

# Broadside

Volume One, Number Three

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## From Here to Maternity

by Kathleen McDonnell

If a group of high-level doctors, hospital administrators and corporate executives has its way, every pregnant woman in Metro Toronto will be "risk-scored" by a computer and registered in a vast data bank located in a high-risk obstetrical unit. That's the major recommendation of a highly controversial Phase II Study on High-Risk Pregnancy soon to be released by a joint committee of the Hospital Council of Metro Toronto and the University Teaching Hospitals Association.

At a time when women are demanding greater control and a wider range of options in childbirth practices, this report calls for a scheme that would give them less of both, to the tune of \$6 million annually. And a dissenting member of the committee that produced the report has charged that the stated aim of this "Perinatal Regionalization" scheme — to reduce infant mortality and birth defects — would be better accomplished through preventive measures at a fraction of the cost.



"The world-wide uprising of women, and why it cannot be stopped," — Bert As. Stories pages 5 and 8.

Perinatal regionalization is an idea that has already taken hold in a number of major U.S. cities. The scheme proposed by the Toronto committee is based on a regionalization system that has been in operation for several years in Cleveland, Ohio. In this scheme, pregnant women are screened for risk factors by their doctors according to a standard medical form. The forms are all fed into a central computer and a copy returned to the woman's doctor with the computer's determination of her "risk-score". The risk-score determines whether she gives birth in a general hospital, a teaching hospital with a specialized obstetrical unit, or at one of the two new "tertiary care units" for ultra-high-risk cases to be established at Mount Sinai and Women's College Hospitals.

The thinking behind this and other regionalization schemes is that universal monitoring and appropriate technological management of pregnant women will result in healthier babies. But former Toronto Maternal and Child Health Consultant Doreen Hamilton calls it a "systems approach to childbirth".

Hamilton, appointed as a Toronto public health representative to the committee two years ago, became a prickly thorn in the sides of the high-powered, obstetricians and executives who dominated the committee. They had expected things to go fairly quickly and smoothly but the soft-spoken public health nurse handed them quite a surprise. Shortly after the joint committee released its Phase I report earlier this year, Hamilton made public her own "minority report" which poked hole after hole in the Phase I report. Her report was endorsed by both the Toronto Board of Health and the Childbirth Education Association of Toronto.

The regionalization scheme, Hamilton charged, was a "costly and unproven" system which would do nothing to get at the root causes of infant mortality and morbidity. The committee had not presented a shred of evidence that perinatal regionaliza-

tion would have any benefit for pregnant women or their offspring, she said. "I asked them for their evidence six months ago and I'm still waiting," she told *Broadside* recently. "They can't give it to me because they don't have it. It doesn't exist."

In sharp contrast to the joint committee's lack of evidence, Hamilton presented a wealth of solid data on the effectiveness of primary prevention programmes such as prenatal education, nutrition and lifestyle counselling, and diet supplements such as free milk. If we would put some of our resources into programmes such as these, she argued forcefully, we may not need to spend vast sums of public money on computers and sophisticated hospital equipment.

Since she released her report last March, Hamilton's criticisms were studiously ignored by the committee. "I was like a flea on an elephant's back." They gave lip service to some of her concrete suggestions in the Phase II report, she says, but simply disregarded her more general criticisms. In November, Hamilton resigned from the committee and her job at the Department of Public Health, so that she would be free to take her fight against perinatal regionalization into the political arena.

Just what exactly is so wrong with regionalization? Ass-backwards priorities, for starters. The whole purpose of the regionalized information "network" is to locate the two to four percent of pregnant women who will genuinely require the facilities of the high-risk tertiary care units. According to Hamilton, only 60 percent of these problem-pregnancies are predictable. Most of what we're talking about with high-risk pregnancy is premature births, Hamilton says, and a woman doesn't need a \$2 million computer to tell her she's going into premature labour. At present there's no evidence that the information network will positively affect the outcome of either normal or high-risk pregnancies. Is this a rational way to spend our health dollars? she asks.

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## Broadside

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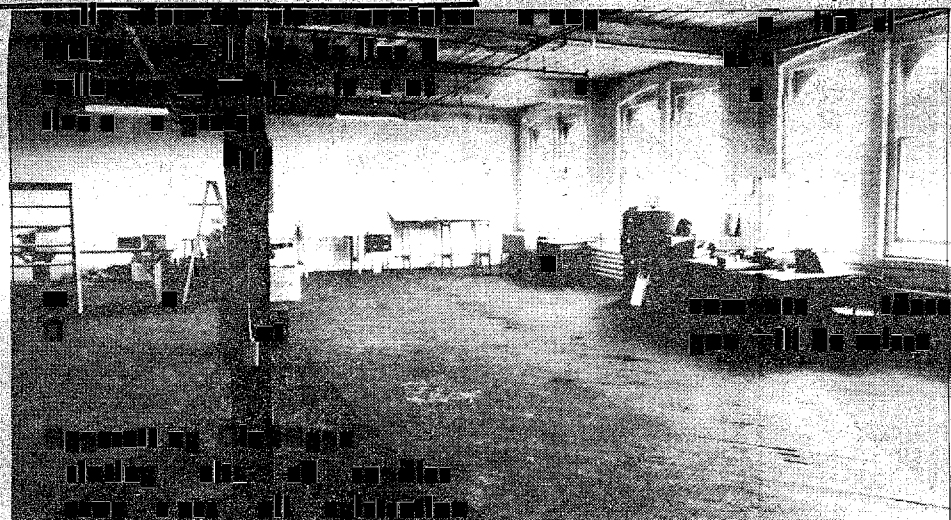
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The Broadside Collective does not necessarily share the views contained in any article, even if the by-line belongs to a collective member. Views of the Collective are expressed **only** in editorials, and essays signed by the Collective.

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A hectic day at the Broadside office.

# Volley Number Three

Bill 3, which will provide for Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value, has passed through its second reading in the Ontario Legislature, much to the surprise and pleasure of the Equal Pay Coalition and other members of the women's movement. The Tories tried desperately to let the Bill go the way of most private member's bills—into a slow fadeout—but pressure from the Equal Pay Coalition, combined with an unorchestrated campaign of telegrams and phone calls, forced the three party leaders to agree to hold public hearings on the legislation in January.

Bill 3 will strengthen existing legislation enacted federally in the Human Rights Code which applies only to public employees and to those who work for some Canadian multi-national corporations. The Ontario bill will compel employers to re-evaluate the work employees perform, giving points according to four criteria: skill, effort, responsibility and working conditions, and to set salaries on the basis

of which jobs are assigned the most points. Subjective factors, like merit or apples for the boss, go by the wayside. This means that a sewing machine operator (invariably female) could receive equal pay to that of a janitor (usually male and more highly paid).

Aside from the obvious fact that Bill 3 could mean millions of dollars to Ontario working women, the legislation could work toward the elimination of job ghettos. Female job ghettos exist because no male in his right mind would work for substandard pay if he could avoid it. Create parity on the wage scale and men will consider opting for employment previously relegated to women.

Broadside urges the Ontario Legislature to pass Bill 3 and to make a commitment to enforce the legislation. The Government of Québec already has similar legislation on the books and has begun to monitor key industries to ensure that they are complying with the Act. The Government of Ontario should follow suit.

And a message to our readers: The Chamber of Commerce and The Canadian Manufacturers Association are lobbying furiously against Bill 3. They claim the legislation is too complicated (the Anti-Inflation Act wasn't?) and that the implementation will be costly. This last may be the case, but for the time being sex discrimination in the economic sphere is costing women dearly and those employers engaging in the practice must take responsibility for what can only be called reparations.

This must be articulated loudly and clearly at the hearings in January, especially as the opponents of the Bill will be out in full force. If you are interested in making either an oral or written presentation, contact the Clerk of the Legislature or get in touch with the Equal Pay Coalition, 521 Parkside Drive, Toronto, M6R 2Z9. Political pressure had enough impact to produce the hearings. More of the same at the hearings will hopefully assure passage of Bill 3.

# This is Broadside

Some of our eager subscribers have notified us about postal delivery of *Broadside*. *Broadside* goes out as second class mail. This is the only feasible method of postal distribution given the prohibitive cost of first class mail. Second class mail does arrive at its destination — some time. Some people get *Broadside* two days after we mail it, others may wait a week, or more. This is completely outside our control.

*Broadside* is published at the beginning of the month. Our subscriber labels are on computer so there is little likelihood that you will be missed out. In most cases each month's issue should reach a Canadian address by the middle of the month. If it hasn't (and you are sure we have *your correct address!*) then please let us know and we will send you another copy.

The above will not apply in January since there will be no January 1980 issue of *Broadside*. Rather than try to produce an issue during December, the collective has decided to spend the time honing our systems, planning future issues, making contacts and selling advertising.

As of 1980 *Broadside* will appear 10 times per year and a single subscription will cover 10 issues. This seems to be the norm in the industry and it makes sense to us. In addition to skipping January we will not be publishing one month in the summer. Of course, our Charter Subscribers (those who subscribed during 79) will receive 12/24 issues as arranged; all future subscribers will receive 10/20 issues. So if you aren't yet a subscriber and want a bargain, send in your money *now* so that it reaches us before December 31, 1979. (Our Holiday Season Special Offer of 3 individual subs for \$18 expired at the end of November 1979.)

We have been asked whether we sell back issues. We do, at \$1.50 per copy which we will send in a nice clean envelope on receipt of payment.

Selling advertising is what makes putting out a paper financially possible. No unsubsidized publication can exist without selling space to advertisers. *Broadside* is developing advertising plans and policies; currently we offer 15% commission on new accounts. Friends of *Broadside* who want to earn a little money and learn selling skills are invited to call our office in Toronto 362-4528 during mid-week office hours or write to the address on the masthead for more information.

Because the members of the *Broadside* collective are busy putting out the newspaper, we can't, as a group, act as an organizing committee or an info and referral centre (even if we'd like to). Our means of contributing to political activity is to *publish* information. If you have information you want passed on to other women or women's groups, write us a "letter-to-the-editor" or submit a short article for consideration in the Movement Matters section.

We are also interested in receiving responses to what we print in *Broadside*. Last month, Ottie Lockey's article on therapy ("Neurosis on a Sliding Scale") generated 3 or 4 long letters by return mail. We want this to happen regularly, so after reading *Broadside*, please take pen in hand.

If writing letters or articles is not your cup of tea, there's still a way to let us know what you think. Every few months we hold Open Forum meetings where you can come and talk with the collective. On November 19 we held our first of these meetings. About 20 women came to give us their views, suggestions, criticisms. The discussion was lively and productive, and they left with a better idea of what *Broadside* is and where it plans to go in the future. They left us with 8 pages of notes and 2 cassette tapes to chew over and digest in the coming weeks. Our future direction depends a great deal on the response and reaction of our readers. So keep us tuned in to what you think.

## LETTERS

### Broadside:

We are enraged by the recent attacks on feminists at Carleton University in the form of obscene statements on tunnel walls, doors, blackboards, etc.

These attacks are examples of the woman hatred that exists in this society and is allowed to proliferate under the guise of freedom of speech. Apparently, freedom of speech means, to some people, the right to incite hatred of women and the right to perpetuate violence against women, particularly against women who step outside of their prescribed roles.

