

Broadside

Volume One, Number One

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Boat People: Run Aground

by Kay Macpherson

It was in 1963 that the women of Vietnam wrote to the members of Voice of Women in Canada describing the plight of their friends and relatives in the South of their country where the Americans were "advising" the Saigon regime. The repression, torture and murder of people who opposed the excesses of that regime led to the formation of the National Liberation Front. Our contacts expanded with the women in both the north and the south until our members met some of them in Europe. Later they came to Canada and through us were able to make contact with the American women who were opposing their country's role in Vietnam. Several of us went to Vietnam to see for ourselves what the war was doing to the Vietnamese people. Our respect and affection for these incredibly brave and resourceful women has continued. They are our friends and our sisters.

In the case of the Boat people we are faced with a similar situation, though more complicated than the war. There are reports and statements from Vietnam, but few receive prominence in the western press. There is little news from the Chinese. Both Chinese and Vietnamese use language and rhetoric — "imperialist, colonialist, revisionist" — which we find difficult to interpret or to accept. The Kampuchean and Chinese border situations further complicate the picture. The Vietnamese condemn the Chinese. The West condemns the Vietnamese as puppets of the Soviet Union, and so on. We know that well over half a million people have left Vietnam. About one third have gone to China.

The rest are headed for overseas destinations, and thousands have died on the way. This is a major tragedy, and these people must be helped. The situation which has led to their plight must not continue. But Vietnam is not the only country responsible for this dreadful state of affairs, as many would have us believe. The refugees are leaving for a number of reasons. Many were herded into the cities from their farms years ago by the Americans and are no longer skilled farmers. They want to leave because there is not enough food and other necessities. They cannot stand the conditions in the new agricultural areas under the Hanoi government, even though it must try to increase food production by this means. Many don't want to live a hard life under a socialist government, although all the Vietnamese people now face these hardships. The food supply is down by 40% from 1975 at the end of the war, due to devastating floods in 1978, famine and the effects of war-bombing, defoliation, poison, etc.

One can only speculate on the reasons for the extraordinary, orchestrated, massive campaign — particularly in North America — for public condemnation of Vietnam. There are several possibilities. There was no "blood bath" at the end of the Vietnam war. Reprisals were few, contrary to the confident expectations of the Americans. Their guilt — for the destruction of a small, third world country and its people — remained. The boat people are the "delayed blood bath" which can end America's guilt, and transfer it to the Vietnamese and re-activate all the old anti-communist, anti-Soviet, hatred. Perhaps the SALT agreement will not be signed now. Perhaps the United States can maintain its one remaining military stronghold in South East Asia, in Thailand, to "stabilize" the situation. Does Vietnam still threaten American power? What about oil in the South China Sea? Perhaps the threats to the multinational corporations and capitalist nations posed by those revolutions in Africa and South America increase their determination to suppress and

contain South East Asia. It is important to ask WHO is gaining WHAT from all this? We have to keep our suspicions and cynicism very much alive as we watch developments.

Since the beginning of the Vietnam war, when Canada was a not-so-neutral member of the International Control Commission, some of us have tried to learn the facts, obtaining information from as many sources as possible in order to form a balanced opinion of the situation. This was often difficult, living so close to the United States. Yet the facts we

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Sharing the Wealth?

by Susan G. Cole

I was extremely ambivalent about publishing this article. It was only after intensive discussions with the Broadside collective that I agreed to write a piece about what happened to a Canadian family who sponsored three Vietnamese boys last summer. The family in question shared my ambivalence and refused to be identified. (The boys' names were changed as well.) They too felt that publication of an article placed them in the same political bed as those who want to keep the Vietnamese out of Canada for racist and paranoid reasons.

For a while it seemed as if there were no other problem area in the world. Page after page of our newspapers told the story of the Boat People, the camps in Malaysia and the flimsy crafts drifting on the high seas. The arrival of the first wave of Vietnamese in Canada prompted the occasional photo of refugees in their new apartments. But we have heard no more.

In the meantime, government documents have been flowing out of the appropriate information offices. Some placate the right wing, others warm the progressive forces that have been active in encouraging the immigration. The province of Ontario's Ministry of Culture and Recreation has begun its campaign to harness the energy of social workers and psychologists to assist the settlement of the new refugees. There is an element of irony to this last effort.

In a few months the services of these professionals will be sorely needed, not only for the Vietnamese but for those Canadians who have responded to the crisis and made the ultimate sacrifice. This is the story of a family that sponsored three Vietnamese in their home last summer.

Mr and Mrs X live in Smalltown, Ontario, a town flourishing on some of the richest soil, in the southern region of the province, an area whose economy is strengthened by the presence of five of the country's largest industrial plants. Mr. and Mrs. X are both high school teachers, politically conscious, self-identified humanists whose commitments to both the church and to education have served to nurture their liberalism. When they became aware that three Vietnamese, three Boat People, were holed up in a motel room at the expense of the Immigration department, their natural instincts moved them to action. They simply couldn't stand it. Here they were nestled, in

some of Canada's most wealthy farm land, living comfortably with their four daughters. It was inhumane to allow these battered refugees to remain in such alienating surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. X decided to sponsor the three boys. They began on a trial basis, the boys visiting the house for two weeks only in the afternoon. They were ethnic Chinese, aged 21, 17 and 16, shy naturally, and only tentatively availed themselves of the house facilities. Polite and anxious, they were frightened that they might make the mistake that would send them back to the motel room. In spite of the fact that those first days saw little actual communication the X family determined that with time, the two families would break down the barriers and the X family decided to have the boys move into the house.

At first things went smoothly. Ngo, Ho and Thieu stayed reticent and kept to themselves. The cultural differences were the first to surface but they seemed relatively trivial. The eldest, Ngo, had studied at the American School of Saigon before coming to Canada. His younger brothers persisted in calling him Mr. Ngo, according him the respect due to the educated. Mr. X gently explained that here we call everyone by their first names, even the father of the family, but the younger boys wouldn't deny their brothers his status. He remained Mr. Ngo. The family shrugged off this small failure. They were sensitive to the cultural gap, determined that they would not embark on a rigorous socialization process. At all times they were concerned simply with facilitating the boys' entry into western ways and there seemed no need to rush matters. Even the eldest boy's refusal to associate with Hong Kong Chinese at the University did not phase them. In time the boys would adjust to the Canadian ways of recognizing class and prestige (which are after all just more elaborate and subtle).

For a variety of reasons, relations between the two families never really warmed. The X family's four daughters, bright and assertive (the eldest has her LLB) baffled the boys. Their sisters had been left behind in Vietnam because the family had chosen to use what money they had to send off the boys, and Ngo, Ho and Thieu knew why. Put simply, they were unaccustomed to giving women much attention, and attempts made by the X children to help out were met with an alarming coldness. When the boys discovered that the eldest was a lawyer, they spent hours staring at the diploma in disbelief. Finally they decided that lawyers had no status in the west.

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INSIDE BROADSIDE

NEWS:
WOMEN ORGANIZE AGAINST NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY: *Broadside continues to follow the developments in the anti-nuclear movement. Women Against Nuclear Technology (WANT) sponsored a conference and concert in September that brought together anti-nuke activists and put the issues in a feminist context. Page 10*

A NEW FEATURE FOR BROADSIDE: KIDSSIDE. This month, a look at the International Year of the Child, an examination of our dwindling day care facilities, and more. Page 12.

CANADA HAS A NEW POLITICAL PARTY. As the Feminist Party of Canada develops its platform and membership, *Broadside* looks at why the party and other organizations like the Ontario Federation of Women have chosen this time for action. Page 5.

IN OTHER NEWS: The Ontario Federation of Teachers said no to a marriage proposal and female frogs are resisting the advances of their male counterparts. Heather Brown broadsides these and other news developments. Page 6.

COMMENT:
Every time a woman takes leadership on the international level her commitment to the right wing makes it difficult for feminists to cheer her victory. Eve Zaremba examines the phenomenon. Page 3.
Susan G. Cole begins a two part commentary on the wonders of the sports establishment. Page 18.

MOVEMENT MATTERS:
A regular feature of *Broadside* — reports, news and announcements indicating that women are taking care of what matters.

ARTS:
THE DINNER PARTY: Why can't we see Judy Chicago's exhibition

BOOKS:
Herland, Dream of a Common Language

MOVIES: Everyone's talking about *Apocalypse Now*. But is it a movie for everyone?

MUSIC:
Heather Bishop

This is Broadside

This is the first regular issue of *Broadside*. Our introductory issue of last May has been distributed coast-to-coast to acquaint potential subscribers with our existence. We now begin the long process of proving ourselves to our readers; providing a feminist perspective on politics and art, encouraging careful examination of controversial issues and having fun in the process.

By the time six or so issues of *Broadside* are out it should be possible to judge how close we are getting to fulfilling our hopes and objectives. Much will depend on what sort of response and support *Broadside* receives.

Naturally we want to be read by as many people as possible. We want subscribers; what publication doesn't!

But we want more than that. We need contact with and input from interested people both in and out of the Toronto community where the *Broadside* collective has its home. The task we have set ourselves is to reach beyond that community without losing touch with it.

This is immensely difficult, often frustrating, sometimes terrifying. Clearly, we cannot hope for any measure of success without understanding and practical support from all sides. Clearly, only to the extent that *Broadside* gains support from people geographically and/or politically outside our immediate circle will its original concept be fulfilled; only to the extent our fellow Toronto feminists understand and support what we are trying to do will members of the *Broadside* collective stay sane and in touch with our roots.

With all that in mind and conscious of our responsibility to be as open and available to others as our circumstances and resources permit, we plan to hold two public sessions, each one fulfilling a different function.

The first session in October is for women interested in actively participating in *Broadside* by working at reporting, photography, layout, advertising, sales, etc. We hope to start with a general discussion on issues and topics for *Broadside* to cover and then break up into work groups for each of the various tasks connected with putting out a paper. So anyone interested in writing, photography, graphics, cartoons, layout, advertising for *Broadside* is invited to attend this Friends of *Broadside* session at The Church St. Community Centre, 519 Church St., Toronto on Monday, October 15th at 7 pm.

In November, after another *Broadside* issue is out, we intend to hold an Open Forum in Toronto for women who are our friends and critics to discuss *Broadside* coverage to that

point and plans for the future, exchange suggestions and ideas. Perhaps in future, we will be able to hold such forums in other cities as well.

We warmly urge all our friends and readers, especially those who cannot attend either the Open Forum or the Friends of *Broadside* sessions, to write us, send articles, ideas for coverage, information, photos, original graphics, comments, suggestions, criticism, etc.

We do not publish fiction or poetry but personal experiences, commentary and analysis as well as 'hard' reportage is welcome. (Please remember that we cannot possibly return any original work so be sure to keep copies.) Naturally we have to exercise our editorial judgement on what we publish but all submissions will be looked at carefully.

Regardless of what else you do to support *Broadside*, subscribe, give subscriptions to friends, show it around and talk it up.

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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Volley Number Two

When close to two hundred Canadian women made their way down Ontario's Highway 401 to the American border, they assumed that within hours they would be with six thousand other women at the annual women's music festival in Hesperia, Michigan. But before reaching their destination, they were confronted with an experience that has serious implications for all women and has set the lesbian community reeling.

American Immigration officials had a field day. Women seeking entry into the USA were grilled, in some cases for a full half day: "How long have you known each other?" "What is the nature of your relationship?" "When was the last time you slept with a man?" "Are you a Lesbian?" Those who had the temerity to answer in the affirmative to this last question were denied admission into the United States on the basis of a law whose status with the Immigration Department had changed two weeks before the incidents took place.

The law in question gives border guards the right to bar sexual deviants from the United States. The Immigration Department was waiting for the Justice Department to determine whether homosexuals fell under the rubric of sexual deviant and until receiving word from the Attorney General, the stated policy of Immigration was that it would not refuse entry to Lesbians and gay men.

The actions of immigration officials at Sarnia violated Immigration policy as well as the human rights of the women interrogated about their personal lives and are cases of obvious harassment.

Most of the beleaguered travellers were sufficiently stubborn or ingenious to find their way down to the festival. There members of the American based National Gay Task Force set to work collecting information and have already put into motion the process that hopefully will redress the injustice. *Broadside* wishes the success and we send our strongest support. But we hope that members of the NGTF and other gay activists understand that the border debacle is not an example of Lesbian oppression pure and simple.

To begin with, the fact that this kind of harassment can take place, leaves any women travelling together open to this invasion of privacy irrespective of their sexuality.

Consider the fact that RCMP files are presently heftiest on the subject of anti-nuke activists and that every member but one of the all-women's affinity group that participated in the Darlington anti-nuclear demonstration in June was refused entry into the United

States. The woman who escaped harassment did so only because she left for Michigan one week before the festival began.

Consider the intriguing question posed many times by border officials: "How do you spell woman?" This was no intelligence test. Plainly officers had in their possession a copy of the festival brochure which consistently referred to "wimmin" and which gave away the fact that feminists were meeting on that August week-end.

Whether the 200 Canadian women knew it or not, attending the Michigan women's music festival is a feminist statement in itself. To be sure, answering "yes" to the question "Are you a Lesbian?" makes a woman persona non grata, but had the festival not taken place, had the event not been planned, the questions would not have been asked in the first place.

Not every Lesbian going to the States should expect hassles from Immigration. Thinking immigration officials generally harass any random homosexual passing through misses the point. The causes of the harassment in this case were political, rooted in the fear (and it's well-founded) of what can happen when politically-conscious women congregate in one place.

LETTERS

Broadside:

Thank you for sending me your introductory copy of *Broadside*... it did the trick! I am enclosing my cheque for a subscription.

Couldn't help but notice that in your list of women running in the past election you missed two that I know of... Lynn Fogwell, in the Edmonton area and Gail Walsh in N.B. both running on the NDP ticket.

I have passed several items along to some of my 'old girl's network' and plugged your paper... hope it works!

Good luck... I shall look forward to your issues.

Marie Patrick
Fredericton, N.B.

Broadside:

Congratulations on the first issue of *Broadside*; it is tough, witty, highly readable and good to look at. I am particularly pleased with the fine story on nuclear power. It is time that feminists paid more attention to ecological issues; we may soon not have a world in which to create our fair and non-sexist society. We need to make the connections between the trashing of Mother Earth and the physical and psychic trashing of women by the agents of the patriarchal value system. The boys who brought us Harrisburg, Grassy Narrows and the Love Canal are just as much pornographers as the ones who made 'Snuff'. The issues are the same: power, exploitation, profit and an inhuman disregard for the sanctity of all living things.

Annette Clough,
Toronto

Broadside:

I want to write about the article on Women's Day (Eve Zaremba, May 1979), and hope you will print my letter.

I think Zaremba is wrong. For the first time as far as I can see the women's liberation is going out to the ordinary woman in this country who are having a hard time of it. For a long time it seemed to me that women's liberation has been the property of a small group of women who want to decide who and what is feminist, and the heck with the rest of us. But it has gotten much bigger than just a small group and I wanted to tell you that Women's Day got to me and moved me because it talked about things that are my problems and how to tackle them. It tried to go out and get the ordinary woman involved. Zaremba is off base and very narrow minded in what she says. She had not a good word to say, which I think is very unfair. Because it didn't do things her way, she says it's not feminist and that's not right to me. It was feminist, and strong.

Things like cutbacks and unemployment are women's issues and concerns. I heard about the march on CHIN Radio (Toronto) when someone was on a talk show about Women's Day and the reasons why women should come out to it. It made sense to me and I came.

I didn't think it was "male dominated" on Women's Day, whatever that means. I thought it was women standing up and being strong for themselves and for what they wanted, and if husbands and family or other men are there saying yes to that, why should we be afraid of it and criticize it?

If some far out left group gives out "anti-women" propaganda, we women are smart enough to know it for what it is, and it's not the job of the organizers of the march to censor things for us. We can throw it away ourselves if we don't like it. You can't blame Women's Day for that.

I liked the rally and I loved the march and hope it'll be even bigger this year.

Joan Kelley
Toronto

Strong Women Play Boys' Game

by Eve Zaremba

Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain, Indira Gandhi of India, Sirimako Bandaranaike of Sri Lanka (Ceylon), Golda Meir of Israel, Eva Peron of Argentina....

These are the only female leaders of their countries since female suffrage. Not an inspiring bunch.

Three of these women benefited from their relationship to powerful men: Peron and Bandaranaike were widows who followed their husbands to power; Gandhi was groomed by her father, Nehru. The other two made it on their own 'manly' qualities. Golda Meir is still remembered as 'the best man in her Cabinet!' And Margaret Thatcher, The Iron Lady, having fought for the leadership of her party when other right-wing Conservatives lacked the guts, rode into power on a wave of disaffection with social democracy and a promise of strong leadership.

Tremendous strength of will and purpose is certainly the hallmark of such women. Mediocre men a plenty become national leaders — not to mention Cabinet Ministers, MPs, Senators, Chairmen of Boards, company presidents, civil service mandarins, etc. — only a few very exceptional women have any chance at all. Unfortunately, their only chance lies in being 'exceptionally' ruthless and single-minded. Which means that by definition women who manage to gain power in this man's world will be a depressingly autocratic and male-identified lot; no role models for other women. Nothing to gladden the heart of a feminist.

Canada's late unlamented election last May provided many ghastly examples of what happens to women seeking office. If you can bear to recall that campaign you might remember that it was fashionable in some circles (including *Broadside*, no less) to bemoan the scarcity of women running and winning. Personally, I am more concerned about quality than quantity. By accepted standards women candidates tend to be head and shoulders above their male counterparts; many would undoubtedly be cabinet material were they male. That is the problem: to be 'cabinet timbre' a woman must play male politics, only better and tougher. Many do so. Which proves nothing except the adaptability of females.

It is part of our political mythology that 'real,' important issues like jobs, inflation and energy somehow do not relate to women. To be taken seriously a politician (any gender/any party) has to treat these problems as if either half the population didn't exist or could be subsumed under the other half. Thus the pitiful sight of women candidates (with a few notable and honorable exceptions) falling over themselves to deny any subversive pro-women ideas for fear (get this!) of "letting men down" (said Jeanne Sauvé). As if women were not being let down by our elected representatives years without end!



Yet shortage of jobs, inflation, nuclear power and the energy crisis — to mention just a few areas — are feminist issues. Not only

do these problems affect women as well as men but they affect us often differently and always more adversely!

This is clear when you stop to think who is most affected by hard times, who is expected to sacrifice for the good of 'all', who takes up the slack in the economy, on whom falls the weight of saving, conserving and making do with less.

Not only do women bear the brunt but in most instances the narrow interests of women and men do not coincide and may in fact be directly at odds. Which means that *not to be pro-women is to be anti-women*. In employment for instance, the interests of men versus women cut across class lines. There are only so many jobs and only so many good jobs. Scarcity breeds competition which business skillfully and happily exploits. For instance, a pool of low wage female workers is what makes most service industries profitable, and the textile industry possible in this country. Job ghettos mean that women have limited access to other types of work, have fewer choices and cannot afford to be as demanding as men. Very convenient for the powers that be.

But that's just half the story. The reluctance of unions and male workers generally to accept and train women in traditionally male occupations is not just a matter of chauvinist attitudes as in the case of employers, it's more a matter of chauvinist (and wrong-headed) self-interest. That is a difference and an important one. Attitudes may perhaps be changed by education, but self-interest yields only to countervailing power. Politicians are sensitive to power both as a means and as an end. Since power lies with men it's convenient to promulgate the myth that the interests of men and 'everybody' are synonymous and that women are just a special interest group with 'special issues'. What, pray tell, makes women but not men a 'special interest' group?

That indeed is the question that all politicians, current and aspiring, must be made to face. Women (and men for that matter) politicians have a choice. They can accept as immutable the present power structure, continue to serve it and hope to reap the rewards it offers those who do so. Or they can, and should, have the vision to get off the path of destruction men seem determined to follow, they can work like hell to redress the power imbalance between men and women. Not exactly a short-cut to personal power but ultimately the only thing worth doing.

Women have already demonstrated that we can do anything as well (read; as badly) as men when we play their game by their rules. We proved it since it was the only game in town. High time to change the game, make our own rules, get a new set of players. Most of us have nothing to lose by trying. And those who do have something to lose — power — deserve to lose it.

Look what they've done with it.

Broadside:

I picked up an introductory copy quite by chance (and even more by chance found I had \$1 to pay for it) and I'm glad I did both. Congratulations on a solid and informative paper.

Very special congratulations and thanks for your front page nuclear story. One of my concerns about women's publications is that they tend to ignore, and certainly underplay, issues which seem not to relate directly and immediately to women's particular experience and needs. The whole environment/energy/conserver question is one of these issues.

I enjoyed your movie reviews but missed a sports section. Policy? Or shortage of staff?

Alma Norman
Ottawa, Ontario

(From the collective: See "I'm a feminist, but . . ." in this issue.)

Broadside:

I have avidly read your first (of many, many I hope) issue not once but at least three times — hurry up with the next! Congrats on a magnificent birth!

There is quite a lively bunch of activists here with many burning issues to contend with. Not only are we the last outpost of Europe geographically speaking, but we're also the most oppressed and unliberated society of women. But there are lots of fighting spirits.

