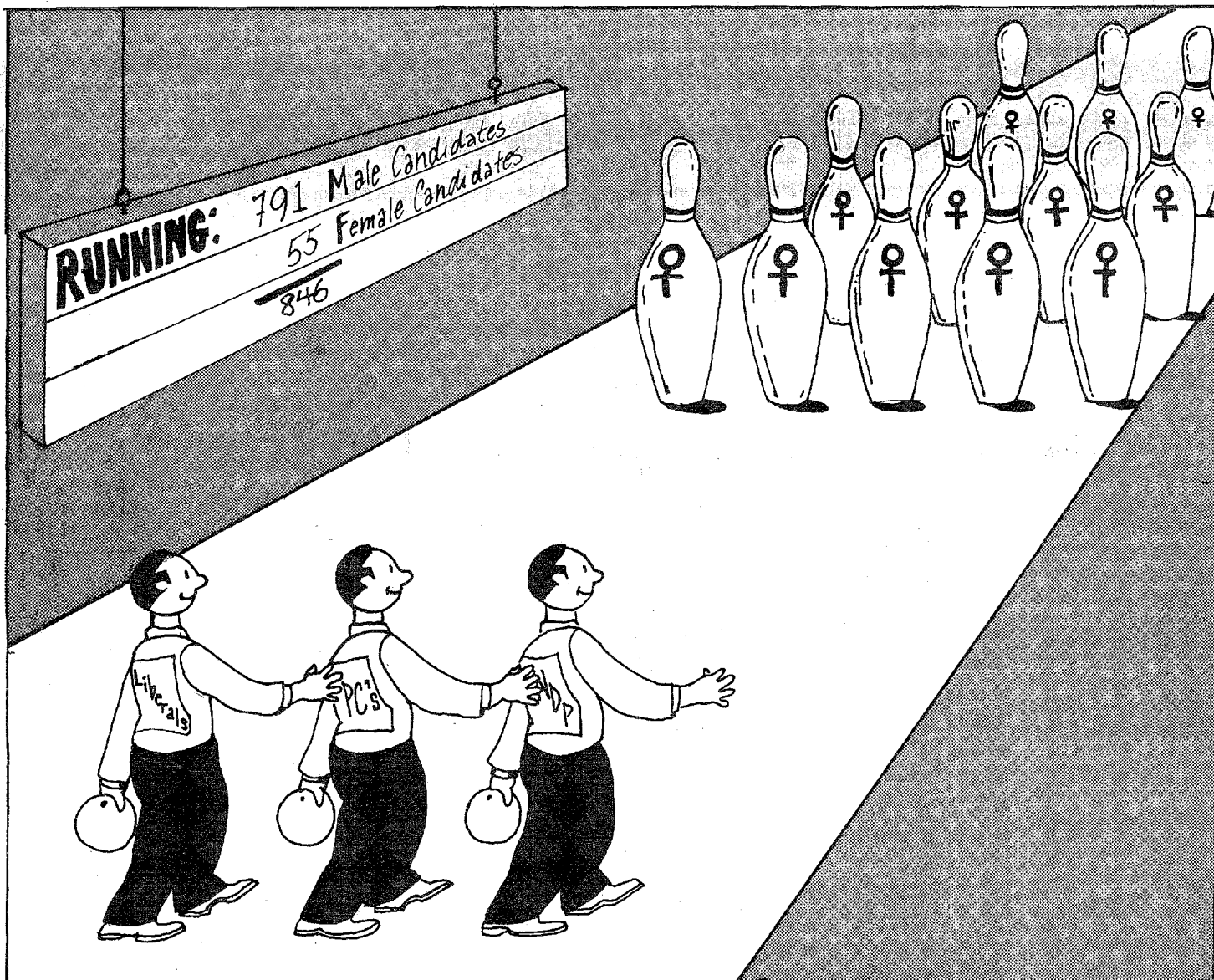
Many Unhappy Returns on May 22

by Susan G. Cole and Judith Lawrence

This should have been a lead story, an investigative wonder filled with highlights from a meaty debate between party representatives determined to come to grips with the major campaign issue of the May 22 election — how to improve the status of women in Canada. Instead, *Broadside* sadly reports that except for the New Democratic Party's announcement of its intentions to institute Affirmative Actions plans should the NDP form the next government, the parties have given about as much attention to the needs of 53% of the population as it has to the concerns of the nation's Calathumpian glassblowers.

There was a flurry of debate in the House of Commons on the Eve of International Women's Day when Justice Minister Marc Lalonde unveiled the Liberal's highly touted report *Towards Equality for Women*. The report, earnestly charging government agencies to study the matter, must have been greeted with enthusiasm by the pulp and paper industry which had much more to gain from the report than women. Opposition parties, delighted at the opportunity to slam what was plainly a limp effort, reacted swiftly. Flora MacDonald (PC-Kingston and the Islands) denounced the plan as an insult to working women. Her colleague, David MacDonald (PC-Egmont) charged the government with muscling women out of the work force. Stanley Knowles, NDP critic on the status of women, plugged at an issue he would take into the campaign, namely the failure of the government to improve the pension plan despite the mounting evidence of the poverty of single, divorced and widowed women over the age of sixty. The scope of the dialogue which, as it is outlined here, makes it sound as if the House is meeting the issues head on, is somewhat misleading. A better indication of Parliament's interest in women's issues is the fact that there were fewer than the required quorum of twenty members in the chamber at the time of the debate.

On to the campaign trail. The Liberals, content to rest on the laurels they've claimed for themselves with the publication of the Report, have remained silent. The issue of women's rights did surface briefly in Edmonton, when NDP leader Ed Broadbent came out with a strong statement supporting Affirmative Action. The idea is to use legislation to compel industry to hire more women. Stanley Knowles explained: "What it means is that no government contracts will be handed out to companies who have not filled their quota of female employees. I used to think that it was impossible to make changes through legislation but I'm convinced that it's the only route to take."



Upon closer examination of the NDP platform, the one bright light grows ever dimmer. After all, charity begins at home and presently the NDP's strongest and largest constituency, the trade unions, has not been practically supportive of moving women into the work force. A representative of Marc Lalonde's office, Patrice Merren, made some incisive comments on the subject: "Ed Broadbent, who always thinks he invented women, goes at the government but never calls the unions on their policies toward women. It's Broadbent's colleagues in the unions who shut the door on apprenticeships for women. The unions have kept women out of the trades and refuse to unionize women in low-paying jobs." As for the rest of the NDP platform, its consciousness is no doubt the result of years of back-room work by NDP women. But both the policy's exorbitant cost and the slim chance of the party forming the next govern-

ment make the platform's implementation unlikely.

As for the Conservatives, contact with the PC headquarters in Ottawa is best rendered exactly as it took place: "This is Judith Lawrence in Toronto, preparing an article for a women's newspaper called *Broadside*. We would like to know if there exists a Conservative policy on women's issues, or perhaps a written rejoinder to the Liberal report *Towards Equality for Women*." PC Rep: "Well now, I'm new here and you've really put me on the spot. Towards what?" Broadside: Towards the equality of women. Rep: Can I put you on hold? PC rep. Doug Wood: Doug Wood at the policy desk. You're Mrs. Lawrence. Broadside: No, not Mrs. Do you have a policy on the status of women? Wood: Can I put you on hold? Wood (again): We have a research paper on

the status of women.

Broadside: When was it prepared?

Wood: Can I put you on hold?

Wood (again): Recently.

The Conservatives, in case you hadn't noticed, are putting women on hold. They seem to have found grounds for agreement with the Liberal party. The PC's have produced exactly what the Liberals hoped would result from their report — paper. And this research paper is only research, not policy.

While the NDP has gone out on the Affirmative Action limb, the Liberals sit on their report and the Conservatives fumble around for their research paper, the debate has been less than intense. Stanley Knowles commented that there has been no party response to the NDP platforms. The only time the issues come up is when NDP members address a roomful of women.

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Unemployment: Room at the Bottom

by Jacqueline Frewin and Alex Maas

At any time, but more clearly in times of economic crisis, it is the most powerless who are most profoundly affected by attempts at budgetary juggling. All of the old myths are dragged out of the closet and spread, in a cloak of re-vamped rhetoric, to suit the climate of the moment.

NDP leader Ed Broadbent has said, "It is pure hypocrisy for the Government to pretend it is committed to improving the status of women when it is eliminating many of the programs aimed at helping working women." It also seems abundantly clear that the government's five year plan, recently unveiled, was simply a "pre-election farce which amounts to no more than a plan of continued inaction." It may be part of the pre-election politico game, but the implication for women is a depressingly accurate statement of our social reality.

A brief glance at some of the changes which affect women in the work force make it extremely clear that we are not at the top of the government's list of priorities. And even when we are given 'honourable mention,' a closer look at the implementation and administration of that legislation illustrates the double-talk that can do little but maintain us in the kitchen — preferably below the poverty line.

A more precise look at the real employment figures outlines the less than admirable consideration that is allotted to us, for example by the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

The employment rate for women rose from 3.4% in 1967 to 9.5% in 1977. The official rate excludes all women working part-time (70% — most of whom simply cannot find full-time jobs), and those who have given up the search. They have discontinued this search out of necessity, not (as the government would have us think) out of laziness or lack of interest. Either there are no jobs to be found or it is impossible to find the necessary support services. (eg. daycare).

The most conservative estimates put women's official rate at 15.6% compared to that of 9.9% for men. Translated — women constitute 60% of the hidden unemployed! The reason for this incredible rate of unemployment? Simple, no jobs!

According to the Social Planning Council's aptly titled report, "The Problem is Jobs... Not People," the problem is an obvious one and will not go away until millions of jobs are created. In August of 1978 there were 17.2 officially unemployed people for every job vacancy in Ontario.

Typical of the government's approach to the problem was Darcy McKeough's 1977 budget

recommendation that full employment be re-defined as 5.3% unemployment. Even more frightening to women was his recommendation that the work force be divided into primary workers (men 25-64), and secondary workers (everybody else — ie. women and youth). It is obvious that employment is not viewed as an essential policy objective by the federal or provincial governments. An added show of what might be considered part of the 'patriarchal concern' is that women's unemployment has recently been defined as outside the 'official concern' of the provincial government.

Feels bizarre? There is more! All of this is happening at a time when corporate profits are up 21%. This is largely because of the incentives for investment concessions provided by the federal government. Trudeau glowingly acknowledges that they "have helped create substantial profits in various sectors." They have not, as it was supposedly intended, created more jobs! The federal government has persistently pursued a strategy of implementing tax concessions worth hundreds of millions of dollars. The supposition we assume, is that millions of jobs will then follow. Can Mr. Trudeau's view of capitalism be that naive?

Manpower's advertising campaign is all part of this fantasy. Their campaign, directed toward the employer, explains the nature of tax deductions claimable if they hire an unemployed person. There is also another program which offers to pay a certain percentage of the employee's salary if the employer meets the outlined requirements. You may have observed some of these advertisements in the subway on your way to work. One wonders at the logic that puts advertisements designed for employers on billboards in the subway.

Another slash by the federal government, in the name of restraint, is the cancellation of the Community Employment Strategy Program. 70% of that budget is now allocated to Canada Works for job creation purposes. However, this program offers only short term employment (maximum period is one year) at rates only slightly above minimum wage, and approximately 75% of the jobs are created for men.

Canada Manpower has similarly dropped women as a target group in their outreach program, resulting in drastic cuts to Manpower funded employment agencies sympathetic to women. Times Change Women's Employment Service has recently had its funding cut by 40%. The Manpower retraining programs

Continued page 5

Unemployment, cont'd.

designed to impart vocational skills while paying the client a living wage have similarly been drastically cut.

At a time when women's unemployment is at a critical level one might hope for at least some degree of fair treatment from the Unemployment Insurance Commission. Not so! The recent changes in the Unemployment Insurance Act clearly demonstrate the government's less than benevolent attitude toward women's participation in the work force. According to Victor Schuartzman (a former information officer for the program) the administration for the commission has set quotas that upwards of 40% of women are to be cut off benefits. They offer clear proof of this mandate. The cut off rate for women is twice that of men. Then, to add insult to injury, Bud Cullen, Minister of Unemployment and Immigration has repeatedly asserted that women abuse the system by collecting unneeded benefits! The statistical reality is that women, in fact, underuse the system. A study done in February 1978 illustrated that women represented 45% of the officially unemployed, yet only 36.8% of them were collecting benefits.

Instead of making any attempt at improving this gross situation, the amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Act continue to be based upon the assumption that women constantly abuse the system. Most of us are now referred to as workers with a marginal attachment to the labour force. The response to women's unemployment is to make it even more difficult for us to collect the benefits to which we are entitled. New entrants (youth) and re-entrants (women who have left the labour force in most instances to carry out re-productive labour) will have to work twenty weeks, rather than the standard 10-14 weeks in order to qualify for benefits. Part time workers, 70% of whom are women, will have to work at least 20 hours a week to qualify. The final amendment (an anti-inflationary step?) is that the benefits have been cut back by 10% across the board, which will, of course hit the lowest paid the hardest.

Another less than subtle twist occurs around the issue of child care. Subsidies are not available to women on UIC benefits although the commission requires that women with children be able to provide full-time child care to qualify as being available for work. One of the ways in which they test this availability (an obvious tactic used to disqualify women with children) is to demand that they appear for interviews on an hour's notice.

The present changes are all part of a comprehensive program designed to reverse the trend which women have been developing to meet our economic needs — our increased participation in the labour force. While the economy was expanding and women's increased participation was essential this involvement was encouraged. However, the economy is now contracting and the number of jobs available is decreasing at an alarming rate. Instead of attempting to deal with the problems of the economy in a direct and creative manner the government is instead resorting to denying the extent of the problem and is spending much money and energy on distorting our perceptions. Their recourse is to withdraw the support services and vocational training programs necessary to enable women to participate in the work force and consequently earn a living wage. The tactic is to place the responsibility on the members of society who at the moment possess the least power.

This attempt to solve an employment problem by forcing women out of the labour market is not a new one. It is a standard response to fluctuations in the economy. It has worked successfully in the past, most notably at the end of World War II. This is not the end of World War II. It is not likely to work as effectively today. I'm sorry gentlemen, but there is no baby boom to absorb women's energy. Inflation forces us to seek paid employment as it puts a heavier strain on our already meagre incomes. Women need to work outside the home and are increasingly determined to do so — increasingly less willing to be duped, 'hidden' or ignored.

C. D. Howe Report

The federal government is claiming labour shortages in the 1980's as justification for its stop-gap, make-work policies of the 1970's.

However, in their recent annual economic policy review, the C. D. Howe Research Institute has shot a few feminist holes right through assumptions of a slow labour force growth in the next ten years.

The government is basing its predictions and its short-term policies on the belief that the growth of the working age population will be much slower in the 1980's due to a drop in the birth rate of the '60's. This, they say, will result

in decline in labour force growth. However, growth is also affected by assumptions made about participation rates. Participation rates are determined by the proportion of the working age population that is either employed or seeking employment. And in calculating these participation rates, the federal government has once again underestimated the power of women.

The Economic Council, in their "people and jobs" study, forecast a leveling off from the rapid rise of women entering the work force in the early '70's, saying that most "of the women who want to work are now in the labour force." Then in February 1978 the Finance Department published a report predicting that while expecting men's participation rate to remain stable, women's participation rate would rise only slightly from 46% of the working age population (all women 15 years of age and over) in 1976 to 48.9% in 1986.

The government as usual is out to lunch. Women's rate of participation has continued to grow strongly, and it is no surprise to us to hear that we slid in at 48.8% seasonally adjusted in January of this year.

According to a Globe and Mail article on the C. D. Howe report (February 28, 1979): "Ottawa economists appear flabbergasted. They do not know what to make of this.... The Finance Department recognized its forecast error in a paper submitted to last November's First Ministers Conference. The Department said its previous projections likely "have underestimated to some extent the future growth of female and hence aggregate participation rates," with the result that labour force growth in the 1980's will be faster than earlier thought."

As the House report points out, all the reasons for the initial increase still hold and appear likely to continue to do so in the future, including: the strain on family income with escalating inflation; women increasingly seeing the need for economic independence from men; higher education; smaller families; and finally, women wanting careers of their own and the ability to pay for private daycare where public facilities are unavailable.

At this point, the obvious question arises: Is the government's confusion for real? If they are planning for labour shortages in the '80's, why are skills training programs for women being cut back instead of stepped up to ease the expected skills shortage.

If they are planning for labour surpluses, why aren't they making a concerted effort to train the vastly increased number of unskilled women who will undoubtedly enter the labour force over the next decade?

The Buck Stops There

The atmosphere was electrically charged with anger at a forum on women and unemployment held last February in Toronto.

Over 400 people came to question three MPs on their parties' platforms regarding the tightening of Unemployment Insurance Commission regulations, reductions in Manpower training allowances, and the elimination of women as a Manpower Outreach target group for funding.

David MacDonald (PC, Egmont) allowed sweet words of standard rhetoric to flow from his lips. Frank Maine (Lib., Wellington), Parliamentary Secretary to Employment & Immigration minister Bud Cullen, generally put his foot in his mouth with "assurances" that women are not special and don't have any disadvantages, women are abusing UIC, women are making UIC cheques a way of life and don't want to work. Panelist Pat O'Neill, a North York Alderwoman, answered succinctly: "Bullshit."