In the past, we have been horrified by the attacks on women at Carleton University and the indifference shown by both the students' association and the administration towards such activities as rape in the tunnels and misogynistic caricatures on the walls. Women at the University have had to fight just to keep the centre in existence and have actually been in fear of carrying out feminist activities on campus.

This latest assault of inflammatory obscenities on tunnel walls of "Rape and kill lezzies", "Free blow jobs at the Women's Centre", "(Woman's name)

wants to suck your cunt", "Women are fighting on their backs as usual", "Kill fags — they rape children", "Send your soiled underwear to (woman's name)", "(Woman's first name) Hot Twat (last name)", is intolerable.

These statements reflect the violence and exploitative nature of socially-acceptable male sexuality. The fact that the statements are directed at lesbians, specifically, and women's sexuality, generally, demonstrates that the individuals responsible for this crime against women believe that women's sexuality is as violent and exploitative as their own. It is not.

We support Carleton University Women's Centre's struggle to organize all women for the freedom to make choices about their (our) lives.

We demand that *all* of the obscenities be removed *immediately* at any cost.

We demand that the administration of the university make every effort to discover the identity of the individuals responsible for this blatant display of sexism. (We have some suggestions for how these individuals may be dealt with.)

We demand that the Carleton University Women's Centre be given the support it

needs to continue its activities, free from harassment and fear, and that the university makes every effort to ensure that this will happen.

Political Action Collective

Ottawa

(This letter was sent to Dr. W. Beckel, President of Carleton University, Ottawa. Copies were sent to newspapers and women's groups.)

### Broadside:

It's interesting that your name is so similar to ours (*Broadsheet*) and I note that you are getting very much the same criticisms as we did. When we decided on *Broadsheet* it was partly an act of desperation, so many of the possible names had already been used. We like *Broadsheet* because it was reclaiming a word, was tongue in cheek and also described the actual format of our magazine as it was when we started off. Sometimes I wish we had been able to come up with something stunningly original, witty, etc., but as you probably found out it's hard coming up with the goods.

Sandra Coney, *Broadsheet*  
Auckland, New Zealand

### Broadside:

Congratulations! But... I find myself in the unenviable position of wishing *Broadside* the very best. And fighting off disappointment.

Many media, organizations, "prominent individuals," and other movements for social change are only prepared to deal with gay liberation when they can do so with "qualifications" — when they can disassociate themselves from the lesbian and gay reality. Please, please, please say I don't have to count *Broadside* among them.

Volley Number Two (editorial, October *Broadside*), which commented on the harassment of Canadian lesbians on their way to the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, was sadly reminiscent of days gone by when the feminist movement down-played lesbian issues and the role of lesbians in the women's movement. It stated: "But we hope that members of the NGTF (US National Gay Task Force) and other gay activists understand that the border debacle is not an example of lesbian oppression pure and simple." While the editorial does

continued next page

# Feminist Therapists: no lunatic fringe

by Sara Joy David

An enthusiastic group of over 200 women from a variety of agencies throughout Ontario, gathered at a conference on Counselling Women for Change at the London Psychiatric Hospital in London, Ontario October 26 and 27 of this year. A few participants came from more distant points: Regina, Calgary, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Québec and Newfoundland.

Rosemary Brown, a member of the legislative assembly of British Columbia, set the tone by offering a world perspective on women and mental health. Drawing on data from North America, Europe, Britain, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands Rosemary stated that oppression of women is a way of life in all countries and nations, that more and more women are escaping into insanity, and that the use of prescribed psychotropic drugs is reaching alarming proportions, forcing most other forms of traditional therapy into disuse. Concluding that it is doctors and not their women patients who become drug-dependent, Rosemary Brown indicted mental health professionals and volunteers for their too willing silence and dulled responses to the reality of a society that would rather a woman be insane than non-conforming.

Rosemary suggested that we live "on the planet of the insane" whose inhabitants display "a callous disregard for a dying environment," destroy animals and resources in the name of recreation, cannot communicate with each other, seem intent to destroy themselves and their planet, and who are committed to an ideology which demands "that one half the species oppress and exploit the other". She stressed the centrality of social change in any program directed at improving women's mental health.

Helen Levine, a professor of social work at Carleton University, provided a thorough description of the condition of women in society and a critique of conventional practice. She suggested that such a feminist analysis must be shared with all women seeking help as a critical element in the helping process, for "consciousness raising is at the heart of feminist counselling". She stated further that: "The answers to personal dilemmas do not lie in therapeutic blueprints. They most often lie in a redefinition of the struggle itself" specifically in "a redistribution of power, resources, and responsibility" in both public and private spheres. Because women have been encouraged to be rather than do, feel rather than decide, react rather than act, Helen urged counsellors to help the women they see make decisions, take risks, and "act upon the problems facing them, individually and collectively" rather than settling for "talking, ventilation, taking drugs, finding temporary relief from tension".

Small group workshops permitted participants to focus on specific skills and issues such as crisis counselling with victims of sexual assault and domestic violence, career and employment counselling, counselling in traditional settings, a model of cooperative problem solving, the use of linguistic exercises to alter language behaviour and expand self expression, counselling adolescents, mediation counselling, and sexual counselling with women.



Sara Joy David

The greatest controversy was sparked by a combination of genuine disagreement and misunderstanding between workshop leaders about what constitutes rescuing other women and whether and when it is appropriate to do so. Hogie Wycoff, a radical therapist from Berkeley, California and author of *Solving Women's Problems* and various articles that have appeared in *Issues in Radical Therapy*, introduced the issue of "No Rescues". She defined a rescue as "doing something for someone she can do for herself, doing more for someone than she does for herself or doing something you do not want to do". In her book Hogie tells us that she capitalizes terms such as "Rescuer", "Victim", and "Persecutor" to distinguish inappropriate role behaviours from legitimate rescuing — a lifeguard throwing a drowning woman a line. It is clear that she recognizes that there are survival situations where real rescue is warranted and in no way deprives real victims of their power. She is merely warning us about the dangers of reinforcing women's feelings of powerlessness, weakness and passivity by taking excessive responsibility for them when they seek help.

The misunderstanding that occurred was reflected in the agitation experienced by those who have worked with severely battered women in the midst of massive breakdown who could not ask for help, make contracts, or share responsibility in a time of severe stress and crisis. A few of these counsellors thought they were being taken to task for "rescuing" and began to question themselves or feel guilty. A few others felt righteously angry.

No real dialogue took place on this very important issue. I perceived this as a serious problem resulting from the attitudes of those on both sides of the issue toward one another in the manner in which it was raised. Those critical of Wycoff spoke accusingly and with hostility about the danger of "simplistic jargon". Hogie, reacting to the tone of the criticism judged the critics to be closed rather than open. As a result she did not respond to the content of their remarks. It was a classic example of how dialogue grinds to a halt when people fail to apply the principles of constructive criticism or to use simple communication skills such as careful listening, paraphrasing, and checking out their understanding of terms or ideas. It was my hunch that two other factors widened the gap. I believe these were failure of the critics to discharge frustration and anger that originated elsewhere which produced a hostility out of proportion to the issue at hand, and tiredness, heightened sensitivity and irritability on Hogie's part which made her less able to spot what was happening and rendered her less willing and able to clarify her ideas in a way that could be heard. Increased awareness of such dynamics, and an openness to giving each other the benefit of the doubt, is imperative if we wish to engage in serious debate as opposed to attack, counter-attack or indifferent silence. The actual issue at stake could have been cleared up simply and quickly.

What the conference managed to achieve was considerable. It provided a feminist analysis to many women in the field just beginning to open to feminism. It brought together people who ordinarily have no means for communicating with or supporting one another thereby decreasing feelings of isolation and alienation. It heightened awareness of and ability to articulate central issues that must be dealt with in counselling women for change. It made possible the beginnings of a cross-Canada network of feminist therapists to develop feminist therapist rosters, communicate further with one another, plan future regional and national conferences, and possibly take a united stand on political issues salient to women's mental health. Finally it made clear the need for more train-

ing of women by women with a feminist consciousness and extensive knowledge and skills.

Shortcomings that need to be corrected at future conferences are: the lack of structure provided for workshop leaders to learn from and share with one another; the lack of planning for different levels of knowledge and consciousness; the limited range of workshops (most presented verbal, cognitive problem solving skills. There was little skill training in body awareness and intervention techniques, emotional catharsis, or the use of psychic and spiritual healing techniques); the lack of structure for groups to form to discuss issue-oriented topics arising from informal contacts; the lack of a business agenda or forum for taking a political position on current mental health delivery or national issues affecting women's mental health; and failure to provide evaluation forms.

Nonetheless, the organizers of the conference are to be congratulated for providing a forum where important beginnings were made. Helen Levine summed up accurately when she stated that while a range of different positions were expressed, there were basic shared values. Moreover the large turn-out dispelled any remaining feelings we may have had as feminist counsellors of being part of a "lunatic fringe". On the contrary, we left reaffirmed and recommitted to the integration of personal and political change.

## FEMINIST THERAPIST NETWORK

A group of women who recently met at the London Conference on Counselling Women for Change are gathering names of women for a cross-Canada network of feminist therapists. If you know of women who should be included please ask that they send names, addresses, phone numbers, the kind of setting or facility in which they work and their interests and therapeutic skills to: Lucille Brooks, 355 Eglinton Avenue E, Toronto, Ontario M4P 1M5.

Regional Representatives are needed for other parts of Canada. If you are willing to act as a contact person in your area please send the same information to: Sara Joy David, R.R. 1, Porlier Pass Drive, Galiano Island, B.C. V0N 1P0.

## RESPONSES ON A SLIDING SCALE

Next issue of *Broadside* will carry a special feature on the responses to "Neurosis on a Sliding Scale" (October 1979). Our deadline for submissions is January 11, 1980.

condemn the harassment soundly, it also goes on to make the point that many of the women who were subjected to it had other things in common besides their lesbianism — such as feminism and anti-nuke activism — things which provide more credible motivation for the border guards' actions. This analysis, which I admit could have just as easily come from a lesbian source, suggests that lesbianism is less-significant in the grand scheme of things than, say, anti-nuke activism or the activities of the mixed (that's gay and straight, folks) women's movement — that homosexuality does not present as significant a threat to the old *status quo*, (or to US border guards, at the very least) as the women's or ecology movements do.

In recent years, a new current in feminism has made itself felt — it is one that desires to broaden feminist theory to embrace an entire world-view.

The growing feminist concern about nuclear energy is one example. I'd hate to see such a feminist approach miss the boat on gay liberation, like so many liberal do-

gooders have before. If feminism is to widen its horizons, surely a logical place to start is in recognizing that the oppression lesbians and gay men share is every bit as real and as fundamental as the oppression lesbians share with our straight sisters. Lesbians are no more oppressed by gay men than we are by straight women. Anyone who was subject to the women whom Donna Marchand describes in *Lesbian Perspective* as "Elsa the She-Wolf of the SS" and "the warden in Women in Chains", who were so steadfastly guarding the USA from lesbianism would be unlikely to deny either possibility. My argument is not just that lesbians should support gay liberation, but that feminists should also recognize that gay oppression, not unlike women's oppression, is a direct consequence of a threat to the patriarchal, nuclear family (now there's a nuclear issue for you!) — and through it, of course, the whole system that's modeled on it. If feminism or environmental activism constitute the greater threat, why is it "sexual deviation" that is prohibited by law

— by a law that the highest American officials resist amending?