Although much is Canadian content (in *Broadside*), the issues are relevant here also — especially the nuclear power game, how unemployment is affecting women, etc. The contraceptive debate, though, is the hottest issue — I've enclosed a copy of the bill and it's only going to be (officially) for married couples!

Women's aid is very active here. In the Republic there is the paradoxical situation of permissible annulment recognised by the Church but civil law does not permit divorce. Amen.

Best wishes for your future efforts.

Kate Boyle,
Coleraine, N. Ireland

Broadside:

You have no idea what joy I felt when I received your complimentary copy of *Broadside*. I have approached the regular newspapers with increasing despair and have felt there has been a crying need for a newspaper such as yours for a long time. Bless you! I have already got the Women's Resource Centre interested and will be doing some more groundwork at my church and some organizations I think might recognize the benefits you are promising.

Please hurry and get into (more) print. P.S. I love your name.

Kim Naish
Peterborough, Ontario

Broadside:

I object strongly to the title of the newspaper (*Broadside*), but it's good work. Congratulations.

Lucinda Flavelle
Mississauga, Ontario

Where's My "September" *Broadside*?

You have it in your hand. The press date for Vol. 1, no. 1 of *Broadside* was October 1, 1979. So consider the "October" issue the first of many to come.

Women in the Media

In our Introductory issue we told readers *Broadside* would cover women in broadcast media in the following issue. Since several interesting things are brewing in the next month or so with respect to broadcasting, we are deferring coverage until we can give you all the most up-to-date news.

Ritualized Mutilization

by Susan G. Cole

Last February, physicians, midwives and other health professionals gathered in Khartoum, Sudan for the World Health Organization (WHO) Seminar on Traditional Practices Affecting the Health of Women. The presentations of the participants confirmed that the external genitalia, including the clitoris of over 30 million female children and women are cut off and mutilated, often in drastic operations that result in permanent health damage: hemorrhage, which may be fatal, infections including tetanus, terrible scarring which prevents normal childbirth and even infertility may result. The operations, often performed on very young children, also result in life-long frigidity, painful intercourse, menstrual problems, fistulas (rupture of the vaginal walls), incontinence and a number of permanent disabilities.

The operation most frequently practiced is clitoridectomy or excision — the cutting out, without anaesthetic, of most or all of the external genitalia of female children, from newborn babies to the age of puberty.

The most dangerous operation, infibulation, or "Pharoanic Circumcision", is practiced in Sudan, Somalia and along the Red Sea coast, as well as in Mali, West Africa. It means that after the exterior genital organs of the child are removed, the vagina is closed by scarification or sewing. The legs of the child are tied together for several weeks until the wound is healed, closing the vagina except for a small opening for elimination created by a splinter of wood. Thus virginity, which is considered important by Moslem men, can be proven before the brideprice is paid.

We live with a post-Holocaust consciousness. Vietnam's refugees are lovingly photographed on the front pages of our dailies, the torture of a handful of American POW's at the hands of the North Vietnamese sparks the kind of outrage that will mobilize thousands. Whether it is to Idi Amin's chamber of horrors or to the Ayatollah's Draconian rule, world's humanists respond and from the gut. But the atrocities against women described at the World Health Conference have been met with a conspiracy of silence that is only just beginning to break down.

Health professionals whose goal it is to end the sexual mutilation of women in Africa have encountered obstacles on nearly every front. They have assumed that a world-wide response from women would exert enough pressure, particularly on international agencies like the United Nations, to force governments and health professionals to take action.

The reaction has been slow in coming. It is almost as if the sexual politics are so explosive women find it hard to assimilate, and act on, the outrage.

In Africa, the excision of female children is performed to make them faithful to one man, especially in societies where polygamy is practised. In Moslem societies, virginity is a critical factor because the bride must be a virgin for the male head of the family to collect the maximum brideprice. To establish paternity unequivocally the males make sure the females are tightly "closed". Re-infibulation is also practised in Sudan and Somalia. After a woman has children and is divorced she is re-sewn so that the next man who buys her sexual services (by making the brideprice) is certain that any children she has are his. This kind of control is absolutely effective: sexual intercourse is so painful that the re-infibulated woman is hardly tempted to engage in sexual activity.

Apologists for the sexual mutilation of women in Africa argue that those of whatever sex who sanction the operations are not in the least blameworthy, that instead those who want to stop the operations and break the conspiracy of silence are a threat to African culture, and guilty of racist interference.

Fran Hosken, author of the definitive work on genital mutilation (*The Hosken Report*, published by WIN News, 1979) spent years trying to trigger a response from the World Health Organization and only recently had some success. She was consistently confronted with the criticism that genital operations or "operations based on customs" are a cultural matter. Stay out. Tampering with African culture is verboten, particularly in a climate of sensitivity to the emerging black African nations.

Hosken and her colleagues have been persistent, and finally at this year's WHO seminar they were convincing enough to walk away

with ratified recommendations, designed to end the sexual mutilation of African women. But they had to be vigilant. Originally the recommendations formulated by a special committee before the conference were worded in such a way as to permit the modernization of traditional genital operations by introducing them into the health care field and even into the hospitals. All the male physicians argued that this was defensible and good medical practice because the action would "prevent infections and worse harm". This is the kind of logic that would argue that gang rape at the hands of a troupe of boy scouts is more palatable than random rape because at least it's organized.

Dr. Bertha Johnson of Nigeria saw through the ruse and responded swiftly, pointing out that "defenders" of African culture cannot have it both ways: performing traditional operations in western-equipped hospitals (and making large sums of money in the process) is hardly non-interference with African culture.

Eventually the seminar did not sanction the introduction of female castration into the modern health care system, where, it is important to note, excision and infibulation would have received international financial support. Instead the recommendations were rephrased and are unequivocal:

- Adoption of a clear national policy for the abolishment of female circumcision.
- Establishment of national commissions to co-ordinate and follow up the activities of the bodies involved; including, where appropriate, the enactment of legislation prohibiting female circumcision.
- Intensification of general education of the public including health education at all levels, with special emphasis on the dangers and undesirability of female circumcision.
- Intensification of national programmes for traditional birth attendants, midwives, healers and other practitioners of traditional medicine, showing the harmful effects of female circumcision, with a view to enlisting their support along general efforts to abolish the practice.

Ms. Hosken sees this as a victory and writes that WHO, in spite of its earlier intransigence, should be commended for having finally broken the code of silence. But recommendations are not useful unless they are implemented. The agency which should be most directly involved in bringing about WHO's proposals is UNICEF and Ms. Hosken's experiences with this target group have not been altogether promising.

Immediately following the Khartoum conference, Hosken went to see the UNICEF officer in Somalia. She reported to him the re-

commendations and asked about infibulation which is almost universally practiced in Somalia. The officer, who has seen three quarters of his 2 year tour of duty knew nothing of the operations. Would he take action on the recommendations? No, not unless the government requested the programme. No matter that the UN charter clearly states that "in the performance of their tasks, the UN staff shall not seek to receive instructions from any government". No matter that Somalia has already organized a national commission against Pharoanic circumcision which included the Ministers of Health and Education.

The implementation of the recommendations depends first on their becoming public knowledge. *The Hosken Report*, written just as Hosken was setting out for Khartoum is a complete and often devastating account of sexual mutilation. The May 1979 issue of the WHO publication *World Health* contains a full discussion by Dr A.H. Tabor of the operations, the health damage and the Khartoum Seminar. Even as the information seeps into the public sector, Hosken's run-in with an ill-informed uninterested UNICEF officer makes it clear that pressure will have to come from concerned woman before international agencies will commit themselves to action. Hosken suggests that letters to Mr. H.L. Larouisse at UNICEF headquarters in New York (866 UN Plaza, New York, NY, 10017) are useful. The Canadian Executive Director is Harry Black (443 Mount Pleasant Rd., 3rd Floor, Toronto M4S 2L8.)

Of course the most eloquent statement of support for the recommendations is the withdrawal of financial support from UNICEF and any other agency that refuses to come to grips with the issue. CIDA, the Canadian International Development Agency, which funds programmes in Africa, has been alarmingly silent and should be confronted. In this the International Year of the Child, it is particularly appropriate for women to contact the Women's International Network which has been set up to facilitate the WHO recommendations and to organize support for women in Africa working for change. More information is available from WIN News, 187 Grant Street, Lexington, Massachusetts 02173, USA.

"The failure of an agency to recognize the recommendations," writes Hosken, "means it is supporting genital mutilation. And that must be challenged because it is a political decision." As for women who are just beginning to integrate the horrifying facts, collective queasiness is simply not an adequate response.

• Boat People, from page 1

obtained through on-the-spot reporters and neutral and varied press stories confirmed in the long run our support for the Vietnamese cause and the truth of their reports.

Here are some of the facts. At the Paris Peace Conference in 1973 the United States undertook to provide massive aid to rehabilitate Vietnam (\$3.25 billion). This was to include sophisticated detection and detonation equipment, to cut down the casualties caused by thousands of unexploded mines and bombs. These commitments were not kept. No aid was sent. Vietnam has received only the most minimal aid from other western governments. Food and medical supplies are desperately needed by everyone, not just the refugees, who quite often are people with money who have been used to a higher living standard during the American presence in South Vietnam.

Another fact to note is that early in 1979 Vietnam permitted and organised a scheme for the orderly departure of 10,000 refugees per month. This scheme had been endorsed by the U.N. High Commission for Refugees in May, 1979. Lists were provided, but the United States would not set up the necessary consular machinery to check the lists. Canada had no representatives on the spot.

Third, Vietnam was cut off from loans through the World Bank and other international agencies. With a trade embargo and little aid from western countries, Vietnam was forced to depend on what help it could get from the Soviet Union and her allies.

Fourth, the floods of 1978 destroyed three million tons of rice and one quarter of Vietnam's livestock. Six million people were left homeless.

These and other factors, and our experience based on direct and indirect contacts with the Vietnamese people here and in their own country, lead us to urge greater assistance from the international agencies and the Canadian government in the form of aid, loans and the opening up of trading possibilities. We cannot condone repression, violence or harsh treatment. However, with Amnesty International, the church delegations and others, we tend to believe that there is much less of this than the western press and politicians would have us believe. We try to understand

• Refugees, from page 1

But it was Mr. X who intrigued them most. He took care of the household appliances and was spending the summer doing minor renovations on the house. When the youngest asked Mrs. X for help with the washing machine, she referred him to her husband. The boy was amazed and couldn't bring himself to ask Mr. X for the information. It was unseemly to him that the man of the house would involve himself in domestic activity. When Mr. X tried to enlist the aid of the eldest with some of the renovations, Ngo steadfastly refused to have anything to do with manual labour. It was beneath his status of student. All this the X family attributed to the cultural gap that the sponsors were convinced could be overcome except that the differences were not static.

the circumstances faced by the Vietnamese government and by the people who are leaving. We remain convinced that the best way to ease the situation in Indochina is to provide help, to open up communications and to give the Vietnamese the first chance that most of them have ever had to live in a country which is not at war and which is not occupied by foreign troops.

One word about the Canadian government and the Department of External Affairs and its bureaucrats. Contrary to what the Minister is saying, Canada has never been a friend of Vietnam. Any socialist or communist government is automatically an enemy in the minds of our bureaucrats. During the Vietnam war we acted as go-betweens and agents of the United States. Our activities on the Control Commission prevented unbiased or objective reports being made on violations of the Geneva Accords, which the Commission was supposed to monitor. Our aid, trade and communication with Vietnam have been almost non-existent. When we finally arranged an exchange of diplomats, we had our Ambassador to Peking assume the two jobs. He still does, although the distance from Peking to Hanoi and the relations between the two countries certainly must prevent him doing an adequate job as ambassador to Vietnam. When the Vietnamese women told me in 1968 "We do not think your government is friendly," they spoke no more than the truth.

They had a dynamism of their own and they were having a corrosive effect on relationships: Mr. X. was rapidly losing face and credibility.

The boys ate voraciously, more than what would be expected, even from growing adolescent boys. They consumed unnaturally large amounts of food. By the end of the month, the food bill indicated that the three boys were eating twice as much as the six members of the X family. They ate, quite literally, as if they were never going to eat again. They leapt for food when it came to the table. They didn't horde food in their rooms as if waiting for the time when they'd have no more, they just ate with a pathological desperation. There was no point in explaining that there was only so much money that was to be divided among the members of both families. The only recourse available to the X family, and they adopted it with the greatest reluctance, was to keep the food close by their own plates.

Water was another obsession with the three boys. They showered often, sometimes three times a day and languished under what appeared to be the unlimited supply of water for over half an hour each time. Except that the water supply was not unlimited. The fresh water in the town had a critical pollution problem and water was far more expensive than it is in practically any other location in the province. This Mr. X attempted to explain to the boys. He told them that the washing machine could not run simultaneously with the shower, that water was precious. At one point he told the youngest that he couldn't shower because the dishwasher was on. The boy looked at him, nodded and then promptly went upstairs to turn on the shower.

Whether it was because Mr. X had lost the credibility to act as the authority figure the boys expected to see or whether the boys were simply feisty, there was no doubt that the X family was having difficulty getting their new boarders to cooperate. Even Ngo, who was in charge of his family agreed that the youngest was a discipline problem and he spoke about it to the X family. In spite of Ngo's recognition of the difficulties, the X family was beginning to have doubts, and they began to fester. The X family was appalled by what they saw as arrogance and shocked to discover that after four weeks, as much as they

fought the feelings, preposterous as it seemed, this comfortable family, swearing it knew better, felt exploited. It hardly seemed possible that they could feel trounced by the three people whom out of principle and conviction, they had brought into their home.

During the long weekend, Mrs. X and her youngest daughter were alone in the house with the boys. Suddenly the girl came running upstairs to her mother screaming that the boys were fighting. Mrs. X told her to tell them to stop but the girl said that she didn't think that would work. Mrs. X discovered the

continued page 18

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New Times/ New Tactics

by Heather Brown

What are society's thoughts about women and the women's movement these days? At first glance, it would appear that there are two conflicting points of view.

On the one side, think for a moment about some overall impressions which you've probably been receiving recently:

- more women than ever before are advancing into managerial positions
- business women in the 70s are as tough and dynamic as their male counterparts
- equal opportunity is becoming a household word
- injustices against women are being acted upon through affirmative action programs, etc.
- provocative women's fashions may be reminiscent of the 40s, but women no longer consider themselves as sex objects (one well-known feminist, Betty Friedan, even claims now that women can be sex objects, just as long as that's not all they are).

Sounds great, doesn't it? And all in such a supposedly short time, too. (You may well question the relatively infinitesimal number of women who have been affected by these changes).

On the other side, let's also consider these impressions:

- the women's movement is dead (reasons given range from "it's no longer needed" to "it's certain now that the remaining feminists still fighting for change must be man-haters and/or lesbians")
- if some women are not "progressing", it's basically their own fault because opportunities exist
- how can society give priority to women in the present economic climate? (even though for example, women and children are the most severely hit by social service cutbacks)
- the ever-increasing number of women entering the workforce is one of the main causes of unemployment (the old cliché at work: men, as heads of households, need the jobs even though 2/3 of women who work are single, separated or divorced and only one man in four is the sole supporter of the family)
- there's a male backlash, otherwise known as "male lib", and men are now demanding their rights as well ("discriminatory insurance rates against them, benefits for single fathers, challenging affirmative action programs, etc.)
- arch-conservative, hierarchical religions are making a comeback (you know who's at the bottom of this pile)
- "women's liberation" has been the cause of the breakdown in the family, more youthful crime, etc. (read: more women should stay or go back home)

Got the idea? They're not really conflicting points of view at all. The first set of impressions gives us the illusion that women are making tremendous advances generally and, therefore tends to isolate the vast majority of women once again into thinking of their problems as unique. The second set, however not only intimidates women from rocking the boat any further, but is used as an excuse to rob us of the gains we've made. In other words, we're "going too far."

What does this mean to the women's movement? Basically it means that a new "plateau" has been reached not only for us, but society as a whole, and this must be recognized.

We are all aware of the conservative backlash of the latter 70s. "Neoconservatism", as it is called, has become "fashionable." From all indications, it will only worsen in the future. Let's face it: "liberalism" thrives in times when there's extra cash to spread around and the various powers that be (inside and outside the home) can afford to be more generous in thought and deed. Even at these times the women's movement has borne the brunt of anything from subtle ridicule to vicious hostility. We all know the present opposition to the women's movement. Speculate for yourself as to what it might be as society in general changes even further.

Many, many women have gained invaluable experience in the past ten years. Many have become experts in working within the established systems, for example, governments, unions, corporations, various political parties, etc. Their tenacity has been, and will continue to be an inspiration to women in general.

Others have formed numerous women's organizations, without which the movement could not possibly have progressed even to its present level. Most of these organizations have taken a much more militant stance in response to our changing society and its concomitant backlash. A few have even changed their direction. An excellent example of this is the Canadian Committee on Learning Opportunities for Women (CLOW).

CLOW was originally established in 1974, mainly by women working in colleges and universities throughout Canada, to share their knowledge and experience. Women's programs have been the most severely affected by educational cutbacks in recent years. CLOW has become more and more active in publicizing their drastic consequences. The federal cut in training allowances for women in the spring of this year, however, brought strong criticism from CLOW during the federal election in May. According to Mary Corkery, Co-ordinator of CLOW, "We recognized, of course, that these cutbacks

would reduce drastically women's access to any type of upgrading program. On a far wider scale, however, it would result in women being barred from stable, well paid employment and we foresaw a consolidation of their disadvantaged position in Canada's economy." The result of CLOW's action? Training allowances have been restored at least partially to their former level, even though this was far from adequate in the first place.

At the same time, other women are using their recently acquired knowledge and experiences to expand the movement even further in various truly exciting ways. *New times* also call for the addition of *new tactics*.

Take, for example, the Ontario Federation of Women (OFW) which was established in the spring of this year.

As elsewhere in Canada, much of the activity of the women's movement in Ontario during the earlier 70s was setting up services for women (rape crisis centres, services and homes for battered wives and their children, counselling, etc.) The funding has rarely been on a continuing basis, that is to say "legitimized" by receiving a yearly portion of government departments'/ministries' budgets. Therefore the services have always been in a precarious position.

Usually corporations and foundations have not been a source of alternate funding. This has been due largely to the lack of access to the "old boy networks" and the extremely low priority given to women's services by these organizations.

"What had happened," according to an OFW member, "was that women's groups had been divided amongst themselves as they all scrambled for sorely needed funds. As those who received funding grew fewer in number, even those at the top of the different government priority lists realized their days were also numbered if they did not fight together to retain what they had won."

The result was the OFW. Although a concerted effort to educate the public as to the effects of these cutbacks will be a top priority, they will also focus on other areas of discrimination as the need arises. Differences of opinion as to direction may still exist amongst the members of the OFW, yet they realize that pressure groups of this size and strength will be a necessity in the future.

An even more radical departure from past political activity by women took place in June of this year when the first public meeting of the Feminist Party of Canada (FPC) took place in Toronto, attended by over 600 women.

Women have taken part in politics to an ever increasing extent over the past 100 years, however their experience during the past ten years and the regressive changes in our society gave rise to the establishment of the FPC.

The recent federal election galvanized many women into action. Ten women amongst 282 elected representatives in parliament can hardly be considered a joyous victory. The FPC believes that the vast majority of women working within the established political parties are still used as "servants". It has been, and continues to be, an extremely tiring uphill battle for most women to gain access to the decision-making process. In any case, those decisions are still mainly within a basically male defined and

male dominated context.

"It's a question of relevance," said Angela Miles, one of the party members. "If politics, economics, technology or any other subject is first of all discussed in relation to its pertinence to women and also children, then society as a whole, many more women will be eager to be involved. Women's concerns and views of all areas of society will not simply be ignored or relegated to the women's caucus of the party; they will be at its core. The FPC is an integrated segment of the women's movement, therefore women will be encouraged to bring their experiences and thoughts into discussions. It is this supportive atmosphere which distinguishes the FPC from other parties."

It has been suggested by some feminists that the FPC will undercut the support of women candidates and elected representatives

continued page 18

Media Watch

The Press vs. The Feminist Party

What was the Toronto media's response to the establishment of the Feminist Party of Canada?

The Toronto Star's editorial of June 12 was by far the most outrageous analysis. Their argument rested solely on the way in which one gets women elected. "There's no sexy way to power" glares the headline. A great start! You can imagine what comes next: members of the FPC have "chosen an odd and ultimately futile way of trying to get more women elected (*read: FPC members are politically unaware/wasting their time...*) Women with political ambitions would do much better to do what men have always done (*inference: their methods are always right*) Join one of the established parties FPC (*members have just quit them!*) take part in policy decisions (*"mumble mumble... decentralization... mumble... pencils... mumble beavers and national unity... mumble mumble..."*) refuse to be relegated to licking stamps, stuffing envelopes and making coffee (*men will share even half this load?*) fight for the nomination in a winnable constituency, and run (*with odds of 28 to 1 against you winning*). Don't worry, Toronto Star, there are still many women willing to fight the "good" fight!

However, does the Star even mention a feminist perspective? Does it give credit to many women who are fed up with attempting to weave these points of view into traditional party theories? No. According to the Star, the FPC's saying simply "Vote for me because I'm a woman." It's distortion of FPC goals to the highest degree.