Marianne Langton from Times Change Women's Employment Service, a Manpower Outreach program facing drastic cut-backs, pointed out to Mr. Maine the irony that women's outreach programs were set up because women were considered a disadvantaged group. Now that things are getting worse, women are no longer seen as disadvantaged.

Bob Rae (NDP, Broadview) provided a certain measure of counterbalance to the Conservative glibness and Liberal defensiveness. "Our society creates underemployment," he said. "Unemployment is systematic; it's not accidental, and therefore any unemployment figures are not a real measure of the situation."

At the end of the forum, as Frank Maine's colleagues came forward to congratulate him and Bob Rae went home for a good night's sleep, women were left feeling their participation was mainly an exercise in futility and frustration. Yet it was not a total failure; women of different political persuasions were united in their anger and determination to do something about the increasing attacks on us by government. □ Deena Rasky

Myths

The majority of married women work for pin money and should remain in the home at a time when the economy cannot afford to indulge them.

Child care is available for women who actually need it and low income women are provided with subsidies.

In the early seventies Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value legislation was the government's insurance that the female half of the population would be given fair treatment in the employment arena.

The Canada Human Rights Act was one more legislative tool adopted to enforce equal pay for equal work.

Mandatory Affirmative Action programs have been set up requiring government and private industry to comply with legislation demanding equal employment opportunities for women.

The Manpower Re-training and Outreach Program for women was implemented to cater to the needs of women who were searching for jobs and the necessary skills to perform them.

Realities

Sixty percent of women in the labour force married. In 1975 two thirds of those women lived with husbands whose income was below the poverty line. These women work, not for frills, but out of necessity. The situation has not improved since 1975! These women and their employment needs have to be taken seriously. If this myth is to be considered as a real issue then it must be applied across the board. Regardless of sex, then only those forced by economic necessity have the right to wages.

Instead of an increase in child care facilities there has been an actual decrease since 1975. And at a time when low income women are hit most brutally by inflation and unemployment child care subsidies are being cut, sometimes making it virtually impossible to even look for work.

Sex remains the single most significant factor in wage discrepancy. In 1965 the wage gap between women and men was \$2694. In 1975 it was \$6060.

All well and good! However, the commission set up for enforcement procedure is extremely complex and 'discretionary'. The enforcement officers have complete power of decision and can threaten the complainant with having to pay costs in an unsuccessful action. The intimidation is crystal clear!

No such luck! The twist comes in the form of Voluntary Affirmative Action which has been in existence in Ontario since 1975 and has been recently implemented at the federal level. To 'voluntarily' increase women's wages and decrease job ghettoization for women is to 'voluntarily' spend millions of dollars. The ineffectiveness of such a program is painfully obvious.

The cutbacks in this program have been huge (eg. a married woman living with an employed husband previously received \$45 a week. She now is eligible for \$10 per week). Previously a woman on a re-training program could choose between UIC and the manpower allowance. Now she must take the lower UIC payment. The Outreach program of Employment and Immigration is eliminating women as a target group.

Attitudes at work within Manpower offices can be described as openly discriminatory — separated women are encouraged to collect support rather than look for a job; married women are encouraged to remain in the home and not attempt to earn 'pin money'. A consistent attempt to stream women into traditional low paying jobs remains the order of the day.

**Best wishes to
Broadside**

from

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

BROADSIDES

by Susan G. Cole

Monkey See, Monkey Do

Newsweek called it a case of life imitating art. Feminists have suspected for some time that there is a connection between the plethora of sexual horror shows that have been brought to the screen and the violence women experience in the streets. But it has taken three brutal incidents following the screening of the Paramount film *The Warriors* to rekindle the discussion of film and its capacity for inciting violence. *The Warriors* is a film about gang war in New York City. In Oxnard, California youths took their cue from the screen and went at each other in the theatre. One man was killed. In Palm Springs, California at a drive-in theatre, a man was killed at the snack bar. The suspected murderers of a Boston teen-ager were just coming from seeing *The Warriors*. Snuff movie protestors, accustomed to the "prove-the-connection" demands of pornography's apologists are watching the developments closely.

Let Snignons be Bygones

April 9, 1979: Academy Awards: It was the first year that the content of films nominated for the awards promised to add some tension to the Oscar proceedings: *The Deer Hunter* — a film that exploited the trauma of Viet Nam (to say nothing of its violence) and hopelessly muddled the politics of Indochina — vied with the explicit anti-war statement of *Coming Home* for top honours. One, featuring the suitably alienated Robert de Niro as a male-bonded Superman who survives Viet Nam intact, going against the other, with a portrayal by the sensitive Jon Voight of a paraplegic and pacifist Viet Nam veteran.

Hollywood opted for *The Deer Hunter* and in so doing displayed an alarmingly blasé attitude toward violence in film. Either members of the Academy have not been reading in the newspapers that there has been a nationwide reaction to films like *The Warriors* or they have willfully covered their ears, content with the notion that a little, no, a lot, of blood and guts sells. Whatever the case, the vote for *The Deer Hunter* was a vote for violence on the screen.

For those of us who secretly wish that Hollywood still hated Jane Fonda so that we could still hate Hollywood, the Academy's sweetness and light was terribly disappointing. A domesticated Ms. Fonda accepted her best actress award, made a passing almost apologetic reference to the Indochina Peace Campaign and stuck to the safe issue — the rights of the handicapped. And what to make of John Wayne smiling benignly while applauding the nomination of *Coming Home*? It rounded things out nicely: the cynicism of *The Deer Hunter*, the radicalism of *Coming Home*, a bow to the right with the appearance of John Wayne. Well, everyone of every political stripe pays \$3.75 to go to the movies. And if everybody will pay, Hollywood will make room for everybody.

Bedtime Story

Family sociologists Jan Mancini and Dennis Orthner asked a random sample of couples in a Southeastern U.S. city what were their favourite leisure pastimes (March, *Psychology Today*). Forty seven percent of the men in the couples preferred making love. Attending athletic events came second, followed by reading

books. Thirty-seven percent of the women rated reading as their favourite sport. Sex, (at 26%) barely nosed out sewing (at 25%) as the second most-preferred pastime.

This should come as no surprise to those who suspect most women don't consider sex a leisure activity in the first place.

The data alone, however, does point to some incompatibility there: 19% of the women, when asked to make love by their sex-preferring mates, will not be engaging in the leisure activity of their first choice. All is not lost. The study could improve communication considerably. Those women could forego the familiar "I have a headache" lie and still get the point across — simply by picking up a book.

Even Cowgirls get the Blues

They knew the score in Dallas. The Dallas Cowboy management thought it would be a great idea to mix a little sex with spectator sports and introduced a new kind of cheerleader. No one seemed to care that the scantily-clad Dallas Cowgirls, exchanging those school-spirited cartwheels for bumps and grinds, didn't quite fit the carefully contrived image of the Dallas Cowboy football team — a disciplined and clean machine that comes complete with quarterback Rober Staubach leading prayers before each game. The Dallas Cowgirls were a hit from the start, a national phenomenon. Membership into the group was at a premium and the try-outs for the precision group received heavy media coverage. The Los Angeles Rams increased the number of places among the cheer-leading elite by offering the Ram's counterparts, The Embraceable Ewes. The cheerleading phenomenon has forged so deeply into American consciousness that even Charlie's Angels have donned cheerleading garb in their undercover efforts to stamp out crime. Porno moguls picked up on the Cowgirl popularity, put a Cowgirl uniform on one of their stars, identified her as a former Cowgirl and offered to the movie viewing public Debbie Does Dallas. The Dallas Cowgirls were not amused and went into court to have the movie banned.

The Ottawa Rough Riders' Silver Machine didn't receive so much attention. Even with their appearance in a Coca Cola commercial they made little impact and hardly became a household word. Maybe it was because Ottawa football fans felt some sympathy for anyone having to run around half-naked in sub-zero temperatures (Ottawa isn't Dallas, you know). Perhaps they simply are not interested in mixing sports with sex... Or it could be that the negative reaction of feminists had something to do with it. Whatever the case, the Ottawa Rough Rider management has dispensed with the Ottawa Silver Machine and will replace them with "regular cheerleaders".

A spokesman for the team confessed that the company had "lost its shirt" on the \$20,000 promotion for the Silver Machine and insisted that the recent decision had nothing to do with bad publicity or protests from women's groups. "Our only concern is the fans, not women's groups," he said. Ottawa management should take a good look into the stands when the Rough Riders resume play this fall. They'll notice a significant number of women, most of whom were probably unimpressed with the Silver Machine. As for the dozen ex-cheerleaders, at least they'll spend their autumn Sundays in warmer quarters.

"Y"... Because it Sells

This month's variation on the "if you can't beat 'em join 'em" syndrome comes to us from Buffalo. Some months ago, the Village People (Macho Man) came out with another disco hit. You know the one: "YMCA. They have everything that you can enjoy/you can hang out with all the boys." Now the American branch of the "Y" didn't like the sounds of it and the sub-cultural rumours that YMCA stood for Young Men's Cruising Association didn't help matters much. CHUM-FM in Toronto reported on December 11, 1978 that the "Y" had given notice that it intended to file suit against the Village People and their publicist for use of the YMCA's name without permission.

But when "YMCA" became a top ten winner and everyone was whistling about the YMCA on the streets, in buses, everywhere, the YMCA did the logical thing. They changed their minds. If you tune in on late night TV you can see the fruits of the reversal: 200

small tots, dressed in YMCA T-shirts singing gleefully with the innocence only children can muster: "YMCA, it's fun to be at the YMCA."

Joe Says No

February 12, Toronto: Alderman Joe Piccininni nearly bust his ample gut in City Council after reading a pamphlet on contraception. The pamphlet, distributed by the Family Planning Division of the City of Toronto, encouraged parents to talk to their children about birth control. Piccininni was "grossly disappointed" with a section in the pamphlet that suggested that children should be told that "a sexual relationship requires responsibility, emotional commitment and contraception." Such heinous advice Piccininni found outrageous. He claimed that the pamphlet promotes free love. He argued that this was exactly the kind of thing that gives adolescents the sexual go-ahead: "Kids will read it and say 'it must be okay because the city says you can do it'". The figures show that a number of couples have not bothered to wait for the city's "blessing". There were 2068 teenage pregnancies in Toronto in 1977. Forty-five abortions were performed on women under the age of 14.



Susan Sturman

Although transvestism was not demanded outright, Queen Elizabeth II was compelled to perform her own metaphysical exercise in trans-sexualism. In order to observe Saudi Arabian protocol for dinner with King Khaled, she and her three ladies-in-waiting became honorary men. Happily, the sex change is reversible.

Queen for a Day?

Licence to Stick 'er

Brenda Misskimmin was trained to be a legal secretary at Centennial College in Toronto. She says performing personal errands was not included in the instruction, and assumed that if she were called upon to do a good turn for the boss, she could draw the line where she pleased. And she did. Franz Bowman asked her to fetch his automobile license sticker. Misskimmin eyed the two days worth of work she had on her desk, decided she couldn't take two hours off, and said no. She was fired.

She wasn't home fifteen minutes when she realized something was wrong. It wasn't fair. She called the press and the flurry of news coverage that followed her firing has made her a cause célèbre among most women, and the potential nemesis of people like Bowman who assume secretaries should be handmaidens.

Other impatient bosses have cluttered the pages of the newspapers with letters bemoaning the fact that nobody does anybody favours anymore. They seem to have forgotten that a person asked to do a favour always has the option of saying: "Sorry, no".

Misskimmin puts it differently. She argues that if you work in an atmosphere where the boss does the occasional favour for an employee, then obviously the employee can reciprocate. Misskimmin now works at the firm of Symes and Irwin, two lawyers who admired her pluck and hired her almost immediately after Bowman discharged her. "We keep juice and other drinks downstairs," she said. "One of the lawyers came up and asked if I wanted some apple juice. I nearly fell off my chair."

"In that situation," she adds, "I'd do somebody a favour." Didn't Mr. Bowman do that kind of thing? Misskimmin's eyes widen in that "are-you-serious" way and she says flatly: "No".

Prodding Along

We tend to rely on the notion that bureaucracy is benign, a red-taped morass wherein the only thing that gets the occasional nudge is paper. We have learned that at the hands of bureaucrats women get pushed as well and probed and prodded. The trouble is, paper doesn't talk back. Women do and this one did.

Perhaps she simply didn't look like a virgin. Whatever her failing, a 35 year old school teacher attempting to immigrate to Britain was medically examined to determine whether she had had sexual relations. Although immigration policy is tight, there are no restrictions on the immigration of close relatives to Britain including anyone betrothed to a citizen. Plainly when a woman claims to be a fiancée, she'd better have some proof. Enter the speculum. As the *Globe and Mail* reports (Feb. 3, 1979) "the tests were designed to check whether claims of intended marriage were genuine. Those found as virgins, they (officials) explained, were more likely to be truly engaged to marry."

The woman in question, feeling "mentally badly", "embarrassed" and "upset", sought recourse at the Indian High Commission. The Indian High Commission in turn lodged a formal protest to the British Foreign Office.

British MP's tut-tutted loudly enough to induce the Home Secretary to order that medical examinations of women be discontinued immediately.

Needless to say, no males had been similarly examined for proof of their chastity, likely because a speculum does not produce the desired results so handily. *Broadside* researchers have been racking their brains to produce a foolproof virginity test for males just in case one indicates his intention to marry as grounds for immigration. We have rejected the idea of measuring semen (impossible; semen is a renewable resource) and have dispensed with the idea of searching for teeth marks on male genitalia (fellatio doesn't count). Would the truly zealous immigration official settle for affidavits from mothers and sisters?

It is becoming something of an epidemic, this urge to pry into the inner spaces of women. In Chicago, Illinois, a woman was stopped by police after she made an illegal left turn. When it was discovered that she was not carrying her driver's license, she was taken to the police station where she was ordered by a police matron to "pull down your pants, squat three times and spread your vagina". The search was not for the woman's license.

"Jane Doe" as she is called thought this a bit much, and she is not alone. She and 50 other Jane Doe's filed a class-action suit in March asking the U.S. District Court to restrict police strip-searches of women accused of nothing more serious than misdemeanors and traffic violations. With the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Jane Doe's are also asking payment of damages to the tune of \$125,000 each. If the suit is successful a hefty sum of money will change hands. Ten thousand women have been strip-searched in Chicago for minor violations.

Usually only women are strip-searched in Chicago. Seizing on the spirit of sexual equality, *Broadside* researchers considered giving the Chicago police a few tips on how to strip-search men. But we agree with Trish Herrera of Houston who received the same treatment there for failing to signal while changing lanes: "It's a degrading thing to have happen", yes, and no matter what the sex of the victim. Besides, according to an article in *Time* (March 19, 1979) Chicago police do search men — they give them a pat-down while the violators are fully clothed.

Lois Lipton, A.C.L.U. attorney, put the matter of strip-searching women in its proper perspective: "This practice cuts across racial lines, ethnic lines, age lines, religious lines. The only thing these women have in common is that they are women"

The Fetal Flaw

Anti-choice forces, after swelling the ranks of Hospital Membership (from 30 to 850) at St. Thomas-Elgin General Hospital in Elgin County, Ontario succeeded in electing three anti-choice members to the Board of Governors of the hospital. But when the three new members attempted to throw their weight around on the confidentiality of health records they received a setback. Justice Horace Krever, presiding over the proceedings, said that it would be a perversion of consent to require a woman to sign a form such as the one suggested by the new Governors of St. Thomas-Elgin.

The consent form states: "I am aware that my unborn child is a human being and at this point in development has characteristics including..." The sentence would be completed by a doctor before the patient signed. Krever said that it would be "cruel and highly insensitive" to make a woman undergoing a therapeutic abortion sign such a document.

Fazed not in the least by the rebuff, Mary Anne Evans and the two other governors in question, offered yet another way of making life difficult for the woman who chooses to terminate her pregnancy. Evans suggested that the Board members be given information on each woman applying for therapeutic abortions including: age, marital status, previous pregnancies, the number of living children, the number of previous abortions, the date of the last birth, type of contraception used, type of family planning recommended, the name of the doctor or doctors requesting the abortion, and the medical reason why the pregnancy ought not to be allowed to go to term.

In a rare conciliatory gesture, Evans agreed that the list was negotiable. But members of the medical staff were not exactly clamouring for the new input. Dr. Alexander Borre, one of the governors not connected with the anti-choice forces, testified that the governors did not need additional information on therapeutic abortions to fulfill their role.

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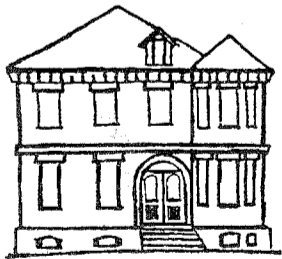
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MOVEMENT MATTERS

WCREC

In November 1978, the Women's Counseling, Referral and Education Centre was in danger of shutting its doors when its 3 year grant from Health and Welfare expired. With this area of responsibility now in provincial hands, the Ministry of Health was the only potential source of future core funding. It appeared however, that WCREC was not a priority.

Over 2,000 women have received referrals to therapists through WCREC. Fifty women call each day for information ranging from legal advice to finding a place to stay. WCREC is the only service in the city which guarantees referrals to pre-screened, non-sexist mental health workers, suggested after a thorough assessment of the individual woman's specific needs. The service has provided public education in the area of women and mental health and has sought to foster alternatives to traditional forms of counselling for women.