One of the most damaging results of *Broadside's* analysis, as reflected in that editorial, is the following statement: "Thinking Immigration officials generally harass any random homosexual passing through miss(es) the point." Aside from the fact that it sounds like dangerously bad advice, this represents a painfully inadequate understanding of gay oppression. The point that is really missed is that, while harassment is not "random", it is directed at *visibly* gay men and women.

The editorial reports that the "sexual deviation" law has been changed. In fact it has only been partially changed, and then only because of the US gay activist response to exclude two men from the British weekly, *Gay News*. The "anti-deviants" policy was not, and is not, reserved for the harassment of anti-nuke dykes bound for music festivals. Gay people from Mexico and Germany were subject to detainment and interrogation after the initial challenge to the law was made, and before the festival

occurred. Since the festival, a gay man from Vancouver and an Israeli who was deported to Edmonton have been victims of the policy, as were two Italian women who were found to be carrying a copy of *Gay Yellow Pages*.

The cause of this harassment was, as you explained, both "political" and "rooted in fear". The politics are the politics of being out of the closet — the politics of gay liberation; and gay liberation has a name for the fear — homophobia. Fighting homophobia, and for the right of gay men and women to be out of the closet, is not inconsistent with feminism any more than concern for the environment is incompatible with feminism. Feminists committed to gay liberation are working to bring the two together. What remains is for gay women committed to feminism to do the same.

Putting my (hopefully groundless) fears aside, my congratulations and well-wishing are heartfelt.

Chris Bearchell  
Toronto

# Feminist Glaze on the Vertical Mosaic

by Myrna Kostash



Myrna Kostash

"What was your book about?"  
 "Ukrainian-Canadians. The first Canadian-born generation."  
 "What about them?"  
 "For one thing, I tried to write about the community as a feminist."  
 "Isn't that a contradiction in terms?"

Ethnicity. Feminism. Popularly believed to cancel each other out. We think of the ethnic communities—Italian, Japanese, Pakistani, say—and decry the status of women within them. Ethnicity: patriarchal families, phallogocentric religions, the *chador* and the bound foot, arranged marriages, continual pregnancy, wife-beating. For a woman to celebrate, insist on, her ethnicity is for her to embrace her oppression.

Yes and no. Yes, for the above reasons; for the reason that ethnicity, for as long as it is an immigrant and beleaguered culture, can be a conservative, defensive, repressive and even reactionary force. This can go on for generations, for as long as the group assigns primacy to nationality.

I was a girl in the Ukrainian-Canadian community in Edmonton. In the Greek-Orthodox part of it, that is, (Catholics were held to be more Roman than Ukrainian and the Communists were — hiss! boo!—internationalists) which asserted itself as the only credible and authentic representatives of Ukrainianness. The prepubertal me accepted this as normal (wasn't everybody a Ukrainian?) but the adolescent rebelled: the language embarrassed me, the church infuriated me, the culture bored me. At age fifteen I severed all identification with the Ukrainian Canadians as a group and took up Anglo-American culture with a vengeance.

There were many reasons for this but the one that interests me here is the incipiently feminist motivation of breaking with ethnicity at adolescence. For the child there were no negative consequences attached to being ethnic. For the young woman there were, and I could see them coming.

Ukrainianness. Preserving the culture. The culture: transmitted by institutions. The institutions: the church, the language school, the family. The Ukrainian family: authoritarian father, the dutiful (God bless her!) mother, the respectful children. This was, of course, an ideal. Nevertheless I intuitively figured out that at the heart of this ideal, of the concerned attempt to preserve identity and resist assimilation, of the revivalism that is ethnic pride, lay the oppression of women. To be a "good" Ukrainian I would have to renounce my ambitions for action Out There in anglo-land. To serve "my people" in their struggle for cultural specificity I would have to maintain the so-called tradition of the Ukrainian woman: she goes straight from her father's house to her husband's; she devotes her time to the rearing of Ukrainian children (for this the mother must be constantly in their attendance, or they will

be socialized by the anglo world) and the keeping of a Ukrainian home (needlework, bread-making, ritual observation); she provides her Ukrainian husband with an oasis of serenity, deference and loyalty, and she goes to church, there to be reconfirmed in her chaste, selfless and complacent Ukrainian identity.

I turned and ran. In retrospect, I dropped out of the Ukrainian community as an act of self-preservation. The fact that I have since gone on to become a feminist, a writer, a socialist, a Canadian nationalist, only confirms what I instinctively understood then: I had to choose between ethnicity and personhood.

Yes and no. No, because it's not that formulaic. There is a heartbreaking contradiction that confronts every ethnic woman. To save ourselves from anti-woman ethnic culture we take on the assimilationist culture of the ruling class male. The WASP. The racist, the chauvinist, the colonialist. It's called becoming a Canadian.

On my way to personhood I repudiated my class and ethnic origin (they are inseparable in the first couple of generations), I ridiculed my community, women included, I refused any historical memory. It's called self-hate.

Impasse. To defend herself from Coca-Colonization the Ukrainian woman must subvert her feminism. To defend herself from Cossackery, she must subvert her nationalism.

Yet today I call myself an ethnic feminist. In Edmonton there are many women who are simultaneously ethnic and feminist militants. Each has her own biographical route to that dual consciousness but certain experiences are common to us all. Political radicalization in the Sixties: through support for the national liberation of the Algerians, the Cubans, the Vietnamese, we

learned to take seriously the national aspirations of the Ukrainians too. (It was another instance of my self-hate that I celebrated the Cuban struggle, say, but thought that Ukrainian resistance to Soviet imperialism was ludicrous.) Through the ecology and counterculture movements, through pro-Québec campaigns, through Red Power and Black Power, through union struggles, through regional consciousness, through the movement for the liberation of women we developed a coherent critique of patriarchal capitalism and its culture and ideology. (Including a suspicion that anglo disparagement of ethnic social relations had a racist tinge to it.) As feminists we discovered that a history of women's heroic accomplishments in Ukrainian and Ukrainian-Canadian society had been suppressed. There was an alternative model to the "good" Ukrainian woman.

Through the hullabaloo around multiculturalist policies we discovered that not every element of the ethnic community had been bowdlerized and coopted. From the history of radicalism in Canada we learned that our people had fought back as farmers, workers, teachers, artists, as well as nationalists. In other words, all kinds of experience and awareness came together to convince us that not only was it possible to act from a fused base of radical ethnicity and feminism, it was necessary.

The ethnic without feminism is up against the patriarchal Man. The feminist without ethnicity is up against the colonialist Man. Either way, it's up against The Man. But the radical (i.e. anti-capitalist) ethnic feminist is potent and doubly critical. If you don't believe me, think of the women of Quebec. Better still, think of Viet Nam.

Granted that ethnicity is not nationality. But let's not quibble. In this time of mounting ideological and economic assaults on the lives of women, the ethnic and the feminist are engaged within us to fight the good fight.

EVE ZAREMBA

## Out of line

This is my fourth column for *Broadside*. The previous three — on Iran, on women in positions of power, on the Pope — were safe. My views on these matters are eminently correct, conventional even, at least in my political circle. However, unlikely as it may seem, I harbour a whole mess of heretical opinions on all manner of topics. This seems like a good time to produce a small sample. There is bound to be something among this lot to upset everyone. Here goes, out on a limb.

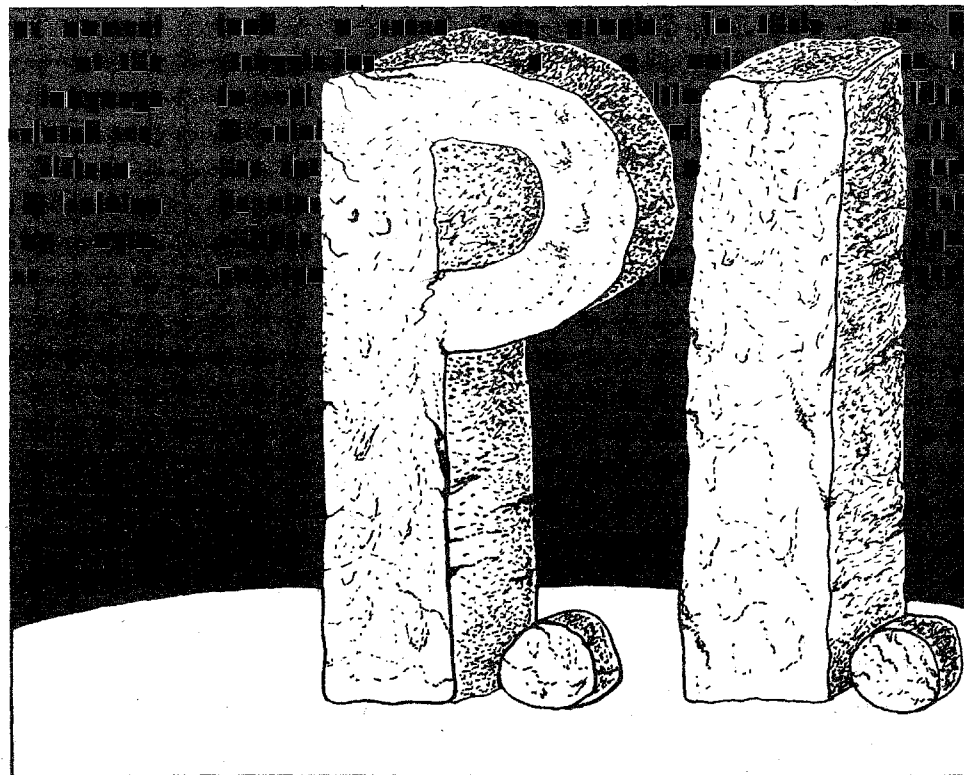
•I am highly suspicious of the Greenpeace Foundation. I would feel better disposed towards it if Greenpeace did not concentrate so much on cute, little baby seals and impressive, intelligent whales. What about the ugly and the dumb? Sentimentalizing animals (or human fetuses) is no service to life.

•The use of the term 'herstory' to signify the history of women is a sign of Anglo-chauvinism and ignorance, not of woman-identification. The word 'history' is of Greek origin, is common in many other Indo-European languages and is not related to the English male possessive pronoun 'his'.

•The last thing I want to see is One, Large, Unified, Single-minded Women's Liberation Movement. Pox on ONE BIG anything! Hydra-headed diversity confuses the opposition and makes us harder to destroy. However, a little more communication and cooperation among us sure wouldn't hurt.

•I am tired of glib non-solutions to real problems. For instance, bigger and better public transit systems throughout North America wouldn't make a perceptible dent in our fuel consumption. Or, bundling and collecting paper, cans and bottles may be good for the soul but does not touch the real solid waste problem. And, it's not a waste of 'scarce resources' to grow non-edible flowers rather than veggies in your garden or window box!