Dick Beddoes, in his regular Star column, accused the Feminist Party of "time wasted," inferring through comparison with the "Go To Blazes Party" in Britain that the FPC was "whimsical or outrageous". Evidently the 600-700 women who attended the meeting felt differently. And while he quoted several women who were against the idea of the FPC, not once did he quote or mention something in the least positive.

If the lead paragraph in the Globe and Mail's article wasn't a put-down of the FPC, we'd like to know what is: "There was a lot of talk but the only concrete thing to come out of a public meeting yesterday to form a Feminist Party of Canada was a decision to hold a founding conference in the fall or in the spring of 1980." It really makes you want to read more, doesn't it? What followed? Well, the Globe and Mail would call it "objective" journalism by giving equal space, as they did, to both those for and against the Feminist Party. That depends a lot on where the "nays" are: the Globe and Mail chose to present these first before any explanation of the FPC goals or principles had been given. These incidentally were covered in three inches of a single column at the end. Ah, sweet objectivity!

H.B.

Are we too dry?
All wet,
or just right?
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Audience applauds Feminist Party of Canada speakers

BROADSIDES

by Heather Brown and Susan G. Cole

YOU'RE OUT OF ORDER

"Many days I've put in 18 and 19 hours. I was on my feet seven hours a day. Then I worked almost all night...preparing for the next day."

Does this quote have a familiar ring? Is it a homemaker/mother? Nope. It's lawyer Harvey Strosberg attempting to justify his bill for \$200,000 for 15 months' work to the Ontario government while working as counsel on the Royal Commission on Confidentiality of Health Records.

Sorry, Harvey, we *still* don't see any justification for it. It's equal to the workload faced by too many women for a good twenty years with *no* financial recognition for it.

H.B.

And now a word from the late *John Wayne*, the arch-conservative loved and revered by so many arch-conservatives of this world:

"I think women have the right to work anywhere they want to — as long as they have dinner ready when I get home."

Goodnight, Duke, wherever you are.

H.B.

DARK AGE RELIC

Most women will probably not have known about this gem: until recently, Jewish women in the United States were not allowed to remarry without their ex-husband's permission! This permission, incidentally, was also often used to blackmail women into divorce settlements favorable to the husband.

The precedent was set by Judge Gerald Held, sitting in New York State Supreme Court, who ruled against an Orthodox Jew who wanted to divorce his wife but did not want to give her permission to remarry.

Orthodox rabbis would not perform a wedding for a divorced woman unless she had the husband's permission in a written document called a Get. Judge Held ruled that the Jewish marriage contract requires the husband to issue the Get with a divorce. He said the Ketubah, or Jewish marriage contract, is a civil contract enforceable by the courts.

Since the decision was praised by Rabbi Israel Klavan of the Rabbinical Council of America, are we to assume that Jewish women wishing a divorce are ambivalent to the decision?

H.B.

NOW YOU SEE IT . . . NOW YOU DON'T

The idea of "no-fault" insurance has been kicked around for years. Recently, however, it was put in the now fashionable context of discrimination against males.

Young men with no accident record pay more insurance than young women with a previous claim. Since insurance rates increase with every accident claim, the "no-fault" concept would certainly make it easier on men.

It's surprising how quickly men can get things changed when it affects *them*. It was probably no earlier than the beginning of 1979 when we began to hear this argument. And it probably won't be past the end of this year until it's changed.

Now *that's* power!

H.B.

SCHOOL MARMS UNITE

Broadside congratulates the sixty year old Federation of Women Teachers which has once again rebuffed the questionable advances of the Ontario Public School Men's Teachers Federation to merge the two organizations.

Marriage itself isn't all bad; it's a marriage of unequal partners that's problematic.

There are 3,200 women teachers in Ontario of which approximately 200 are principals. There are 2,800 principals among the 15,000 male teachers and that kind of clout is bound to have an effect on the constitution of the executive of a male/female organization. Until the Federation of Women Teachers receives guarantees that there will be equal representation on the executive, it can only lose by merging their organization with its male counterpart.

The Federation of Women Teachers should hold out until there are as many female principals as there are male principals in the public school system. Then a union of the two federations will be a real merger and not a takeover.

S.G.C.

MEDIA WATCH

FRONT PAGE CHALLENGE

You must remember Greta Rideout. She was the woman who pressed rape charges against her husband Gordon who was eventually acquitted. You must remember because the couple's reconciliation was celebrated on the front pages of most Canadian dailies, this after the editors had tucked reports of the actual trial onto the back pages of the family section.

A district court in Belgium hearing a similar trial convicted the husband of assault but threw out the rape charge. The Belgian Court of Appeal overturned the decision and convicted the accused of both assault and rape. Torontonians probably don't recall this as clearly as the Rideout trial. This is because the *Globe* and *Mail* gave the Belgian decision, a historic event in the annals of rape, five inches in its main section while the *Star* failed to cover the court's reversal, although it did cover the original decision which acquitted the husband of the rape charge.

It seems that unless a woman appears to vacillate foolishly she won't receive her due from the press. The news of one woman's victory in the courts is buried in the same paper that gleefully reports another's change of heart. And this, we are led to believe, is objective journalism.

S.G.C.

CENSORSHIP

It's common for the mainstream media to censor women's news; they simply ignore the vast majority of it. When a women's publication censors women's news, however, then we are in a sorry state.

Examine the two pictures below, then read the letter of protest to *The Business and Professional Woman* from the Lesbian Organization of Toronto. It explains the situation clearly and with rightful indignation.



Dear Ms. Dunn:

The Lesbian Organization of Toronto was very impressed by your interest in using a photograph of the International Women's Day March on March 11th. Yes, it is time that we women stood up for equal rights and our place in the world.

This is why our group, representing 400 lesbians, must write a letter of protest over your unreasonable need to maintain our invisibility as lesbians. The daily Toronto newspaper, in which Frank Rooney's photograph appeared, certainly showed no hesitation in printing the entire content of the photograph. Unfortunately, you, as editor, felt that your readers were neither sophisticated enough to accept the word 'lesbian' nor sophisticated enough to feel outrage at your censorship.

The Lesbian Organization of Toronto carried its banner in the march because we support rights for *all* women and because the march organizers were supportive of rights for lesbians. You will also find, in almost every other group participating in the demonstration, that lesbians were prevalent, that lesbians *are* active in the women's movement and no amount of censorship will make us suddenly disappear.

We will expect this letter to be printed in your forthcoming issue along with an apology from the official publication of *The Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs*.

Yours truly,
Pat Leslie

for Lesbian Organization of Toronto.

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Somebody in the ad department at Time magazine has "lost touch" with the fact that Time is supposed to be a part of the east coast liberal establishment and not a part of the skin trade.

S.G.C.

The reason given by the editor for this misplaced censorship, incidentally, was that both the Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs and the publication itself are attempting to reach a greater number of women. It was felt that the inclusion of the word "lesbian" might be offensive to many of them. It's a prime example of how women perpetuate the oppression of a segment of our own sex — *and*, in this specific case of the CFBPW, some of their own members.

We're sure some of you would like to express your views to the editor of *The Business and Professional Woman*, Valerie Dunn. She has said she'll publish letters. Her address is: 18-796 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto M4K 3L2.

H.B.

SENSATIONALISM

You'll no doubt have noticed the tremendous job the media did this past summer of scaring us half to death over the return of Skylab to earth. If there was ever an adult version of Henny Penny ("the sky is falling") this was it. (Come on — 'fess up — didn't you decide not to put even a foot outside the door on that fateful Wednesday?)

The Toronto *Star* did a curious flip-flop during this episode. The day before crashdown they carried a story entitled "There's a woman's gentle touch at Skylab's earth-bound helm." According to the *Star*, "Officially her (Bonnie Dunbar) title is guidance and navigation systems officer. In layman's language that means she's the next best thing to a pilot for the unmanned Skylab — a woman doing a vital job in the mainly men's world of National Aeronautics and Space Administration." On the one hand it was a relief and rather soothing. On the other hand, you couldn't help wondering what kind of hell she'd be in if the crashdown annihilation took place as predicted.

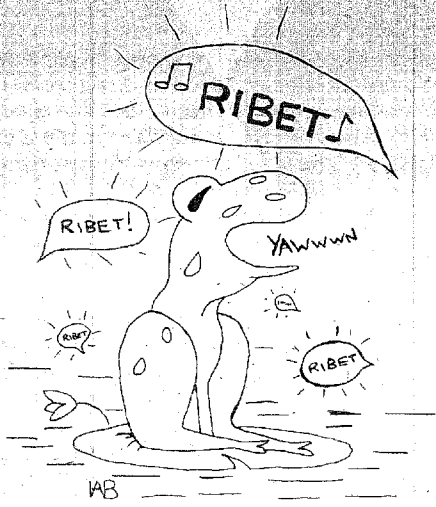
On the day after the crashdown, the front page headline read, "How Charlie saved us from Skylab." Would Charlie have come out of the woodwork if it had been a disaster? We leave it up to you to draw your own conclusions.

H.B.

*Sisters, unite!
Sit down and write . . .*

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WOMENS LIBERATION HITS THE SWAMPS?



It seems the frogs didn't get around to mating this year and, as a result, there were no eggs nor, of course, little froggies.

The cause, according to a Royal Ontario Museum study group? Poor timing by the "ladies"! Whether they're arriving too early or too late, the females are missing the crucial performance; they just aren't around when the males rise above the water, with yellow sacs puffed out below the jaw, to croak out their joyful mating song.

The ROM study group's reaction has been to put increased effort into studying the *male* frogs' hitherto unknown seasonal lifestyles. We would suggest that they consider the following:

- whether some females are not bored by this "command" performance each year at a time chosen and a territory staked out each spring by the male (the height of machismo)
- whether some females would not prefer every second year or more "off" (a variation on "control of our bodies")
- whether some females have staked out territory of their own to which they would invite the males when they wished (analogous to the new "independent" woman)
- whether some females have staked out territory of their own to which they would *not* invite the males (lesbian separatism).

Come on ROM, get your priorities straight! It's the females who are evidently rebelling and therefore worth studying. The males are just doing the same boring stunts they've done for millions of years.

H.B.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT VICTORY?

All feminists applauded the settlement of \$3,500 won by Maria Bellesta on August 1 in Toronto in her complaint of sexual harassment against MacIver and Lines Ltd. and a male employee. The amount, incidentally, was settled out of court and included \$3,000 for pain and suffering and \$500 for lost wages. Bellesta had claimed that the assault by the male employee took place in front of a company supervisor who failed to take any action. When she complained, she was accused of lying, and fired.

Before we celebrate too much, however, let's consider another case this past summer. It's not what you'd call sexual harassment against a male, but it does involve sex as the basis on which a man in Mississauga was fired. He lost his \$24,000-a-year job with Steelcase Canada Ltd. because he'd had an affair with a co-worker's wife. The judge concluded that this man had not disrupted

the office nor had he harmed the company's reputation. We also applaud this decision. But what was *his* settlement? A cool \$18,000 in damages!

The lessons? Don't settle out of court. We've still got a *long* way to go.

H.B.

DRINK MILK

Surprise, surprise! Doctors are once again warning against the dangers of the baby formula and the blessings of mother's milk for the health of infants. But let's face reality: women now make up approximately 40 percent of the workforce. So, before everyone goes off half-cocked on this one and it becomes one more part of the "return to the family" movement, we'd like to suggest that it is probably one of the strongest arguments for day care within the work place. There are undoubtedly many working mothers who'd like to breast feed their babies; given the space at work, many would probably do it.

H.B.

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Since women first obtained the right to vote and to run for office, the number of women seeking federal office rose from four in 1921 to 144 in 1979. But the number of women who won seats in those 58 years rose only from one to ten. The dismal prognosis is that, at this rate, we will need another 842 years to achieve equal representation at the federal level.

A change is in order. A political party with a feminist perspective can be both the focus and the vehicle for that change.

The Feminist Party of Canada is the political voice in our time of a movement that has been known and felt in all times - the movement towards justice and humanity. In any society whose leaders have been busy with other goals, it is this movement that has forced them to tend to fundamental and humanitarian concerns. It has appeared as the movement for the abolition of slavery, for universal suffrage, for self-rule, for peace, and, in our time, it is the movement for the liberation of women.

If you wish to participate in the formation of this national party, please complete the following and return it to the above address.

NAME _____ PHONES _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ POSTAL CODE _____

I would like to purchase membership in the Feminist Party of Canada at \$5.00 _____

Seniors, students, single parents, welfare, disabled \$1.00 _____

I would like to participate. Please contact me _____. I am interested in the following committee(s):

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Membership _____ Policy Development _____ Education _____ Outreach _____ Office _____

I enclose a donation _____ Cash _____ Cheque _____ Paid _____ Date _____

MOVEMENT MATTERS

ANTI-RAPE MOVEMENT IN CANADA

Delegates from 36 anti-rape and rape crisis centres in Canada met in Fredericton last spring for the 5th annual conference of Sexual Assault Centres.

This year women unanimously ratified a constitution which provides the basis of unity for member centres. The goal of the National Association of Sexual Assault Centres is to implement the legal, social and attitudinal changes necessary to prevent and ultimately eradicate rape and sexual assault.

The National Association recognizes that women must *organize* their collective strengths in the anti-rape movement in order to make these changes; however, the National Association in no way substitutes for the work of autonomous member centres, rather the National Association actively encourages and supports the growth and development of new centres. This organization will provide a mechanism for communication, education and mobilization to alleviate some of the political and geographical isolation of the anti-rape centres in this country.

As feminists, we struggle to design an alternate structure which will enable us to work together in a way that is consistent with our values and principles. The National Association is therefore set up as a non-hierarchy, decisions being made by those women who actively participate in member centres. Each region (BC, the Prairies, Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes) elects a regional representative who sits on the Regional Rep. Committee. This committee exists to facilitate the operation of the National Association and to act as a central liaison and information resource.

Presently, Health and Welfare (federal) funds the National Association — poorly. Each regional rep is paid 1/2 salary, and some travel money is available. Centres are not funded by the National Association. Centres use the National Newsletter to keep each other informed, to politicize and teach each other about alternatives and to coordinate actions.

Even with the differences in political perspectives, 60 women worked *together* at the National Conference with a tremendous amount of co-operation, and commitment to the tasks at hand. As well as accepting the constitution, we discussed and debated pornography, feminist therapy, incest, sexual harassment, battered women, law reform, self-defence, advocacy, fundraising, feminism, public education and the role of men in anti-rape centres.

Policy and resolutions were passed on:

- medical issues: including the right of a woman to have an abortion;
- confidentiality of services: in some provinces, the law requires that all cases of suspected abuse of children be reported to the authorities;
- polygraph tests: police often coerce rape victims to undergo a lie detector test as part of the investigation. Polygraph results are not admissible as evidence in court. This constitutes clear police harassment;
- regional disparity: the Atlantic provinces are doing a study on the disparity that exists between regions and centres so we can begin to address and redress some of the very real problems;
- transition houses: we reaffirmed our understanding that rape and sexual assault are but one aspect of violence against women. We committed ourselves to establishing connections with the Transition House movement;
- International Women's Day: each member centre will participate in or initiate a protest/celebration on March 8th to show our connection with and support of other women's groups.

If you are interested in more information or copies of our constitution, contact your local anti-rape centre. (Toronto Rape Crisis Centre: 964-7477.)

Yvette Perreault, BC Regional Representative

FEMINIST PARTY OF CANADA

The Feminist Party of Canada is launched! The first public meeting on Sunday June 10th, 1979 was a tremendous success. More than 600 women and a few men met in Toronto to explore and support the idea of a Party and to enjoy feminist readings and songs and to hear speeches by Angela Miles, Mary O'Brien and Laura Sabia. Mary O'Brien caught the essence of the day, "Feminism is growing, not because it is a good theory, but because if we don't do it we won't be around. We aren't going to build a new world on vision alone — but we're not going to build one without it."

The Feminist Party of Canada is a group of people, mainly in Toronto but now with growing numbers of members across the country, who are working towards the foundation of a permanent political party with a feminist perspective. In the future, the Feminist Party of Canada will nominate and support candidates for political office (municipal, provincial, federal) who share our feminist vision of politics as a constructive and integrating force in Canadian life, and who feel that a feminist perspective can and must be brought to bear on all matters of political significance.

Since the June 10th meeting we have been receiving memberships, donations and letters of support from across Canada. We have also been adding to the numbers of people who want to work with us, either in Toronto or in their own communities, in the formation of the party, its policies and its outreach. If you would like to become involved with a Feminist Party of Canada group in your area please contact us at P.O. Box 5717, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A0.

The Feminist Party of Canada grew out of and will continue to be part of the women's movement in this country. It wants to give to and receive support from women and women's groups everywhere. If you would like to participate in our work and/or to be kept informed of our activities, please get in touch.

□ Marg Evans



Mary O'Brien

CANADIAN COMMITTEE ON LEARNING OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

What is the Canadian Committee on Learning Opportunities for Women (CLOW)? We are a network of women across Canada who work to improve learning opportunities for women. We believe that more options, to learn about the things we choose to learn about, can help us change our positions socially, economically and politically.

Our members include people in community groups, unions, YWCA's, colleges and universities, and a variety of other organizations, who feel our local and national networks can support and strengthen their work with and for women.

- The following are some of CLOW's goals:
- To examine the barriers women face in attempting to gain access to educational opportunities (formal and informal, academic and skill training, full time and part-time).
- To publicize these barriers and recommend specific changes.
- To act as a catalyst for the development of local and regional networks for information exchange, support and collective action.
- To analyse and publicize innovative programs for women.

During the past year, we have produced a working paper on adult basic education for women, a very thorough background paper on child care and manpower retraining, a brief on cutbacks to training allowances and Outreach programs for women. We have pressured relevant government departments for specific change through direct contacts, the media, a public forum, and by encouraging other women's groups and adult education and labour associations to endorse our efforts and launch their own.

Projects now underway are: self-training kits on such topics as use of the media, organizing in our communities, and alternate learning models (for example, self-training, an innovative learning model designed by CLOW for its members); a skills and strategies exchange; a quarterly newsletter.

Our third national congress will be held in October 1980 in Halifax. We are now in the process of incorporation: we have noticed that many corporations have more money than we do and thought this might help.

Anyone interested in linking with the Toronto Network should call Barbara Waisberg at 925-3137. For information concerning National membership or mailing list call Mary Corkery at 924-6607 in Toronto.

□ Mary Corkery

NO CHOICE

The forces of the Right to Life will be in Toronto on the week-end of October 6th. They are meeting to discuss ways to step up their campaign to deny women the right to therapeutic abortion.

Their conference is another in a series of activities that has kept the anti-choice forces busy over the past years. In 1978, with a budget of \$3,400,000, they continued the effort to intimidate women, health officials and even young school children. Abortion clinics in the United States were firebombed, a pro-choice city councillor in Cleveland had acid thrown in her face, Toronto General Hospital, which performs more therapeutic abortions than any other Toronto facility was picketed regularly, women undergoing abortion procedures were visited by Right to Life emissaries and urged to change their minds, candidates for the federal election in Canada were lobbied vigorously and the campaign to infiltrate hospital boards continues to be waged. The list goes on, and so will the activities.

The over-all effect of the Right to Life activities has been to distort public reaction. Anti-choice forces may be loud but they cannot change the fact that 84% of Canadians believe women should have the right to therapeutic abortion if their physical or men-

tal health is endangered by pregnancy. Abortion is legal in Canada. Nevertheless only one fifth of Canadian hospitals have set up Therapeutic Abortion Committees or the bureaucratic machinery required by law to administer abortion. Those with TAC's impose strict quotas on the number of abortions the hospital can perform. Often there is an eight week delay between the time a woman discovers that she is pregnant and the time of her abortion procedure. This delay constitutes a serious danger to the woman's health.

The combination of the Right to Life browbeating tactics and the failure of the hospital system to provide women with the services to which they have a right *by law*, makes it crucial for all of us to become as strong, as visible and as vocal a force as the public polls indicate we should.

On Saturday, October 6, join women protesting the anti-choice conference in Toronto. We will rally at Queen's Park (main entrance) at 11:00 a.m. and march to the Royal York Hotel where the Right to Life forces are holding their convention. Our demands are simple: access to safe abortion, no forced sterilization and safe, effective contraception.

□ Marg Moores

HEALTHSHARING NEWS

Seven women active in the women's health movement have announced the creation of a quarterly newsletter designed to improve the communication among health workers and activists. The collective's goal is to de-mystify important medical research that is locked away in specialized professional journals and to provide a forum for women to share new developments in health and medicine. AS "Women Healthsharing", as they call themselves, have stated clearly, they are not aiming at medical and academic experts. The idea is to keep the project open and accessible to all women.

Since the newsletter will be distributed nationally, "Women Healthsharing" are anxious to hear from other health activists about what is going on in various regions of the country. If you are interested either in contributing or subscribing to "Women Healthsharing", you can do so by writing P.O. Box 230, Station M, Toronto, Ontario M6S 4T3; or by telephoning (416) 968-1363.

PRIZED FILM

Canadian film-maker Bonnie Kreps' film "This Film is about Rape" received second prize in the changing society category at the American Film Festival held in New York in June. The film was one of five Canadian entries in the festival which is conducted by the Educational Film Library Association and which is the largest educational film event of its kind. The film project, developed jointly by a group of police officers and Rape Crisis Centre workers, deals with rape from a feminist perspective, attempting to give women some alternatives for preventative action and precautions. The film is distributed through Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre, in Toronto.