In response to WCREC's imminent closing, other social services, women's groups and individuals telephoned and wrote their M.P.'s, the media and Dennis Timbrell, Minister of Health. In late December, Mr. Timbrell announced a \$19,200 grant to WCREC. The grant constitutes emergency bridge funding for six months. It is a far cry from the \$80,000 originally requested to maintain the service at its previous capacity; staff have been cut back and the service reduced to the essential referral component. But given that the government expected they could simply give the excuse of cutbacks and that WCREC would quietly die, even this smaller amount of funding must be seen as a victory for women in Toronto.

Twenty thousand dollars must still be raised to take WCREC in its present form through the last six months of 1979. Fundraising efforts are underway, and again the response of women is tremendous. An application has been submitted to the United Way for membership in 1980. And WCREC has been given space at 348 College Street through Doctor's Hospital, who also provide space to the Rape Crisis Centre, and the Immigrant Women's Centre.

The WCREC financial crisis has helped to illuminate many issues which women's social services must face now that easy government grants (and all the problems that situation created) are over. The Women's Fundraising Coalition and the emerging Ontario Federation of Women may provide partial answers. But we must continue to demand of politicians and the charitable organizations we support, that women's needs are addressed when funds are allocated and priorities are set. Money is available. It's just a question, as it always has been, of where it is going.

□ Darlene Lawson

WOMEN'S CREDIT UNION

Most of us have run into troubles dealing with the banks. In trying to obtain financial services from them, we, as women, often meet with condescension and discrimination. We may be refused loans without our husbands' co-signature or, discovering too late that we have no independent credit rating, find that loan application is not given consideration. When exploring financial alternatives for ourselves and collecting information on available options, we may be treated with a lack of seriousness and receive poor quality service. We may object, moreover, to the lack of control we have over the investment of the money we leave on deposit in the banks.

The Metro Toronto Women's Credit Union is the coming together of women to establish a financial service of our own. Formed in November, 1975 by a group of women who were seeking a collective solution to the problems we encounter as women in the traditional financial institutions, we have grown from a few dozen members with negligible assets to 1600 accounts and assets of close to half a million dollars. We provide financial services in the areas of savings, loans, and education.

Credit unions and banks both provide financial services, and your deposited money is insured and safe in both institutions. Yet

credit unions are based on a fundamentally different set of principles and structures. Banks divide up their profits at the end of the year among a small group of shareholders. Credit unions are money co-operatives, owned and run by their members. Their profits are returned to members in the form of dividends or higher interest rates on deposits or are ploughed back into credit union operations to improve services. Credit unions are designed to serve specific communities and this is why they are attached to parishes, occupational groups, community organizations. This means that a credit union is able to tailor policies which are especially suited to the needs of its membership.

As a Women's Credit Union we can establish policies which are sensitive to women's needs. We assess loan applications in a manner free from traditional sexist discriminatory factors and discount, for example, marital status as a primary ingredient in determining credit worthiness. We provide savings plans and educational counseling which are suited to women's lifestyles and life patterns.

We are currently working to expand our membership and our assets as quickly as possible so the Credit Union can become increasingly self-sufficient and an increasingly strong resource to the women's community. The money you deposit with us is loaned out to other members. Thus, at the same time you are collecting interest on savings, you are also helping to make money available for other women's needs. In this way we can provide resources for the individual and group needs of women in our community. By pooling together our individual resources in a Women's Credit Union we work toward creating a collective solution to our individual problems.

□ Pat MacKay

NAC

What is NAC? The National Arts Centre? The National Association of Race Tracks? The National Association of Chauvinists? For a growing number of women, NAC stands for the National Action Committee on the Status of Women. This cumbersome title came from the group which in 1966 called for the establishment of a Royal Commission on the Status of Women. That Commission itself provided the means for Canadian women to begin assessing their situation.

Since these beginnings, NAC has grown from the initial group of about 20 national women's organizations to a membership of over 150 groups whose individual members amount to several million women. Member groups include status of women provincial and local committees and councils, special interest groups (rape and crisis centres, women's service, research and action groups, national women's organizations and political party groups). The remarkable fact is that this variety of points of view and varied experience can come together to develop unified policy and strategy for promoting the concerns of women.

The recent amendments to Unemployment Insurance and Family Allowance legislation and the proposals for tying public service salaries to the levels of those in the public service sector, all causing additional hardship for women in the low-paying jobs, are being opposed by NAC and many other women's groups. They are also united in proposing changes in the rape, abortion and prostitution laws and in calling for changes in much of the provincial family property legislation. The incorporation of the concept of "equal pay for work of equal value" in the Federal Human Rights Act (achieved after considerable pressure from NAC) has yet to be tested for the effectiveness of its regulations.

Political and ideological differences are present in NAC, but so far have not to any great extent impeded action. If frustration grows and lack of progress becomes more evident, then we may differ on strategy, political philosophy and long term goals. For the present, there are many government policies on which NAC members can unite in criticism, and in proposing change.

□ Kay Macpherson

How many times have you heard a woman say "I'm not a women's libber, but..." and then go on to list the causes she supports and the ills she finds insupportable?

All rhetoric aside, the **Movement Matters** section provides the nitty-gritty of the movement of women towards change. Not the whys, but the whats: what services exist, what events are happening, what meetings have been held and what they've accomplished. It's at this level the movement takes shape and gains momentum.

Movement Matters is not a section for commentary and analysis. That will take place elsewhere. Instead, you can expect further introductions to women's services, reports of meetings, actions, and announcements of coming events. Please put **Broadside** on your mailing list. For future issues we wish readers to send written material (brief but to the point), flyers, press releases, announcements, etc., for possible inclusion in the **Movement Matters** section.

□ compiled by Beverley Allinson

TIMES CHANGE

Times Change is a women's employment service which offers placement and counselling on job search and career planning. Women looking for jobs have a lot in their socialization to overcome. The process requires assertiveness, confidence, and the ability to sell oneself, and these are qualities which women are not trained to develop. We have found group workshops to be one of the best ways of helping unemployed women, and we offer three different workshops geared to different client needs.

Our workshops teach practical ways of dealing with the process of looking for work and deciding what kind of work to do. They also help women develop confidence through supportive feedback on their skills and life histories, and role playing difficult situations such as job interviews. Warm feelings of mutual support often develop in these groups, and many clients continue to stay in touch with each other after the groups have ended.

In some ways, the unemployed have a lot in common with housewives — both groups generally lack contact with others in the same situations as themselves and tend to think that their problems are personal and individual. Often, they don't realize that their difficulties are shared by thousand of other people. Our groups bring together women who might otherwise never have met each other. For the first time, they realize that they are not alone — and that they are unemployed, not because of personal failings, but because of a tight and discriminatory job market. Our workshops often serve as stereotype-dashing sessions: women from different ethnic and economic backgrounds get a chance to meet each other and find that they share many of the same needs — for better training, job opportunities, daycare, and other support services.

Times Change has been funded since 1974 by the Outreach Program, under the federal Employment and Immigration Commission. This April, we received a 45% cut in our funding. We have had to lay off some staff and cut back on our programs. In order to partly compensate for this cut, we have begun charging fees for our evening workshops for women who are employed or are not in immediate economic need. Unemployed women with financial need can still attend our daytime workshops at no charge.

At a time when the jobless rate among women is rising, employment services are needed more than ever. We therefore feel that the government's cutback on women's programs is indefensible. Along with many other women, we have been involved in protesting these cuts and demanding better services to make it easier for women to carry out both their jobs — in the home and in the labour force.

□ Marianne Langton

we can as non-professionals to see a woman through the immediate trauma of rape. We also deal with clients who have been rape victims in the past, and are experiencing problems coping in the present. We counsel the families and friends of the victim should they experience confusion about how to relate to the needs of the victim of sexual assault. We also counsel couples.

Aside from our direct service to the victims of rape and sexual assault, we do an extensive public education program. Last year we sent speakers out to address 338 community groups (high school students, service clubs, church groups and women's organizations); and we fulfill constant requests from the public for information about sexual assault. We do workshops with the police and with hospital personnel and liaise with Crown Attorneys, the Law Reform Commission and others concerned with the rape law. We belong to a National Association of Rape Crisis Centres which serves as a lobbying force and as a clearing house of information to Canadian RCC's.

We are not funded on any permanent basis. Our support comes from corporations, grants from foundations, and municipal government; as well as from community and labour groups. We have been promised some form of provincial funding.

Any donations made to the TRCC would be utilised in improving our various programs and assisting our clients to cope with the trauma of sexual assault.

□ Gillean Chase

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RAPE CRISIS CENTRE

The Toronto Rape Crisis Centre is now five years old. It is the second oldest RCC in Canada, next to Vancouver, and is by far the busiest. In 1978, we provided counselling around the clock to 571 victims of rape and sexual assault; and accompanied some of them to police stations, hospitals and court. The TRCC offers a completely confidential service and maintains the necessity of the client to make her own decisions regarding whether to tell friends, report to police, etc. We can advise her of legal and medical procedures and refer her to clinics, hostels, therapists and other professionals should she require ongoing counselling or assistance. Our's is a peer counselling agency using the crisis intervention model, which means we do what

NELLIE'S

Nellie's Hostel is a centre for women usually with little or no money, who are having domestic crises.

We most frequently welcome battered women, runaway or homeless teenagers, women with alcohol or drug problems, women faced with illegal convictions, Welfare or UIC problems, and so on.

At Nellie's we try to provide a safe and relaxed environment. We offer good meals, informal counselling, and referrals when necessary. Men are not allowed in the house: this absence, added to the opportunity to enjoy and create supportive relationships with others in the hostel, makes it possible to break down what is often a lifetime of mistrust and isolation from other women.

Nellie's is run collectively by nine full-time staff and a board of directors. We struggle to operate along feminist principles of power- and responsibility-sharing. There is no hierarchical structure and there has never been a staff director.

The maximum stay at the hostel is two weeks; the cost 50¢ per night if possible. There are house rules, lax but important, which are explained at sign-in.

If you want to stay at Nellie's, or can donate clothing, linen or dishes (which we always need), please call and make arrangements with the staff member who answers the phone.

Nellie's is temporarily located at 429 Broadview Avenue in Toronto (416-461-1084) while our permanent house at 275A Broadview is being renovated. **Debra Curtles**

IWD PROTEST

On March 8, 1979, International Women's Day, the women of WAVAW demonstrated their anger and contempt for the "nation's finest's" most recent attempts to decriminalize acts of violence against women. Armed with the OPP's report on Rape, a trash can, matches and sparklers, more than seventy women gathered at City Hall in Nathan Phillips Square. Under the watchful gaze of a dozen or so policemen, women provided their answer to the "Rape Problem" in Toronto.

In response to the OPP report which clearly puts the onus of blame for rape on women who are indiscriminate enough to be out on the streets after dark, or who hitchhike or who run away from unacceptable family situations and which is specifically aimed at curtailing women's freedom of movement, WAVAW proposed the following: a 9 pm curfew on all men to apply in any area where attacks on women have occurred, these including streets, homes, doctor's offices, judges' chambers, places of business and police stations; revoking the driver's licences of all men on a one year trial basis since women hitchhikers are endangered when offered rides by men; the abolition of the family in accordance with findings indicating that most rapes of juveniles are perpetrated by relatives; automatic conviction for all accused rapists unless they can prove their virginity.

To cap the Hamilton Police Force's threat to charge women who cry "Rape" with public mischief and in the hope of preventing any attacks on women when possible danger signals arise, an urgent case was made for the arrest of men who show signs of promiscuity or are less than circumspect in their behaviour and for their indictment with the charge of public mischief.

All that being said, women lit up their sparklers while the fire in the trash can was stoked with the pages of the OPP report and the bra of an anonymous donor. WAVAW women then marched up the Yonge Street strip past the old "Snuff" site, the porn bookshops and movie houses and on to the Maple Leaf Gardens where a special cheer was reserved for Harold Ballard and his directive that women stay on their backs where they belong. **Susan Power**

LOOT

In February 1977, a group of lesbian-feminists pooled their ideas and their womanpower to form the Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT). Loot, which operates out of the woman-only house at 342 Jarvis Street, offers a variety of services and activities. There is a counselling and information phone-line for lesbians who are just coming out (or who are new to Toronto) as well as weekly drop-ins and coming out discussion groups. Loot's coffeehouses, brunches and dances give new women the opportunity to get acquainted with lesbians who are already part of the community.

Loot's success in helping lesbians find the emotional support of the community hinges on the continuing presence of community women at 342 Jarvis St. Organized on a collective rather than hierarchical basis, Loot provides a loosely-knit structure for the expression of a wide range of lesbian interests. Women with a knack for journalism focus their energy on Loot's monthly newsletter; others devote time to the counselling and drop-in collectives. Amythest, a group of lesbians who talk about their experiences with alcoholism, meets every Tuesday evening. A woman's band practises at 342 Jarvis St., and the basement houses a feminist printing press. The house is often booked for political meetings — this year, Loot is sponsoring a three-day bi-national lesbian conference in Toronto. Dozens of women have coalesced around the project, which promises to spark debate over the future of Canada's lesbian movement.

Valerie Edwards

WOMEN'S FUND

Recently, an amount of \$8000 raised over the past year by the Women's Fundraising Coalition was allocated to six Toronto women's services.

The Coalition, now known simply as the Women's Fund, was started in order to provide a source of emergency bridge funding to women's groups in a financial bind.

Among the events sponsored by the Fund was a dinner at Sai Woo featuring guest speakers and entertainment; a Monte Carlo Night at Harbourfront; a series of speaking engagements with Kate Millet, Phyllis Chesler and Florynce Kennedy; and an all-woman trip to Cuba.

The most successful of the fundraising events was the "Dollar Per Woman" Campaign. Its success can be rated in terms of money raised, but more importantly in terms of the women who became involved. A great number of women from all over Toronto who had not previously been involved in the women's movement saw the campaign as a chance to join together and work for something they thought worthwhile, namely saving women's services from shutting down. And the newly elected Women's Fund committee is made up entirely of women whose active participation in the movement in Toronto started through the "Dollar Per Woman" campaign.

It's interesting also that of the six groups allocated money, two were not mainstream services supported by large-scale government or United Way funding. It's important that a source of funding be available to groups unable to obtain it elsewhere. The existence of the Women's Fund helps keep that option open.

Next year the Women's Fund will be sponsoring another "Dollar Per Woman" Campaign. If this year's response is any indication, the Women's Fund should be able to make a consistent and valuable contribution to the women's community in the future. **Philinda Masters**

WOMEN'S POLITICAL PARTY

On February 11, one hundred women gathered in the East Common Room of Hart House at the University of Toronto to discuss the possibilities of forming a women's political party. The agenda was ambitious, designed to deal with platforms and principles, and the participants offered a wide range of views concerning the needs of an organized women's movement.

Despite the fact that all the answers did not come in the space of those three hours, it was an important day for feminists in Toronto. The meeting brought together women who have been involved in practically every aspect of politics, education and business. There was general agreement that women were not getting a large enough slice of political life. That consensus did work, as one of the organizers commented, "as a woman-welding ploy." And there were small group discussions where women listened, really listened, and exchanged. The group decided to beef up the ranks of the organizing committee and to meet again in early spring. By then, some of the terms such as "political party" will become more clearly defined, and the myriad options available to the group will be scrutinized more closely.

The next general meeting will be at OISE, 252 Bloor West, 2-5 pm., June 10, 1979. **Susan G. Cole**

LESBIAN CONFERENCE

The Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT) is hosting a conference, May 19-21, where lesbians can share their thoughts and difficulties, search for a common direction and explore different aspects of our culture.

In the past two years our lesbian communities have been growing and changing; our diversity is our strength. We are active in lesbian groups, mixed gay groups, and women's groups. Some of us are too isolated to be active and out. Some of us are involved in creating a woman-identified culture. And all of us experience changes and problems because of this activity. It is this growth and diversity that we can share and discuss at the conference.

The Lesbian Conference Committee of LOOT has been overwhelmed by the responses to the questionnaire we sent out late last fall. With over a hundred replies — and more trickling in all the time — we're overflowing with ideas, suggestions and questions.

Provoked by the diversity of the response, we came up with a looser conception of the conference than originally intended. We think it should be possible to integrate discussions of personal life, political life, and social and cultural life throughout all discussions at the conference.

To capture this idea, the theme of our conference will be "Our Lives, Our Community, Our Movement." On Day 1 we

will explore different aspects of our lives as lesbians: coming out, relationships, young lesbians, alcoholism, etc. Day 1 also includes workshops in which we will examine our communities in detail to discover how well we are responding to the needs uncovered in the previous workshops.

We plan Day 2 to focus on our movement, on alliances we forge with other liberation movements and on the problems and benefits of working with other groups. Regional reports will kickoff this day's discussion.

The final day of the conference will give us a chance to pull together all our ideas. To provide a framework for the third day's discussion we are organizing a panel on lesbian strategies. We hope that we will be able to end up with concrete suggestions to take back home; a stronger communication link, a stronger movement, stronger communities and fuller lives.

We have arranged rooms at the conference site, The University of Toronto, for an on-going cultural festival. Bring your treasures: — there will be display space; space for poetry readings, jam sessions, improvising, etc.