•Who can get indignant at the raise in the



Susan Sturman

price of gas and other fuels? We've had a free ride and now it's over. Concern with where all that money is going is another matter. Personally, it's worth every cent to watch the confrontation between the lucky monopoly owners of energy products (with the most inelastic demand of any product, including food) and those among our glorious leaders who are caught on the dirty end of the energy rip-off. The former are merely obeying the most ancient of man-made laws (Get yours while you can and damn the consequences); the latter emit the sharp, unmistakable scent of sour grapes. They deserve each other. (I know we are stuck in the middle, paying the shot. So what else is new?)

•I don't believe in 'burn-out' as applied to

women working in the movement. It's just a symptom of concentrating so much on the trees that the forest becomes invisible. Can usually be cured simply by reversing priorities.

•Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I get the sneaking feeling that more people will die of lung cancer, automobile accidents, alcohol and drugs, starvation, unsanitary conditions and various other 'natural' causes than in the conceivable future will expire of nuclear radiation. Millions more women will die or be damaged in childbirth or by battering or as a result of botched abortions; millions more children will suffer from malnutrition and physical abuse than will fall prey to nuclear pollution. But then I am a notorious optimist.



December is the time for predictions. I am no astrologer and I prefer poker to Tarot but I do want to be trendy. Accordingly, here are a few predictions for 1980, arrived at without benefit of crystal ball.

1980 will be the year when:

- Ayatollah Khomeini and Pope John Paul join a men's consciousness raising group. They will be known as Rollo and Chuck.
- It is finally noticed that the P.C. government of Ontario has been dead for years. It does not make any difference.
- Canadian media will *not once* call Laura Sabia 'a leading feminist spokesman'.
- Québec lets Canada separate without paying her share of the National Debt.
- Price of gasoline in Canada becomes as costly as it has been in Europe for decades.
- The insurance industry offers Teddy Kennedy a low-cost life insurance policy, with a double indemnity clause.
- Alice Munro produces a collection of short stories on 'growing up lesbian' in a small town in Southern Ontario.
- Alberta Heritage Fund subsidizes a new buggy-whip factory, in Ontario.

All of which means that 1980 will be a year like any other.

# Miso vs. Millirems

**BETTER ACTIVE TODAY THAN RADIOACTIVE TOMORROW: SOME HEALTH TACTICS TO COMBAT LOW LEVEL RADIATION**

## RADIOACTIVITY:

### HOW DO WE GET IT?

Sources of man-made radioactivity:

1. Nuclear power plants which emit low level radiation and dump radioactive wastes into nearby water sources
2. Medical and dental x-rays and radiation therapy
3. Microwave ovens
4. Colour TVs
5. Fluorescent lights

### HOW DOES IT GET US?

There are many different radioactive isotopes, the effects of which are not all known or understood. We know that Strontium-90 gets into the bones and teeth causing bone and tooth disorders; that Iodine-131 (radioactive iodine) lodges in the thyroid gland and can lead to thyroid cancer; that Cesium-137 affects soft tissues, particularly muscles, and probably germ cells which could produce harmful genetic effects. Radioactivity can lead to leukemia, cancer, sterility, nervous and mental disorders, anemia, skin diseases, gastro-intestinal problems, and a host of other disorders. The radioactive particles, in the case of fallout, absorb the minerals from the bones and blood, leaving the body unprotected and unable to carry on normal functioning with no means of repairing its cells. X-ray treatments and radiation therapy destroy Vitamins A, B, C, and E and essential fatty acids. Toxic substances are formed from the destroyed malignant tissue but the body's ability to deal with toxicity is greatly reduced by the lack of vitamins and minerals.

## REFERENCES:

*Are you radioactive?:* Linda Clark, Pyramid Books.  
*Nutrition Almanac:* Nutrition Search Inc., McGraw-Hill.

## SURVIVAL TACTICS:

### DON'T:

1. live near a nuclear power plant,
2. use microwave ovens,
3. sit near colour TVs,
4. permit frequent or unnecessary x-rays,
5. use fluorescent lights.

### DO:

1. Drink miso soup. Miso is a paste made from fermented soybeans. It contains all the essential amino acids (forming a complete protein) as well as enzymes, vitamins and minerals.
2. Take enough Vitamin C, E, B-complex (especially B<sub>6</sub>) and F (found in vegetable oils); they counteract the toxic effects of radioactivity.
3. Take enough calcium (which protects against Strontium-90), iodine (which reduces the danger of radioactivity collecting in the thyroid gland) and magnesium (which should be taken with calcium to promote absorption). See a nutritionist to determine your personal daily dosage of these vitamins and minerals or make sure you are obtaining them from your diet.
4. Use kelp which supplies minerals.
5. Use lecithin which helps the liver and blood vessels detoxify the body.
6. Take bioflavonoids which protect against the harmful effects of x-rays.
7. Include in your diet seeds which contain protective nutrients (sunflower, buckwheat, millet and sprouted wheat, alfalfa and soybeans).
8. Take pantothenic acid which protects against cellular damage.
9. Get adequate protein to build up the body's resistance.
10. Take brewer's yeast which contains proteins, minerals and the B-complex.
11. Join the anti-nuke movement.

□ Annette Clough



AP photo

# Cowboys and Iranians

by Susan G. Cole

Iranian students take over the US Embassy in Teheran and nab 60 hostages in the process. Tens of thousands of Iranians stand outside the besieged building hollering anti-American slogans with bizarre intensity. Watching the action on television, I was reminded of the time I saw one million Greeks fulminating outside the US Embassy in Athens in the summer of 1974. The Junta had just fallen, the country was perilously close to war with Turkey over the jurisdiction of Cyprus, and the Greeks had developed a new insight into CIA deception. But this understanding had been distorted and transformed into a hatred of Americans that was terrifying in its scope and that operated across the board.

I and an American friend were walking down the street in Irakleion, Crete where locals were having coffee and taking immense pleasure in doing what they had been forbidden to do for seven years—talk politics. Previously, any political practice was subversive, with the exception of that which provided knee jerk support to the Colonels, and after the fall of the Junta the Greeks began once again to flex their political muscle.

We were travellers (there weren't many other tourists on the island because of Crete's proximity to Turkey), briefed only to the extent that we knew there was something called Greek hospitality. We saw none of it at that moment. "Go home American." "Go to hell, pig." One of the more vocal villagers grabbed my friend by the arm, pushing, harassing. She, surprised and I suppose, somewhat naive, attempted to explain that she too had doubts about US International excesses and had demonstrated in the streets against them. It didn't matter a damn to her assailant who shrugged and said darkly, "You're all the same."

An ungenerous observer would have dismissed the incident as one perpetrated by ignorance, and in fact, Crete is isolated from and more conservative than the mainland. I saw the incident as an exercise in justifiable anger, although I was more than a bit disturbed at its direction. Back in Athens, there was more of the same, but this time the abuse came from the intellectual quarter. Sitting in Dexamini Square, where Athenian artists and painters gather for their afternoon ouzo, I listened to the chatter of those who can't claim ignorance. They talked politics too. And they loathed Americans. They had seen them come to Greece with no respect for the culture. They claimed that the American population was the only educated people that could speak only English (Europeans, who cross borders with ease, tend to be bi- and sometimes tri-lingual). They disdained American materialism. While their views seemed to have more rhyme and reason than those of the locals in Crete, and while their opinions were not accompanied by any physical violence, they were delivered with alarming contempt, and applied to Americans with no exception.

What we are seeing in Teheran has nothing to do with "political consciousness" of "American Imperialism." The hatred is fed by political profiteers who are happy to keep their compatriots bathed in ignorance (the most distressing sight has been that of veiled women screaming almost as if they were speaking in tongues) and hence encourage them to believe that all Americans are wealthy, chauvinist pigs. In Greece, this kind of manipulation was perpetrated by the left. In Iran it is the Ayatollah who is having a field day. The critical point is that the screaming hordes in Iran do believe that the 60 American hostages are expendable.

When I got wind of the fact that Americans were getting angry about the situation I initially responded sympathetically. Anti-Americanism as I had experienced it is simply reverse racism and should be protested as vigorously as we do any other form of racism. Alas, the American demonstrators are exhibiting their own brand of ignorance. Merrily waving the Stars and Stripes, caressing photos of John Wayne, they complain that they are abused and that ungrateful immigrants should clear the hell out. These people suffer from the very affliction Europeans criticize. They have no sense of what another culture is. They likely have never been out of their own country except perhaps for a pleasure trip to the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. They are hopelessly nostalgic for an Imperial America that is losing its place in this our global village.

But I'll be frank. The most irritating aspect of the situation for those of us who are professional partisans is that we can't choose any sides here. Everyone involved seems to be out to lunch.

continued page 18

# The Female Imperative

by Patricia Carey

There appears to be a consensus within the feminist community in Canada that we're at a crossroads, or at least in a plateau phase, preparing for a new decade which must consolidate, perhaps refocus the hard-won achievements of the last decade. And so it's appropriate that the National Action Committee on the status of women has organized a series of "Visions" conferences. It is the time to regroup, and to assess in sweeping and ambitious terms where we intend to direct our energies in the 80s.

The first of the "Visions" conferences, Women and the Environment, held in Toronto November 10, would have been more aptly titled "Perspectives" in the discussions of energy, planning and health. Only the keynote speaker, Berit As, Norwegian member of Parliament, sociologist and feminist strode through her topic in a manner which I would call visionary. As her remarks comprehended virtual-

ly everything else that was said, her introductory remarks are best understood as the epilogue to the day-long workshop. (See 'Movement Matters,' page 8, for more on Berit As.)

The two speakers on energy, Ursula Franklin and Marilyn Aarons took as their model for a saner and safer future, the conserver society — a society based on intelligent use of renewable and non-renewable resources: smaller units of consumption; diversity in production methods and enterprises; increased use of renewable, pollution free resources; the cessation of energy exploration and production that threatens the ecosystem. It is clearly inarguable that we must choose immediately and unequivocally such a fundamental restructuring of our patterns of energy consumption and the society built on them. However, I found it alarming that neither woman addressed the concern expressed by feminists that a conserver society where small is beautiful will rely on women's sacrifices — the second car, the time-saving kitchen appliances, the two-career commuter lifestyle will be cut, and so goes women's independence. By all

means, let us move toward a conserver society; but not without a blueprint to ensure women do not bear the burden of ensuring it works.