CALLING ALL WOMENARTISTS . . .

Womanspirit — Art Research and Learning Centre is a collectively growing non-profit organization devoted to the promotion of Canadian woman's culture. The Centre is presently compiling an artistic directory. If you work falls into any of the following categories: painting, sculpture, graphic design, film, photography, mime, music, dance, puppetry, pottery, needlework, or calligraphy, Womanspirit would like to hear from you. If you feel your metier has been left out, Womanspirit would like to hear from you too. The list is by no means complete.

The publication will provide a communication link between feminist-conscious artists across Canada as well as a resource bank for prospective employers/employees in the various fields. So send your (or your collective's) name, address, phone number, slides and a short description of the work to:

Womanspirit,
237 Dundas St.
London, Ont. N6A 1H1

Broadside
NEEDS



See page 16.



Debbie Magidson and Judy Wright with poster in background.

POSTER POLITICS

Debbie Magidson and Judy Wright are two Toronto based feminists who have been collaborating since 1973 to produce several unique and excellent resources relating to women's issues. They put together "Bittersweet: An Exhibition of Ontario Women's History 1900-1975," which toured Ontario in 1975. They produced "Women and Addictions," an elaborate kit of information aiming to sensitize health and social service professionals to the issues surrounding women's use of alcohol and minor tranquilizers.

Debbie and Judy have recently produced three powerful posters which are meant to engage women directly in a process of thinking about their own and all women's use of alcohol and minor tranquilizers. In this interview with *Broadside* they discuss the intent behind their novel use of the poster format.

Broadside: Your first poster combines the stark image of a mask of a woman's face and gloved hands with a lengthy text discussing the effects of tranquilizers and alternatives to their use. The caption boldly states "Silencing Women is Not Helping".

Judy Wright: It was an attempt to talk to women, in women's language about the experience of using tranquilizers; to say that if you feel dopey after you take your tranquilizer, that's the tranquilizer — it's not that you're crazy. We also wanted to say that your reasons for taking tranquilizers individually may be valid, but there are social implications. The poster's image is meant to convey both the sense of silence created by widespread use of tranquilizers by women and also how women are perceived by people who feel it's OK to tranquilize them.

Debbie Magidson: I think part of the way that Judy and I work is to integrate information that is not easily accessible in a way that women can connect to their own experience.

Broadside: The 'alcohol poster' is possibly even more bold in bringing women's experience before the public and eliciting women's response.

Debbie: What it does in image and with words is take a woman whose stature is powerful and strong, whose face has a wisdom of age and experience, with a text that is loaded with tremendous demands that are made without any shame. It is straightforward, direct, clear and gives validation for women making demands.

Judy: I feel that in its directness, this poster will be most meaningful to women. So much of what we read initially to familiarize ourselves with the issue was concerned with alcohol first and women second. There's a sense of satisfaction in being able to reverse that.

Broadside: The third poster takes women through a very complex thinking process related to dealing with stress in general. Could you talk about its conception?

Judy: Basically our model was a newspaper ad blown up, with the photo drawing you in to read on and consider what it's saying. However, our model is wonderfully ordinary-looking, so there is a kind of joke made on slick advertising. We begin by almost teasingly saying: "Will this hat end your worries?" Then we get at the whole concept of "buying happiness."

On the one hand, we wanted to say it's understandable that (women) look for such instant relief, for we are all encouraged to do so. On the other, we wanted to say you can't buy a stress-free existence and there are reasons why you are stressful that have nothing to do with consumption.

Debbie: The poster walks a woman reading the text through her own individual situation of stress to consideration of stresses that are larger than her own life. We talk of decisions around social priorities and economic issues we don't have a large hand in making, but which impinge on all of our lives.

Broadside: Where will these posters go for women to see them?

Judy: We've sent them to women's groups across the country. It's very exciting when you finally get a list of them together. There must have been five to six hundred.

They also have been sent to social service agencies and hospitals in Ontario, to community and family practice clinics, information centres, public libraries...

Debbie: Basically we wanted them to be in public places where women have some time to spend looking at them. Waiting and reception areas are terrific.

Broadside: Has there been any response to the posters yet?

Debbie: One response is that we are trying to push the limits of posters as a form of education. Our tendency has been to push copy on the "side" that women aren't idiots, that they absorb more and have a sense of wanting to know.

Judy: Because we're talking to women in these posters, we feel a greater sense of communication; we're talking to people who understand. Putting women's experience on a board somewhere is an important thing to be doing. When I show the posters to men I already know there's going to be a communication gap, a language problem.

A man responded to the 'hat poster' as being moralistic. A woman friend then made this point: "What are we about as feminists if not to work for a higher moral order?" It is an interesting difference in response!

If you would like any or all the posters, they are available free of charge at: QOL Resource Directions, 2466 Dundas St. West, Suite 506, Toronto M6P 1W9; (416) 534-4379.

□ Nancy Poole

ELIZABETH FRY/CASH

The Toronto Elizabeth Fry Society and the Committee Against Street Harassment (CASH) are working together to provide assistance and legal advice to Toronto women facing a court appearance.

CASH operates a legal assistance hotline for women Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. The hotline number is 923-0740. The Elizabeth Fry Society sponsors a legal aid clinic every Thursday night from 7 to 8:30 p.m. at the Society's offices at 215 Wellesley Street East, Toronto.

Most women picked up and charged with offenses in the evening do not have a family lawyer one phone call away. The CASH hotline can provide these women with the immediate legal assistance they need.

Appearing for the first time in women's court, Old City Hall, can be a terrifying experience. Most women have no legal representation, most are unaware that on a first offense they are not eligible for legal aid and many do not know how to plead.

The Elizabeth Fry Society legal aid clinic exists to give assistance, information and legal advice to these women.

For more information about these services, the staff and volunteers who provide them and the women they have helped, please call: Wendy Hughes — 924-3708.

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by Barbara Halpern Martineau

Twelve years ago I sat in Convocation Hall and listened to a woman with gray hair and heavy glasses explain, with perfect clarity, how the proposed Spadina Expressway was a baby elephant which would grow, if allowed, to elephantine proportions, for that is what elephants do. Jane Jacobs' logic was irrefutable, her facts well-based. Every once in a while a person comes along who is free of ambition, anger, ego, and speaks clear and perfect reason, and it is very hard to believe that there are those who hear but will not listen.

I recently heard two such people speak, both on the topic of nuclear energy, at an event organized by Women Against Nuclear Technology in Toronto. The entire event, beginning with a concert by anti-nuclear activist Holly Near the night before, was so well-organized and characterized by such clear good energy that I was able to bring my fullest attention to bear on speeches by two activists which put the nuclear issue in very clear perspective for me.

Dr. Helen Caldicott, an Australian pediatrician now living in the US, described in a video-taped lecture the nuclear fuel cycle and its implications for health and survival. These implications are grim, and her perspective was crystalline: "This is a medical issue. The ultimate in preventive medicine is to eliminate nuclear power and nuclear weapons."

Caldicott's description of the fuel cycle is a model of responsible education: "A hundred tons of uranium fuel rods are packed into the reactor in close proximity. And it's all

submerged in water. When you do that to uranium...all the atoms start breaking apart...and as they break, they form 200 new elements that are made when you blow up a bomb.

They're all the same as fall-out...And that's nuclear garbage...Nobody wants it. Nobody needs it. And nobody knows what to do with it. And it is extremely carcinogenic. Now, what happens is that incredible heat is produced during this reaction, which boils the water. The steam is taken off, which turns a turbine, which makes electricity. So that's all a nuclear power plant does — it boils water. It's like cutting a pound of butter with an electrical saw."

After cataloguing some of the disastrous medical effects of a meltdown such as was feared at Three-Mile Island, Caldicott asks, reasonably, "So why weren't we told?" And she quotes the head of the NRC as saying, "Is there a law for freedom of the press? If there is, I'm against it."

The facts, the terrible facts, are so terrible that the only way to present them is with a touch of humour. She tells of nuclear waste: "There's a huge vat of radioactive waste at Lake Erie, West Valley, containing 600,000 gallons. They say there's not enough water in all the oceans of the sea to dilute it to safe levels. It's starting to leak right now. Nobody knows what to do with it. They've just held Congressional hearings and the report was — it's a gargantuan problem. Time is the essence. ...I went to see the Congressman who owns the West Valley situation, and as I walked into the office — I, a pediatrician — he said: 'Now just fantasize for a minute. Can you tell me what you would do with that waste?' And he'd heard from the top experts throughout the country."

Women V Say

With her entirely realistic sense of the urgency and horror and stupidity of the situation, Caldicott was still able to say: "I think the power for love and good is really stronger than the power for evil, if it's mobilized." I was reminded of Holly Near the night before, singing out her anger and fear, getting rid of it, so she would not be paralyzed, so she could act to change the intolerable situation.

Dr. Ursula Franklin, professor of metallurgy at the University of Toronto, picked up in the following panel discussion on the Caldicott presentation and enlarged its implications for a Canadian audience, also placing the anti-nuclear issue in a clear feminist perspective. She cited a 1962 brief by the Voice of Women in Canada on fallout monitoring, which showed that the government was totally unprepared to take notice of the public health implications of nuclear testing. The position taken by Voice of Women was that women were no longer prepared to accept anything less than the right, as full citizens, to take care of themselves, their children, and the environment. Bringing this position up to the present, Dr. Franklin stressed the need for women to work with the full support of the Canadian labour movement.

Dr. Franklin's presentation was so clear, so incisive, that my immediate response when she had finished speaking was to wonder how we can make Ursula Franklin our Prime Minister? And that, I think, was when I first fully realized the enormity of the gap between reason and reality. For reason, personified by Dr. Franklin, speaks of holding our elected officials accountable, and reality, understood very well by Dr. Franklin, looks increasingly like unaccountable unreason.

On October 13 we will have the opportunity to express our collective refusal to continue to tolerate such unreason, such immoral behaviour by our government, by demonstrating against nuclear energy in Ottawa. For details of the demo and information about bus tickets, etc., call Energy Probe: (416) 978-7014.

who are entrusted with the running of this country are determined to run it on nuclear power, even if it means running it into the grave.

There has been progress. When my oldest son was an infant I had one of my bouts of total puzzlement, the kind where you go around wondering if 'they' are mad, or if it's you; at that time 'they' had proudly announced 'we' had the capability of killing every person on earth seven times over. My oldest son is now in first year college and we have progressed to where we can kill all life on earth more than sixty times over. But my puzzlement has gone. It isn't me. They are mad. And they must be stopped. Province by province we must organize and call on all our talents and energies to stop what becomes increasingly apparent is an insane plot on the part of the multi-national corporations and the politicians they control, to sell this earth and her children to the highest bidder.

Rosenberg said there was an enormous public relations programme in progress to brainwash the Canadian citizen with regard to nuclear power. Later in her talk she told of an incident in Northern Saskatchewan where extensive uranium mining is being undertaken. Indians protesting the draining of 15 lakes for nuclear "progress" were removed by the NDP government of the province on the purported grounds they all needed to be tested for T.B.

I am not sure if non-Indians are aware of the horror that was used against these people. Untold thousands of Indians perished because of the whiteman's coughing sickness. Entire villages and tribes, with no resistance at all to the bacillus, died at an incredible rate because of T.B. Those who didn't die watched their families die. Those who didn't die were taken to "the san" to lie in bed for years, isolated and grieving.

T.B. means they can take your children from you. Just the suspicion someone in the family may have been exposed to T.B. can mean all the children get taken away while endless (and usually useless) tests get done.

The sit-in was stopped, the protestors were removed with the unspoken threat of losing their children, and the mainstream of Canadian society is manipulated into thinking a few possibly diseased people are actually being helped and cared for by a benevolent government.

My personal response to the fears of the union men that stopping exploration and development of nuclear industry is detrimental to jobs is a clear "so what". Those jobs have never done Indians or women any good at all. Nobody hires Indians or women. The best jobs from Canada Manpower go to white men. And if some jobs are lost, what does it matter stacked alongside 15 lakes, our lives and the lives of our children?

One nuclear accident could trigger a chain reaction that would make T.B. look like an angel's kiss. They would have us believe the atom can be split for peaceful and positive purposes. They haven't a clue what to do with the deadly radioactive waste. Waste which can, with terrifying ease, be turned into bombs.



by Anne Cameron

During her concert Holly Near made a little joke about people saying "Holly Who?," and the joke hit close to home. I hadn't been exactly bursting with eagerness to attend, although I wasn't unwilling; I'll travel on foot a fair distance to listen to a good spoon clacker.

The concert, sponsored by Women Against Nuclear Technology set the tone for an entire week-end conference. An added depth and dimension was given the performance by the presence on stage of an interpreter who "signed" for the hearing impaired. I thought at first it was just me, the mother of a child who was seriously hearing impaired for the first five years of his life, and who required an operation to allow him to hear bird song or the meow of a kitten, but others who didn't have the same predisposition to be emotionally moved as I, responded as I did.

The hearing impaired and handicapped have as big a stake in life as any of us do, and I welcome the love and open-heartedness that included them and their needs in the planning of the weekend.

I suggested to a friend of mine that the concert had attracted more people and possibly done more to raise the awareness than the panel discussion and workshops the following day. My friend disagreed. Said she enjoyed the concert but what she learned on Sunday convinced her she had to get deeply, personally involved.

That's the great thing about all the art forms. They prepare the soil, open the ears and eyes, and speak to the soul.

We need more music and art in our conferences, and more political awareness in our songs and poems. That weekend, we got both.

Both Marilyn Aarons and Jean Dirkson spoke of the political implications of nuclear power in Canada. Aarons concentrated on de-mythifying the Royal Commission on Power Planning, the Select Committee on Ontario Hydro Affairs, and the National Inquiry into Nuclear Energy. She pointed out, very effectively, the claim we need nuclear power is totally false. There are alternatives that are not going to keep this earth teetering on the brink of disaster. Dirkson, a librarian and labour organizer for CUPE, spoke frankly of the need to educate the labour movement, and the need for labour to challenge the entrenched power structure within their own unions; a power structure that seems willing to let the nuclear advocates have their own way unchallenged just to protect jobs. Someone should point out to these good union men that it's very hard to go to work when you're in the last stages of radiation poisoning.

Dorothy Rosenberg, freelance film researcher and writer, pointed out the terrible proliferation of nuclear activity in Canada. Province by province she cited examples of a cavalier disregard for proof, statistics, and the wishes of the people. Province by province the litany of potential horror unfolded. Province by province it became clear that those

Who Know No!

All you wanted to know about nuclear energy but were afraid to ask

by Judith Quinlan

HOW IT WORKS: There are four types of forces in the universe (according to patriarchal science): gravity; the 'weak force' of elementary particle decay (ignore this one); electromagnetism; and the nuclear force, which is the force that binds the nuclei of atoms together. Nuclear force is the strongest known force over short distances, and is really a combination of different forces that link particles called quarks (also not important here).

The Nuclear Force is the force that binds the particles of the nucleus of an atom together. Remember that all atoms are made up of electrons orbiting around a nucleus made up of protons and neutrons? It is the nucleus that determines what a particular element is, according to the number of protons it contains. But each element can have a certain number of 'isotopes', depending on the number of neutrons also contained in the nucleus. The electrons that are attracted by the positive charge of a particular nucleus have nothing whatever to do with nuclear energy, but are responsible for the chemical properties of an atom.

WHY IT WORKS: The Nuclear Force is 'released' from an atom through a process of mass conversion. When a nuclear reaction takes place, small amounts of mass are 'lost'. They are converted directly into energy. This happens according to the formula $E = mc^2$: c is the speed of light, which is a very large number. c^2 is larger still. So very small amounts of mass (m), can produce very large amounts of energy (E). In theory, then this is a very efficient energy process, since such tiny amounts of matter are actually converted to energy.

RADIOACTIVITY: Isotopes of atoms are created when extra neutrons (neutrally-charged particles) are added to an atom. There comes a point when there are so many extra neutrons that the nucleus becomes 'unstable', and neutrons are released. This is radioactivity. It is *not* the nuclear force, since there is no change in the number of protons. About forty elements exist naturally in a radioactive state on earth, but any element can be made radioactive by the addition of neutrons. Radium, for example, is used in luminous watch dials, since the energy created by its radioactivity is in the form of light.

FISSION: Certain heavy atomic nuclei are so unstable that they can actually be split in two. When a large atom is split, two smaller atoms as well as a few free neutrons are created. The atoms which are used in fission reactors are U_{235} , which occurs naturally, but is quite rare; U_{233} , which is an artificially-created element made from the unsplitable U_{238} isotope. Hence the value of Uranium in atomic reactors. These atoms provide the fuel. They are split by being bombarded with neutrons. Since neutrons are also released (see above), a chain reaction is started, with the newly-released neutrons hitting more atoms and splitting them. A minimum amount of nuclear fuel is needed to start a chain reaction. This is called the 'critical mass.'

There is also a critical speed at which these neutrons must travel to split further atoms. Usually they need slowing down. This happens when they hit other unsplitable atoms. Water and carbon are used to slow down the neutrons, and are called 'moderators.'

The number of available neutrons needs to be controlled so that the reaction can be stopped, slowed down, or speeded up, and so that a 'melt-down' (an uncontrolled, ever-increasing chain reaction, similar to an atomic bomb) can be prevented.

Cadmium absorbs neutrons, and cadmium rods are inserted into the water-fuel mixture to control the neutron population. If they are inserted fully-down, they eventually stop the reaction completely.

Certain special atomic reactors are called 'breeders', because it is here that the unstable atoms used as nuclear fuel are created.

FUSION: When atoms smaller than iron combine to form larger atoms, there is a small amount of mass 'lost'. This, also, creates energy according to the formula $E = mc^2$. For example, two Hydrogen atoms (with a single proton each), combine to form a Helium atom (with two protons). Since protons are positively charged they tend to repel each other. It requires large amounts of energy to overcome this repulsion. However, once they start to combine, energy is released, and again a chain reaction is started. At first glance, this is a better alternative to fission, since no radio-active isotopes are needed in the first place, and only small amounts of radioactivity are produced in the process. Uncontrolled fusion is what happens in the hydrogen bomb, and it requires a fission reaction to start it. Several experimental fusion reactors exist, but the technical problems of controlling such a reaction are not completely solved, and the energy required to start and maintain the chain reaction makes it, as yet, an uneconomical alternative. Fusion is the process that happens naturally inside stars, including our closest fusion reactor, which is the sun. Solar energy, is therefore, a by-product of a nuclear reaction.

THE PITCH: There is nothing intrinsically 'dangerous' about a controlled nuclear reaction. The problems of nuclear reactors are, first of all, the creation of large amounts of unusable radioactive material (nuclear 'waste'), and second of all, the low state of the technology in the prevention of a melt-down. It is typical of patriarchal science that such large-scale use of fission reactors has been made before these problems were solved.

An attack on nuclear energy can be launched in two ways — either death-fearing, or life-loving. There is no doubt about the danger of nuclear energy at the moment. The men in the anti-nuclear movement have articulated elegantly the death-fearing attack. There is no need to repeat it here (the qualitative and quantitative opinions on the killing-power of nuclear technology).

The very fact that nuclear power *is* killing power is what made it so attractive to patriarchal technocrats in the first place. And on both sides of the nuclear alleged-question, the subject continues to fascinate.

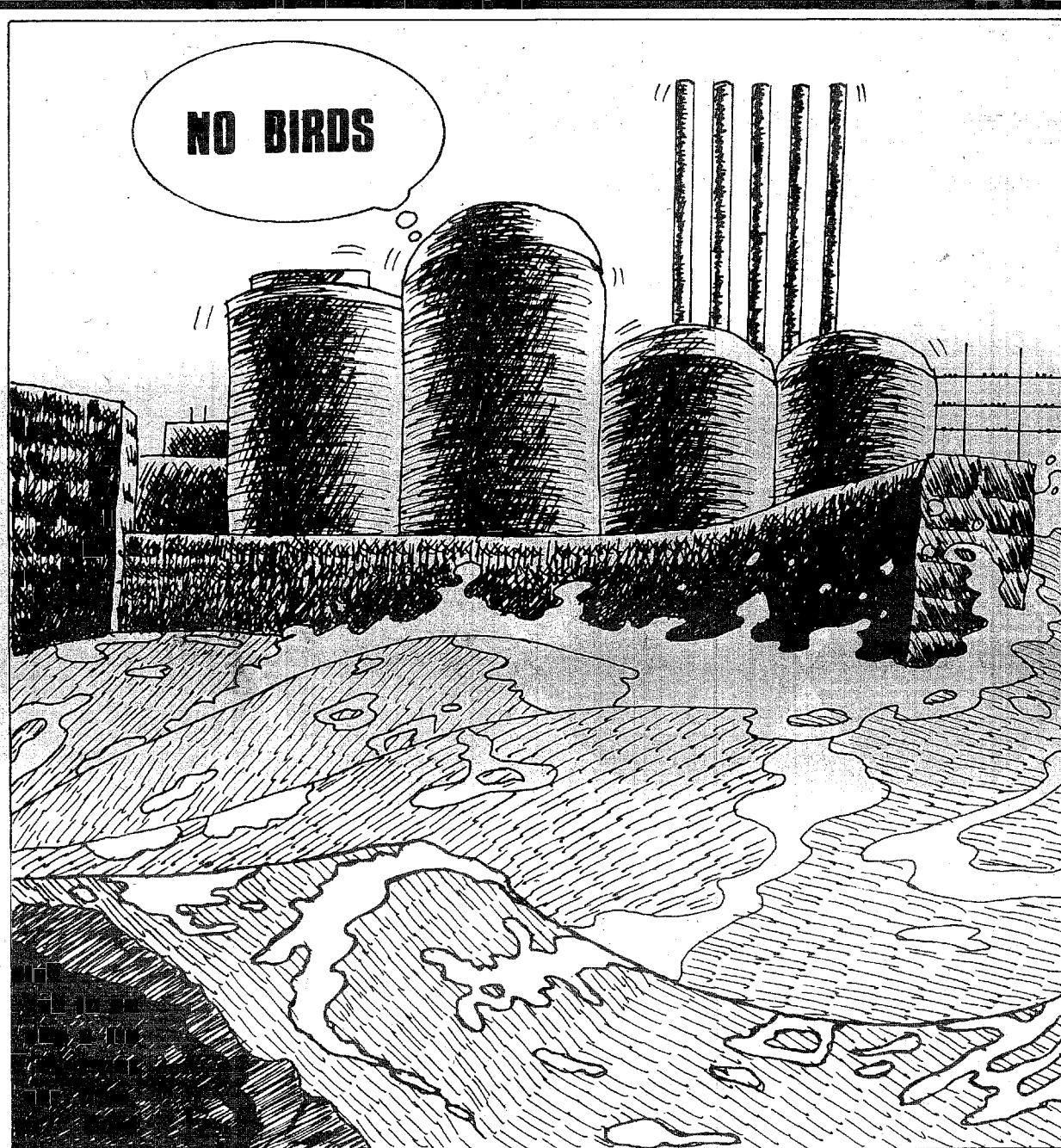
The point for feminists is that there is not a branch of phallogocentric technology that has *not* been exploited for its killing capabilities. The choices, the historical/ongoing choices, of what technological options are followed, and how they are followed, have been determined by the religious/moral/economic concerns of a necrophilic society.