For more information about cultural events, and to find out how to register, see the advertisement on page

Amy Gottlieb

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ANNOUNCING.....

Fran Hosken has written numerous articles on female genital mutilation, a practice common in many African countries, known as infibulation, or clitoridectomy.

Women in Africa have asked for assistance from outside their countries to put a stop to the ritual whereby 6- to 8-year old girls undergo excision of the labia and clitoris.

Hoskin is working to establish support groups around the world to assist African women in their struggle. She will be speaking to a public meeting in Toronto, at OISE, 252 Bloor St. W. at 8 pm on June 4th.

Valentina Duchnaj, L.L.B.
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Mainly Because of

Philinda Masters and Eve Zaremba show how and why women are Ms.-represented by the mainstream media.

Most of us only know what we get from the press, radio, and TV. Mainstream media are our main contact with reality outside our individual lives. Virtually without exception these media have fed us a lot of bullshit on most important subjects. The female half of the population has suffered more than most from this. Media crimes against women and against good journalism have been many. Crimes of commission and omission, language and emphasis, ignorance and arrogance.

The messages are confused and contradictory. The female half of the population is not worth taking seriously. Women's issues i.e. daycare, job ghettos, abortion, etc. are dull and tedious. Special interest stuff. The Women's Movement is dead/it's won; it's dangerously radical/it's a tupperware party; it's funny/it's dreary; it's Lesbian/it's lazy middle-class wives who don't want to do the dishes.

So who's to blame?

Is it nasty capitalist bosses sitting around plotting against women? Or the working reporters, journalists, members of the Newspaper Guild? It isn't necessary to postulate a conscious plot on the part of everyone concerned. In our society few things work that simply. For instance a complex and self-reinforcing mechanism operates at the level of "women's issues" — such as daycare, abortion, social service cut-backs, job ghettos, wage differentials and so on. For a journalist, whether male or female, "women's issues" is the pits. It's the lowest on the paper's totem pole. Carries no prestige, leads nowhere, is perceived as irrelevant, dullsville. The Women's Section and its clone, The Family Section, is a vehicle for advertising. Articles and stories are only there to keep the ads from running into each other.

Everyone connected with a newspaper knows this from day one. It's not where journalism's heavies hang out.

There is nothing to be gained for an individual reporter or columnist by taking women's issues seriously, doing any real digging, making connections, learning and passing on this information to readers. On the contrary, a snide comment or irrelevant quote is more likely to attract favorable attention or at least a smile from bosses and peers. How can this help but produce stories that are in fact dull, irrelevant or downright hostile, confirming what everyone knew to start with?

Real policy is made well above the level of the working reporters. It's not necessary to spell this policy out to them. Journalists soon become fine-tuned to the political expectations of the newspaper and even personal bias of the publisher and editors. Bright young feminists entering the business soon learn self-censorship or get out of journalism. To get on, even merely to keep a job, journalists learn not to make waves. Taking women seriously, injecting some hard headed analysis into any 'women's story,' would amount to making waves in most newsrooms in Canada.

Newspaper publishers and editors are captives of their own assumptions. They operate in a world of conventional professional journalistic wisdom. After the ritual 'objectivity,' comes 'newsworthiness.' What is newsworthy? Simple. Events, not issues, make 'hard news.' Powerful people create 'events,' women are at best satellites of powerful men, thus women as women do not generate 'news.' Simple indeed.

The Women's Movement has received abysmal coverage in the last ten years. Its death has been celebrated by the mainstream press since at least the end of 1975, International Women's Year. It's the longest ongoing wake in history. Somehow newspapers and magazines of various political colours have found it necessary to reaffirm the non-existence of the Movement at more or less regular intervals. This is hardly required where the subject has in fact expired. Since it has never bothered to find out much about the very lively real thing, the mainstream press does a very neat trick. It first creates an ersatz model of the Women's Movement, then destroys it. To the uninitiated this looks very convincing.

The line of least resistance is to treat anything to do with women under the rubric of the Fabulous Four — Food, Family, Furnishing and Fashion. Women's Liberation news, if acknowledged at all, can be equated with the Society news and consigned to the Women's/Family Section, thus magically ceasing to be news at all and becoming a 'life-style' feature. Meanwhile on the news pages, reporters, columnists and editorial writers feel free to ascribe to women and especially to feminists any damn thing they like.

This approach creates problems that newspaper editors do not know how to cope with. It's hard for even the most obtuse to ignore the fact that something is happening out there — women are making unseemly waves, the world is changing. Yet without the help of big 'newsworthy' events — how would they like bombs, maybe? — which fit into their professional view of what is important, how can they report on it? There seem to be consequences without observable causes. There are manifestations of some nebulous female entity, an entity without a central focus, leadership, structure, membership lists, addresses or phone number. Conventional male journalism cannot deal with such a situation. So the issue remains and efforts to get around it are pitiful indeed.

Conventional journalistic method requires identifiable sources. So who are the spokeswomen for the Women's Movement? Routine sources of information are usually women with institutional status. Lacking any understanding of, and not caring about, the phenomena they are trying to cover, reporters and their editors often assume comfortably that these women are 'representative,' 'legitimate' spokeswomen for the Movement. It's an understatement to say that this can be highly misleading and that all but the most indifferent editors must know this or at least sense it. On occasion a woman is found who can be counted on to come up with an off the cuff, quotable quote. It's easy to make them sound 'weird' and inconsequential, thus handily avoiding dealing with reality.

But the Women's Movement persists in defying all efforts of omission and commission to discredit it and make it disappear. The activist militant minority is hard to pin down and identify but it's very obviously around. Effects of the last ten years have now permeated far into the fabric of society and into the consciousness of regular down-home, non-militant women. It doesn't matter that many may be too intimidated by ridicule and hostility to identify as feminists. With no overt contact with any concrete manifestation of radical feminism they can still be very subversive indeed. The virus is rampant.

At this moment in history it should be clear to all, to friends as well as enemies, that women are a factor in our society, that the Women's Movement is alive, well and affecting all aspects of it. The press needs to break out of conventional thinking about women and what constitutes 'newsworthiness' and 'objectivity.' It had better start taking women seriously as a major news beat. At least on par with labour, business and government, not to mention crime and auto accidents. In the news and editorial pages, using skilled, knowledgeable and unimpaired journalists. Not because of any sudden conversion to feminism or because the press gives a damn for the status, role and humanity of women. Just to retain some vestiges of credibility.

□ Eve Zaremba

Ms. Taken

A key method of denigrating the Women's Movement has been the Unrealised Expectations ploy. The Movement is assumed to be expected to undo the oppression and discrimination of centuries in five or ten years. Since it obviously hasn't done so it is branded a failure. Who wants to be connected to a failure? It's a set up.

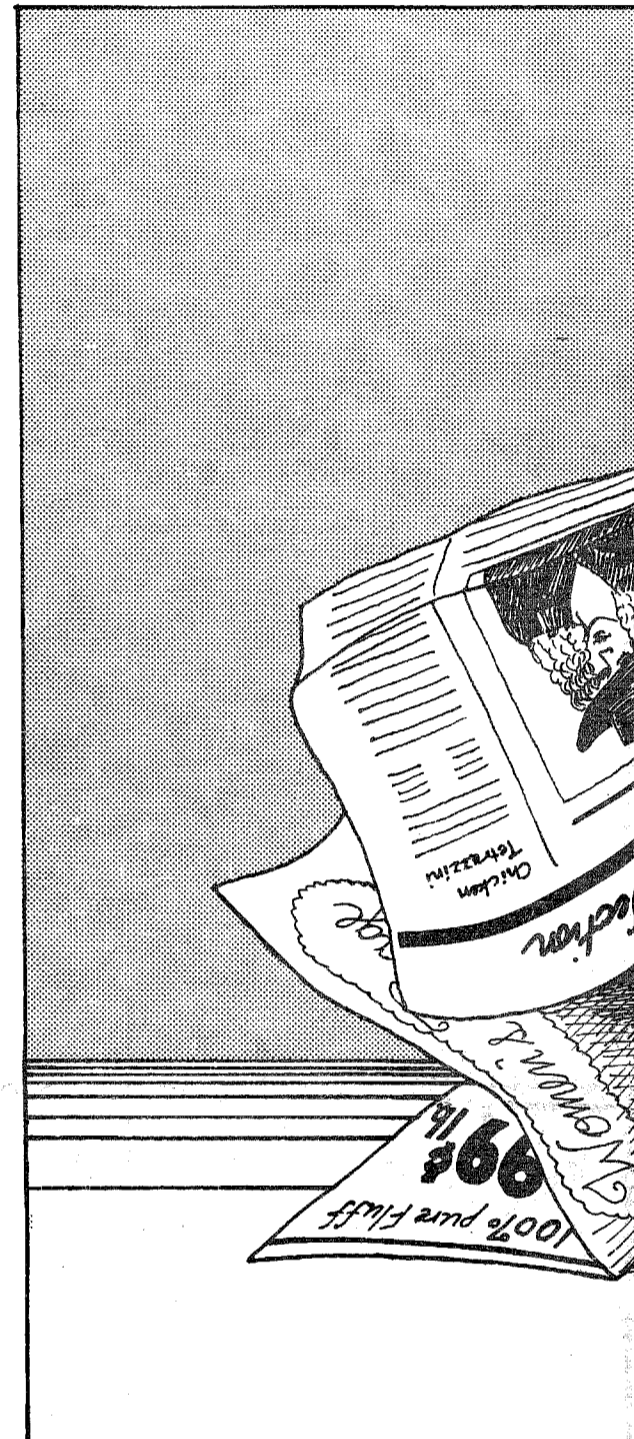
A perfect, almost too perfect, example of this ploy is a cover article which appeared in *The Weekend Magazine* on April 2, 1977 called "Beyond Sisterhood." The cover picture presents a red funeral wreath in the shape of a female symbol, with the cut-line 'Is there life after Liberation?' Inside, the snideness continues. The sub-head says 'Was it better to have fought and failed than never to have fought at all?' Immediately we know we are faced with a classic of its nasty kind.

The writer is a woman. Of course. Our mainstream media picked up on the fact that men are no longer believable as 'objective' commentators on the women's movement. There are more than enough embittered female mercenaries to do the job. The thing to do is to find a woman with some credentials, like long past membership in a defunct feminist group: a naive, sincere woman, honestly embittered because women hadn't totally changed the world, overturned patriarchal power and established a feminist utopia since 1969. One of the early innocents who believed that pointing out the obvious justice of women's causes would do the trick. Men would acknowledge it, apologise and move over. The early euphoria over, she will be disappointed and resentful of those who continue the struggle. Misery loves company: she will want to pull them down.

It's not hard to spot women like that and get them to do your hatchet work. *Harper's Magazine* produced a similar job with an almost identical cover picture a year before the *Weekend* effort. A good idea deserves to be copied.

Most of the *Weekend* article consisted of interviews with four ex-members of an early Toronto group called New Feminists. These four were presented as representative of the movement even though none were currently active. They were also very carefully shown to be rather weird. As it happens, the writer had interviewed a number of other ex-members of the same group; more active and less weird. We were not told about them. These four were carefully selected — a journalistic prerogative — to best exemplify and confirm the article's underlying message, 'women's movement failed, women's movement has lost its soul.'

This article is a vivid example, one of many, of an attempt by mainstream press to invalidate and thus help destroy a major social and political movement: the false expectations, the lack of analysis, the crassly biased selection of interviewees, the blatant presentation of a tiny irrelevant part for a complex, evergrowing and changing whole, the hypocritically concerned tone, the false syllogisms — a classic; but unfortunately not unusual.



Ms. Print

Probably most journalists would suffer unruffled the accusation that they were sexist, patriarchal, unconcerned with women's issues, etc. But most would be affected by the accusation of bad journalism. And that's what the media's coverage of women amounts to. Not just bad journalism, but unprofessional.

Imagine a small town outside Toronto where half the population of 2300, that's 1150 people, were suddenly afflicted with a strange virus which kept them in bed for months on end. A young reporter sent to cover the story would be expected to find out what the virus was, what were its symptoms, what cures were available, what the townsfolk thought about it, how it affected their daily lives, their economy, their children.

Suppose in the course of investigation the reporter found out there was a cure but no-one was using it and reasons for this were inadequate. That would be news. Suppose, too, the reporter discovered all those afflicted to be women. (If the reporter were a woman she might at this point begin to fear contagion — unless she felt herself protected by the seal of, say, the *Globe and Mail*). At any rate the reporter would, you would think, rush back to headquarters and produce a comprehensive, in-depth analysis of the horrid situation for the front page.

Not to carry the analogy too far, women are not given that kind of treatment by reporters. In real life, the story would be treated in a ho-hum way and put on the woman's page next to an article on the latest fashions from Paris. The women would probably be blamed for catching the virus anyway. Either that, or the story would be given front page coverage, but the fact of it being women afflicted would be obscured: "1100 people catch deadly virus."

You get the idea. How many times have you read on the

the Media



Susan Sturman

front page about Canada's poor, Canada's unemployed? And how many times have you read that these 'people' are mainly women?

Consider the fact that one of the greatest social movements of the past decade has been the women's movement. Then look at the media coverage. The fact that the events and trends, by any standards, are newsworthy is overlooked in the media's need to protect the status quo. 20,000 people demonstrating in Rome is news, but not if it's 20,000 women. A general strike is news, but not if it's a strike of women.

A recent Weekend Magazine poll indicated that only 42% of Canadian women consider themselves feminists. Only? Most of the accompanying article then discussed the pros and cons of using Ms., Mrs. or Miss. That's their idea of the women's movement. Incidentally, the *Globe and Mail* Style Guide states that not to use Miss or Mrs. in front of a woman's name is "abhorrent, even in sports coverage." Abhorrent?

When issues of concern to women, especially those representing women's attempts to organize, are presented in the news they are done so in the shoddiest of ways. When recently a group of women met in Toronto to discuss the formation of a political party — a political party, not a jogging club — the news coverage was positively superficial. Readers were informed the time is not ripe for such a party, and treated to a quote from Laura Sabia: "We're here because everything else has failed."

This is serious. First of all, who says everything else has failed? That's a favourite shibboleth of the press. Secondly, any journalist worth their salt would probe the matter a little more deeply. It's called doing research. Obvious questions arise: What is this amazing phenomenon, the women's movement? and is it properly represented by Laura Sabia? The fact is that Laura Sabia is not the women's movement, the spectrum is far broader; and the movement itself is alive and kicking all over the world, including Canada. But you'd never know it.

When superficial treatment doesn't work, there's always plain, old-fashioned sneering. A *Globe and Mail* story covering a public forum on women and unemployment is a case in point. How's this for a lead sentence: "Hell hath no fury like an out-of-work woman?"

The story had no by-line, which means either the reporter didn't want credit (or criticism) or the editor sent a cub reporter who hadn't done much thinking (that's how it read) or the story wasn't considered important. In any case, the first several paragraphs were devoted to describing the women's behaviour as "usually reserved for boot-camp inspection," and their critical comments as "barnyard epithets." After telling us the audience was "hostile," the reporter finally got down to saying what the meeting was about. But the damage had been done. That kind of reporting one would expect to find in second-rate student newspapers, not the national newspaper of Canada.

Then there's that sleight-of-hand called 'emphasis,' or is it out-and-out bias? It's most noticeable when one looks at what kind of "women's" stories make the front page, and what don't. When Mrs. Rideout charged her husband with rape the story was imbedded in the back pages; when they became reconciled as husband and wife it hit the front page; when she filed for divorce it was relegated to the back. Front page space with large headline was allotted to a story on the difference between men's and women's brains. It was a time-worn but supposedly subtle justification for women's inferiority. This is the stuff that sells papers, but can it be considered good, sound journalism?

Speaking of emphasis, the *Toronto Star* has a chatty column called 'About Town.' One of the items in said column was a list of rapes that had occurred, presumably about town.

Now consider the irony that one reason for the refusal of ad space to homosexual groups, baths, etc. is that the newspaper in question is a "family" paper. The same newspaper will give plenty of space to sexploitation flicks, complete with sexy pics. A "family" paper? All the while, women's sections are being called "family" sections. There's some confused logic here, which should give you some idea as to how the shoddy journalistic treatment of women is allowed to happen.

So, gentlemen, we understand your position, your valiant efforts to maintain the status quo. But as the great ship of mainstream journalism sinks slowly in the west, you will go down with it. We, and the children, will be rowing away in lifeboats.

□ Philinda Masters

Ms. Alliance

Robert Fulford is a respected cultural guru. He writes a column in the *Toronto Star*, a major daily; and is Editor of *Saturday Night*, a major magazine which frequently runs articles on women and feminism. An influential man. Lucky for us, also a knowledgeable man. Fulford has on the whole treated female writers and artists with respect, has taken the trouble to read out cultural and literary journals like *Room of One's Own* and has recently written that "the great story of this epoch is feminism and its consequences."

Unfortunately high-brow myopia is an occupational hazard of cultural gurus. Fulford considers the battle won. "Everything has been transformed," he says in an introduction to an article in *Saturday Night*, on the "age of the wounded male;" the man who has to adjust to changed circumstances brought about by the triumph of feminism.

In the world inhabited by Fulford and many of our intellectual elite, much has doubtless changed in the social and sexual politics between women and men. This is an important achievement well worth celebrating. But claiming across the board victory for feminism is as misleading as suggesting it is dead. We haven't made a dent in the areas of economic and political power. And that's where it's at. No amount of social transformation among the elite — worth while as it is — makes any difference unless combined with economic and political change at all levels. Feminism is not merely a cultural and social phenomenon, it is a claim for power in all areas of life.