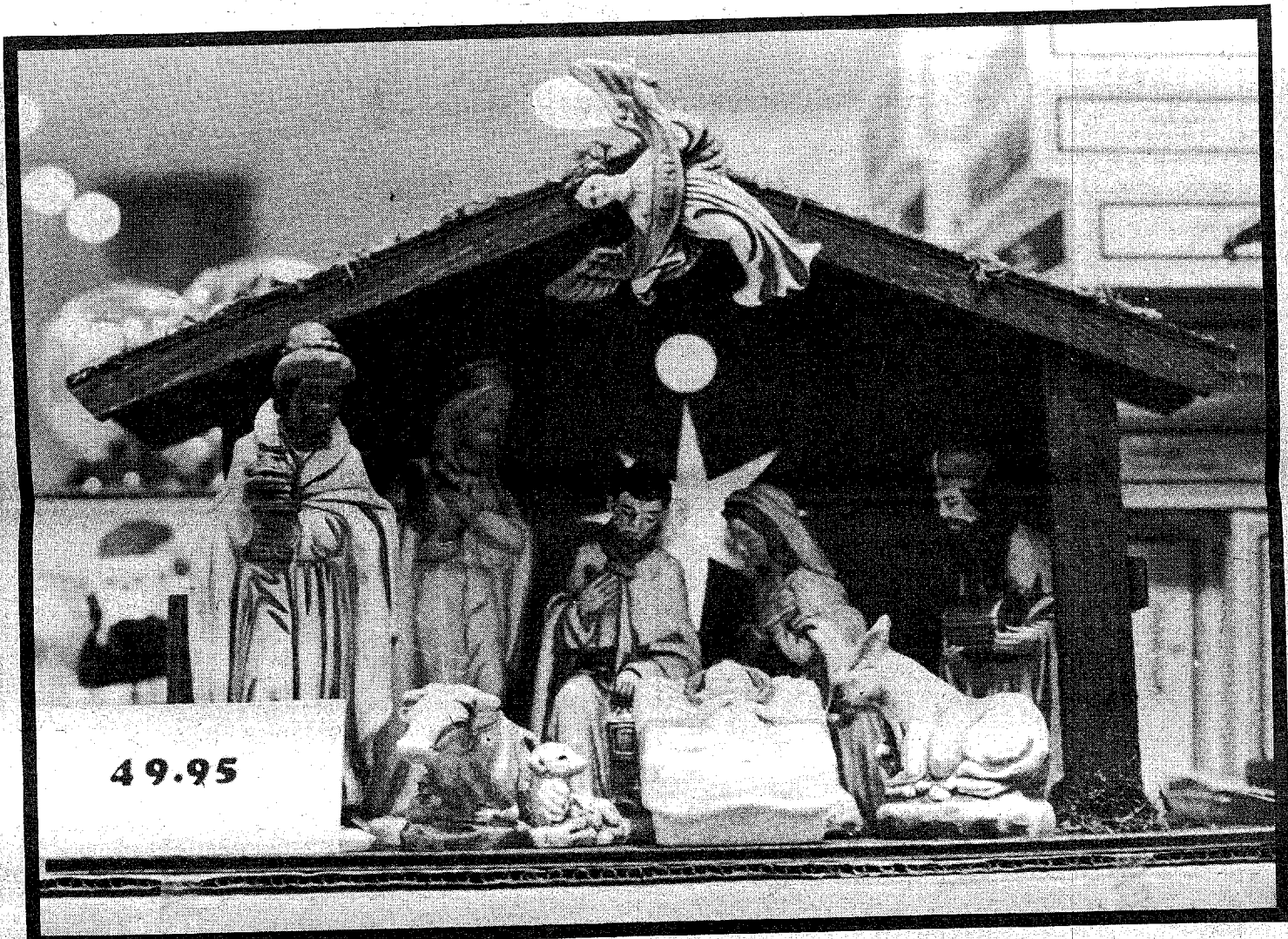
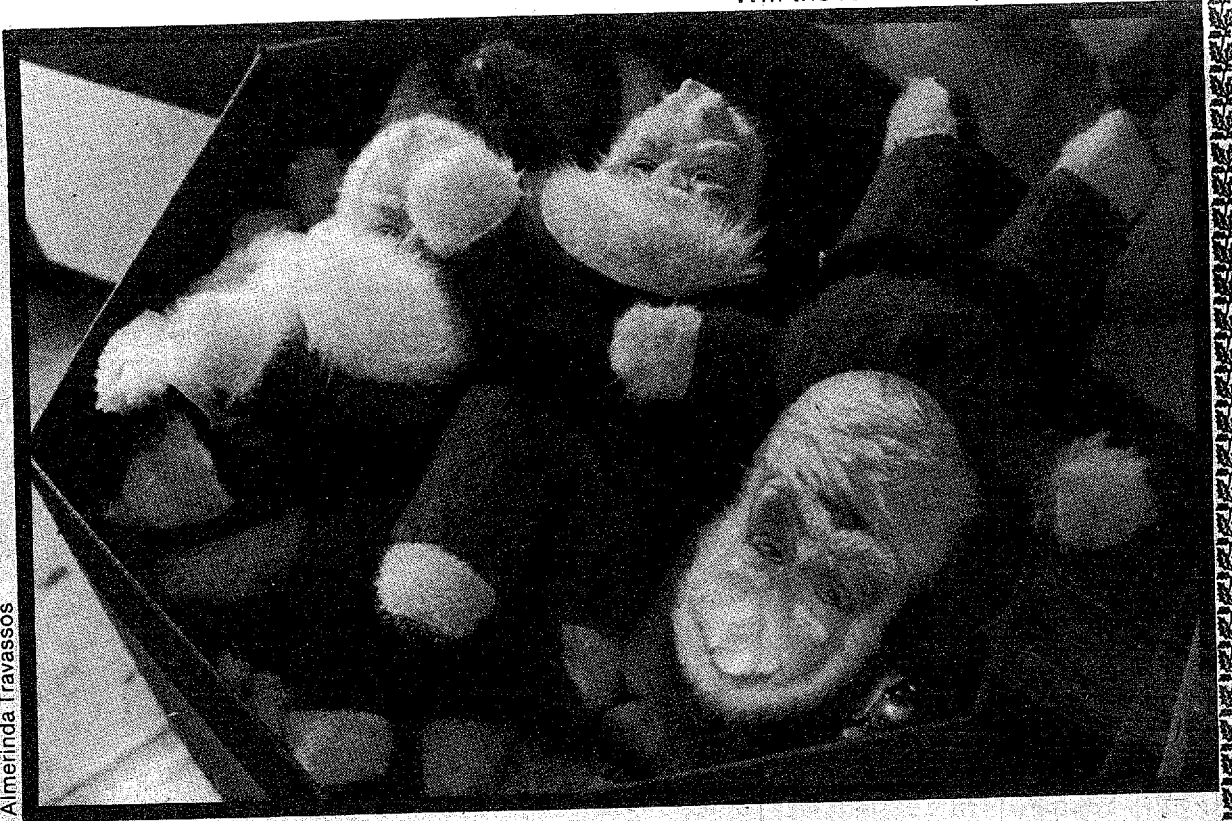
Franklin delivered a sober warning to those of us planning our policy priorities for the 80's. "Energy," she said, "is the currency of industrial society; and energy policy will decide our social systems." In the next decade we will see all major political, economic, social and environmental issues classified — whether accurately or pragmatically — as energy issues. If we want to see social change, we must demand that energy policy is not made the excuse to delay change, and not made the model for overruling change.

Gerda Wekerle urged the audience to ground their visions in hard data and sound research, and to devote more political energy to the planning decisions which affect women's daily lives. She focused on zoning and transportation and proved women are almost invisible when new communities are planned — a new housing development for 35,000 people plans day

Will the real Santa please stand up?

# Deck the Malls

Almerinda Travassos



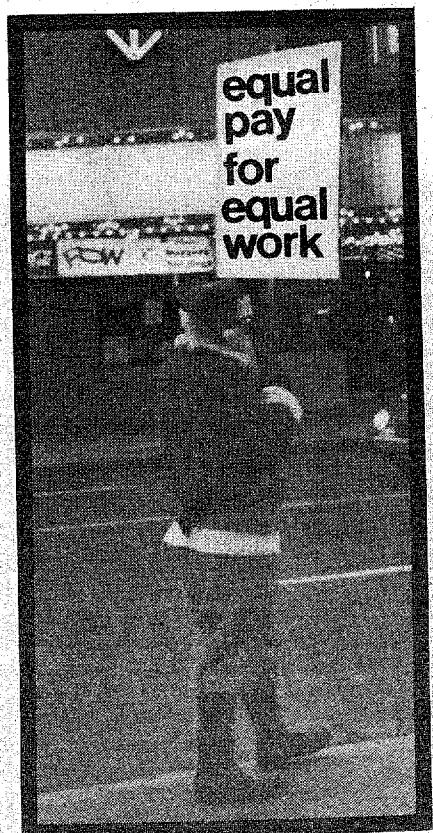
Almerinda Travassos

Jesus saves — your own nativity for less than \$50.00



Almerinda Travassos

One nuclear family for sale . . . batteries not included.



Bernice Bradshaw

Santa needs a new claus in his contract.

# BROADSIDES

by Susan G. Cole

## FUND-RAZING

*Broadside* has already commented on Canada's debatable posture on the plight of the Boat People and has suggested that the government take a better look at the implications of their immigration policy and their programmes to facilitate the entry of Vietnamese refugees into this country. Now we are prepared to say that things are getting entirely out of hand.

Immigration Minister Ron Atkey revealed his plan to divert \$31 million budgeted for employment programmes and to use these funds to help finance the \$110.4 million program to settle boat people in Canada.

Now it doesn't take a great degree of political acumen to determine that the most acute problems in this country are inflation and unemployment. And here we have our Minister diverting money from an employment fund that is already struggling to survive. Atkey fumes that anyone opposed to his plan is fostering an anti-immigrant backlash. He seems to think that if we shove \$12,000 into the hands of every Vietnamese family that arrives in Canada that all things will be bright and beautiful. He doesn't see that \$12,000 is a finite sum that will dwindle and that if he really was concerned about the future of refugees he would keep that \$31 million in employment programmes that in the long run will be far more beneficial both to Canadians and to New Canadians of whatever nationality.

## FETAL FAVOURS

The international Right to Life campaign received another shot in the arm, indirectly this time, as a result of a ruling in Northern Ireland. Judge Robert Babbington awarded damages of \$8,800 to a child now three years old who was born with bullet fragments in her back. The judge ruled that an unborn child has the right to sue for damages when born.

While the case is fraught with political overtones (the bullets were allegedly fired by an Irish guerilla), the ruling, coupled with the court decision in Nova Scotia whereby a 'Right-to-Lifer' was appointed guardian to an unborn fetus, indicates that the rights of the fetus are growing stronger every day.

## GRAFFITI

A sign seen in a store window on Queen Street West in Toronto advertised:  
*Wedding Cake for Rent*

Words found in the washroom at the Peter Pan restaurant in Toronto:  
*A woman who wants to be equal to a man has no ambition.*

## GIVING THE LYE

After two rapes took place on Philosopher's Walk at the University of Toronto, the Rape Crisis Centre helped organize women on campus to patrol the area. The women decided that if university police couldn't handle the job they would take matters into their own hands.

William Lye, who oversees the university police force, has been puzzled by the action. He doesn't seem to have an understanding of what the incidence of rape does to a female population. It immobilizes

women, all women, because rapes of this particular variety are random. Suddenly women won't walk alone down Philosopher's Walk. Some won't stray outside their doors without male companionship.

Mr. Lye says: "Our night officers patrol Philosopher's Walk regularly, so I really don't know what the fuss is about." The fuss, Mr. Lye, is about rape.

## JUST GOOD FRIENDS

Eleanor Roosevelt, in one of her letters to Lorena Hickok: "Most clearly I remember your eyes, with a kind of reassuring smile in them, and the feeling of that soft spot just northeast of the corner of your mouth against my lips. I wonder what we'll do when we meet — what we'll say".

Franklin Roosevelt Jr. to the press: "Mother had very many close non-family friends . . . Today we don't understand

that kind of love, which occurred between people who needed each other and gave to each other".

While Good Housekeeping is likely scrambling to get Ms. Roosevelt's name off their rosters of most admired women in America, *Broadside* asks Mr. Roosevelt Jr., "who, in heaven's name is we?"