Thus, even the pre-patriarchal, woman-created technologies have been either distorted to serve men's death-god (fire, metal, the wheel, etc.), or, like pottery, spinning and weaving, singing and dancing, have been "Domesticated", in the endless quest to "domesticate" us, to "domesticate" life. In both cases the pursuit is the desire to "conquer" death.

Nuclear technology may or may not be a technology we, as untamed women, choose to turn to life-giving/worshipping use. This is, perhaps, a decision that will be made by our daughters. Where we are involved in the male-created, nuclear crisis of the eighties, it is to affirm our vision of a life-centred technology, and to re-claim the technologies that have been stolen from us.

When women contemplate the splitting and binding of atoms, our first concern is not the destructive power of the energy released, nor its cousin, the harnessing (read "domestication") of this power. Our concern is, first of all, the nature of the thing created. Large atoms needed for the creation of life are formed in the nuclear furnaces of stars. Research into the nature of the atom is research into the nature of life itself. And into the existence of life inside and outside and through time/space.

We are fighting against *all* the patriarchal death-technologies, certainly, but we are also fighting *for*, and re-inventing and re-membering the life-technologies of our Mothers, our Selves, and our future-Selves.



THE ISSUE IS POWER

Dr. Ursula Franklin speaks:

"The nuclear issue is an issue of political power in a technological world."

"Technology is used to distort issues of accountability and responsibility."

"Basically, technology is a device to change the distance between cause and effect, both in terms of time and space. (You can't go up and say, Mr. Inco, you have spit in my soup - there is no Mr. Inco.)"

"Because of this, our legal and political system, which depends on proving a chain of effect, operates poorly. But morally, emotionally, and humanly, we are not impeded."

"We must develop the political understanding that even if the system we know is distorted, our moral system is not. ... Governments have fallen over nuclear policies, once people have understood that a nuclear power plant is no more than a delayed nuclear bomb. And other governments can fall."

"We do not accept the alternative: either nuclear power or freezing in the dark. ... The alternative is, can we put the available knowledge of this civilization into a form and shape in which people can live in a civilized manner. It is not up to the government to turn on one tap and turn off all the others."

"We do not need people without morality in elected positions in this country."

"If you say to people in northern Saskatchewan, uranium mining or nothing, who gives you the right to say nothing?... There are other things for our livelihood than nuclear power."

"There are people who know as well or better than I do what the consequences of the present policies are, and still are doing it."

ANTI-NUKE FUEL

Films from National Film Board: (book through local office):
La fiction nucléaire, 86 mins., 16mm and video, 1978.
Small is Beautiful, 30 mins., 16mm and video, 1978.
Sun, Wind and Wood, 24 mins., 16mm and video, 1978.
11 Steps to Survival, 21 mins., 35 and 16 mm, 1973.

Films from DEC Films, 121 Avenue Rd. Toronto 964-6901:
Sentenced to Success, 55 mins, 16mm, 1977, Atomic Worker's Union of France.
More About Nuclear Power, 40 mins., 16mm, 1977, Denmark.
Tools for Change, 30 mins., 16mm, 1978, Germany.
Natural Energy, 25 mins., 16mm, 1976, Denmark.

Books, available from DEC, Women's Bookstore, other outlets:
Nuclear Madness, Helen Caldicott.
No Nukes: Everyone's Guide to Nuclear Power.
Nuclear Dragons Attack.
Hazards of Nuclear Power.

Videotapes: list and tapes available from J.M. Hemmings, RR2, Battersea, Ontario, K0H 1H0, 613-353-2349.

KIDSIDE

About Kathy

Kathy woke up very early that summer morning to find a bright yellow balloon on the ceiling above her bed, its string dangling invitingly inches from her head.

The four year old had only had one helium balloon before and that was last summer at the fair. But it had escaped when she had tried to move the string from her wrist, where her mother had put it with warnings not to touch it, to her finger. Up, up it had gone until it was out of sight, while she had watched it sadly but enviously. She hadn't been scolded but she had heard her mother say to her friend, Pat, something about not getting her another one until she grew older and knew how to take care of things. Her mother had gone to a party last night and when she left she'd promised to bring back a surprise for Kathy. This must be it. Did that mean that she thought Kathy was grown up now? The thought pleased her.

It was like a bright, big sun shining down on her. She tugged on the string and the sun bobbed good morning to her. She giggled at that notion and tugged on the string a few more times, each time saying, "Good morning to you, too, Sun!" The sun was her friend and that thought also pleased her.

Suddenly she noticed that the ceiling wasn't like the smooth plaster walls; it was sort of prickly. She quickly yanked down the balloon and clasped it to her. She remembered how all her other ordinary balloons had burst when they hit something sharp or hot. She nearly always cried when that happened, not so much from fright, although the bang was scary, but because she'd been in the middle of something important to her and suddenly it was gone. That made her both sad and mad. It was rather like when her mother came up and shouted at her in the middle of what she was doing to stop immediately. She very often cried then as well because, as with the burst balloon, there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

She couldn't stay in bed all day holding her sun friend. Even if she got up, tied the string shorter and put it around her wrist, it might escape like the other balloon and burst against the ceiling. She would have to go outside. In any case, that was supposed to be where the sun lives. Her friend would be happier there. Even if it did fly away, she preferred that notion to scattered bits of ugly rubber.

She kept her sun friend under the blankets while she got dressed. Then she carefully searched for the string before throwing back the covers. Tying a "proper" knot with two hands was still difficult enough; she soon realized that she simply could not do it with one. So she wound the string round and round her wrist and twisted the end under and over until it was safely tangled to her wrist.

She was grateful to her mother for the balloon and her obvious intention of showing Kathy that she now considered her grown up, so she remembered her instructions about early morning rising very clearly. She was never to come into her mother's room before she was up (so Kathy wouldn't tell her she was going outside, even though she should), nor was she supposed to make any noise (she closed the apartment door behind her very, very softly).

When she arrived outside, she realized that it must be very early indeed because no one was about. She decided to take her sun friend for a walk in the park adjacent to the apartment building and show it where she usually played.

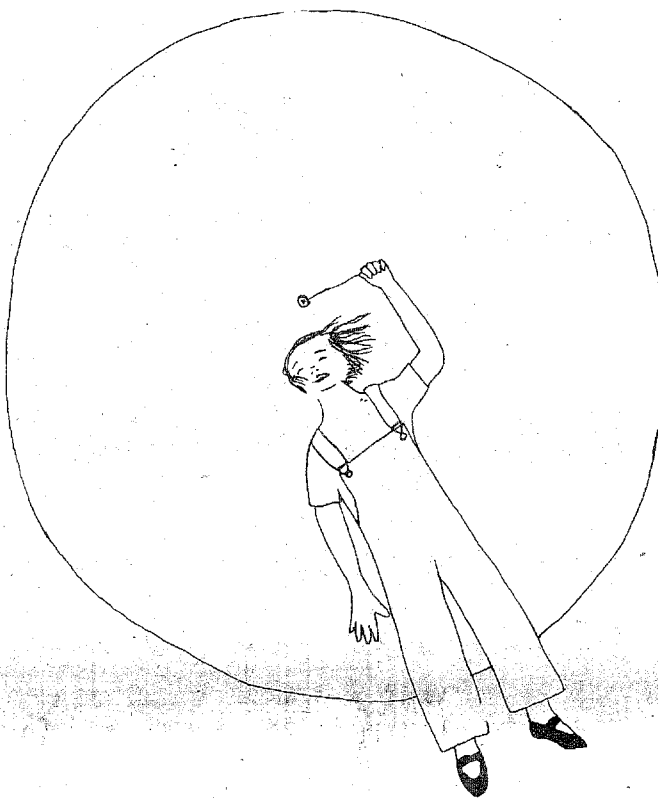
She had never seen the park like this before. It was both exciting and a little frightening. It made her feel closer than ever to her sun friend. Then she began to run around the park with the balloon bouncing along behind her, as if it was saying it enjoyed this new space, too.

She stopped at the large sand box. It was especially strange to see it empty of other children. In fact, it was beautiful... all of this just for the two of them! She and her sun friend jumped in.

All the same, at first she just played in one corner, as most of the children usually did who wanted to avoid fights with the other older and stronger children. More often than not,

though, it was the girls who protected one corner for one little project, while the boys claimed most of the box for their roads and tunnels and buildings and cars and dump trucks and...and...

After a while it occurred to her that this was rather silly and she began to think of what she could do with the whole box. For instance, in this corner she could build the apartment building where she lived. In the corner over there she could build grandma's house. In another corner she could build the office building where her mother worked. Not far from her own apartment building she'd build the Jack & Jill day care centre to which she'd been going for as long as she could remember.



FMS

She'd need to put in some roads though, so that people could get from one place to another. And they had to go over a bridge to get to grandma's; she'd never built a bridge before but she'd seen her friend Tommy's father show him how to build one out of sticks. She'd find some sticks. Maybe she'd even borrow some cars and trucks from Tommy. Tucker's Creek would be nice to have; she wondered if she could find a discarded cup or something to carry the water from the fountain to the sand box. She'd bring down some of her miniature toy people and animals later so they could see their new home.

Then she grew really excited because, best of all, her little town would have its very own sunshine...her sun friend. She looked up at it and tugged on its string. It gave a nod of approval.

Although she couldn't have really expressed it, the completeness of her plan thrilled her and she sat for a few minutes already picturing the task completed, admiring her idea.

She had to start quickly, before the rest of the children arrived. If she had lots done, perhaps they'd like the idea, too, and help her finish it. Then they could all play with the town.

It would be awkward to work with her sun friend tied to her wrist, however. She found a rock, very cautiously un-

ravelled the tangled string on her wrist, wound it around the rock and then tied a "proper" knot. Her sun friend would watch her work.

She began to build the apartment building where she lived first. The sand was still nicely damp from the shower during the night, just right to build with. It felt pleasantly cool in her hands. She became more and more engrossed in her task.

She didn't notice the man come into the park behind her, saunter first to the water fountain, then to the bench, then to within a couple of feet of the opposite corner to where she was working.

He stood watching quietly for a couple of minutes. He didn't speak to her because she'd probably been told not to speak to strangers and he didn't want to frighten her away. Neither did he want to leave; it was pleasant to watch her work.

He had no idea what she was up to. It looked as if she might be making a house. Probably she'd then make a little garden in front and bring her dolls to play around it. The balloon tied to the rock was a clever thought although he noticed that, perhaps because of the heat of the morning sun, it had begun to deflate a little.

He hadn't played in sand for years. It looked inviting. He got into the sand box and sat down in the corner opposite to Kathy.

Kathy spun around. A man was sitting on grandma's house! Even if she hadn't built the house yet, it was there. She could hear the screaming inside! She glared at the man, but he didn't notice because he was already working in the sand.

She wanted desperately to tell him to get off her grandma's house and go away, but she knew children weren't supposed to tell grown ups to do that. Besides, her mother had told her not to speak to strangers because they could be very harmful to her. She didn't know exactly what that meant; perhaps they liked to give little girls really bad spankings. She decided to go back to constructing her apartment building and hopefully the man would go away. Then she could build the rest of her town.

The man surveyed the sand box. He remembered his childhood, how he and his friends had built roads, dumps and buildings. He couldn't recall whether they'd destroyed them...and they nearly always did...because he and his friends had fights which they'd turned into mock wars, or whether they had decided to have a war to see all their work in shambles. They always knew that they could rebuild it the next day. Well, it didn't make any difference now anyway, and it had been fun.

It occurred to him that he'd enjoy building things like that again. He didn't have a dump truck, so it would be silly to have a dump. He could have a few small buildings in this corner and a road leading to a great big mountain in that corner, with the road twisting up its side. In the third corner he could build a... a... the balloon wasn't far from it and rather reminded him of one of those First World War dirigibles hovering above the ground. That's it...the other corner could be a military base. The little girl could stay in her corner and he wouldn't disturb her. He set to his task.

It was only when Kathy glanced over her shoulder and saw that the man had begun to build a road out from a few small mounds of sand that she grew more apprehensive. She'd have to forget about Tucker's Creek now. After a couple of minutes, her mother's office building had gone. And the day care centre. She wanted to cry but instead concentrated on finishing the apartment building, with the park beside it, and even a little sand box.

In the man's excitement, his foot knocked the rock to which Kathy's sun friend was attached. The string slipped off and the balloon, now even more deflated, sluggishly rose from the ground as if it was reluctant to leave. The man noticed what he had done, tapped Kathy's shoulder and began apologizing while he reached in his pocket for some money for her to buy another.

Kathy took no notice of the man and pushed away the hand with the money he offered her. She watched her sun friend go out of sight, once again sadly (for she had begun to cry now) but enviously. She got up, looked down at her sand apartment building and decided to go home.

"Funny how kids always cry when they lose their balloons," the man thought as he watched her leave the park.

□Heather Brown

B • U • L • L • E • T • I • N • S •

Kidside takes sides:

The Ontario government continues to accept the working mother's (and working father's) tax dollars while refusing to help them by providing funds for desperately needed day care. They say that problems of child abuse, foster care and emotionally disturbed children have priority. Despite the fact that good daycare can prevent or help prevent all these problems, only 400 new daycare spaces will be created.

None of these are in Metro Toronto where 118,000 children need supervised daycare and aren't getting it.

What's more,

1000 teenagers become pregnant each week in Canada, and more are choosing to keep their babies. Without support, these mothers often end up by giving their children up for adoption at a more difficult, older age.

U.S. doctors report a record number of "first time" births to women in their early thirties who would have had access to "the pill". Some of their counterparts here in Canada, knowing the difficulty of finding good daycare, and recognizing the advantages daycare can have for the child, are registering their children 6 months before they're born.

Women continue to enter the work force in ever increasing numbers, and 2/3 of all single parents in Canada are working outside the home.

Child care workers and parents fight back

Bette Stephenson, Ontario Minister of Education, was not unduly alarmed about an estimated 10,000 students eligible for Community Colleges who wouldn't find spaces. There were solutions. For example, Toronto's Seneca Community College decided it would take the rooms used by its daycare centre to

train their Early Childhood Education students for other classes. Students threatened to sue for a drastic loss in their training, parents and child care workers banded together and protested at well-organized and publicized meetings. Seneca backed — not down, but sideways. They kept their daycare centre open, but located it miles away at the York University campus. This wasn't much help to the parents who were attending Seneca itself. And it was too far away, given our inadequate TTC service in the boroughs, for many parents. So they started their own, The Phoenix Child Centre, and got 6 months rent out of Seneca, and some equipment. The equipment is in poor repair, the rent isn't yet forthcoming.

St. Christopher House in Toronto is another story of struggle against cut-backs. For over thirty years, they've offered a unique program for parents as well as kids. Parents are involved in a child-care development program,

some are hired on a part-time basis, and fees for many of the children are subsidized. Their new location (in Scadding House community centre at Dundas and Bathurst) is easier to get to on the TTC, more visible to the largely Spanish-speaking community, and has the advantage of a gym and other programs in the centre. It has a reputation of helping kids and their families make the cross-cultural transition into public schooling easier.

Finally, Other School Boards take Note:

After decades of educators saying that the first five years were the most important (before the school got 'em), Toronto's Board of Education has gone out in the community with a huge 5-week program called Good Beginnings, co-sponsored by The National Survival Institute. All over the city are drop-in centres for parents and kids featuring a lot of talk and action: about food, fear, feelings, love, play, learning, health, concerts and plays and slide shows. Sept. 13-Oct. 20.

Davis Bites Into Day-Care

by Helen Sutherland

Children in Metro Toronto-run daycare centres are getting second-rate food due to cutbacks in daycare budgets.

Stephanie Grace, one of 90 parents who took their daycare concerns to Toronto's Metro Council on Thursday, September 27, says, "Good food to me seems to be the first essential for a kid. My child and others are getting too many canned foods at a time when their brains and bodies are growing. Menus haven't changed, but canned foods have nearly entirely replaced fresh foods on those menus." No one would be concerned if some foods were canned, she says, "but when nearly all puddings, fruits, vegetables—even potato salad! — come out of a can, it's not only unappetizing, there's a potential danger."

Dr. Swanson, a researcher with the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto has conducted tests which show that dyes (added to most canned foods) adversely affect many children pre-disposed to hyperactivity. And teachers tell us that the incidence of hyperactive kids is increasing.

MSG is another common food additive. Its commercial name is Accent; its chemical name

is monosodium glutamate. Liane Reif-Lehrer, a researcher associated with Harvard Medical School, found that MSG causes headaches, sluggishness and other symptoms of discomfort, especially on an empty stomach. Some tots that get up at seven aren't going to have very full stomachs by the time noon rolls around. Three grams is all that's needed for a reaction; not an allergic one, a toxic one. Toxic means poison. And a little poison can go a long way.

In her article "Adverse Reactions to Glutamate in Humans," Reif-Lehrer points out that it is possible for glutamate to cross the blood-brain barrier and accumulate. Also, glutamate has been shown to cause convulsions. Dr. Swanson said, "I wouldn't recommend MSG as part of a child's regular diet."

Why does daycare have such a low priority with the Ontario government? One of the most experienced and respected day care workers in the field, Molly Shepherd, said sadly, "It seems as though we aren't listened to. People who work with children just aren't important." (Incidentally, this same government which forced the cutbacks in social services has sponsored expensive advertisements; ac-

ording to them, we in Ontario should consider our province as a "Foodland" and buy more locally-grown fresh produce!)

Maybe commercial daycare centres are better? "Don't count on it," says Julie Mathien, a consultant for community programs for the Toronto Board of Education. "The shocking thing is that their basic objective is to realize a profit on the care of pre-school children. At 60 percent enrollment, they break even! After that, it's all profit."

We need more daycare, good daycare. For every child in supervised daycare, there are nine waiting. Unsupervised daycare, by a person who may care for up to 15 children, is dangerous. A baby girl was murdered in just such a situation in Toronto this summer.

Women are continuing to enter the workforce, confounding the statisticians. What's more, an unprecedented number of women are having their first babies as they enter their thirties. The need for daycare is going to increase.

But as Ev McKay, director of Toronto's Jesse Ketchum Day Care, points out, the need is not primarily the parent's. Every child can benefit from good daycare; it stimulates a child to grow in her feelings, skills and social awareness. Never mind what the parent is doing — whether the parent is working in or outside the home. It's good for the child.



Photo Credit: Toronto Clarion

Premier William Davis of Ontario promotes first-rate apples.

INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD

Kids Short-Changed Again

by Phyllis Yaffe

However dubious a concept International Year of the Child, Canadians who work with and for children realized it might give them the public's ear and, with luck, the government's.

The idea was supported by governments around the world and Canada seconded the motion in the United Nations to declare the year official. It also donated one million dollars to the U.N. IYC Secretariat.

Whereas other countries have tackled serious problems affecting their children: the distribution of clean water, or the reduction of illiteracy, at home the Canadian government set up a national commission to distribute one million dollars in IYC grants to Canadians. (A million dollars, incidentally works out to a whopping 14¢ a child.) France, for example, has reduced its services to handicapped children by instituting a prenatal family allowance program. By simply asking pregnant mothers to register in a prenatal course and make regular visits to health clinics before their children are born, the French government has been able to reduce the number of children born with disabilities. To ensure success of the program family al-

lowance cheques are issued immediately after the mother declares her pregnancy. Although this costs seven or eight months more of family allowance cheques per child, it saves millions in terms of expensive care to handicapped children after birth.