It is typical of the simple polarities of male ideologs that the left insists only economic change is important for women (through the destruction of capitalism), and liberals see everything in terms of personal relations, 'attitudes', therapy and love, peace and good vibes. Feminists cannot buy this either/or thinking. Surely it's not too much to ask that our friends try to understand that?

Ms. Informed

QUIZ

1. What do you know about the Icelandic women's strike?
2. How much do you know about infibulation? How wide is its scope?
3. What has happened to the Iranian women's protest of their enforced return to the traditional role?
4. In what major city was a women's radio station fire-bombed?
5. What is the effect of energy conservation on women?
6. What do Québécoises think about separation from Canada?
7. What is Mrs. John Smith's name?

ANSWERS: Not to be found in the mainstream press.

Ms. Fortune

Financial Times is Southam Publication's entry among Canada's Big Three business papers. It's a reasonably readable and generally unpretentious weekly tabloid with a circulation of some 100,000, if lacking both the pomposity and breadth of coverage of its heavyweight competitors *Financial Post* and *Globe & Mail Report on Business*.

Perhaps because they had read it in their London (U.K.) big league namesake, editors of *The Financial Times* appear to take cognizance of the proposition that exclusion of women from the higher echelons of business is stupid. A waste of valuable and scarce manpower (sic). Thus articles on women, e.g. women as an economic force, problems of sexual harassment (very trendy, this) etc. show up in perhaps one in every four issues. An occasional woman analyst or researcher is asked for her opinion on what stocks are a good buy.

Financial Times OF CANADA

How much of your first \$1,000,000 will you keep, Mr Zaremba?

So much for good intentions (if such they are). Women do not appear in 'hard' news stories. Of course in 1979 there are still no women in business to make news. Hard business is a totally segregated job ghetto. Secretaries and clerks are women and all other categories are merely dressed up by the occasional token in a safely supportive, staff position. Editors may be inclined to suggest otherwise but their advertising and circulation departments (as usual) supply the ultimate reality test. In promotional letters, present and potential subscribers are universally addressed as mister. No ifs, buts, Miss, Mrs. or Ms. This insidious practice is common throughout business promotion in general.

May we suggest, nicely of course, that business either quits pretending to give a damn for half the population or has a serious talk with the boys in Promotion. The present double standard has had its day.

ARTS



from left to right: Sherry Shute, Cindy Bullens and Patti Smith.

She Can Play, But Can She Hype?

by Susan Sturman

The rock industry honchos who brought us the "British Invasion" of the '60's are announcing yet another cultural breakthrough in rock and roll — the Woman Invasion. It's taken them over ten years to catch on, but record moguls have finally discovered that 'women are infiltrating rock' (as one local journalist puts it). Suddenly, aggressive young women brandishing electric guitars stare out from album covers and the pages of rock magazines. They represent, we are told, a new breed of woman musician who can really kick it out and at the same time challenge the macho image behind rock and roll.

Can this be true? Have the big record companies suddenly capitulated to feminists? Or have they merely stumbled upon another popular current to exploit? Certainly the Women's Movement has had some influence over the past ten years in opening up hitherto male-dominated fields to women, but the rock industry has been especially tough to crack. Not surprisingly, for it has long thrived on a glorification of sexism and sexual violence.

Despite the media hullabaloo, the "new" phenomenon of women in rock is not so new. Women have been battling their way in the male-controlled industry for years, and battle still. The difference is in numbers. As more and more women are getting into rock, it is becoming harder to dismiss the woman rock guitarist as a freak of nature or an isolated phenomenon. The fact that the industry now even admits the existence of a few female rockers is a major concession, and is indicative also of larger numbers still struggling.

For most women rock guitarists, the struggle has been against powerful stereotypes and the lack of role models, as well as the blatant sexism promoted by and within the recording industry. In the mythology of rock music, the symbol and tool of power is the guitar, and it has been wielded almost exclusively by men. One astute rock star actually took the metaphor to its extreme by having a guitar built into his costume, extending outward from the groin. The rock guitarist has become practically worthy of worship, or is at least the stuff

of which adolescent male fantasies are made. Visions of super-stardom dance 'round the head of any young boy who strums a chord or two. At parties or jam sessions, technical expertise on the instrument becomes a male competition, like sexual performance; it's a contest to see who can play the hottest licks. Rock is for men, macho, so goes the myth.

Women can't play rock and roll, we are told, and this serves to enforce another stereotype, that of women as gentle folk-singers, long-haired Madonnas picking drippy accompaniment on acoustic guitar. Most of the best known women guitarists in popular music have in fact been working in a folk-oriented style: Judy Collins, Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Joan Armatrading to name a few. All are known primarily for their singing and songwriting, but as guitarists they are all certainly good for more than a few chords. Listen to Joan Baez's flat-picking, or Armatrading's concert solo on "Back to the Night" (The Philadelphia bootleg album). Bonnie Raitt is one of the top electric blues players in the U.S. Ellen McIlwaine is an extraordinary slide player. Yet, like most women in the field, their instrumental virtuosity has been obscured by their reputation as vocalists; they are considered singers first, guitarists second, if considered at all. It would be inconceivable to ignore the guitar work of a Ry Cooder or a Leo Kottke in favour of his singing.

Folk music may have provided up-and-coming women musicians with some solid heroines, but rock equivalents have been few and far between, especially for the children of the '60's. Sherry Shute, lead guitarist for the local band *Rock 101*, has been playing rock professionally for ten years. But starting out was difficult.

"The idea of women playing rock and roll guitar was not accepted," said Shute. "When I was a girl I wanted to be a Beatle like everybody else, but there were no role models. I left highschool and started playing in an all-girl band. At the time, all-girl bands doing rock were still novelty acts. They expected us to wear gowns or go topless, to have some kind of gimmick. I was just interested in playing, getting better as a musician."

The gimmick problem is endemic to women performers. Even a classical musician like Liona Boyd is required to cheesecake a little for the sake of promotion. As Meg Christian, a feminist guitarist and songwriter, puts it: "As any woman who has performed in a nightclub knows, when they hire a man, they may be hiring a musician, but when they hire a woman, they hire an act". Aside from just playing the music, she will be expected to be good-looking and to come on with the men in the audience.

Being cute or sexy onstage has nothing much to do with playing the guitar. It has everything to do with the exploitation of female musicians by the industry; it enhances their "marketability". Presumably Linda Ronstadt's fans will tire of her music before they tire of her cleavage. While Ronstadt is an extreme case (and is responsible for her image to some degree), many

Continued page 16

Kay Gardner: From Background to Forefront

by Deena Rasky

Perhaps the best word to describe Kay Gardner is eclectic: she is a vocalist, guitarist, flautist, composer, pianist, columnist, feminist. Not easily categorized, her music often fades into the background and so does she. She doesn't seem to command her listener's attention. There are few reviews of her albums: *Ms* magazine overlooks her entirely; only in *Paid My Dues*, the feminist music magazine, where she is a regular contributor, is her music covered. This is a serious yet all too common problem for women musicians, especially those of the classical vein.

At closer examination, one finds Kay Gardner passionately involved with both music and the feminist cause. It has been an exceptionally active four years since she graduated from State University of New York in Stonybrook. As a student she was involved with feminism, reviving the works of composers Netty Simons, Daria Semegen and Ursula Mamlok for her Master's exam. Today, as Music Director of the New England Women's Symphony she brings neglected composers to a much wider public, and even

uses their works as part of the auditioning process.

Listening to Gardner's first album *Mooncircles* (1975), one feels overwhelmed by her eclecticism. Here is an album that includes some lyrics, a variation of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, a flute solo, a duet with guitarist Meg Christian and an orgasmic "jungle" piece. The lyrical pieces are weak, and often sandwiched between instrumental works of a different mood. One longs for some solo pieces by either cellist Martha Siegal or violinist Dora Short. The violin is brought out well in 'Beautiful Friend' and Siegal's cello really holds the 'Changing' piece together, but it is a strain to follow their individual parts. There is no unifying theme other than references to the moon. The unevenness is understandable since the album is an accumulation of Gardner's compositions to time of production. Consequently, the pieces are too restrained; a notable exception being one tour de force, 'Lunamuse'. Here Siegal's cello parts are outstanding and Gardner's flute has some strength and true lushness.

Three years passed before the release of *Emerging*. By the sounds of it, Kay and her crew at Wise Woman Enterprises (named after one of Gardner's compositions) have done a lot more training, research, and general development. The album is a more assertive, mature and far better engineered production than *Mooncircles*. Instead of artificially pushing certain instruments forward (as on *Mooncircle's* 'Prayer to Aphrodite' where the flute overpowers the other instruments) engineer Marilyn Ries has achieved a mix which is more natural on the duets and trios, and exciting on the electronic passages.

Many pieces on both albums are based on the rondo form (ABCDBA), but on *Emerging* there are climaxes and powerful passages, adding more drama and force without changing the structure. Gardner, by the way, prefers the circular form, citing her belief that the circle is an archetypal woman's symbol. This method is most obvious in 'Crystal Bells' and it works well.

Gardner combines baroque, electronic, classical, and Renaissance music. She also leaves the lyrics out of her compositions in *Emerging*, to her advantage. Besides being influenced by Semegen and Simons, Kay Gardner proves her affinity for Ruth Crawford Seeger, an American composer who is best known for her 30's songs (with text by Carl Sandburg). The best example is the 'Mer-

maids' piece, one of the finest on the album, which has an improvised mid-section over an ostinato determined by the pianist Althea Waites. (An ostinato is a phrase persistently repeated, commonly used in baroque pieces. Usually it's written for bass (basso ostinato); but Seeger incorporated more than one instrument in a subdued way.)

The one composition not by Kay Gardner on *Emerging* is an atonal piece, 'Anagram,' by Althea Waites. It stands out mainly because of its unusual prickly tension and Gardner's improvised segments on the flute.

Gardner's skill as a composer really shines in 'Rhapsody', a solo piece for piano. It is performed by Waites, yet one can still feel Gardner's presence in certain glowing passages. In this mature composition and in 'Anagram', Gardner proves her ability to work well with other artists: she has added a delightful flute flavour to such feminist works as Alix Dobkin's *Lavender Jane* and Margie Adam's *Songwriter*.

Three years ago Kay Gardner said about *Mooncircles*: "My music is naturally suited to subtle activities. I don't feel that it always has to be the focus of everyone's rapt attention. I think that it's perfectly all right for the music to be in the background." The music may be good background, but Gardner herself is emerging to the forefront as a musician, becoming music director of the New England Women's Symphony. □

Clare Coulter: One Woman Show

Interview by Deena Rasky

Clare Coulter is a nationally acclaimed actor whose most recent performance in Toronto was that of Emily Dickinson in *The Belle of Amherst*. The media has been full of praise for her and it is with good reason. She has a commanding persona on stage and is captivating in person.

Born 36 years ago in Toronto, Clare Coulter was brought up in a literary household. Her mother, Olive Primrose, wrote for such publications as *Saturday Night*, *Star Weekly* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her father was a playwright.

As a youth, Clare was an unsure wanderer, going from school to school, and undermining what little confidence she had at the time by keeping herself overweight. After design studies at the Ontario College of Art, she journeyed overseas to London's Italia Conti Stage School. She later studied briefly at Ecole de Mime in Paris, supporting herself as an au-pair. A two year apprenticeship at Stratford followed.

Clare Coulter has described these times as "horrid", but it has paid off. In the last two years at the Tarragon Theatre, St. Lawrence Centre, Theatre Passe-Muraille and elsewhere, she has played over eight roles in *St. Carmen of the Main*, *Le Temps d'une Vie*, *Toys in the Attic* and *Waiting for the Parade*. Presently she is in Vancouver performing in the new Michel Tremblay play *Damnée Manon*, *Sacrée Sandra* which will be coming to Toronto in May.

Usually very reticent with her interviewers and shunning publicity, *Broadside* found Clare to be open and candid as she spoke at great length about her personal feelings concerning her life and work. The following is the substance of her three-hour conversation with *Broadside*.

— D.R.

Broadside: In the *Belle of Amherst*, the role was originally tailor made for Julie Harris. Was that role re-modelled for you?

Clare Coulter: No. I would like to do another Emily Dickinson. My choice of her poems and stories. But I won't do that for a long time because one woman shows are really taxing. And I'm not that sort of actress. I'm a company actress. It would be a rare thing.

B: What is it about Dickinson that attracted you?

C: Nothing attracted me about her at all. At that time it was a role that I was being offered and I thought it would improve my stamina because I hadn't had to do very much labour and this would really tell the tale. What I didn't realize about it was that a one-woman show is a personality stomp. It's not like acting with a company. That personality has got to come up to scratch all the time. It's really quite like being in the circus.

Circus people, they do their act and then they turn and bow and then they do the next thing and turn and bow. In the Emily Dickinson, you're practically turning, doing your bit, then saying "Well I've got that number over, now for the next."

B: There's one aspect of that play that has been mentioned in an article on you, the aspect of the seed-cake. You would have preferred Dickinson's publisher Higginson to be presented with a lily instead of a seed-cake.

C: Well, in the play, the seed-cake has nothing to do with the publisher. The words she uses are simply an introduction to the audience in the play: "This is my introduction, forgive me if I am frightened, I hardly see strangers." It's a description of her first meeting with Higginson. After eight years of writing to each other, he came to see her and she held out two white lilies and said very low under her breath "Forgive me if I am frightened..."

Now what offended me originally, and I don't think it does anymore, was how they could take that incident which is full of intense feeling and vulnerability and fear, and change the lilies, which are very significant in the life of a woman like Emily Dickinson, to a black cake which would have a completely different significance, a domestic light hearted significance. How could they take the very words she used under one set of circumstances and put them into another set of circumstances? That's a freedom they took and perhaps I was far too abrupt in objecting to it.

They wanted to stay very close to the words she used. The play is supposedly conversation, but it isn't conversation, it's a patchwork of her letters, which is literature. The actual rhythm of speech is very difficult to lift out of the literary and into the conversational. Although it's presented as conversation it isn't that, it's extracts from her letters woven in, and very skillfully woven in, with little bits of colloquial this-and-the-other to make it sound like conversation. That's a very good thing to do, I think.

B: Emily Dickinson being the recluse that she was, a lot of her conversations were with a piece of paper.

C: The whole business of her being called a recluse is almost superficial. Physically she stayed inside her house and when people she was fond of came she refused to see them.

She was unable to bring herself to meet her emotions as they were affected by affection and people. One friend she begged and begged and begged for him to come to the house and visit them and when he finally did she ran upstairs and wouldn't see him and sent an apology saying that the others could handle it much better than she, and she got all she needed from just hearing his voice downstairs. She was a recluse in that she refused to see people, but she never stopped reaching out towards people to communicate with them.

Even though reaching out took the form of letters, it's not such an odd thing to put it on the stage as conversation, because there was definitely a communication coming out from her all the time. I didn't realize it when I first read the



Beverly Allinson

script. I thought "This is ridiculous. How can you put a hermit on the stage?" But she was reaching out all the time, and that's what the play brings out with her black cake.

B: You went to poet Susan Musgrave and asked her to read the poems of Emily Dickinson and act as a consultant?

C: No I didn't. Susan is a friend of my father's and she was in Toronto for a poetry reading. I asked her if she would come to the play because I wanted to know her opinion. I said to her "What is it about actresses reading your poems? What do you feel about that?" She said "I don't like it usually because they inject emotion into the poems, whereas poets are very matter-of-fact people," and it irritated her. That gave me some kind of a guideline as to what I ought to do, because I wanted it to be believable to anyone who was close to poets or a poet themselves. They should recognize on stage one of their kind rather than an actress. That went against a lot of the demands of traditional theatricality of all kinds. But as far as the writers are concerned the drama or theatricality is inside the words and they don't need very much else.

What I didn't realize about it was that a one-woman show is a personality stomp. It's not like acting with a company. That personality has got to come up to scratch all the time. It's really quite like being in the circus.

B: Your mother was a writer, wasn't she? I know your father, John Coulter, wrote *The Trial of Louis Riel* but I'm not familiar with any of your mother's works. What sort of writing did she do?

C: She started out in the twenties. She wrote poetry when she was young and then she went to England to have that published and thought she would be a poet in London. She was busy trying to get her poems published when she met my father. I'm not sure what he thought about her poetry. She suffered some setbacks, both from the publishers in London and from him, I think. In the end, and this may not have been due to anything but her own nature, really, she preferred not to write for publication. She never gave up her own writing. She wrote about three or four hours every day. She never gave up feeling guilty that she wasn't tackling the novel in the bottom drawer of her desk. The hours that she spent writing would go by making laundry lists, writing letters and writing her journals. She left forty four books of journals. She wrote constantly but she couldn't face publication.

My father has just completed editing her journals. Also he has a book coming out called *Prelude to a Marriage*, about their love affair which lasted about eight years because neither wanted to give up his or her independence.

B: Did she talk to you about her work when you were a youngster?

C: No. There's a difficulty in our family about writing. I can remember her saying "Perhaps when I'm gone you'll read this." I don't know what it is. It's as though there are great portcullises between us. My sister is a writer now and when she has a story come out that she finishes, I must read it. Once I get into it I'm glad, but I have an enormous resistance to it. I'm not sure how she feels about my performances but I imagine it's quite hard for her to come to them.