## UN SOUND BARRIER TO EMPLOYMENT

The Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Human Rights Commission reported that in discussing the employment of women an armed forces general told him "in all seriousness that if a woman pilot attempted to break the sound barrier, it would have an effect on her reproductive organs."

Of course, there is no study that shows

this to be the case, no proof whatsoever that there would be any effect on the reproductive organs of women pilots if they broke the sound barrier. *Broadside* never fails to marvel at how powerful is the desire to maintain sexist standards. The good general has probably not exercised his imagination so strenuously in years. Yes, Virginia, he made it up.

## MEDIA WATCH

### PATHETIC PHALLACY



This illustration is the winning entry (detail) of the Toronto Star's '21st Century Toronto' contest. The participants were asked to render their version of what the Toronto skyline would look like when the century turns. Wouldn't you know it.

The male jury wasn't satisfied with only an erect phallus gracing our shoreline. They opted for a vision that included a representation of more of the male anatomy. Nice fantasy, gentlemen, or do you think I'm getting testy?

### FROM THE COMPOSING ROOM . . .

Dick Beddoes (Nov. 12, Globe and Mail) referred to the Remembrance Day ceremony held by Women Against Violence Against Women to honour "every woman raped in every war" as an action that demonstrated "rare composure". For starters, this was the third time WAVAW has performed the ceremony and each time it

has been held in absolute silence. And if WAVAW maintained its composure it was through no help from Beddoes who persisted in asking questions while women were laying flowers at the cenotaph. Which is to say that Beddoes should refrain from making smart remarks about anyone's composure until he learns the meaning of the word himself.

# Animal Crackers

by Judith Quinlan

Let me say at the outset that I have absolutely nothing against animals. I have behind me a long career as a nature-lover, and can appreciate the rights and attractions of any animal that knows its place. I do not even, on the whole, object to pets. I have, myself, two gerbils. I strongly recommend gerbils as pets, since there are no veterinary bills, they do not require long walks on cold days, and they almost never get run over by street-cars.

However, there is one group of animals that even I can't love. They are that charming array of male-chauvinist porcupines and fluffy-female walrus that march, waddle and crawl across my television screen on Sunday afternoons.

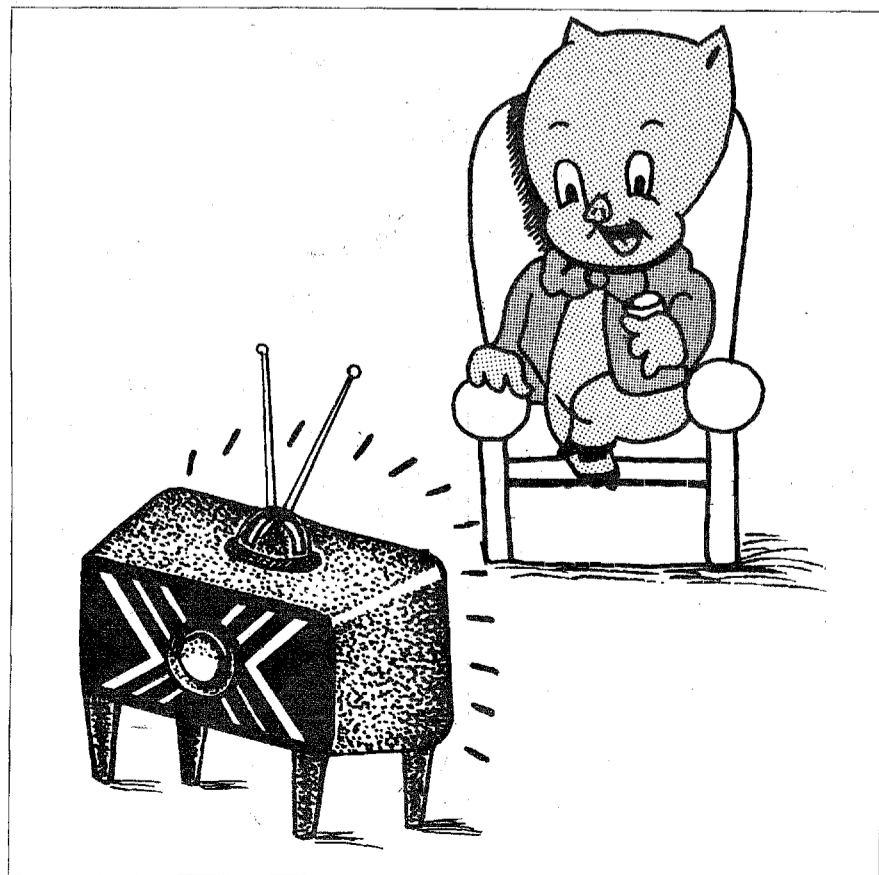
You know the type of which I speak: "Unable to resist the flirtations of the little lady, the bull-elephant succumbs . . ." or "The she-tiger signals her readiness to her dapper suitor and . . ." (followed by scenes of domestic bliss while she attends to a litter of squealing cubs.)

I don't know what it is about the camera's eye that can turn a perfectly reasonable animal into a poor imitation of a

Dating Game contestant. I suspect that, like the Qantas koala bear, they are moved to sell out their species by crass commercialism, and promises of stardom at the San Diego Zoo.

The problem is not limited to mammals, nor to the medium of television. I have watched supposedly female snakes "shyly playing hard-to-get, while being pursued by her persistent boyfriend." Presumably rape is rampant among reptiles! A recent Scientific American article described the mating behavior of water-bugs in terms that would bring tears to the eyes of a Harlequin romance addict. It seems that there is a mad urge among certain members of the animal kingdom to imitate the more obnoxious behavior of man.

I have, quite frankly, had my fill of "proud mama frogs" and "bold, dashing harem lords" among penguins. Animals that insist on behaving like people must soon expect to be treated like people. It is my contention that if they want to play sexist games, then they must also pay taxes, be woken by alarm clocks, pay mortgages on their various dens, nests and burrows, and should be subjected to endless television shows full of people behaving like animals. It's only fair.



Susan Sturman

# MOVEMENT MATTERS

## BERIT ÅS: A MODEL FOR CHANGE

Although figureheads like Margaret Thatcher and Bette Stephenson may have one almost convinced that co-optation and playing the old boys' game (better than the old boys) are synonymous with a woman's rise to power in the hierarchy of government politics, a recent visitor to Toronto proved that this need not be the case.

On November 6, at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, Dr Berit Ås, Norwegian MP, sociologist and feminist, talked about the ongoing struggle for the recognition and implementation of women's culture and values in world politics, and how this struggle will change the world itself.

While many women in the political mainstream have succumbed to the particular male-myopic conception of politics as solely that which takes place within the Houses of Parliament, Dr. Ås' all-encompassing feminist vision extended from the personal, grass roots experience of women to the chambers of the U.N., (where she has been a constant advocate of women's rights and an opponent of nuclear technology).

Dr. Ås, a member of Norway's Socialist Left Party, has been a controversial figure in their Parliament: she has recently introduced a brief, calling for a 50% quota of women in Parliament (presently 25% of the 155 seats are held by women). However, she considers the quota merely a means to an end, not the end itself. It would only help to clear a space for the philosophical construct of feminism, which is to Berit Ås a far more radical and important idea.

The subject of her O.I.S.E. lecture was: "A Five-Dimensional Model for Change: Contradictions and Feminist Consciousness", or, as she later re-titled it, "The World-Wide Uprising of Women and Why it Cannot be Stopped". The primary catalyst for change, Ås explained, is experience, and she noted the universal similarities of women's oppression.

She cited a U.N. report which stated that women perform two-thirds of the world's labour, receive ten percent of the total volume of salaries, and own one percent of the world's property. She also noted that there has consistently been a negative relationship between technical progress and women's progress, and that whenever developing countries receive foreign aid, the women are worse off. This is because technology very often replaces or devalues women's wage labour, sending women back

to the home where they work without pay.

Each of the five dimensions in Dr. Ås' model for change presents dialectically juxtaposed facts of women's experience. The first dimension for change is the relationship between worsening conditions and women's greater consciousness of those conditions. Out of this experience comes the development of women's culture, values, history, and analysis of oppression, and a greater number of women entering fields of endeavour from which they were formerly excluded.

The second dimension makes a connection between the decline of the nuclear family and the socialization of women to identify with the weak. As more women enter the work force (as cheap labour), divorce rates go up due to added strain that the demands of husband and home put on working women. This results in an increasing number of women raising families alone, on a lower income. Our socialization as women makes us conscious of and sympathetic to the struggles of other oppressed groups, and ultimately allows us to identify with other women and support them.

This leads to Dimension Three, where "misery makes women co-operate." This co-operation makes groups of women re-structure their private experience into public issues. In other words, this is the step by which the personal becomes political. Dr. Ås cited as an example the "basis groups" devised by women in Denmark, which operate by a three-part process of personal experience-sharing, specific community-related political action, and an opportunity for evaluation of that action and mutual support. (In Denmark there are presently 10,000 of these groups).

In Dimension Four, crisis centres develop everywhere (worldwide) out of this co-operative effort among women to solve problems in their communities. As women develop these alternatives, Dr. Ås pointed out, they reveal how male dominated institutions are useless to the majority of women; this is the second part of the dimension.

And finally, in Dimension Five, "economic growth in Male sectors" (wage increases in strong unions and profit-making in industry and services) happens because work is converted from paid work



Moirra Armour

into unpaid production to be done by women. As social services budgets are cut back, for example, more women are expected to assume responsibility for the aged and handicapped at home, without pay, of course. Inadequate public daycare means that working women must turn to costly private alternatives, or withdraw from the workforce altogether to care for children at home, with scant welfare income. Women are recognizing the widening economic gap between men and women, and the contradiction between unpaid labour in the home and payment for the same labour outside. As Dr Ås noted, the universal exploitation of women becomes increasingly evident and acute; and each dimension of our experience interacts with the others to set a radical force for social change in motion.

According to Dr. Ås, the values of female culture are at the basis of this social change. She defined "female culture" as a term for the anthropological concept that women have a different relationship from men to things like language, time, technology, money, symbols. One of the primary values of female culture, Ås believes, is the mandate of taking care of human needs. It is no accident that women have been strongly involved in the anti-war, ecology, and anti-nuclear movements, for the patriarchal uses of technology and power are threatening to the values of our culture. We are fighting both to protect the quality of human life and to articulate a system of values which will change the world. In her work as a political leader and scholar, Berit Ås has done much to further those aims. □ Susan Sturman



Moirra Armour

Berit Ås and Elsie Gregory McGill listen to another feminist visionary.

## REMEMBRANCE DAY

Delegates and observers from the 54 BC Federation of Women member groups met this weekend in Victoria for our annual convention. (BCFW is an umbrella organization of women's groups throughout BC working for the liberation of women through fundamental change in our society.) The convention is the time we meet to exchange information, skills and resources, to discuss and debate policy items, to participate in workshops and to work on creating our vision of a healthy, peaceful society where all women are free, full, self-defined human beings.

The session for the BCFW structure workshops were changed a bit this year — rather than just talk about BCFW and action, we decided to put BCFW into action!