Five thousand grant requests for not more than \$5,000 each came in. Only 508 could be funded. The members of the commission, including myself, would like to turn the clock back two years and begin plans for IYC all over again. Because in looking at the requests for tiny amounts of money, the needs of Canadian children are now etched on our brains.

The facts are plain.

The problems of Canadian children are not only serious, they are ignored, or dealt with inadequately by the bureaucracies established to help them. Canada has no consistent policies for providing equalized services for children, and the provincial/federal split of powers only exacerbates the confusion.

Some obvious areas for immediate concern include the growing need for a national daycare policy and daycare services all across the country. At present, nursery schools and daycare centres are not funded provincially

at all in some provinces, while in others the number of daycare spaces are being reduced. Children with special needs require costly services which are being cut back or held below an inflation-fighting increase. In some provinces the amount of on-going social service dollars going to "cure" some problems reflects not only the incredible need for service but also the failure of the services to actually solve the problems.

More than anything else, the grant applications revealed the overwhelming needs which a \$5,000 IYC grant could alleviate only temporarily. The problems which these applications brought to light cannot be solved by small token grants or even by large sums of money. Instead, this country should use what remains of IYC as an opportunity to create the social policies which will redistribute our dollars and our priorities to better serve our children.

It is possible to make short-term gains for us and our children by using existing systems, as in the milk distribution program in Québec. Not all Canadian children go home to a hot lunch or milk and cookies after school. As a matter of fact many children don't start the day with even one glass of milk, let

alone their cereal, orange juice and sufficient supplies of riboflavin and niacinimide. But by raising dairy farmers' taxes, the Quebec government increased provincial revenues to distribute free milk to every school child in Quebec. Naturally they paid the farmers for the purchase of this milk.

It is this kind of rearranging that will be most acceptable to the dollars-and-cents-minded politicians of the 1980s. Children's services are not vote-getting devices, and politicians are more concerned with balanced budgets than the needs of the non-voting children. Therefore we must use IYC to make more of these suggestions, to show the wisdom of preventative projects, of redistributing funds and of the direct repayment they will make to our society in the future.

Although I cannot deny that children enjoyed themselves at many of the IYC-sponsored projects and that some good projects were begun because of IYC grants, I am faced with the ever-growing needs of our children and the fact that December 31 is not far away. Will IYC have made any difference? Not if we don't plan. Not if we don't attack the causes of our children's problems and most assuredly not if we don't rearrange our priorities to put those who don't vote before those that hold the purse strings.

No more short term solutions. We need a radical and effective plan for children in this country and International Year of the Child is the perfect year to begin.

LISTENING TO KIDS

by Helen Sutherland

You never know when you're listening to kids where a conversation's going to lead. These kids were taped in Toronto's east end in front of a laundromat. The topic was food.

Chris: I like hot dogs, because you don't need a plate. Big long hot dogs. With lotsa mustard. I like putting the mustard on from those squeeze bottles.

Lisa: I like corn on the cob. That's my specialty. I like it because . . . shut up, Joey . . . I like it because you're supposed to eat it with your hands. It's really food.

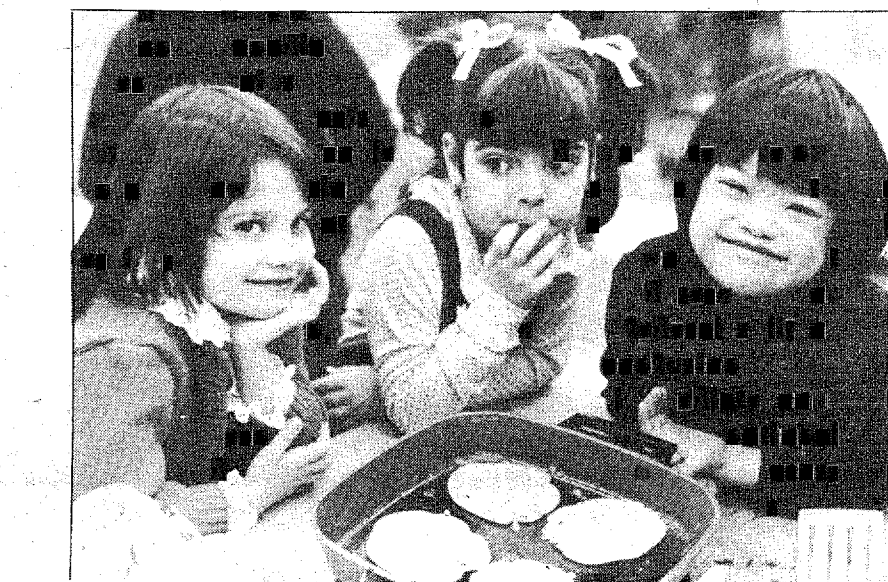
Joey: You like hot dogs. You are a hot dog! (unclear) . . . call people food names

Crystal: Oli yeah, like honey bun. My dad calls me honey bun. Or sweetie pie.

Chris: My dad says I'm full of baloney.

Sharon: I want to say what I like. I like to eat horse balls. Horse balls are these little sticky donuts; they're round. I like saying, "I eat horse balls."

Lisa: My brother called this girlfriend he had . . . she was really pretty but, you know a little chubby . . . he used to call her "my



Brady, Andrea and Yuk-Yan cook pancakes

little rutabaga." I don't know what a rutabaga is.

Sharon: I know how to cook.

Danny: You do not. What can you cook?

Sharon: I can cook sandwiches. (laughter, hooting).

Sharon: (dignified response) Grilled cheese sandwiches!

Joey: You're a fruit cake.

Sharon: Forget it. You don't know about food. All you do is bite your nails.

Adé: I know how to cook something. My grandma made it for me, but I know how.

Crystal: What is it?

Adé: Slewfoot's paw.

Several: What?

Adé: Slewfoot's paw: you toast some brown bread and then you put butter on it, and then you put honey on it. And then you cut it up so it looks like a bear's paw.

Joey: You eat a bear's paw for breakfast? He eats a bear's paw for breakfast!

Adé: You cut it into five pieces, so it looks like a bear's paw; Slewfoot's paw.

Joey: I know how to do something really decent; it's really great. You get an old rubber glove . . . come on wait, it's good . . . you fill it up with water and you put an elastic really tight around the rubber glove. Then you put it in the freezer. And after about five hours, or maybe about five hours, you take it out and take the glove off, and it's really excellent. You have this icy hand. It looks like a real hand.

Lisa: So what? What can you do with a frozen hand?

Joey: You can put it in a jug of orange juice. I don't know.

Photo Credit: Maureen Auckland

ARTS

Dinner Party: A Last Supper?

by Susan Sturman

The Dinner Party, Judy Chicago's co-operatively executed multimedia "sculpture", has been billed as "the First Feminist Epic Artwork." Remarkable in its scale, it is certainly the most ambitious undertaking by a feminist artist. The show opened in San Francisco on March 16 to a media fanfare not associated with feminist art and certainly not with an artist who has never received much recognition in the established art world. Founder of the first feminist art program (in Fresno, 1970), co-founder of the first women's art space/art school, and the Los Angeles Woman's Building, Chicago is a leading women's art theorist and activist. So it was no surprise to feminists that the scope of her vision embraced a five-year project conceived as no less than "a symbolic history of women in Western civilization".

In brief, *The Dinner Party* is a huge and elegant environment — a table in the form of an open-centred equilateral triangle, 46 1/2 feet on each side, set on a raised triangular platform. The three sides of the table contain place settings for 39 women from the mythical past through history to today, from the Primordial Goddess to Georgia O'Keeffe. They rest on a foundation of 999 women's names inscribed in gold handwriting on a glazed tile floor. Each place setting includes a gilt-edged napkin, porcelain flatware and gold-lined chalice, centred by a 14-inch painted and/or sculpted porcelain plate and an elaborately stitched needlework runner, done in the period style of the woman honoured. The central image of the plates is a vaginal form, the contours and textures of which go through almost endless permutations. As they move through the ages around the table, the plates gradually rise from flat to higher relief, until in the last ones — Virginia Woolf and Georgia O'Keeffe — the forms practically tear themselves off the plate. But they do not fly off the surface completely; as Chicago notes, "All the women represented are still contained within their place setting". *The Dinner Party* is Chicago's personal attempt to break out of social/artistic containment.

The Dinner Party is not only a visionary documentation of women's history and struggle. As an art piece it transcends male critical dichotomies of art versus craft, form versus content, personal/subjective versus historical/objective. First of all, it is visually breathtaking; each plate is a complete work of art in itself. Combined with the runners and the opalescent *Heritage Floor*, they almost make for an embarrassment of riches. The erotic suggestiveness of the images elicits a thrill of identification from female viewers. We as women are invited into the "dark core" of each of the women depicted, are allowed a glimpse of the personal vulnerability and strength of these historical figures; at the same time we are moved to explore ourselves. Pieces like the *Georgia O'Keeffe* plate are a heady celebration of female sexuality. Its forms spiral around a central, flowing energy source that is far more complex, powerful and subtle than the quality of "dynamic thrust" revered by male artists. Chicago has created a new formal language proceeding from female sexuality and sensibility.

Were it only for this formal contribution, *The Dinner Party* would be an exceptional art work, but it achieves more. Chicago's use of the traditional crafts of needlework and china painting acknowledges what has historically been a grass-roots mode of creative expression for women. The crafts are taken beyond their purely domestic function and are used aggressively and challengingly as a new and powerful art medium. The respect for handicraft has made the show accessible to many women who might have been intimidated by the upper-class aloofness of "High Art". Chicago makes a connection between the domestic handicrafts which women have always done — hidden from public view and belittled by the mandarins of Fine Art — and the larger

After its record-breaking success at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Judy Chicago's monumental art work, *The Dinner Party*, has been cancelled in its remaining scheduled showings in Seattle and Rochester.

The Seattle decision came in May, when museum directors gave the expense of the show's installation and its "controversial" subject matter as reasons for cancellation. In late June, Rochester's Memorial Art Gallery issued a press release citing "conflicts of policy concerning programming and fundraising by the artist and problems of financing the exhibition . . ." as their rationale. The latter cancellation is particularly distressing to Torontonians, for the Rochester showing would have been the only opportunity to view the exhibition locally.

The Dinner Party drew an estimated 90,000 people to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art during its three-month stay there this spring, an exceptional attendance record by any standards but particularly impressive given Chicago's relative obscurity in the mainstream art world. The Museum took in over \$58,000 from the show, covering all its installation costs (an unusual phenomenon, even for the most prestigious exhibitions). The exhibit received extensive media cover-

achievements of women throughout history which have been ignored or suppressed by the patriarchy. Both are brought to the fore and celebrated in *The Dinner Party*. The fact that many women viewing the show have a direct connection to the crafts involved makes it even more accessible; this is so far different from the technical mystification and trickery that accompanies the male-dominated concept of High Art.

A third major achievement of *The Dinner Party* is in its making. The project was executed co-operatively by Chicago and some 200 volunteers, who donated in one documented month \$15,000 worth of labour. Although accusations of "volunteerism" were levelled by some feminists, most of the women who worked on the project felt that the new skills they had acquired while doing the work were worth at least the value of their labour. They appreciated that Chicago had a greater authority in decision-making surrounding the project, but that they worked with her and not for her. As Needlework head Susan Hill pointed out: "We encouraged support for powerful women; this is new to most people. Women have a tendency to undermine a powerful woman; the idea is to emulate her. In a work situation like ours the amount of respect, authority, good stuff you get is in proportion to how much hanging in there and producing you do."

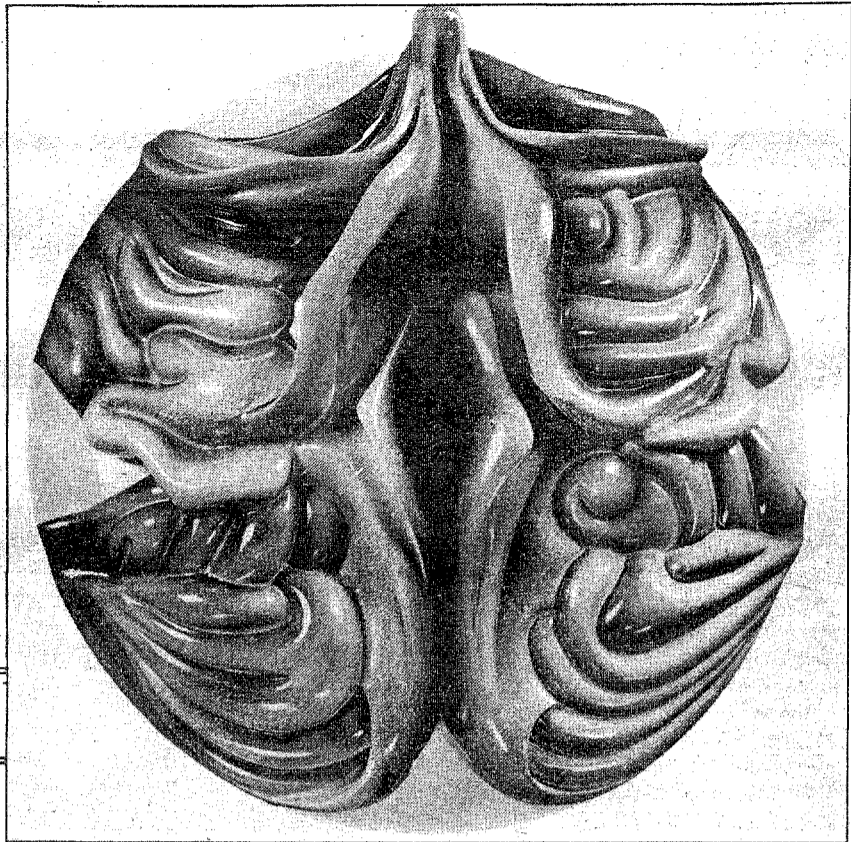
The Dinner Party studio was a workshop where people came to create an artwork and learned a craft in the process. Chicago cites the medieval guilds and convent workshops as historical antecedents. Gradually those who worked on the project came to take responsibility for their individual tasks and a collective responsibility for the entire project. The "co-operative-leadership" structure seemed to Chicago the best way to balance the need to generate a large-scale product and the need to maintain the consciousness-raising base and those aspects of working together which are unique and invaluable to the women's movement. Chicago rejects "the myth of the artist working in isolation". "I think that the individual artist ethic has been very destructive to women, because when men are alone, they aren't really alone — they are alone in their studios supported by systems. But women are really alone . . . isolated and powerless. The system of the individual artist has not worked for us, and yet women keep doing it and doing it. I think that one real contribution the piece will make will be to demonstrate another mode of art-making for a women artist".

The critical response to Chicago's achievement has been mixed. It is hard to ignore a show that has had so much public appeal, yet in the *haute snobisme* of the art world, this is more a minus than a plus factor (i.e. "The masses know nothing about art but they know what they like"). Any art that tries to be accessible, that is populist, is an immediate threat to the elitist values of the Art Establishment. The myth of the solitary artist, the formalist disregard for social content, the disdain for "crafts" all spring from the class prejudices of that Establishment.

age, with reviews in *Newsweek*, *Ms.*, *The New York Times*, and in various art publications. Since the closing of the show on June 17, the exhibit has been placed in storage, at a cost of almost \$1,000 per month. There are no immediate plans for showings elsewhere, though negotiations are presently taking place for an opening in Houston in the spring of 1980.

The *Dinner Party* Project organizers believe that the Rochester cancellation was not due to money but to a refusal to allow Chicago and Through The Flower, Inc. (the corporation which produced *The Dinner Party*) control over activities surrounding the exhibition. When Chicago pushed for that control in contract disputes with the Gallery, gallery officials broke off negotiations and cancelled the booking. Chicago had wanted to help plan and supervise events launched by local feminist groups which might result in fundraising for the local groups and possibly also for Through The Flower, Inc., which is presently \$20,000 in debt. These activities would attempt to connect local women to the political nature of the work.

The Board of the Memorial Art Gallery saw this as "competition" for funds by Through The Flower, Inc., and sought to de-fuse local political energy by calling a meeting of "token" feminists to serve as an advisory committee



The Georgia O'Keeffe Plate
from *The Dinner Party*

The particular blind spot of many of the show's critics seems to be an inability to understand how art and politics could mesh at all. Not to mention how sex and politics could be linked. Kay Larsen, in the *Village Voice* (June 11, 1979) took Chicago to task for "her inability to separate sex from social history, and art from both". "One could almost forget that this is an art work", she continues. "Chicago has so thoroughly identified her art with her sexual politics that to dislike the work seems dangerously like discarding the message." A leading art magazine refused to cover the show because it was "merely sociology".

What makes *The Dinner Party* a revolutionary work of art is precisely that it is able to weave the social history of women's achievement and struggle into an art language derived from our sexuality. This art language is unique and self-validating, and cannot be measured by male-defined critical standards of what is good or bad art. If one views the show with those standards in mind, its vital point will be missed. This is very convenient to those in the Art Establishment, who do not wish to acknowledge the threat posed by its real message. Instead they can gloss over it by dismissing it out of hand as "sociology", giving it a Freudian interpretation, or by denigrating it technically as mere arts and crafts, crude, overambitious, artistically unable to carry the heavy load of its pretensions.

The other principal threat to the Art Establishment is in the artwork's execution. Various attempts have been made by the media and by gallery officials (see box) to depict Chicago as a tyrant who exploited the people she worked with. While she is a difficult, powerful, aggressive woman who demanded a great deal of those on the project, it is clear that this is the old tactic of perpetuating "horizontal hostility" in order to undermine women's power, setting up a strong woman as a target. The strong co-operative working relationship of the project participants shattered the myth of the isolated artist and raised some questions about the deliberate barriers set up by the Art Establishment between artist and artist, artist and public. Chicago and the other women on the project demanded a degree of power and control over the exhibition of *The Dinner Party* that few artists have been given. The realization is that they have to take it. The political power for artists behind that realization terrifies the art world. Connected to movements for change such as feminism, art could help to create social change instead of re-inforcing the status quo.

The Dinner Party is no Tupperware party. It is one of the most subversive pieces of art created in recent history. Already, two of the original host galleries have cancelled their bookings (see box). Art world reaction to *The Dinner Party* has provided a very clear indication of where women stand in relation to the established artistic culture. We have come right up against it. *The Dinner Party* will be neither Last Supper nor Last Stand.

for the show. The Gallery's liaison to this committee assured *Dinner Party* organizers that feminist groups would participate in gallery-organized activities, but that it was inappropriate that they be represented on the advisory committee. The Gallery invited several feminist artists to perform at the opening. When Gallery officials decided to cancel the show, however, they told the performers that their scheduled performances were being cancelled because Judy Chicago wanted total control over all programming and didn't want local feminists to be included. The Gallery never informed the performers that the exhibit itself had been cancelled.

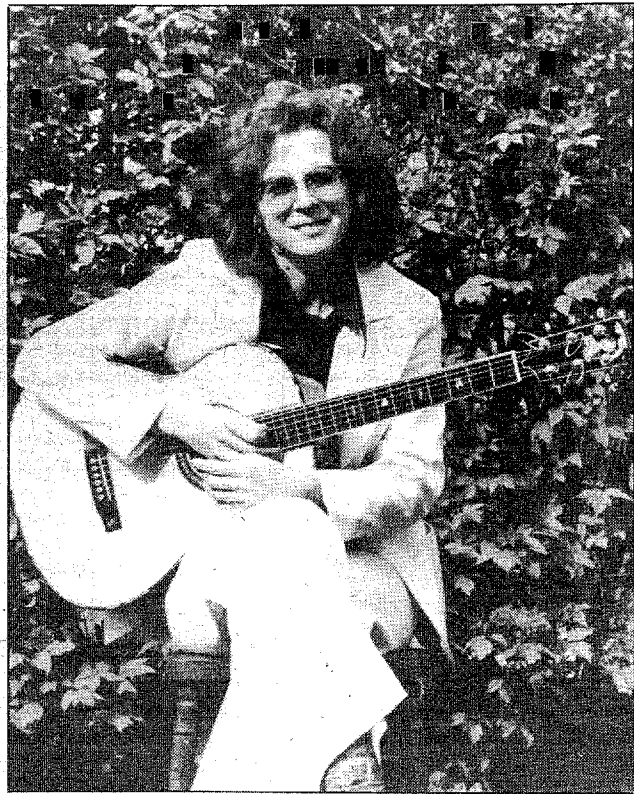
It is quite clear to Chicago that she has run up against the established artistic culture. In her attempt to demand of "public" art institutions equal recognition for women's art work, she has become aware that the alternate structure which she and other women artists have created must expand beyond itself and support women who are trying to get their work to a larger audience. Access to that audience is unfortunately controlled by the Art Establishment, as Chicago well knows, and the artistic culture it supports is blocking, rather than encouraging, the showing of women's art. As Judy Chicago says of *The Dinner Party*, at present "the system is standing between the audience and the piece".

Heather Bishop: More Than Meets The Ear

by Philinda Masters

What do you think of when you hear the word musician? I always think there's a character type: "musician." None of my musician friends conform of course. But Heather Bishop in particular doesn't seem the musician type at all.