I think there is a kind of emotional incest in it. To involve yourself in a work of imagination is like love. You give up something in order to abandon yourself to it. It is a work of the imagination, but because it's taken from their reality and you are part of their reality there's something not quite right about giving up your sense of reality in order to enjoy the imagination.

B: How did your mother feel about you becoming a performer?

C: She loved the idea from the start. She was just ready for the world. My father wasn't, though.

B: Did your mother see you perform?

C: Yes. Of course she missed the good stuff. On the other hand it's nice my father is the one who survived to see this because he never had much faith. Not exactly faith. He had suffered great setbacks and disappointments in his life which my mother never knew anything of. The real hardships in life. He was afraid for me, whereas she was never afraid at all. As far as she was concerned everything was possible and she didn't need to live to see it.

B: You studied mime in Paris. Were you thinking at the time of working in mime?

C: What happened was in the sixties I was terrifically fat and had all sorts of setbacks psychologically which turned me in on myself and made me reluctant to come out at all. Once I started the roads towards coming back out I knew that although I didn't want to make any sounds, I didn't want to speak, I would start with a physical awakening. I would spend a couple of years just silently awakening my body. Well, that didn't work because as soon as I got to Paris I suddenly thought "Oh! I can do it right now! I want to talk, I want to work, I want to be a professional and I'm getting right back to Canada" and I left after two years.

But actually I wish I had spent the time. I got back to Canada and all that optimism absolutely went straight to the floor and I was the same silent introverted sleeping self that had left to go to Paris.

B: A newspaper article mentioned you longed for the role of mother and childbearer. Was this the traditional fabrication, or a twisting of facts?

C: I don't know that I long for it. One of the things that I find difficult to grasp is that nature allows you certain things within a time limit. You've got to know within that time whether or not you want them.

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I imagine that most women who go to the movies with any regularity have developed some sort of built-in defence mechanism, suited to their own personal sensitivity and political awareness. It's something like a daily walk past a construction site — the regularity of sexual harassment has a deadening effect. This is how ideology works, surrounding and suffocating alternative visions.

My favourite moment in "Moment by Moment" is the scene where Strip (John Travolta) is sulking in the bedroom after Trisha (Lily Tomlin) has refused to declare an unqualified love for him. She comes in and she says (something like): "I've had enough of cheap sex — I want a meaningful relationship." Trisha, softly backlit against an orange wall says (approximately): "I've never had cheap sex in all my life. I was sort of looking forward to it with you." It's quite a moment when a confused snicker runs through the audience — one is never quite sure how seriously this movie takes itself, but my suspicion is that for Tomlin and her friend and collaborator Jane Wagner the main motive was to earn a good living as inoffensively as possible while racking up some credit in the generally offensive world of Hollywood features. Unlike "Girlfriends," which was produced independently by Claudia Weill and then picked up for distribution by Warner's, "Moment by Moment" is a Universal "motion picture" from start to finish — its producer, Robert Stigwood, also produced "Saturday Night Fever" and "Grease."

"Tongue firmly in cheek" effectively describes the overall tone of this openly escapist romantic drama, and relief is my response — for once I can settle back, enjoy my popcorn and sink into reveries of cheap and inoffensive sex in sunnycal, silk shirts, beachhouse elegance, driftwood fires and sandcastle speculation. It's not food for my dreams, not feminist fantasy to feed the imagination and the spirit, but it is a liberating contrast to the normal run of escapist films because it is neither misogynist nor sexist, it doesn't depend on violence or any kind of machismo nor does it subvert the vitality and potential for bonding of the two women characters.

There is a curious motif of mirror resemblance between Trisha/Tomlin and Strip/Travolta, a resemblance emphasized by the camera, and used, as the film generally urges, with the main focus on Trisha, so that Strip becomes her alter-ego — in fact, with no clear power over her except his youthful charm, Strip might just as well be a woman. There's more than one echo of Claude Chabrol's "Les biches" (France, 1968), a film which exploits the voyeuristic possibilities of a lesbian relationship and ends bloodily, with the young girl's murder of her patroness. The other echo I sensed in "Moment" was in the rich woman/poor man theme established and then reversed by Lina Wertmuller in "Swept Away." Unlike Chabrol, Wagner provides no retribution for pleasure sought and gained; unlike Wertmuller, Wagner stayed clear about role reversal — Trisha loves Strip without being subjugated by him. Lacking Wertmuller's self-proclaimed politics, Wagner also lacks misogyny and insensitivity to sex/class relations.

Moment by Moment by Moment



Interviewer: I want to talk to you about your frank film about heterosexuality. Did it seem strange to you, seeing yourself making love to a man on the big screen?

Lily Tomlin: Oh, well, I did a lot of research, you know, and by the time we began shooting I was used to it. I've seen these women all my life, so I know how they walk, and I know how they talk. Of course I did interview some psychiatrists but they don't have the answers.

Interviewer: No, I don't suppose anyone does, really.

Lily: Of course I got a lot of flack from straight liberation groups — some thought I went too far, some not far enough...

— excerpted from the album *Modern Scream*

That "Moment by Moment" contains no violence, no narrative dénouement, no final phallic thrust, but ends instead at the beginning of a new cycle of hesitant involvement is no doubt a reason for its less than overwhelming success. It is a harmless movie, dismissed as "tacky" by *Variety*. I suspect it has yet to find its appropriate audience — my own instinct would be to show it on a double bill after "Montreal Main" and allow its potential for thought-provoking kitsch to emerge. Meanwhile, the very ease of the film's inoffensiveness leaves me wondering why it is so unusual to see a fashionable woman portrayed, as Trisha's friend Naomi is, as loyal and humane for all her frills and gossip? Why, even when a movie does show a woman as the centre of interest and refuses to punish her through the plot or through the camera lens, the publicity material still emphasizes the role of the man? □ **Barbara Halpern Martineau**

Low Marx in the Deep South a review of *Norma Rae*

Norma Rae was an entertaining film.

It also openly revealed the ideological screen through which it was made. It showed love, concern and respect for the "working man". At the same time it attempted to break through racial and religious barriers giving a sense of the strength and joy inherent in many people's uniting as brothers. In so doing, it took some pains to break down sexual prejudices: attempting to expose and reveal women in a somewhat non-sexist liberal way. It did so unashamedly, unpretentiously and with a sense of sincerity. It displayed respect for feminist sensibilities, concerns and politics; but it backed off from giving voice to feminist ideals and visions. Too revolutionary? Not commercial enough?

As a leftist film *Norma Rae* was respectful of a 'liberated' 1970's audience; it was unthreatening, politically or sexually. It was uplifting in its portrayal of the rising of the 'weak' and oppressed; it was not insurrectionary. The rise of the unions is 'old hat' in capitalist countries. If the film had opened with Norma standing up to a threatened management, a "free" worker, with the resultant body of support she received from the others to form the union, and gone on from there, it could have been revolutionary. It didn't and wasn't. Why did these filmmakers pussy-foot around? They're obviously capable of writing a professional script and bringing out the best in actors, able to make films (for purpose and profit) successfully. If only they had been courageous and creative.

Norma Rae was not made from a feminist perspective — in intent or resolution. This is the subject of my concern: how, why, and for whom this film was realized; what it accomplished in its liberal 'liberated' presentation; and how it failed to (feministically) expose/reveal, define/determine women's lives and destinies as "free" people. It failed to voice a resolution to women's dialectic of being both female and human; giving men and women an opportunity to see what that means: for everyone to be free of this insidious social disease that has been crippling our human potential too damned long. In any 'world'.

This is how the film was billed: "*Norma Rae*: The story of a woman with the courage to risk everything for what she believes is right." Certainly this would lead one to believe this film was to be 'about' Norma Rae, a woman.

The introductory sequence of the film visually supported the billing. It showed 'old' black and white photos of Norma as a child. Close-ups of machinery suggested this was *her* world. Surely this film would reveal Norma and her world from an autonomous woman's point of view. I listened to the lyrics of the introductory song which also set the tone of the film to come: "...bless the child of a working man...". Already she was identified in relationship to a 'man'. The lyrics to this song from a feminist perspective would more likely say "bless the courage of a working woman..." An obvious core difference in the concerns of the leftists versus the feminists. No, I thought, surely I haven't come to see more proof of the co-optation of women. Again. Or hear further hypocrisy: free women, in some ways. "Keep an open mind" I said, knowing how expectations can cloud one's perceptions; "give them a chance to come through". The refrain: "...and maybe what's good gets a little bit better and may what's bad gets gone".

Cut. Norma operating a weaving machine in the deafening noise of a textile mill. Next: Norma having a coffee break with another woman worker and her mother. She discovers her mother is deaf; marches her into the Mill's doctor who says it'll pass but if she doesn't like it "she can get herself another job". "What job?!" demanded Norma "there ain't another job in this town." (She showed she's not afraid to speak up.) Back at home Norma's Papa answered the door to Rubin, the union man who's come to town. Norma is standing behind her Papa peering over his shoulder to see the 'new' man. While the men speak, she listens, except for an 'innocent' correction of her father saying they don't really have a dog to send Rubin away as Papa threatened to do. (Message: one man and one boss is enough?) In other words, Norma is kept in the background: physically, with her attention and peace-keeping role.

What was background before, musically, became the foreground visually and verbally: this film was to be 'about' the rise of the unions. Norma was to be the key vehicle to the (men's) cause. She started out working for 'the Man' in the mill and ended up working for 'the Man' in the union. An independent, strong, intelligent and courageous woman — who wouldn't want her working for them? Fine: as long as she's helped,



One Woman:

The Glassy Sea by Marian Engel. McClelland and Stewart, 1978, 165 pp., \$10.95

The major difference between Marion Engel's *The Glassy Sea* and *Bear* is one of resolution, and the recognition of the 'war' that every woman must, at least to some degree, bring to awareness.

The journey that Engel takes us on is a long and arduous one. One which sometimes bogs down in the claptrap of female socialization, one which is swamped with doubts and painful withdrawal, one which in many ways begins the journey toward feminism. Her heroine's awareness begins when she's struck by the fact that: "I wanted a world I could legislate make my own; not own, not totally control, no, not that: but that was it: have an importance in."

The novel's form is a long letter which describes Mary Pelagi's movement through the innocent pains of childhood into the somewhat ethereal scholastic world where she manages to both touch life (whatever that may be) and yet remain outside of it. That episode culminates in a year of physical withdrawal and final contact with her mother. The next ten years take place in the quiet solitude of the Eglantine Order, a house of women only peripherally affected by the larger society. We are then carried, sometimes dragged, through the years of marriage, motherhood and mounds of socialized distortion and finally down to the sea and an isolated farm house.

At that point we are well aware that the novel is quickly approaching the end, and if one pauses for a moment it is to wonder if we are to be left there conversing with the sea shells. But this is not the case. In a few short pages we are taken on an amazingly speedy journey. Suddenly the male-oriented myths must be swept away, the war between the sexes has reached critical proportions, and "yes, let them do it. Let them get rid of us. There will be no more mothers, no more grandmothers; no aunts, no female slaves. Nothing but good fresh fucks whose day is over on parturition."

"They will get what they want. And they will see what it is, their hunter's dream."

This is all a jet age preamble which flies us back into Eglantine House. It is to be very different from the Eglantine House of her youth. It will no longer take on the cloak of an Anglican nunnery but she will run it this time as a women's hostel — a refuge from the war. She sees it as essential because "there are hundreds of thousands of them, men who are afraid of giving women any power, any power at all; who must bind them and hurt them, retain them as superior servants only; probably to prevent what they fear is the female side of themselves from getting out of hand."

At this moment in the novel I felt excited and out of breath. The conclusion is extremely powerful and catches you unawares. She begins to consider and talk loudly about women, relationships, the war, survival, a "mind hospice, a refuge from the war; an alternative to the plan of disposing of us all at thirty." But I can't help wondering why Engel didn't allow us more of that excitement and shortness of breath earlier. *The Glassy Sea* certainly warrants the journey through Mary's "warps and woofs". I am already fantasizing on Engel's next novel.

□ Jacqueline Frewin

All Women

Gyn/Ecology: by Mary Daly, Beacon Press, 1979, 485 Pages

Since the early years of the second wave ten years ago, when things started falling into place and we re-discovered patriarchy, only a few theorists have tried to assemble all the pieces in one book. Now suddenly, as the seventies play themselves out and we have barely been able to dispel the cynicism that was the only by-product of International Women's Year, Mary Daly has written an extremist and inspiring book about feminism.


Continuing the experiment with language that she began in *Beyond God the Father*, Daly spins through three passages urging her readers, spinsters, hags and crones all of us, to understand patriarchal myth, to confront the sado-rituals of the suttee, Chinese footbinding, African genital mutilation and the witch-hunt and to grasp the power women could have to be subjects and not objects in the world.

If you are wondering how the Virgin Mary became the Totaled Woman, if you are interested in how we have been bamboozled by academics whose objectivity has legitimized the mass murder of women, if you've ever thought that the anti-choice forces had a fatal fetal flaw, if the issues of transsexualism and androgyny have taken up more of your thinking time than you think they deserve, if your feminist vision has paled a bit in the last little while, read *Gyn/Ecology*. Mary Daly is brilliant.

□ Susan G. Cole

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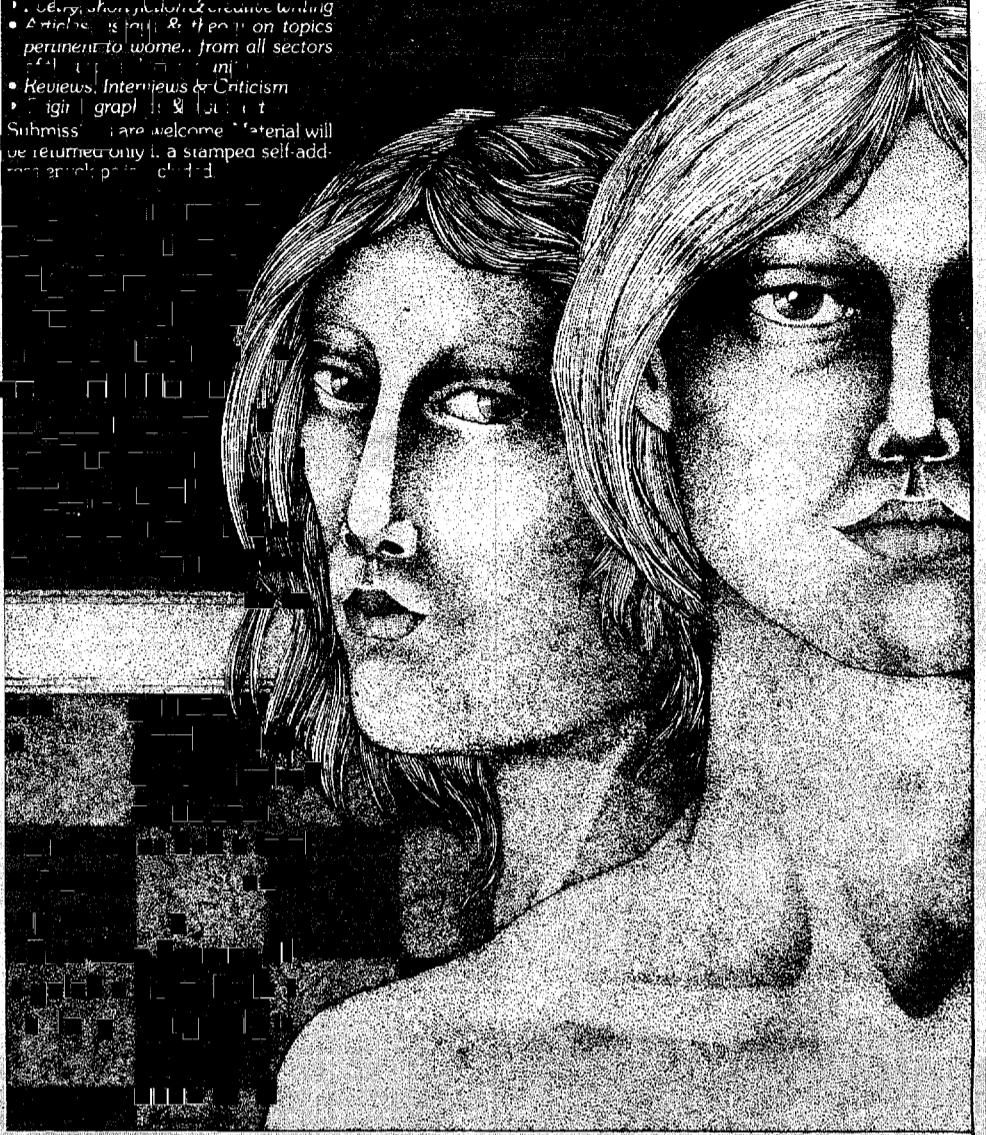
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Confessions of a Restaurant Critic

by Joanne Kates

She was already there when I got to the restaurant: well-groomed Myrna, perfectly put together for her day of meetings, she was nursing a martini. She even had on lipstick. I was late, rushed in frazzled, wearing jeans from a day at home with the typewriter. The truth was that neither one of us looked rich enough to be eating there together, but she at least looked like someone they might call a lady. All evening they fawned on her. Sometimes there were two waiters at her elbow, awaiting her bidding. Whatever she asked, was instantly done. They couldn't have cared more. They treated me all right, but she was the queen, because they thought she was Joanne Kates, the famous restaurant critic.