The usual November 11th Remembrance Day ceremonies took place at the cenotaph in Victoria, BC. Thousands of men, women and children came to pay their proper respects by remembering all the soldiers who died in all the wars. This year, however, there was a new, unexpected speaker. Amid the booming cannons, after the last scheduled person had spoken and as the last hymn was being sung, a representative of the BC Federation of Women stepped up to the microphone to also pay her respects, but to the many women who had died in wars past and to remind people in BC that women are still at war, fighting to claim our own freedom and to end all violence.

The prepared statement was read with such respect and in such a calm, serious

tone that the crowd, the police, the soldiers, the TV camerapeople and the radio reporters, along with the TV audience (it was a live broadcast) did not realize that this was indeed an unplanned program item. Not until the BCFW representative remembered all the women who had died and are still dying today from coat-hanger abortions and from wife-battering did a murmur of confusion ripple through the crowd. Toward the very end of the presentation, a man came forward and tipped the microphone away — undaunted, our unknown woman stood her ground and continued shouting her speech. The man gave up and let the microphone go. The last two lines echoed across the laws of the Victoria Parliament Buildings. After the presentation, another BCFW representative placed a rose on the cenotaph as a symbol of all the women who had died. Then, with dignity and respect, the 200 women from BCFW walked slowly back to the convention. As we left the crowd, we were greeted with tears and words of thanks from several of the older women. Some hostility and confusion was apparent from some of the crowd.

On the whole, this was an extremely successful action — one that we recommend to any group wanting to make a statement about women's part in all the wars. Everyone in BC who watched this year's Remembrance Day ceremonies will remember that women too have a place. □ Krin Zook, Yvette Perreault



### PATROLLING PHILOSOPHER'S WALK

An ad hoc committee of women patrolled Philosopher's Walk on the University of Toronto's campus, every evening for a week in November to protest inadequate campus security following a number of rapes in the area.

The committee was comprised of women from U of T and the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre workers. Both groups had been aware of the problems on U of T's campus but an article in *The Varsity*, a U of T student newspaper, finally prompted the patrol. It warned women using the campus to avoid certain areas at night.

Members of the committee felt that women should not suffer restrictions of movement because men rape. All students pay the same tuition fees, but women are denied equal access to the campus.

The security measures taken by the campus police are laughable. The U of T Administration has eight officers patrolling the campus during the day and only four during the evening. The committee was told that this is window dressing "for the brass."

The patrol route for the officers on night shift covers 35 different locations, the

majority of them buildings. Because of the shortage of officers and the number of buildings to be checked, Philosopher's Walk is often neglected.

It became obvious the Administration had been using the "women shouldn't walk here" policy as an economy measure to save on security costs.

But the need for more security is real. The first night of the committee's patrol a man was discovered hiding in the bushes along the walk. When confronted by the patrollers he ran along one of the paths and jumped a fence.

The committee's main objectives were to gather support from other U of T women and to shame the Administration, through adverse media coverage, into action.

The first objective has been accomplished. Two faculty members from the university are going to circulate a petition among the students demanding action or the reimbursement of tuition fees.

A great deal of media coverage (slanted, of course) was gained, but the Administration has not responded. If nothing changes within the next few weeks further action will be taken.  Laura Rowe

### BREAKING UP THE SPANISH ELEVEN

On October 26, eleven Spanish women went to trial for obtaining, attempting or performing abortions over the past 10 years. The charges carry a maximum penalty of 60 years in prison.

Two of the women were a mother-and-daughter team who performed traditional water/alcohol abortions for women in a poor, working-class neighbourhood in Bilbao, Spain. One man was also charged with paying for one of the abortions.

The women were charged three years ago and have spent some time in prison already, awaiting trial. Many women in Spain have been tried and convicted under the abortion law, but the October 26 trial of 'las once' (the eleven) represents the first time such a trial has generated massive support from women in Spain.

Because the women have admitted to the charge, their lawyers will defend them on the injustice of the law rather than the criminality of their actions. Birth control, which

has not been illegal in Spain since 1976, is not widely distributed and often refused a woman by her doctor. Women are therefore driven to illegal abortion (at a rate of roughly 300,000 a year). Recently 1350 Spanish women, including lawyers, politicians and actresses, took an ad in a national newspaper stating that they had had abortions, thereby committing a crime under Spanish law.

The trial on October 26 was postponed indefinitely, as two defendants did not show up and angry women demonstrated outside the courthouse. It is possible that the women will be tried separately — an attempt by the courts of justice to undermine their strength as a group, 'las once'. Telegrams have been sent, from women in Canada and the US, to the Government House in Bilbao demanding repeal of the charges, and to women's centres in Bilbao and Madrid declaring our support for their struggle.

### VANCOUVER WOMEN IN FOCUS

Vancouver Women in Focus is a non-profit feminist women's video/film production and distribution center working to expand its videotape distribution library and interested in hearing from both individual women producers and women's groups who have or are working on videotapes which they would like distributed.

At present Women in Focus has 38 women-produced videotapes on women's issues and their lives. These tapes are for rent/sale. A catalogue is available upon request. For more information contact: Women in Focus, Production and Distribution Center, No. 6-45 Kingsway, Vancouver B.C., Canada V5T 3H7.

### TORONTO WOMEN RUNNING

More women are running than ever before. We are taking to the streets, the tracks and the trails to gain some time and space of our own, to challenge ourselves, to feel fit and strong. Many women are also joining running clubs to share their excitement and problems. We feel the time has come for more communication between women runners across Canada.

Toronto Women Running is a women's running club of over 200 members. We are mostly recreational runners, although we have racers among us. We publish a regular newsletter, organize clinics, hold monthly group runs and special running events. We enjoy the benefits of sharing our experiences and information, the emotional support and the fun and safety aspects of group and partner running.

Last May, a number of us went to Cleveland, Ohio to attend the First National Women's Running Conference — the kick-off to the North American

Network of Women Runners (NANWR). The energy and strength of so many women runners was phenomenal! We discussed, in workshops and special interest groups, issues such as race sanctioning, safety, finding the time, money and space to run, the special needs of certain groups (Black, lesbian, older, pregnant, high school women, etc.) and participated in group runs and social events. The NANWR aims to promote women's running, spread information and take action in areas such as the exploitation of women's running and lobbying for longer women's Olympic running events.

An interesting development has taken place that we hope will involve and appeal to women runners across Canada. Toronto Women Running is coordinating a column called *Womenspace* in the national magazine, *Canadian Runner*. We hope to see published articles on issues concerning women's running such as safety, organizing

women's running clubs, pregnancy, the sponsoring and organization of women's races, older women running, track and high school runners, etc.

An increasingly popular way to have contact with other women runners is through women's running clubs. If you are interested in starting one in your area (it only takes two of you!), we have available a pamphlet giving practical information. Entitled "Breaking the Barriers—a Women's Approach to Running", it also outlines the recent explosion of women's running and how we are changing the definition of women's physical capacities. Send 50 cents to The Fitness Workshop, 348 College Street, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1S4 for your copy.

Finally, we are interested in promoting running for women across Canada. We need your input, reactions, information and concerns. Contact us at: Toronto Women Running, 723 Bloor Street West, Apt. 1, Toronto, M6G 1L5.

### WOMEN'S HABITAT

Women's Habitat, an Etobicoke emergency hostel for women and children, has just celebrated its first birthday. Since the hostel opened in November 1978, approximately 275 women between the ages of 15 and 69 and 675 children have stayed, from one day to six weeks. 90% of the women who come to Women's Habitat have suffered some form of physical or emotional abuse.

The Habitat is a place for women and children who must leave their homes because of fire, eviction, fear of abuse, financial crisis, or who need a safe place to stay while planning for the future.

The Habitat's 13 staff members offer women who come to the hostel support, counselling and information and referral services to women in the community.

The house, at 149 Stanley Avenue in Etobicoke, provides women a little peace and quiet while they sort their lives out. While at the hostel, women live and work co-operatively: taking turns cooking, cleaning and answering the door.

In addition to the staff, Women's Habitat has a number of enthusiastic, competent volunteers, but more are always needed: to help with childcare, woman the phones, accompany women to court, and assist with office work.

If you would like more information about Women's Habitat, please call (416) 252-5829 or (416) 252-5820.  Julie Bauer



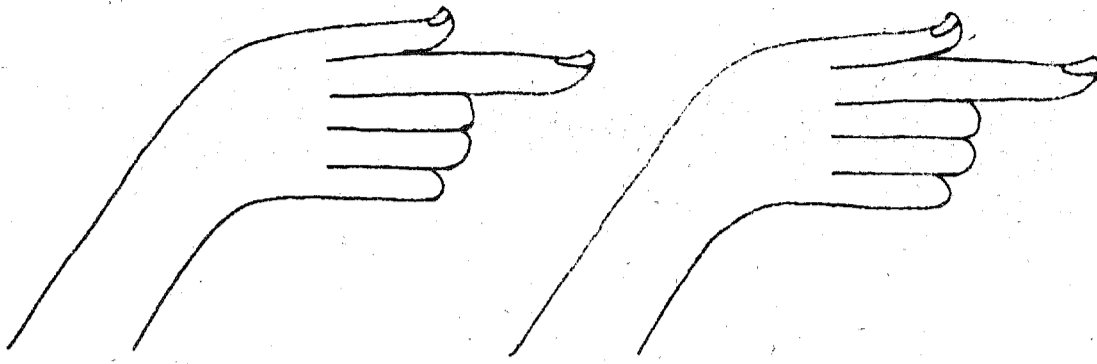
photo credit © Toni Frissell

Women Running  
New York 1930's.

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

Broadside  
P.O. Box 494  
Station P  
Toronto M5S 2T1

# The Grave Im



## Exhibit 1

We have struggled hard but here in Toronto this month it has proved impossible not to succumb to Tutankhamen mania. Not to be outdone by mainstream media *Broadside* herewith provides its own commentary.

First of all, do not despair if you didn't or couldn't get tickets to the Art Gallery of Ontario where a small but tasteful selection of the Tut treasures are on view. A visit to Birks, Simpsons or for that matter any corner cigar store together with a glance at any of a dozen newspapers and magazines is all you need to make you an expert. After all, what about all those books, films and plays that we pretend to have read or seen and which we discuss intelligently after merely glancing at a review or two? Who's to know? And who cares?

Should this not be enough, *Broadside* suggests a stroll in the vicinity of the AGO location. Here you can get all the gold-plated atmosphere without committing actual necrophilia. The scene around the Grange is very much alive. You don't need gold plate to enjoy, enjoy. Our poor, Canadian paper money will get you all the souvenirs, Laura Secord chocolate treasures, posters of face masks, fancy dishes with Egyptian names and high- and low-brow entertainment you can possibly wish for. A good place to begin and end your safari is the Tut Hut on tacky old Dundas Street. The subtle charm of the ex-grocery store will surpass your expectations. We guarantee it.

Knowing there are bound to be purists among our readers who still settle for nothing less than a report of the Exhibition itself, our intrepid editor made the trek inside AGO in person. She has graciously agreed to allow our readers to quote her impressions as their own. Now you can avoid the crowds. All part of the *Broadside* service.