Maybe it's because she's involved in so many different things it's impossible to pigeon-hole her. She was in the



work-force for 15 years before she became a professional musician ("Oh, so you've actually worked," said a TV interviewer): as a secretary, doing government administrative work, teaching music lessons, teaching trades courses to women (automotive, electrical, carpentry). Right now she's building a solar energy house on communal land in the West. And she's a pool shark — whenever Heather's in Toronto, she hangs out in the pool hall.

Furthermore, Heather Bishop is a painter — she painted the cover of her first album, *Grandmother's Song*. In fact, she considers herself primarily a painter.

"But decided artists don't make much money till they've been working for years, have a large body of work, a reputation. So in 30 years, OK," said Heather. "Being a musician's harder, it's very taxing going on tour, so I'm doing it while I'm still young enough. Then I'll paint."

Until a few years ago, Heather didn't even sing — she didn't think she had a voice. She was playing guitar with a women's band, *Walpurgis Night*, in Regina and they needed a singer, so she sang. "Then I was hired for the Winnipeg Folk Festival and the guy said 'Why don't you take singing lessons?' I bet you dollars to donuts he never said it to any of the men." Anyway, she took singing lessons.

But she still thinks it's important for women to stress good guitar playing, even though the incentive to learn has to come from the woman herself. "Women are expected to have good voices and be poor players, and men are expected to be good players and have poor voices. It's the nature of the business."

So after 14 years of studying and teaching piano, Heather took up the guitar. First 12-string, then flamenco and classical. It all contributes to a style that can't be pinned down: she does country, blues, folk, feminist, torch, etc. And it's typical of women musicians: "A lot of the men I meet know music styles very well so I'll play a tune and they'll say, 'Oh yeah, that's dixie,' and play exactly what I want to hear because they know all the variations. The women I meet have usually come such a different route, their styles are unique and can't be categorized."

"I'm basically a blues musician so people expect me to know a great deal about blues styles, and say, 'What's that style?' and I'll say, 'Oh... Contemporary Chicago Regina...?' It's one of the things women get punished for — if you can't play a tight 'X' style, it's tough."

On top of everything, Heather produced and distributed *Grandmother's Song* herself. Mainly, she said, because it was cheaper; she didn't want to lose 50% of the cost of each album to big production and distribution companies. (Now, she only has to sell 1000 copies to cover her costs.) But also because she wanted to learn how to do it, and give other women the opportunity to learn.

Heather hired a number of men to play back-up on her album: "I wanted to hire the best musicians I could, and people I could work with. Some of them were men. But there were no hassles, they gave their best and were excited by what I was doing." For her next album, she'll hire women — now that the women she worked with on *Grandmother's Song* have the necessary experience.

Even though Heather's a lesbian and a feminist, she doesn't have a problem working with, or playing to, men. "As an out-of-the-closet lesbian it would be easy to be an all-woman performer. But in Regina? I wouldn't get any work." Anyway, that's not what she wants to do. When she sings her lesbian material she can combine music and education: people like her songs and then find out she's a lesbian and they are forced to deal with it.

"But the mixed audiences are really women's audiences. It's the women who identify, who get involved. I expected more hassling from men, but because the women they're sitting with are so into it, the men don't have any room to be angry or upset or threatened."

So there's Heather Bishop, musician, up on stage; longish red hair, granny glasses, jeans, plaid shirt and corduroy bedroom slippers, singing *Ma Rainey*. If you haven't heard her, do so. She'll be passing through your town one of these days — she spends most of her time on tour, when she isn't doing one of the other 9 zillion things she does.

FEMINISTS FUSE FUN AND FISSION

There were a variety of entertaining and educational events, sponsored by Women Against Nuclear Technology (WANT) and the Non-Nuclear Network (NNN) at the University of Toronto on September 8 and 9. These organizations are committed to stopping the nuclear madness, especially, the construction of the nuclear reactor in Darlington, only 50 miles away from metropolitan Toronto.

The big drawing ticket of the weekend was performer Holly Near, accompanied by J.T. Thomas on piano. Holly is well known in feminist circles and remembered for her earlier work done with Jane Fonda in the "Free the Army" shows. Holly's latest of four albums is called "Imagine My Surprise" and the audience got to hear most of it live that Saturday night. One could feel Holly's warmth and empathy as she sang of mothers, daughters, poets, pioneers and of our many struggles as women. We sang along with the choruses or sometimes in harmony as Holly effectively blended her political beliefs into her art. Her main emphasis that evening and during the Sunday workshop was that even though we have our differences, we must work together to fight the nuclear industry or else we won't be here much longer. Certainly the weekend's participants included feminists, ecologists, NORMLs (people who want to change the marijuana laws), old and new Left members, students and Chilean Freedom Fighters.

To the many women in the audience, Holly Near's performance was a music festival in itself.



Sizzle City: our leader

"Linger on the details
The part that reflects the change
There lies revolution
Our everyday lives, the changes inside
Become our political songs". +

(+ © 1978 Hereford Music, used with permission)

The audience was also treated to some new material by pianist J.T. Thomas, a self-confessed ragtime "fanatic". Her "Separation Zone Rag" was inspired by a friend who sailed to Greece and her experiences of the small boat being sandwiched between the gigantic industrial freighters. J.T. later delighted us with a rag on infatuations and a song she had written for her Science teacher about amoebas loving amoebas.

Susan Freundlich was also on stage to sign for members of the audience with hearing impairments. Most of us were mesmerized by her dance-like movements that punctuated the lyrics. The children in the audience were specially drawn in and sat close to her in order to get a better view of her "performance".

Sunday's events were highlighted by *Sizzle City*, an all womyn theatre group. These womyn got the audience hooting over the irreverent impersonations of an ever-smiling Jimmy Carter, a stiff smirking Joe Clark and a happy-go-lucky hydro-electrical plant tour guide. For those who missed the performance, you have another chance of seeing them in Ottawa on October 13, as part of the no-nuke national march. For those who want to get to know Holly Near and Susan Freundlich better, *Broadside* will be having an exclusive interview with them on these very pages next month.

□ Deena Rasky

Whose Apocalypse?

by Barbara Halpern Martineau

A great deal of time, energy, talent, technology, and money has been applied recently to making Hollywood films about the Vietnam war. *Apocalypse Now*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *Coming Home* have all attracted large audiences and provoked a wide range of response, as indeed the war itself did, seen every evening by millions in their living rooms. It was the media event of the century, and Francis Ford Coppola's \$30 million Dolby-sound spectacular makes note in passing of that phenomenon — the central character lands at a village being devastated by a cavalry troop riding tanks and helicopters like cowboys out to empty the plains and walks straight towards a camera crew. The director cries frantically: "Don't look at the camera, don't look at the camera! Go right past, as if you were fighting. This is for television."

TV brought some of the cruelty of the war home to Americans and the rest of us, enough to provoke a reaction new in history:

"Stop this war! We don't want to go! Our 'enemy' is morally superior to us!" The protest movement grew to massive proportions, and a new women's movement was given impetus by that protest movement. This was ironic but not surprising, as wars have tended to provoke new awareness in women and also given us opportunities to meet together, even while claiming our energies for their purposes.

The crucial recognition for the women's movement about the Vietnam war was that it depended entirely on the maintenance of belief in the Otherness of Them, and that this carefully maintained belief about Otherness was the same belief that was keeping women down and under. American boys couldn't kill maim torture and rape real human beings like themselves, but if their victims were just gooks, well then, it wasn't the same at all. It's the same with women: how else can a man rape a woman and live with himself?

In *Apocalypse Now*, Playmate "bunnies" gyrate for a screaming mob of soldiers, many of them black. The levels of Otherness in that scene are mind-boggling. White women, shaved and curled and dieted and clothed in the barest of titillating shreds, flaunting their sexuality before an army of losers, mainly black and poor whites, while a few Vietnamese children cling to the fence from the other side. These bunnies are the only white women shown in the film.

There are Vietnamese women: they are shown gathering children and passing ammunition as the helicopters roar in playing the *Ride of the Valkyries* at top volume and strafing the village. One of the women runs up to a grounded helicopter and throws in a grenade — she is personally gunned down by the CO as he mutters: "Fucking savages!" In another scene, a woman and her entire family are killed in a moment of panic — their sampan is being searched for weapons and the woman runs to save her puppy. At the end of the film, as the mysterious Colonel Kurtz lies dying at the hands of the narrator, Captain Willard, there is a closeup of a Vietnamese woman: she is young, beautiful, silent. We know nothing about her.

But perhaps it was because of her that I was left, at the end of the film, with a sense of exhilaration. There are only two entirely beautiful images in the film for me: the first is the early morning scene of Vietnamese women and children on a pavilion of ancient stones just before the American helicopters roar in; the second is that face of the Vietnamese woman witnessing the death of Kurtz. Against the multi-layered vision of insanity which constitutes the rest of the film, a vision filtered from Conrad through T.S. Eliot and Fellini to Coppola's contemporary sense of the patriarchy staggering on the brink of self-immolation, there are two beautiful images of Vietnamese women, the ultimate Others of our time. I think we inject those images with whatever meaning we bring to them — I think the whole film lends itself to whatever meanings the various members of the audience bring to it — and for me, those two particular images speak of a genuine alternative to the Horror of which Kurtz speaks in his dying breath, the patriarchal horror of the hollow men, wallowing in guilt and greed and alienated anguish.

Apocalypse Now is loosely modeled on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, a turn-

continued page 16

6 of 1

FEMINIST ARTIST SERIES

6 of 1, a feminist artist series, is an A Space Programme conceived and co-ordinated by Nancy Nichol, with the assistance of: The Music Gallery, The Ontario College of Art, Mercer Union, The Funnel, and the Factory Theatre Lab.

6 of 1: focuses on the work of women artists who have addressed themselves to the issue of feminism in their work. Though stemming from a common social/political base the work is highly varied. For example: Pauline Oliveros' work is rooted in a sense of continuum, meditational and expansive forces; Jacki Apple represents the shifting attitudes of a woman artist towards ideology in general, shifting from the more personal statements dealing with transformation to examining feminism as a structural rather than content basis within a work. Carolee Schneemann who's work is rooted in the early happenings investigates sexuality, archetype, and eroticism.

This series focuses on investigative and explorative works by contemporary women artists, working in the idioms of performance, video, writing, and film.

The Artists

Jacki Apple: has been making performances, installations, audio tapes and books since 1971. Her work has been presented extensively throughout the U.S.A., including the Museum of Modern Art and The Whitney Museum. She is the curator of exhibitions for Franklin Furnace, New York, an exhibition/performance space and archive for artists' books. She was born in New York City where she presently lives and works. She has published two books — "Partitions" and "Trunk Pieces" and a record album.

Pauline Oliveros is a two legged human being, a female, lesbian, Musician, composer, among other things which contribute to her identity. She is herself and lives with her partner Lin Barron in Leucadia, California along with assorted poultry, dogs, cats, rabbits and tropical hermit crabs. She is devoted to the elevation and equalization of the feminine principle along with the masculine principle. The feminine principle is subjugated in both women and men, personally and transpersonally. She believes that Sappho, the great

Greek poetess was the Archetype of Women Composers and that the destruction of her work by the early Christians is representative of a movement which eliminated and suppressed all models of women as creators in the arts. She is further devoted to uncovering, establishing and encouraging new models to which women and the feminine side of men can relate.

Martha Rosler: is a multi media artist working in video, writing, and photography. Her work is concerned with the irony of social role models, from "McTowers Maids" to "domestics" as investigated in a book entitled *Survive*.

Carolee Schneeman: Carolee is known as a painter, kinetic sculptor, filmmaker, writer and pioneer of Happenings. She became internationally known for her Kinetic Theater piece "Meat Joy" a flesh celebration performed in Paris, London and New York in 1964. She has been extremely active over the past 15 years, including numerous performances, and publications of "Parts of a Body Hours Book", "Up to and Including Her Limits" a performance work with film and video; 1974 Kitch's Last Meal, Recently published "More Than Meat Joy," which incorporates scores, photographs, drawings, and notations of over thirty performance works from 1963 - 1978.

Schneemann has taught her own courses in Feminist Art History and lectured widely on the particular concerns of women artists.

The Works: Calgary, Alta. a collaborative group of performance artists. Susan Steward: photographer, and video tape artist, Marcela Bienvenue: mixed media artist, and former curator of the Calgary Centre for Cultural Affairs. Heather Wells: dancer.

Nancy Nicol (curator) is a multi media artist working in installations incorporating video, film and writing. Recent installations include The Miniature Theatre, YYY Gallery, 1979, Toronto, Stills Passions Play. Harbour Front Gallery, Toronto, Contracting Syc, Toronto (film work). She has contributed articles to Centerfold Magazine, Fireweed, a feminist periodical 1978 -1979.

Jacki Apple will be at The Music Gallery, 30 St. Patrick St., Toronto on October 18 at 8 pm; and at Mercer Union, 29 Mercer St., Toronto on October 19 at 8 pm.

Apocalypse, from page 15

of-the-century novella about the ivory trade in Africa and the source of evil in men's hearts. T.S. Eliot drew a line from Conrad for his poem "The Hollow Men": "Mistah Kurtz, he dead," and Coppola's Kurtz reads from "The Hollow Men" shortly before he dies. In Conrad's story the narrator, Marlowe, witnesses Kurtz' death and then brings the news to Kurtz' fair-headed Intended, concealing what he knows about Kurtz' final madness. In Coppola's film the narrator, Captain Willard, assassinates Kurtz on army orders, with the consent of Kurtz, who only asks that Willard tell the story to Kurtz' son. The line of the patriarchy stretches unbroken.

If one goes to *Apocalypse Now* with a sense that war and patriarchy are somehow connected, in an unhealthy way, one is alert to the image of Lt. Col. Kilgore touching his crotch as he asserts that he and his men can take Charlie's point and hold it as long as they need to (euphemisms for devastating a village and killing women, children, men, animals, foliage). One picks up the irony of Willard's narration: "I guess Kilgore wasn't a bad commander. He loved his boys. And he took care of them."

The film makes it very clear that the war was insane, filled with wild contradictions, where bridges were blown up and rebuilt every night as men died on both sides, so the generals could say the roads were open; where murder was fine so long as it was called something else, where clarity was the single intolerable sin.

Coppola has done a magnificent job of assimilating the Vietnam War into the cultural mainstream, rendering it intelligible as one war among others, another echo of the "primordial instinct" Kurtz asserts We must use. Unlike Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter*, which is dangerously naive to the point of extreme racism, sexism and adherence to the Pentagon's improbable version of the war, *Apocalypse Now* transforms the audience's appetite for black humour amid the spectacle of disaster into a thoughtful silence. But Coppola, like Cimino, speaks from within the patriarchy, and their visions both lack historical specificity. They speak in metaphors, and their films are judged by the effectiveness of their metaphors. Coppola's vision is infinitely more complex, his metaphors at once subtler and closer to historical reality than Cimino's. And yet the metaphor persists in masquerading as the whole truth, and the audience relates to that "truth" as to reality, variously, unaware of manipulation, unless predisposed to be aware. Coppola himself spoke the strongest grounds for criticism of his film when he said that it's not about Vietnam; it is Vietnam. It is one Vietnam, a Vietnam which lives in the hearts and minds of American fathers and sons.

I long for a film about the Other Vietnam, a film about the struggle of the mothers and daughters alongside the fathers and sons, a struggle against specific greed for oil and power, a struggle for national survival as a people to whom the land is a living force, for whom there is something other than the horror, something worth enduring for, even in the face of horror.

Barbara Morgan

Highly Developed



Some of the best of Barbara Morgan's photographs are currently on display at the Baldwin Street Gallery in Toronto. Even though her photographs, some dating back to 1935, can be found in many a historical photography book, her name is not that well known to the general public. Born 1900 in Kansas,

Barbara Morgan is still very alive and opened the show on September 8, 1979. I had the unexpected opportunity to speak with her.

Her well known photographs of dancer Martha Graham have overshadowed her other work. Soon all this will change as the Eastman House in Rochester will be having a retro-

spective exclusively of her photomontage work from 1935 to 1979, which she is excited about. The show opens in November and will tour for two years, possibly coming to Canada as well.

Barbara Morgan was originally a painter and printmaker. It took some encouragement from both her husband Willard Morgan and close friend Edward Weston before she courageously switched over to photography. It also took the birth of her son Lloyd, when motherhood responsibilities made painting impossible. So she turned to photography since most of the work could be done at night, during her "free" time.

She told of how she met Weston at UCLA where she taught art and hung the various shows in the university's small gallery. One day the dean called her into his office to tell her of an exhibit of Weston's she was about to hang. It was rare in the 1920's to have photographic work treated as art and even she was skeptical at the time. But after seeing Weston's work in the gallery, she was impressed and soon became close friends with him.

Morgan talked to me about one of her most recent pieces entitled "Nuclear Fossilization IIIA" which is included in the Toronto show. It is a strikingly eerie image of an adrogynous being's profile with white highlighted nostrils and lashes emerging from a deep black background. A spiralling fossil is etched in the face. She said the print was completed a mere three weeks before the Three Mile Island incident and she feels that it was her intuitive powers that enabled her to make this connection.

A similar technique and message comes across in an earlier photomontage "Fossil in Formation". Morgan said the inspiration for the photo came to her in an amusing way. At the time (1965) she had come home from a walk through New York City with its smog, traffic jams, ear-piercing police sirens and overall din. At her door was a parcel from a friend containing an ammonite fossil dating from before the Glacial Age. Holding the object in her hand she exclaimed "Why, New York is one big old fossil!" She then rushed to her files and pulled out a print of New York City's skyscrapers she had set aside for future use, sandwiched an underexposed version of it with an enlarged image of the fossil and the rest is part of photographic history.

Her show at the Baldwin Street Gallery will be on until October 13. Laura Jones, owner of the gallery, said Morgan's work will then return to the US and be part of the photomontage exhibit. In the near future Barbara Morgan will be publishing an auto-biographical account of her photographs.

□ Deena Rasky

WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT TALENT
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HERLAND

A LOST
FEMINIST UTOPIAN NOVEL

by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Pantheon, New York, 1979, \$3.95, pa.

Delightful, humorous, and simple (but not simplistic) is this romp through the imagination of the very gifted writer, Charlotte Gilman. Those who know her previous *The Yellow Wallpaper* will be surprised and pleased that she went on to use her finely honed spirit in this optimistic novel of what might be "if only..."

First written in 1915, *Herland* was serialized in Gilman's monthly magazine, *The Fore-runner* and until now was never published separately. It begins in 1914 when three males accidentally stumble into an all-female society in some far-off idyllic land and is just as pertinent today as it was then. In fact, that is one of the fascinations of the novel: the author was grappling with the same questions we are exploring today. And so this novel of the future is also a link with the past, a past of feminist creative thinking and writing. In utopian fiction, this book comes closest to the more recent *The Kin of Ata Await You* in its concept of a non-sexist society, and both groups resemble the actual pacifist Stone Age tribe recently discovered in the Phillipines as recorded in *The Gentle Tasaday*.

The gentle humour of *Herland* expresses the subtlety and ironic wit of the author. When the three men discover that there are no men in this lost society but that the women are all mothers, one of them tries to explain the concept of parthenogenesis to these unusual women:

"...Parthenogenesis, we call it — that means virgin birth." She could not follow him.
"Birth, we know, of course; but what is virgin?"
Terry looked uncomfortable, but Jeff met the question quite calmly.
"Among mating animals, the term, *virgin* is applied to the female who has not mated," he answered.
"Oh, I see. And does it apply to the male also? Or is there a different term for him?"

He passed this over rather hurriedly, saying that the same term would apply, but was seldom used.

"No?" she said. "But one cannot mate without the other surely.
Is not each then — virgin — before mating?..."

Of course the story becomes even more interesting as the men make more and more patriarchal assumptions about the women they meet. It is an exploration adventure on several levels at once. The three men are not stereotyped and Gilman portrays three definite individuals with varying characters and various ways of handling the shock of interaction with these strong, independent, self-sufficient women. At no time do the women treat the men unkindly in spite of their peculiar behavior and the bizarre situation, and at no time does the author treat the characters unseriously. This is a book full of humour and probing and with a great deal of understanding of human nature.

There is romance, although not as we know it, and even more, real love between one of the aliens and one of the women, which is handled with warmth and insight. For Gilman knew then as we know now that while marriage may be a trap, emotional commitment is all-important. And it is because of this commitment to the wise women of *Herland* and their way of life that the exact location of this utopia remains a secret — even today.

□ Sherrill Cheda



Feminist Visionary

The Dream of a Common Language.

by Adrienne Rich, Norton, 1978, \$3.95 pa.

It is conventional that reviews of 'culture', and especially of poetry, appear in print as 'soft' news. Poetry is, after all, a womanly medium. As opposed to the 'hard'-on news of money and death. This is too bad.

It is too bad because the language of women like Adrienne Rich is a language that should be emblazoned on front pages, shouted from the rooftops, chanted at the church-doors. "The Dream of a Common Language" is exactly what it claims to be.

It is a book for women who don't usually read poetry. It is a book for the poet in all women.

"I write this not for you

"I write this not for you
who fight to write your own
words fighting up the falls
but for another woman dumb
with loneliness dust seeping plastic bags
with children in a house
where language floats and spins
abortion in
the bowl"

It is a book in three parts. The first part is called Power. It is about the power of women. And the source of the power of women. And the silencing of the power of women. Marie Curie becomes a symbol of herself:

"She died a famous woman denying
her wounds
denying
her wounds came from the same source as
her power"

In "Origins and History of Consciousness", the substance of her dream unfolds:

"But I can't call it life until we start to move
beyond this secret circle of fire
where our bodies are giant shadows flung
on a wall
where the night becomes our inner darkness,
and sleeps
like a dumb beast, head on her paws, in the
corner,"

And in "Splittings", it takes on substance, with the repeated line: "...I am choosing not to suffer uselessly..."