Every week I go out to a different restaurant with my spiral notebook and a willing victim (usually a female friend) to test the food. This has been going on for nine years, and no, I am not fat. I am not even plump and I do not ship myself out to an elegant health spa four times a year (I hear the restaurant critics in New York do that for their lives and their waistlines). The health spa routine is unnecessary because most of the food they serve in Toronto restaurants is so unappetizing that you wouldn't want to eat it, even for free. Yes, it's free. The Globe and Mail pays for my restaurant column, and they also reimburse me for the cost of dinner for two at the restaurant. We always order as much as possible. It is always too much food, and if it's at all edible, I demand a doggie bag, figuring that if the Globe and Mail is going to pay for my dinner, they might as well pay for my lunch the next day too.

During the dinner, I take copious notes in the spiral notebook. If it seems at all likely that the restaurateurs will twig to who I am, I do the note-taking on my lap. If the place is super-ritzy, and even the lap routine is too risky in terms of discovery, I wire myself for sound. This stuff is really like being in the movies (I love it). I put my little tape recorder in my lap, run a wire into my blazer to the right shoulder, down the sleeve and where the wire ends at my wrist, I pin a miniature microphone to my shirt cuff (on the inside edge). Then I run another wire off the tape recorder into the blazer's left pocket. That wire ends in a remote control switch. Every time I need to take a note, I nonchalantly rest my right elbow on the table and my chin in my right hand and then switch on the machine with my left hand in my pocket, and speak, as if to my companion across the table. This method works perfectly, and eliminates those nasty ball-point pen stains in the lap of all my clothing.

I always act a certain way on reviewing dinners: the way waiters and maitres d' expect women to act. That way is quiet and submissive, not terribly knowledgeable, and never standing up for your rights as a paying customer. My thinking is that restaurateurs are so sexist that if I act anything other than like an incompetent, they'll think they have a restaurant critic on their hands. Out the window will go my anonymity, and the review won't be based on the treatment that anybody would get at their restaurant. This results in a less than glamorous job for my dining companions. If I go out to dinner with a man, I make him ask the waiter everything I want to know. He thinks it'll be a free meal with a glamorous sexy restaurant critic, in which he'll be able to spend the evening gazing into my eyes and not even have to pay for it. This is not the case. The evening is a long series of directives from me: "Ask if the asparagus is fresh." "Ask how long they've been open." "Ask what's their house red." "Ask if the clams are fresh." "Ask for the bill." Which might perhaps explain that everybody I know clamors to be taken on reviewing dinners. Once.

Norma Rae, cont'd.

encouraged, supported to work for herself and women. Yet: how far away we are from that visionary, humanistic interaction. And it seems obvious we'll stay that way until we first see women working primarily for their own rise to freedom; helped by anyone who has the vision and the guts to see the humanistic potential inherent in all our lives of a true non-sexist society free of oppression. Only then will the doors be open to see woman working enthusiastically and co-operatively with other men for whatever cause/purpose she chooses to be involved in.

How does the message come through in this film that the "lefto" men are "liberated" enough to try relating to women from a non-sexist position? What is the effect of their failure? Or: Why doesn't worker unity equal sexual equality.

Near the end of the film, Norma's husband Sonny, asked of Rubin "...you came here and shook her up and put ideas in her head... I didn't want that...now what's going to happen to us?" Rubin's answer: "She stood up on the table, she's a free woman. Maybe you can live with that and maybe you can't." That freed her alright — as a worker; not as a woman. No one in the film seemed to know that. Did anyone so much as ask Norma what she wanted before or after she became free? Not that my hungry ears heard.

In one scene of the film Rubin's union bosses barged into his motel room/office. They found Norma alone, asleep, fully clothed on top of Rubin's bed amongst the working mess. We knew she had collapsed from exhaustion. They did too. Rubin returned and was confronted by these two guys. They advised him to get rid of Norma Rae as "dirty" stories were floating around the town about her. They said (ho-hum) she was known to have had many affairs with men, and, though it wasn't true and they all knew it, she had acted in a porno flick. Rubin (having been assured they weren't concerned with the "snot on his nose") honorably defended Norma saying it was no concern to him what she did in her personal life, as long as she did a good job working for the union. Which she did. He was so enraged with the 'men' (carbon copies of the mill managers, only fatter, he had earlier described as "assholes") he ordered them out of the room. (No voice for Norma — who would have gladly spoken for herself — she had a good man to 'take care' of

business'.) Then big-heartedly Rubin said — showing Norma he still wanted her (to stay) — "What were you doing sleeping? ...you were supposed to type some letters for me". So. Rubin, the union (and the filmmaker) all came out looking like 'good boys'. Good for them: the scene helped their cause. What about Norma?! What did she, other women get? Absolution from a non-existent crime? (Truly revolutionary, brothers!) The implication that true "leftos" are very tolerant men who can't be bothered to waste time smutting women or hearing of it is good — Polyanna good, holier-than-thou good, social-worker-up-on-a-pedestal-safe-from-you-poor-creatures good. Why didn't Rubin have the guts to say "If this 'fucking' woman is smut, so am I?" And be done with it.

One time Rubin told Norma to "shut your cake hole" criticizing her for daring to give a man shit for not pulling his weight, which he wasn't. Rubin knew this, yet he punished Norma by dismissing her; and consoled the poor boy with a pat on the back — it's okay man — and set him to work. He then walked over to the restaurant where Norma was having a coffee to 'cool out'; casually ate her pie and said (big-brotherly-like) "You're too muscular" (a male prerogative) "You can't come down that hard on a man...leave him his balls. Jesus." Manly advice. Can't men look after their own balls? (Norma did, and was expected to.) What man would want to go around admitting he needed a woman to keep his balls intact? The fears of the 'muscular' and powerful, in face of the 'weak' and powerless. Certainly the social disease of sexism has people shaking feverishly in their drawers.

We were shown Norma in her brassiere, and told she wore "white cotton, size 32 B", used "Kotex pads" and read "Cosmopolitan magazine". Everyone knows these personal "secrets" about women. It would have been much more innovative, effective and funny to have heard Sonny reel off the style and size of his jack straps and the color and brand of safes he preferred using. But who has the nerve to speak of the private "life" of the phallus? Even Norma's little boy's penis was carefully protected from our sight. We don't need to see it. We need to see it for what it is! (Who could be afraid of a little pee pee?)

Although Papa and Sonny made sure Norma knew they had done the dishes &/or put the kids to bed (that's still a big deal: a man being so generous as to share family responsibilities) they did them, and we were allowed to

see them matter-of-factly doing the work, with every indication their masculine pride was left intact. While Sonny was allowed to do his 'yon're neglecting the kid, cooking, laundry, ironing, and sexual duties to me' trip, the scene was well handled. Norma stood up from the table where she had been working and said: "You want cookin', you get cookin'" — she grabbed bunches of food from the fridge and dumped them all in a pot of water; "you want washin', you get washin'" — she threw some clothes in the sink; "you want ironin', you get ironin'" — she put up the board and attacked some wrinkled clothes with an unplugged iron; then she said "and if you'll just come behind me and lift up my nightie, we'll make love". Pause. Sonny leaned toward Norma (perfect timing) with warmth and humour and simply said "Norma". He kissed her gently and (given he started off like the usual selfish jerk) came through like a man. Faced with a woman.

Norma displayed spunk. She made her own decisions, spoke directly, showed wit and intelligence and stood up for what she believed. When the Reverend accused her of blasphemy she left the church she'd attended from childhood. Reverend: "We're going to miss your voice in the choir Norma". As she walked away from him, Norma threw over her shoulder: "Well you're gonna hear it raised up some place else!" She was straight-forward and honest, and had a developed sense of humour. (The film relied successfully on humour to break through emotional barriers associated with (mostly sexual) 'touchy' issues.)

In the last scene of this film, as soon as the workers had voted the union in, Rubin returned to New York. His farewell with Norma was touching. They displayed warmth and affection for each other verbally and, (here's where it would have easy for most filmmakers to have copped out) instead of clinching passionately, etc., they shook hands sincerely. Most refreshing!

This film didn't light up the sky; but compared to some of the recent (so-called) women's films released in North America (*Julia*, *The Turning Point* and *Unmarried Woman*) Norma Rae managed to come through a crack of blue amidst the many layered clouds. It is not a start; it's a sign of the start to come. As Norma (hopefully) expressed "it's all wrong; but it's alright".

□ Dyan Corban

Project North

A group of determined Canadians called Project North is working on a film about the women in Sudbury who are supporting their husbands' strike against Inco. Project North's crew is living with the strikers and organizers — this is to be a documentary film rather than a dramatic, scripted film. The film is now being produced by ACPAV, a Québec film makers' cooperative, but Project North has retained control over content, with a contract with Wives Supporting the Strike which gives the Wives final approval of the release print. This means in practice that the Wives are being consulted extensively during production, to ensure that the film fulfils their requirements which are:

- 1) to provide a record of their achievements, documenting the changes they've gone through during the year and more of the strike;
- 2) to reevaluate their traditional skills as wives and mothers in creating the social fabric of their community. They feel that these skills, so often undervalued, have been of the most use in sustaining the strike;
- 3) to educate other working-class women to a sense of their own power. The Wives feel that this is their chance to say, "We're important for who we are."

On Tuesday, May 8th, at 8 pm, a benefit screening of a film about the Cape Breton coal miners' strike will be held at 21 McGill St. in Toronto to raise badly-needed funds for the Project North film. A new kind of cinema is being created by people like Project North, a cinema which combines the best of film and theatre technique with the experience of working people. What is so enormously exciting about this revolutionary cinema is that it is rooted in the struggles of working women, and therefore begins with a humane and balanced premise, that conditions in mines and mills and factories affect an entire social fabric and are not, any more than the images of the silver screen, entirely accountable by dollars and cents.

□ Barbara Martineau

Can She Hype, cont'd.

female performers are "strongly encouraged" by male promoters to strut their stuff on stage and on album covers. Women rockers find themselves in a constant struggle to be taken seriously as musicians.

Some have won, or have at least put up a valiant fight. *Fanny*, one of the first and most successful of all-woman bands, launched a breakthrough for women in rock with their debut in 1969. Headed by June Millington, an impressive lead guitarist, they recorded several albums and backed such artists as Laura Nyro and Barbra Streisand. Millington's raunchy solos prove conclusively that women can play rock and roll and play it well. Though it has since been all but buried in rock history, the group was important for its time. *Fanny* emerged relatively unscathed from the usual PR gimmickry. At a time when most women interested in rock were handed a tambourine or a G-string (not the guitar variety), the women of *Fanny* presented themselves as serious and talented musicians. For the other few women who were starting to play in the early '70's, they provided inspiration and an impetus to smash the stereotypes.

More recently, Patti Smith has proven to be a crucial influence. It would be stretching the point to call Smith a rock guitarist. She does not play the guitar so much as play with it. In fact, she plays with the whole cock-rock image. She appears as a lithe androgynous, slipping in and out of male and female personae at will. One minute she is Keith Richards, the next she is singing "Redondo Beach", a song, she says, about "a place where women who love women go". She does unmentionable things to a guitar on stage. She treats the most reverent instrument of rock and roll with totally irreverent abandon. Slamming it with a Coke can, wrestling it to the ground, she parodies the phallic posturings of male lead players.

Smith does not take kindly to the woman-rocker-as-freak-show media image. When asked the inevitable "What makes a woman want to play rock and roll?" by a British TV interviewer, she boredly strummed her guitar, ignoring him, and then replied flatly, "It's better than being dead."

Smith sends the rock moguls running, because they don't know what to make of her. And that's just the point. She won't let them make anything of her. She is a rock and roll rebel in the grand tradition, an outrageously romantic figure. Smith proves just as capable of that aggressive energy as any male performer has ever been.

Punk rock and so-called "New Wave" music, drawing heavily from the ideas of Smith and others, has been a major spawning ground for women rock musicians. Despite the violence and the sado-masochistic regalia that go with the punk image, a surprising number of women have gotten involved in music through punk. Steven Davey, New Wave columnist and musician, explains: "For years many of the women involved in the present New Wave were reluctant to get out and perform music. Many had boyfriends in bands, and would hang around rehearsals watching. Few of them seriously considered being musicians themselves — they thought of it as "something girls don't do". There was a big macho mystique about rock — women had no inroad. They couldn't see themselves in female equivalents of heavy-metal bands like *Rush*. Punk initially cleared away a lot of the hype in rock and inspired people to go further. The emphasis was on energy and experimentation rather than musicianship. This opened the door to a lot of women who wanted to play but felt shaky about their experience. Now they've started to play and they're getting better."

Riding in on the energy of the New Wave, female talent, new and old, is getting exposure. Suzy Quatro, Genya Raven, *The Runaways*, Tina Weymouth of *Talking Heads*, and many other women are gaining reputations not only as rock singers but as rock musicians, and in the case of Raven, as album producers. Some are recording on smaller, independent labels, which perhaps allows more freedom from sex-object packaging. Most women are at least aware of the hassles and are making demands for greater control over their image and the way their music is produced. But change is slow.

Jula Bourque is lead guitarist with *True Confessions*, a.k.a. *The Curse*, one of Toronto's best known all-women New Wave bands. Although she agrees that New Wave has encouraged more women to get into playing rock, she feels that most of the old attitudes haven't changed within the music industry.

"Record promoters are the scum of the earth. They try to make you into a girlie, when you want to be taken seriously as a musician. I feel torn sometimes between the pressure to play to the stage image of a female band and the desire for recognition as a good musician. It's a bit schizophrenic. You have to get tough to survive and you have to compromise to a certain extent to get exposure.

"We don't want to get stuck on the bar circuit, where we'd be just another lounge act, a novelty, high heels and short skirts. It's a constant struggle for us, yet there are always people who accuse us of "selling out" just because we don't want to play in basements anymore. If I've sold out, where's my pink Cadillac? Then there are people who don't take us seriously, who think that being in an all-girl band is just the way to meet boy bands. Can't a woman just play guitar?"

Yes.

While punk rock and the Women's Movement are strange bedfellows (to say the least), the answer to that musical question comes from feminist alternatives to the male-controlled recording industry. Groups like *Olivia Records* and *Wise Woman Enterprises* have established themselves as growing companies run by and for women. Besides giving women musicians and composers a chance to record their music in a non-sexist environment, *Olivia* also provides training for women in record production.

Initially, *Olivia* recorded mostly folk-oriented music, chock full of granola and good intentions. But recently they have branched out into more jazz and rock flavoured sounds, accompanied by more lavish production. Their albums feature superb musicianship. A studio standout is electric guitarist Jerene Jackson, who plays anything from jazz to salsa and R&B. *Fanny*'s June Millington has resurfaced as a musician and producer with *Olivia*. The *Olivia* collective is constantly attracting and nurturing new talent because it offers an environment where women can develop as musicians, without the sexist trappings of the usual industry image. As Ginny Berson, *Olivia* spokesperson, explains:

"We are trying to see women treated with respect. Musicians are often treated otherwise in the record business, and with women the treatment's worse. We try to treat everybody fairly — the artists, the people who work in the mailroom, or whomever. As far as rock music is concerned, if a woman wants to be a rock and roll guitarist, it's supremely ridiculous that she should not be allowed to do it just because she's a woman. It's just a waste of a life. A woman should have access to any role, to any form of music."

The big record companies are oblivious to the work of groups like *Olivia*. They're too busy hyping a phoney *Woman Invasion* to notice a real revolution. Cindy Bullens, a young protégée of Elton John, has obviously been groomed to the industry's idea of what this new hard rockin' woman should look like. She looks real tough standing there in her faded jeans with her Les Paul guitar. The promotion people keep making a point of telling us she's a former auto mechanic. Unfortunately, that's probably the most interesting thing about Cindy Bullens. Musically she has all the kick of a flat beer. But the industry PR boys don't care about her music — that's not what they're selling. It's the image that counts. If it excites men to see a woman with a guitar, give that woman a guitar. The *Woman Invasion* is nothing but one man's marketing scheme. In the real world women are smashing up against a wall of sexist assumptions and stereotypes in their fight to be respected as musicians. They're getting angry.

And the beat goes on. □

Coulter, cont'd.

I was on a train journey out west a couple of years ago. I was thirty four then. I was reading in *Ms.* magazine about a woman doctor who had wanted to have children. Finally she did get pregnant but she miscarried. I was reading this and I burst into tears. I thought "That's very peculiar, Clare, because you have never shown any interest in having children or in that life at all, the life of a family. Suddenly you find yourself bursting into tears when you read that somebody miscarried, so something's going on." That alerted me to the fact that maybe I want things that I have no idea about, and I'm putting them out of my mind, because I'm very good at putting things out of my mind for years and years. And nature doesn't wait that long. So I would like to find out while I have a couple of years left in my life to have children what I really feel about it.

I'll never forget that incident on the train. The feeling that the theatre takes away from you the responsiveness you should have to nature and to the reality. That's a real fear in my life. I knew a man who said actresses aren't very attractive, they're not very sensual people at all. I thought about that quite a lot and wondered. When I'm doing performances if they're very taxing performances I know that a lot of myself as a woman, every thing that I feel in life, goes into the performances and I've come out exhausted without anything to give. So how could I be anything except some *thing* ready for bed, ready to crash out and wake up the next morning ready for work again. And so what normally makes a woman attractive goes into performances. And that's something I'm afraid of. And I'm sorry if that's true. On the other hand I keep thinking of all these mythological actresses from centuries ago who had great carryings-on in their lives.