The second part is Twenty One Love Poems. Each is a powerful statement on its own. Taken together, they re-define our patriarchal-

ly-imposed idea of love. First of all, they are all written to or about women. Second of all they are more than the standard fare of lesbian erotica. They are, in the end, a celebration of the power of women's love.

"Your small hands, precisely equal to my own—
only the thumb is larger, longer — in these hands
I could trust the world, or in many hands like these,
handling power-tools or steering-wheel or touching a human face..."

"....The woman who cherished her suffering is dead. I am her descendant. I love the scar-tissue she handed on to me, but I want to go on from here with you fighting the temptation to make a career of pain."

"No one's fated or doomed to love anyone. The accidents happen, we're not heroines, they happen in our lives like car crashes, books that change us, neighbourhoods we move into and come to love. Tristan and Isolde is scarcely the story, women at least should know the difference between love and death. No poison cup, no penance."

The third part is called Not Somewhere Else, But Here. It is a collection of ten poems that could tritely be called poems of struggle. But in the hands of Adrienne Rich, struggle becomes an act of love. They are the most abstract poems of the book, dealing mainly in superimposed imagery and written about a variety of subjects. One is an imagined thought-poem of Paula Becker to Clara Westhoff, two artists at the turn of the century. Another, "Sibling Mysteries", is an exquisite baring of the relationship between sisters. "A Woman Dead in her Forties" is a very personal mourning, not for a woman's death, as much as for an unfinished love. And "Natural Resources" is a cry of anger and hope and firm faith in the past and the future that women will create.

Adrienne Rich has used the oppressor's language, has turned it back on itself, and through the eyes of many women she has spun a feminist reality that expresses a common dream, a woman's dream.

Don't take my word for it. Read it for yourself.

□ Judith Quinlan

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Is it a bird? A plane? No, it's Fran Lebowitz covering Toronto's Harbourfront and keeping away from her cigarette. (Groan!) She read from her forthcoming book "Social Studies", read from good old "Metropolitan Life" and answered questions from the audience.

Photo Credit: Deena Rasky

I'm a Feminist, but...

by Susan G. Cole

Autumn. The pigskin (an appropriate term?) flies across the television screens. Housewives lose the ongoing battle, and try to wrench their husbands away from the tube for family gatherings on Sunday. Now Monday night is lost forever and ABC is trying to set aside Thursday and Friday nights as well. Women all across the country are stocking up on beer and peanuts for the boys. Saturday is pretty hopeless too. Real football fanatics wouldn't miss a Saturday College game for anything. The misery will continue past the Canadian Grey Cup to Super Bowl Sunday, a day when one can determine when the network is running commercial breaks by checking local water levels: they go down with the simultaneous flushing of at least 60% of the toilets in town.

I should get right to the point by saying that I welcome the season. In fact I'm an incurable sports fan. I have received enough flack already to know that mine is not a very popular addiction in feminist circles. "How could you?" say some women when they discover that I've foregone a fundraising meeting to watch Wide World of Sports. I'm not choosy. And that's why I'll settle for surfing, barrel jumping or tree-climbing for heaven's sake. I don't care how they give me the thrill of victory or the agony of defeat, just as long as I get my fix.

I think I'll blame my brother. He always had first crack at the television and at the time (B.F.M., Before the Football Marathons) the only team televised was the Cleveland Browns. Every Sunday I'd get to watch fullback Jim Brown burst through the opposition's line for hefty gains. I developed a serious and dangerous idol worship. It was so intense that even the sorriest news couldn't swing me around. When I was informed that Jim Brown had a paternity suit filed against him, when a few years later a news report from Los Angeles had him mixed up in a violent scene with an actress in a motel room, when I could see before my very eyes that Brown's Hollywood image was the ultimate in machismo, I didn't care one whit. Jim Brown, I would intone, may have been an American symbol of black macho, but he was still the greatest football player ever to grace the turf.

It got worse. As I grew up, so did the business of sports. Everything just got bigger and better. There was no more wonderful pastime than watching Bobby Orr scoop up the puck from behind his own net and skate down the ice, around, past and through every defender and then niftily tuck the puck into the opponent's goal. Or as we used to say in the euphoria-steeped days of the sixties — what a rush. Baseball was even better because I could see those guys. Football players are hidden underneath all that paraphernalia and hockey players go too fast. There's something slightly funny about a manager's argument with an umpire. All that huffing and puffing eyeball to eyeball, the ump checking out his adversary's cavities. You'd think they were arguing over controlling interest in Standard Oil or something.

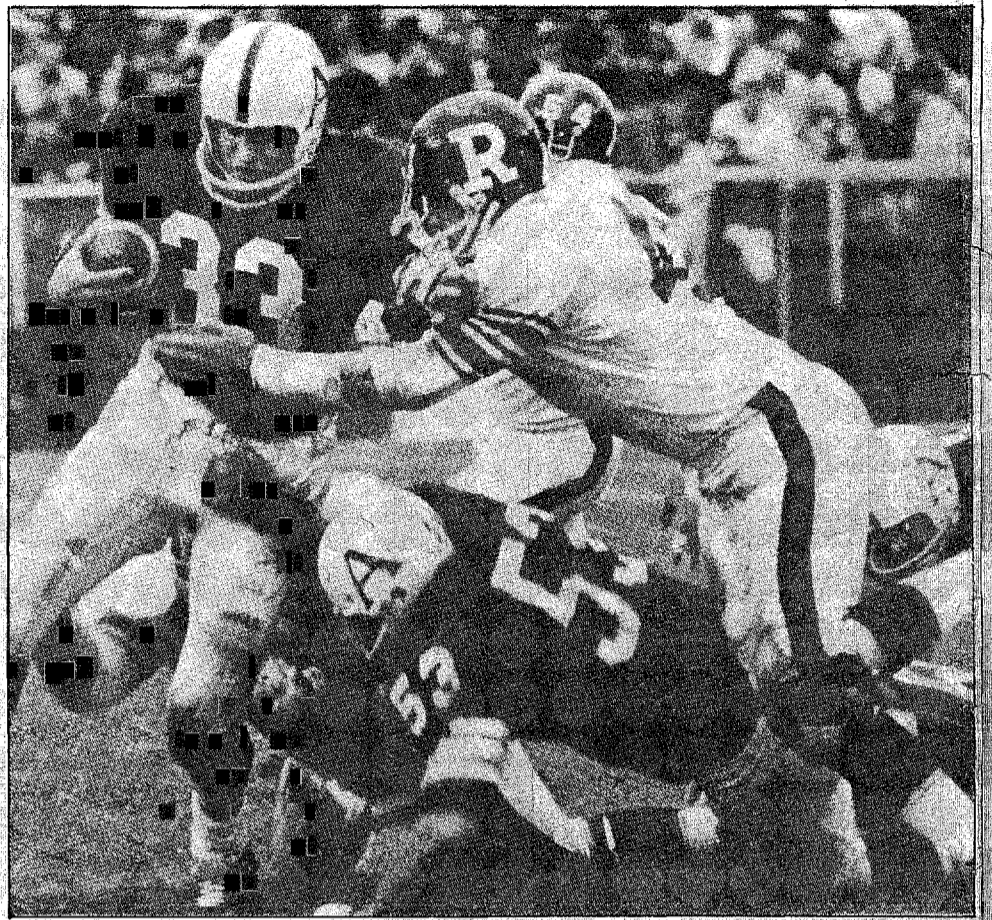
There is big money involved here and

that's why I have a particular weakness for championship games. I'd watch a bowling championship if it came to that. When men play for money they are deadly serious. Really, don't you think there's something wonderfully absurd about the fact that \$50,000 can rest on whether a little white ball, when stroked gently by a long stick, will drop into a hole. A close call at the plate will make one roster bum and the other heroes. More important, on that decision can rest the difference between a measly \$12,000 per losing player and \$25,000 per winner, not to mention the first dibs on Brut, Schick or Schlitz endorsements that go with winning.

Don't get the wrong idea. I was maturing, sort of. When I developed some political sophistication I put it to work analysing some of America's most expensive television. Millions of dollars worth of equipment are required to bring you the game and millions of dollars are spent fashioning some of that country's most crucial items of Americana — the commercials. The biggest stars, the biggest cars, the biggest strides of the biggest corporations are trotted out between plays quarters periods innings matches. You can pray for a homey plug for Schneider's weiners or a word from your local car dealer, but you don't have a chance. It's Xerox, IBM, Ford, Gillette, Esso or their competitors. And when the Rose Bowl starts with the Air Force planes flying to the tune of the national anthem, you know you're getting a sense of the state of the nation. Last year's Super Bowl commercial time was stolen by Canadian Networks and we were encouraged to engage in our national pastimes — beer drinking, investment in the banks and Loto Canada. And if that isn't an indication of the state of the nation then I don't know what is.

My emerging feminist consciousness did provoke a minor change of heart. I no longer praised Jim Brown's end runs on account of his rumored shenanigans in the motel room, although, with a couple of drinks down, I was known to wax eloquent on what Jim Brown could do with a screen pass. I was aware of, and bemoaned the fact that millions of American men crammed their homes with their friends and left their female partners to vacuum the potato chip crumbs off the carpet when the gun finally sounded at seven o'clock.

Then major league baseball came to my home town of Toronto and I slid back into my old ways. I'd reserve Wednesday nights to watch the Jays. I got a Blue Jays T-shirt, I bought a blue Jays cap. I even considered taking my mother to the game for her birthday. I ordered my tickets for the Yankee double-header two months in advance and the Blue Jay management flew me two terrific tickets on the first base line. The night of the game I missed an important meeting. I'd warned my co-workers in advance that I wouldn't be able to make it that night. "Oh yeah? Why not?" they asked innocently. "Well uh, the Yankees are in town." One woman who didn't quite catch on asked me if I was attending a re-enactment of the American Civil War. The others delivered snorts of incredulity and disgust. They don't understand. Few feminists do. I'll try to explain it. Later.



• Refugees, from page 4

that boys weren't fighting at all. This was no argument. It was a severe beating administered by the eldest to his younger brother. The youngest looked down as if nothing were happening while the family's authority figure pummeled his cowering victim. Mrs. X yelled at him to stop. Shaking, she threatened to call the police, but Mr. Ngo did not stop until he was certain that he was finished.

It took a full week for Mrs. X to recover. In the meantime the X family were faced with a painful dilemma. They had decided that Ngo would take care of his family however he chose. It was his business and they would never interfere. But on the principle and conviction that had brought the boys to the house in the first place, they resolved that they couldn't tolerate that kind of violence in their home. They decided that the experiment, at least in the form it had taken, had to come to an end. They set the boys up in an apartment where they live now. The six week experience smashed the illusions of these six sensitive, committed and socially active people. These are the kind of people who are responding sympathetically to the Boat People. They are the kind of people who want to act but who have naively assumed that their desire to help is all that's required.

The boys, part of the merchant class of ethnic Chinese in Vietnam, had just been through a harrowing experience. Wrenched away from the culture and family, they had

spent five weeks on a boat, the kind made famous by international reports—hardly seaworthy, supplied by a bloodsucking racketeer in Saigon. Five weeks elbowing other refugees from the dry spots. Then 8 months in Pidu Bidong, the refugee camp in Malaysia, where with 25,000 other refugees (the numbers in the camp have since swelled to 75,000), they built their own shelter, were supplied with one blanket and a half a cup of rice a day. Once a week, sardines offered a change of pace. Six months after they arrived in the camp, they were treated to some frozen beef courtesy of the relief squads. One of the first perceptions members of the X family had was that the boys had no initiative. They seemed to want to just sit. But it's no wonder. For eight months they had done nothing but wait.

The X family's experience is not an isolated incident. In conversations with other sponsors they have discovered that there is a syndrome developing, particularly when it comes to discussions of the difficulties in soliciting cooperation and the phenomenon of the hysterical consumption of food and water. But cooperation demands trust, and that quality is in small supply in the refugee camps at Malaysia and a comfortable relationship with food and water is a preposterous expectation of bona fide survivors. That's what Ngo, Ho and Thieu are—survivors, and survivors cannot be expected to go with the middle class flow. Many who thought they would, have been bitterly disappointed. In fact, good intentions and heartfelt generosity may not solve the refugee problem. Whatever their motivation, be it the assuasion of guilt or the exercise of liberalism, the sponsors of Vietnamese refugees are turning a blind eye to the fact the desire to share the amenities of the good life does not necessarily make everyone live happily ever after.

This article poses a dilemma familiar to journalists who don't quite know what to do with disturbing information. There are presently 75,000 Vietnamese refugees in the refugee camp in Malaysia. It is estimated that that is only half of those who fled Vietnam. The rest have died at sea. With the help of an astonishingly vigorous media campaign, the refugees have engaged the sympathies of Canadians, many of whom have chosen to sponsor refugees in their homes. But the fact is also that the experience that some Canadians have had with the new immigrants has been bitter, sometimes devastating. In describing the experience, I in no way wished to leave readers with the impression that I believe we should leave these refugees to drown on the high seas. I am simply delivering the difficult news that sponsorship is a bogus solution to a problem that needs more thoughtful attention, a realistic assessment and certainly a better option than the delivery of Vietnamese into the warm bosom of a deluded Canadian middle class.

• New Times, from page 5

within traditional parties. Not so, according to Angela Miles: "In most cases we believe the existence of the FPC will in fact strengthen the position of these women within their own parties. Many of them gained their support from the women's movement to begin with but, because of pressure from within their respective parties to stress those principles, they have been forced to make their feminist perspective of secondary importance."

The FPC expects that as their party gains momentum, the other parties will be forced to account for their lack of activity, or their particular views, in a far wider range of areas. As a result, there ought to be an expansion of women's role in discussions of party platforms and strategies. The existence of the FPC should also pressure traditional parties into placing more women candidates in constituencies where they have a decent chance of winning. This has not been the case in the past.

If these changes do not occur, however, undoubtedly the FPC will be seen as a real alternative for many more women.

"With the formation of various FPC committees," says Frieda Forman, another member, "the surge of interest by women has been even more phenomenal. When study groups meet, there are always more women in them than before. What's even more encouraging is that many of these women have never before been involved in the women's movement. It proves that women are excited by the idea of the FPC, they want to participate and they're willing to work towards its goals. However, we'd really like to hear from more women across Canada."

Despite the fact that feminism has been recognized as a major political movement in the world today, it still suffers bitter criticism. (For example, see "The Press vs. The Feminist Party" on page 5.) And the general public still doesn't know what the major concerns are.

Feminism is not only interested in women (the common misconception), but children, the elderly and other disadvantaged groups. But feminism also has a world view. Therefore, while we are told that "frills" such as social service cutbacks are necessary, we look around at the world and see: increased military spending, the fatal push towards the domestic use of nuclear power and its proliferation to other (mostly unstable) countries, the actual

encouragement of constantly higher corporate profits, and therefore more exploitation, etc.

Among other things, then, feminists oppose this seemingly self-destructive plunge which the world is taking and we question the basic values of our society which continue to perpetuate these principles.

The existence of the FPC and the OFW will undoubtedly help to bring these ideas to a far greater number of women; not to mention other organizations, including Women Against Rising Prices (WARP), the various Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) groups throughout North America, Women Against Nuclear Technology (WANT), and Women Against Sexual Harassment (WASH).

All these new organizations show the expansion of the women's movement recently. Combine these with the increased militancy of those organizations already in existence; you have a good indication that the women's movement is far from dead. Many women have learned far too much. We intend to use that knowledge not only to counteract regressive changes in our society, but to alter its very goals.

MOVEMENT COMMENT

To the editors of *Broadside*:

We of the International Women's Day Committee applaud the publication of a much-needed women's newspaper in Toronto and welcome the arrival of *Broadside*. We are, however, deeply concerned by your misrepresentation of the Saturday, March 10 demonstration celebrating International Women's Day, which officially occurred in the middle of the week this past year. We are disturbed also by your omission of the IWDC from the description of various Toronto feminist groups in the first issue.

The most striking example of the distorted coverage of the events of March 10th was the photograph illustrating Eve Zaremba's article. It suggested that men outnumbered women in the demonstration. In point of fact, women dominated the rally and march both in numbers and in the feminist content of their demands. Had you taken a photograph from the front of the demonstration, where a broad spectrum of women's groups were leading the march, or had Zaremba mentioned that the rally and march were followed in the evening by an all-women party, the proceeds of which were donated to the Bi-national Lesbian Conference, it might not have been quite so easy to accuse us of male domination.

We strongly disagree with the main argument of Zaremba's piece: that IWD was simply "a dress rehearsal for May Day, just another date on the left's calendar indistinguishable from any other leftist event". Why is it that the analysis of women's employment by Jacqueline Frewin and Alex Maas in *Broadside* passes for feminist, while a very similar position on unemployment expressed by the women speakers at the IWD rally is dismissed as "leftist"? You say that *Broadside* wants to rescue the term feminist from media biases and give it a new lease on life. Yet, Zaremba further abuses the term when she says that the rally lacked any "feminist content". The demands made on March 10, we remind you, were full employment for women, an end to social service cutbacks, abortion on demand and no forced sterilization, and an end to the oppression of lesbians. We fail to see why these demands are not

feminist in your eyes. Numerous testimonials were made at the rally by women representing Times Change, Fleck, immigrant women, the daycare struggle, etc. Is it fair for Zaremba to charge them with "soft-peddalling Women's Liberation"?

The questions accompanying Zaremba's article are downright manipulative, soliciting only agreement for her viewpoint. Rather than asking, "who enjoyed the demonstration?" you make the query, "what do you think of the left's participation in events such as IWD?" The question "what's your position on women organizing autonomously and in our own interests?" would lead the reader to the false belief that the IWD Coalition was not an autonomous women's group. Again and again, the article and questions refuse to recognize that the IWDC is part of the autonomous women's movement in Toronto. To subsume us under "left manipulation" is to negate the efforts of over 2,000 women who participated in March 10th and who continue to work for Women's Liberation throughout the year.

At the preliminary meetings of the IWD coalition, Zaremba and other members of WAVAW, some of whom are now on the *Broadside* collective, spoke for the exclusion of men from the IWD march. When the matter came to a vote, the decision of the group was to permit men's participation at the demonstration, but to exclude men from the celebration in the evening. WAVAW then decided to withdraw its participation in the coalition. There exists a clear political difference between the Coalition and Zaremba *et al* on this strategy. But this political disagreement does not give Zaremba the right to misrepresent the nature and activities of the IWD Coalition in *Broadside*. The exclusion of the IWDC submission from the roster of Toronto feminist groups published in the first issue of *Broadside* without our even being informed of the rejection of the submission is consistent with the poor coverage of our demonstration.

We agree with the criticism of our poor treatment of lesbian issues at the rally. But the problem was not that the lesbian mother



This was the front of the International Women's Day March.

with the bag over her head encouraged feminists to follow the left, but that she poorly represented the lesbian community. Since that time we have engaged in extensive self-criticism of our handling of lesbianism on March 10, participated in a joint discussion of lesbianism and the women's movement with WAVAW and LOOT, and are presently organizing an educational on the relation of lesbianism to feminism. Since we are one of the first feminist groups in Toronto to deal with the oppression of lesbians in a highly public fashion, we are in the process of creating our own guidelines, and our first efforts have been seriously flawed. Nonetheless, we did at least succeed in discussing lesbian rights in certain schools, community groups and trade unions

in which the issue had never before been raised, and we intend to continue this struggle.

If *Broadside* is to live up to its stated goal of encouraging dialogue among women, we hope that it will feel confident enough to include accurate coverage of events such as IWD and also to acknowledge the existence of IWDC. Only through honest, open dialogue among women's groups can the feminist movement grow strong.

In Sisterhood,
The International Women's Day Committee

Note: For those readers who missed the Introductory issue, Eve Zaremba's piece (like all future "Movement Comments") was a personal opinion, not a report.

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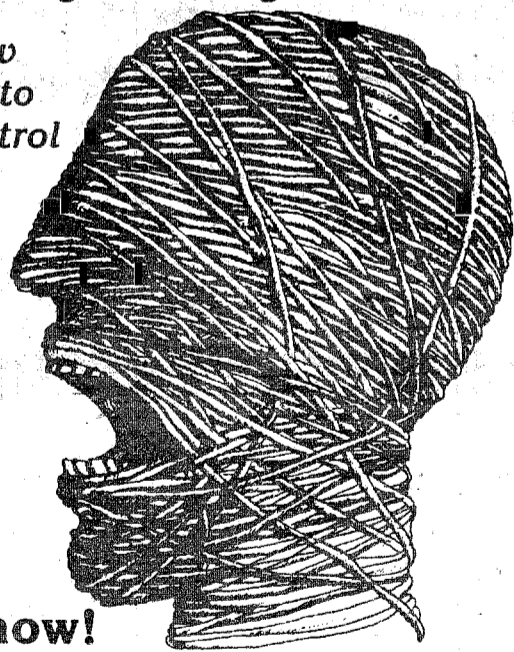
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