Now in my family, my father never had anything to do with the children. He worked behind closed doors and when you wanted to speak to him you knocked on the door and waited to be admitted. That's how my mother wanted it. There was never any question that any of the responsibilities of the children were his business. No, they weren't. Things have changed. People share now.

But then it's odd about giving to people. When I was a baby there was a polio epidemic. I caught polio, then my sister caught polio and my mother caught polio. The two babies recovered and my mother didn't. She was paralyzed. It meant that for nine months she wasn't able to move at all from her bed. There were nurses around. Then she had to learn to walk and that took most of my childhood, getting herself back on her feet. We had maids at that time.

The interesting thing is that my mother didn't really take charge until I was past the earliest years which are supposed to be so important. A lot of the work of looking after me was done by other people. The wonderful thing about that period was that there were two influences in my life: there was the wretched person down in the kitchen that fought with me and told me that I couldn't have two bowls of soup if I wanted them and sent me up to bed and did this and that to me. Then there was that angel on the second floor. If things were really bad you could knock on the door and go in and say, "Pearl says I have to do this." Then she would say "Well now, what Pearl says is right." And then you'd suddenly be quite happy.

But it was as though there were two worlds: there was the Ultimate World. When the Real World failed you you could go to this. And that was what Mother was to me. But someone who is always looking after her children and doesn't have maids or anything, that's an entirely different thing. I think there is so much criticism about people other than the mother looking after the children. In my experience it was wonderful. But then I must say my mother, it wasn't that she had another career, I mean she was always upstairs on the second floor. Her psyche was with us. It was never distracted. I think that's the trick. The great danger in the entertainment business is that your psyche is just whipped out from under you like a carpet.

You go to a new theatre and suddenly if you're a shy person you're meeting thousands of new people and there are all these vibes coming from everywhere. Then you come back and your friend's waiting for you or your husband or your family or whatever...people who know you. You think "Who are these people? I've just had a day somewhere else." And you don't relate.

B: And is that what you're particularly finding now as a result of the fame that's come your way?

C: No, I'm trying to keep my hold on the people that are my life, want to know me and share my life with me, and not be distracted by the people who surround me in my work and so on. I want to hold on to the people that are my life because it's very easy just to become strangers.

Now if I had a husband and children that whole thing would be intensified, that struggle. I would prefer it that way I think.

B: What about the bonus of what comes back to you as performer, that approbation that you receive from the audience? You must pick up the audience response to the character that you're projecting. That must be a two-way thing; I mean, it's not total drain.

C: At first, I couldn't take the responsibility of holding these people's attention for two hours. It was just too much. I used to wake up after we opened and think: "I can't do it today. I can't, I'm not up to it. I'm gonna phone a doctor and tell him I have some difficulty." So then I had this kind of breakthrough. One night I saw Janet Amos' mother in the audience and an actor and his wife that I know that love my work. And I came out facing this audience in my usual state of fear and not feeling up to it at all. Then I said to myself, "Why shouldn't this



audience, rather than being there draining you of every ounce that you've got from their critical withdrawn selves, why shouldn't they all be your Mother? With that amount of pride and pleasure in seeing you come out here to give them two hours? Why shouldn't it be just like that? Just like in the living room when you were a kid and they said "Please dance for us." And it was a real turnaround. I suddenly believed that 128 strangers in Toronto were all as absolutely proud as punch to see me out there and loved me as dearly. It was really a great moment.

I've felt much more secure about audiences ever since. Even now when I face the audience there are faces out there — sleeping faces, literally snoring. I don't know if it's the heat or what. Something puts them to sleep anyway, and I look at a face. I used to bounce right off it and fly to an interested face. Then I thought "No, no wait a moment, this is a sleeping beauty here, you must wake this face..." And now I concentrate on the sleeping face to see if I can get through to their consciousness. Any face that does wake up and find my gaze on them...it must be quite a shock. As you pan the faces you can see them looking all weird. I know the people are having their own thoughts about what you're saying. Their faces are contorted in various types of concentration, either negative or positive. You, meanwhile, are drifting on your pre-ordained route of emotion no matter what you might see out there. You've got this route to travel. I travel all these weird bumps in the road of faces and just pass straight on. You pass straight on but you go over them, you see those faces, all of them.

I remember the first time I actually had to talk to the faces right beside me. It was for Paul Thompson. I thought Paul was making me go mad. I thought "Passe-Muraille's fallen to pieces and now he's trying to turn his actors mad." That wasn't what I was trained to do. I was trained to have a fourth wall up there and the whole thing was imagination that you were really talking to people. Then he was asking me to actually face these faces. Reality! He was asking me to bring imagination so close to my reality that it was making me go nutty.

See, if I were in a character right now and I had to face you, you would be looking at me and it would make me throw off my character. You're not a character, you're yourself; the audience isn't a character, they're themselves. You have this double reality and you want to come down to their level, you want to meet them and be the same. And that's quite difficult.

The first time that happened to me I was talking away to a woman and I had learned — I was so proud of myself — I had really learned to just be speaking intimately to any old face that happened to sit down in the chair and pay their five dollars...So I was talking away to this woman and she became very involved in what I was saying. At one point I was complaining about my life as the character. I was a Quebec woman complaining about my life and I said "Oh, this was when I was pregnant..." And she leaned forward and said "Ohhh..." And something inside me just screamed. And I

yelled at the top of my voice "Not Really!! Not Really!!" I was so humiliated that she had broken through me!

B: What sort of plays do you have lined up for the future?

C: Well I just have one play by Michel Tremblay: *Damnée Manon, Sacré Sandra*. There's just two characters. And it follows a line for me of trying to release the emotions and reach areas of intensity and passion without stepping on areas not yet explored, which is quite hard. I have to choose my roles very carefully.

B: Has this play been done before in Montreal?

C: No, I don't think so. I know that it's only just translated into English.

B: Have you started work on that?

C: I've got the script, but I haven't looked at it.

B: How long will it take you to get a character down? What sort of time before you have it?

C: Three weeks is too short to rehearse anything. Three weeks is what they gave me for Emily Dickinson. But I had been at it all summer long and I had some of it "on ice". But three weeks is too short for me. Although, I don't know, it's very hard. People feel that I'm too slow.

B: Three weeks is slow?

C: No, but they just feel that I am a slow person and I ought to jump out faster. I don't know whether I could be pushed to do that, I don't know. But I have a sort of inside clock which will not come up with a character until a certain number. I think I'm about three weeks; a crisis happens and my character comes out in about three weeks. It's now a familiar pattern so that I don't, of course I do worry each time. Directors say to you, "Well, I'm not worried because I know what you can do." And you think "Well, just a minute. It's happened in the past but it just might not happen this time." I mean each time it looks like it's going to be a disaster and each time it could be a disaster. There's a trap in saying "Oh, but it always comes out." Because then you're avoiding the actual pain which gives birth to a character. You've got to really feel that it might not happen to give it a chance.

In the early days, because it had never happened to me before, I didn't know what was going on. The directors would all be having fits, and the phone would ring at the end of this difficult period of rehearsal and they would say "I'd like to talk with you." And then I would say "Well alright, I know I'm ruining the entire production and I'll resign, tomorrow morning I'll resign."

I would resign and that became a pattern. And then the director would say "I know you can do it." I would be very humble and accept all the sympathy and encouragement. Which was ridiculous now that I see it.

It was a natural thing that was taking place inside me. As I see it, a character is another person. You don't want to abandon the person that you are in order to become this other person. You don't want to abandon the person that you are in order to become this other person. You don't want to. You'd rather stay with the one you have. So I go through the readings and rehearsals in a terrible state of reluctance to say or do or feel or think or move in the way it's indicated. And a director who doesn't know me thinks, "She doesn't know anything. Is this how she's going to do it? It says 'giggle' and you can't even get a smile out of her. Is she an actress or what?"

What's actually taking place is I'm just rejecting everything that is being presented to me, the invitation to become another person. And I'm rejecting and rejecting and rejecting. What I'm really doing is getting to know the strange territory of what this person is. Then when I think I know what that strange person is, it's safe enough to venture maybe two paces forward into that other personality. And finally when it says smile, I can actually smile without it being too dangerous because I can get back to myself. I know that smile goes just that far.

B: How is it in reverse after you're finished. How does it affect you leaving that part? Does it happen very suddenly?

C: It's traumatic, absolutely traumatic. The night after we close I'm usually out for dinner somewhere. At about eight o'clock the play starts happening in my head. The lines start, I start thinking of getting up from the table and doing what I have to do. That goes on for three or four days. At the end of the fourth day it's kind of a rickety old record of the play. Then it's left me. But at the same time, I've lost the closest person in my life; just like that it's gone, never to come again.

I have an image in my mind of when I was a kid. I used to be very tidy with my toys and I used to put all my dolls and toys in shoeboxes. I would label the shoeboxes and put them stacked up in my cupboard in my room. And in my imagination I have this stack of characters in shoeboxes.

I just lay my character out, and put it away in a box. But I'll never get it out again. You can never come back to that person. You never do.

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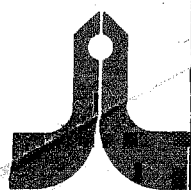
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Your place is in this campaign.





The Lesbian Organization of Toronto (L.O.O.T.), on behalf of all its members, would like to congratulate all the women who helped in the birth of *Broadside*.

We are all aware of the difficulties that may arise with all new creations, and we at L.O.O.T. would like to extend our appreciation and best wishes to all these women. Good luck and success!

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Many Unhappy Returns, cont'd.

The Advisory Council on the Status of Women is trying to heat things up by encouraging women to attend all-candidates meetings and to ask pointed questions. The Council, headed now by Doris Anderson, has prepared a Shocking Pink Paper to assist women in their attempts to get some answers. "The paper was prepared last year when we thought there was going to be an election," said Audrey Sheppard of the Advisory Council. "But we looked at it again this year, and a lot of the things it said haven't changed one bit over the year." Indeed.

The document, which includes facts and figures as well as questions, covers economic issues including recognition of the economic role of the homemaker, discrimination against Native women, the issue of rape, the presence of women in the work force and the poverty of older women (whose average income in 1975 was \$5,000 for women over 65 and \$3,600 for women over 70).

"Politicians tend to see women's issues as a separate thing," Sheppard said. "We want to show that these are not separate from the poverty and economic issues that are troubling everyone." Women can get hold of the Shocking Pink Paper by writing to the Advisory Council on the Status of Women, Box 1541, Station P, Ottawa, K1P 5R5. "We made the paper hot pink so that women walking in to an all-candidates meeting would know right away that they weren't the only ones there interested in women's issues." The Advisory Council is giving the Pink Paper out in quantity to anyone who wants to distribute it.

But once the election is over, who will heat up the debate on the floor of the Commons? Perhaps a larger number of women in Parliament would improve the dialogue. The news on this front is as dismal as the news on the campaign trail. The Liberals will run 19 women, the Conservatives 13 and the NDP 23. That is a grand total of 55 candidates from the 3 major parties out of approximately 1300 running for 282 seats. In 1974 before redistribution when there were 264 seats in Parliament, 137 women were running for office, 82 more than are seeking election in 1979.

But the real question is: which of these 55 women will win? It has become the habit of party organizers to allow nominations to go to women in ridings where the party hasn't the slightest hope of winning the seat. Witness Doris Anderson's performance in the role of sacrificial lamb in Eglinton riding where she was slaughtered in a bi-election. Interestingly enough, the Liberals have broken the habit by nominating 6 women in Québec where the Liberals are expected to sweep most of the seats. It may be that the Liberal strategy is to make its token gesture to women in Québec

where there involves no risk in nominating women. It is more likely that women in Québec, who received the vote in 1948, 20 years after women in the rest of Canada, are still involved in the mainstream of the political process, and not yet disillusioned with the passage of time. Certainly what the Liberals would construe as strong performances by two female Cabinet ministers, Jeanne Sauvé and Monique Bégin, may have increased Liberal confidence in women candidates. Then again, Liberal candidates are per force federalists and federalism is hardly the political wave of the future in Québec.

The Conservatives and NDP are running true to form. The PC stronghold is Alberta where there are no female PC candidates. The Liberals have 2 candidates in Alberta whom they have kissed good-bye. Where the NDP expect to make the most gains, in Saskatchewan, the number of NDP women candidates comes to a grand total of zero. In fact there are no women running for any party in Saskatchewan.

One of the NDP's prize women candidates, Pauline Jewitt is running in New Westminster-Coquitlam, where she will face her strongest opposition from another woman, PC candidate Marg Gregory. It is expected that either will carry the election although Gregory, a supporter of capital punishment and one who may appeal to voters drifting to the right, seems to have the edge. Elsewhere in BC, Simma Holt of the Liberals will likely retain her seat in Vancouver Kingsway while Iona Campagnola is fighting for her life in the riding of Skeena. There are two other top-notch female candidates in BC. NDPer Gretchen Brewin will probably lose in the conservative area of Victoria, but Pat Carney, a Progressive Conservative strong on women's issues, may be successful in Vancouver Centre. The NDP is counting on women winning one seat in each of Manitoba and Ontario and the PC's expect Joyce McDougal to win in Sydney.

All told, *Broadside* generously predicts that 6 women will win in Québec, 3 in Ontario — Flora MacDonald, Jean Pigott (PC-Ottawa-Carlton) and Aileen Nicholson (Lib-Trinity) — one in Manitoba and 4 in BC. When Parliament reconvenes there should be 13 or 14 women representing 4.9% of the seats.

It is not a particularly gratifying story. In 1921, 0.4% of MP's were women. There was one woman in Parliament. After May 22, 1979 women might constitute 4.9% of the House, a staggering increase of 4.5% over 58 years. At this rate it will take 842 years before there is equal representation of men and women in the House of Commons.

No Hurrahs for "Wives"

by Susan Sturman

Plans for an 18-day U.S. tour fell through for the Toronto rock band Battered Wives when they were refused work permits by U.S. immigration officials. The reasons given by Immigration were that the group "would displace U.S. performers" who could be employees, and that the group was "not of significant status to warrant an H-1 (ambassador clearance)."

Wives manager Mike White claims that the real reason for refusal was the controversy surrounding the group's name. Feminists across Canada have launched protests against the group's exploitation of wife beating both in their name and in their advertising. In particular, the Toronto feminist group Women Against Violence Against Women staged a successful demonstration against the band

which forced Elvis Costello to drop Battered Wives as the opening act for his tour. The band responded cynically to this pressure by facetiously offering to do a benefit for Nellie's Hostel for Women and by temporarily changing their name to The Wives. Similar demonstrations against the group have taken place in Ottawa, Montreal and Edmonton.

The press surrounding these incidents was well noted by the U.S. Immigration Department, and White believes it was the primary reason for the refusal. The tour was to have been a major one for the group, including a headline date at New York's New Wave club *Hurrah's*, and opening for The Ramones in Asbury Park, New Jersey. The tour is being rescheduled and the group will re-apply for a permit.

Where are Women Running?

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVES: 13 Candidates

Marg Gregory — New Westminster Coquitlam
Pat Carney — Vancouver Centre
Ann Steen — Winnipeg North
Carol Kosowuan — Cochrane
Carry Flood — Essex Windsor
Flora MacDonald — Kingston and the Islands
Marie Marchand — Nipissing
Jean Pigott — Ottawa-Carlton
Lillian Edwards — Davenport Metro
Diane Stratas — Scarborough Centre
Claudie Mailly — Papineau
Diane Togneri — Boudreuil
Joyce McDougal — Sydney

LIBERALS: 19 Candidates

Simma Holt — Vancouver Kingsway
Iona Campagnola — Skeena
Jean Madeline Hombart — Beau River
France Wright — Calgary Centre
Peg Holloway — Mississauga South
Judy Erola — Nickle Belt
Elizabeth Gomes — Oshawa
Anne Cools — Rosedale
Aileen Nicholson — Trinity
Ursula Appoloni — York Southwestern
Anne Brennan — Carlton Charlotte

Kay Manderville — Prince Edward-Hastings
Bluma Appel — Nepean Carlton
Jeanne Sauve — Laval de Rapide
Silene Payette — Mercier
Giselle Noel — Mississauga
Monique Bégin — St. Leonard Anjou
Therese Killins — St. Michel
Eva Coté — Minouski

NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY: 23 Candidates

Pauline Jewett — New Westminster Coquitlam
Mercia Stickney — Richmond-South Delta
Carol Langford — Surry-White Rock-North Delta
Margaret Mitchell — Vancouver East
Judy McManus — Vancouver South
Gretchen Brewin — Victoria
Gale Burke — Bow River
Cathie McCreary — Calgary South
Maude Lelond — Portage-Marquette
Vivian Rachlis — Winnipeg-Fort Garry
Miriam Simpson — Hamilton West
Marnie Girvan — Nepean Carlton
Patricia Hughes — Nipissing
Jill Vickers — Ottawa-Carlton
Abby Pollonetsky — Ottawa West
Maxine Jones — Windsor West
Kay Macpherson — York East
Jean Smith — Don Valley West
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