□ Eve Zaremba



Deena Rasky

## Exhibit 3

One of the more interesting aspects of the 18th Egyptian Dynasty — and you'll hear little of this even as Tut has swept the country — is that Tutankhamen reigned in an age of what has been called "strong feminism" by Egyptologist John A. Wilson. Of course, strong feminism is a relative term and in this instance means simply that women were prominent in political and social life, and enjoyed prerogatives that only recently have been restored to the Women had their own legal identity, whether they were married or not, they could own property, sue, be sued and act as trustees in their own name. Incidentally, this last right married women in Canada did not receive until 1929.

Marriage was a matter of civil contract, unmarked by religious or formal ceremony and penalties for breach of the marriage contract were severe. Simple verbal renunciation of the contract produced divorce but only if financial compensation was arranged. Neither party could leave the other economically indisposed and women were entitled to a minimum settlement of one third of the joint marital property.

Schools appear to have been state-owned and women took advantage of the educational opportunities. Nevertheless they are depicted for the most part in the home working at domestic occupations. Education, in other words, didn't make for instant independence.



Deena Rasky

## Exhibit 2

It's hard to grasp the fact that something, particularly a vase or a bracelet, is over 3000 years old. After a few hundred years, it all seems the same. So the Tut Treasures did not leave me quivering with a sense of their incredible antiquity. As to their beauty, that didn't leave me awe-struck either, not more than any well-crafted, aesthetically pleasing (and gold) artifact would do.

Outside the exhibit, beside the Chocolate Treasures (Laura Secord's contribution to the mania), was the Tut jewellery on sale. Even the relatively expensive reproductions (all Canadian made, we are informed) paled by comparison to the real thing inside. Not because a lot of the 'real thing' was gold, but because it had the delicacy of skilled, original workmanship and the patina of age.

In fact, in order to appreciate the 55 treasures I had to imagine them in someone's living room, possibly a trendy Cabbagetown studio or Rosedale mansion — sacrilege of all sacrileges. Seeing the display in the carefully constructed confines of the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto was a sterile experience. Art shouldn't be removed from its natural environment (and I don't mean a tomb). It had no context, and besides, with all the other folk crowding around the display cases ("Please don't touch," said the volunteer security guards over and over again) it was a frustrating experience. I was left with Cathedral Syndrome: I couldn't take in one more beautiful piece of stained glass.

Throughout the exhibit I was looking for signs of the living culture, not the dead. And though there were death masks and caskets that held intestines a-plenty, most of the artifacts were meant for everyday use (albeit every day for eternity): chairs, perfume jars, game boards.

Now you may have heard that Tut was really a woman, the most telling evidence being that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tut, only had daughters. Whatever the case, the figures of Tut himself often had the features of a woman — very clearly delineated breasts and soft contours. Perhaps Egyptian kings were just not very muscular or fit, testament to their aristocratic status and the number of slaves they had to do everything for them.

As an expression of Egyptian culture, the artifacts on display meant little. Possibly it's because my knowledge of Egyptian culture of that era (or any) is limited. But about all I gleaned from the Treasures of Tutankhamen was that they used a lot of oils and unguents, sat around in chairs playing games and had a rich fantasy life (a man with a body like Tut's and as many slaves was not likely to spend a lot of time harpooning hippopotami, as one figure indicates.)

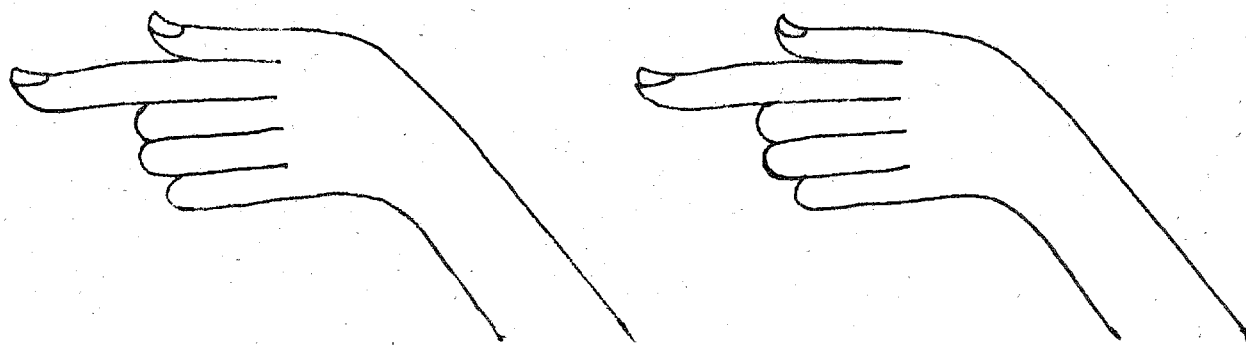
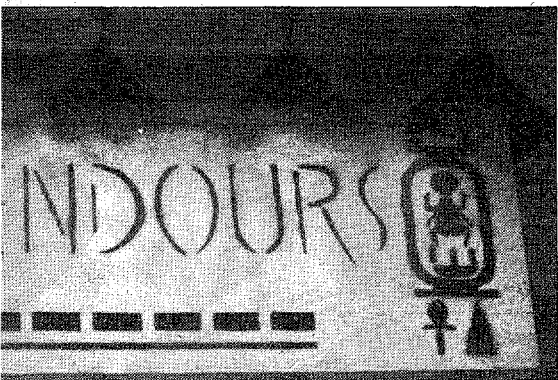
Probably the real impact of the Tut Exhibit on 20th century North American society can best be gauged by the audience reaction. One woman said: "It's too bad he didn't have real ears." Another woman said a scene with Tut's wife handing him a bunch of flowers looked like she was telling him she was pregnant. Yet another woman said she'd like to have one of the small alabaster boxes to keep her mail in. And the final word: "It was all very old *nouveau riche*."

□ Philinda Masters



Deena Rasky

# lications of Tut



## Exhibit 4

Having gone through my Egypt phase some years ago, and having come to some conclusions of my own about it all, I had decided to just ignore King Tut.

It is not difficult to ignore things in Toronto. I have managed to let three CNEs, one royal visit, and innumerable Grey and Stanley cups slip by, not to mention Christmas. Why, then, do I find it almost impossible to get through a normal working day without facing endless references to King Tut? Why are they blasting this abomination at my Senses? Why do I let it bother me?

Angry as we might be that this little upstart patriarch has risen from his golden grave to thumb his nose at us, anger is not productive when it is directed towards the dead.

Egypt—the motherland. Egypt—the soul of daughter-right. Egypt—the hearthstone of the coven. Egypt—the bitch who betrayed! For those of you who weren't there, who don't remember, or who get your herstory from books written by patriarchs, I will give you a brief account of what happened.

First there was the world as women made it. Primitive—perhaps. We had, after all, only started in the invention of technology. All we had was fire, the wheel, ships, agriculture, airplanes, telescopes, mathematics, biology, medicine, music, psi-chology, literature, drama, writing, architecture and astronomy.

Then there was an invasion of some northern transient tribes. Patriarchal nomads, etc. Among other things, they invented war.

So the women's world fought back. Reluctantly. Too late. And lacking, until the end, a true killer instinct.

It was a long fight. It was the longest war the world has ever known. It is still not over. But sometime back then (during the reign of Ramses II, in fact), Egypt, which had prospered from the warring, switched sides.

And Patriarchal Liberalism was born.

Witches began to abuse their power, calling themselves "priestesses," and aligning with the patriarchs. A ruling class was created.

Many of their subjects were murdered, many more enslaved (to build the pyramids, among other things). And the rest were ripped off by the simple expedient of having the priestess/witches marry their own brothers, so that they could keep it all in the family. (Property, but more importantly power, was naturally passed on through the true matriarchal birth line).

The idea was to convince the people that the pharaohs were gods. The glorification of the pharaoh, and especially the glorification of the death of the pharaoh, were the subject of a thousand-year long propaganda campaign, which reached outrageous heights during the reigns of a few infamous kings, of whom Tut was one. He is mostly notable for having managed to die very young (and thereby becomes a god sooner), and for not having his tomb completely plundered by the British Museum in the early 1800s.

So when we are bombarded with all this gold and necrophilia (they go together), we are really being treated to the remains of a massive government public relations campaign.

What makes me angry is that it was designed to justify incest. To justify the blood-union of men into the mysteries of witchcraft. To justify the betrayal of our sister-witches to a world ruled by men. To justify, most of all, the theft of our technology.

Sure, the patriarchy has invented things. After Tut came war, famine, pollution, the atom bomb, organized religion, psychology, government, laws, capitalism, the automobile, communism, factories, hospitals, television, and the United Nations.

Perhaps the reason they keep blasting Tut at me is because they have noticed that we aren't too enamoured with the way they are running things. Maybe they figure that if it worked once, it will work again.

That's what bothers me, poor dears. Somehow I would have liked a more intelligent battle.

Somehow even the shame of our betrayal is not enough to dull my indignation any more. But I'll end here. I've laid King Tut to rest.

□Judith Quinlan

## BUSINESS AS USUAL



SUPPORT UNIONIZATION  
ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO  
EMPLOYEES

Centrefold Magazine

## Exhibit 5

While people "oh" and "ah" over King Tut and his golden delights, there is little thought or mention of the many slaves who worked on these treasures. Less thought is given to the modern day "slaves", the 300 employees who have helped make this exhibit possible. The Art Gallery of Ontario employees are not asking for applause or gratitude, they're asking for automatic certification into the Ontario Public Service Employees Union (OPSEU). Management has been using many ugly tactics and spending a considerable sum of money to fight the union drive.

The battle has been going on for over two years. Originally, the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) tried to get certification for the employees, but dropped their campaign in late 1978. Nonetheless, the fire was sparked and to date, 230 AGO employees have signed union cards. In retaliation, management has been threatening these people with dismissal, calling their homes at the dead of night, and threatening physical abuse if union material is distributed on the premises. As management's behavior is defying the Labour Relations Act, OPSEU took them to the Board with 6 charges of unfair labour practices. Management was convicted of five of these charges which included a criminal assault charge. An anti-union employee attacked a machine operator who "happened" to be a union organizer.

Management hired two top lawyers to try to get themselves off the hook. An estimated \$30,000 has been spent by the Art Gallery management on the hearings. The Board of Trustees includes some of the most wealthy businessmen in the province. Yet the money used to fight against the rights of the employees comes from public funds, both provincial and federal.

The cultural critic of the NDP, Tony Grande, has brought this issue to the Minister of Culture and Recreation, Reubin Baetz. Baetz refuses to meet with the AGO employees, saying he doesn't want to take sides. Meanwhile, management has the ear of the Minister and continues to spend the public's money on anti-union battles.

Things haven't changed much in 3,000 years.

□Deena Rasky

# ARTS REBEL MUSIC



by Susan Sturman

Earlier this fall, after the police slaying of Albert Johnson, a group of concerned women and men met together to found a Toronto chapter of the British-based Rock Against Racism movement. Susan Sturman takes a look at the history of RAR and its more recent offshoot, Rock Against Sexism, and discusses their implications for women.

For those of us whose political education began in the late 60s, rock music seemed a necessary adjunct to rebellion — against parental authority, archaic sexual mores, the war in Vietnam. Then came co-optation and neo-conservatism, the 70s, and just as young politicians were being bought off, rock musicians were becoming more concerned with amassing their personal fortunes than with any social consciousness. Rock music embraced a reactionary individualistic philosophy, and male disillusion increasingly found an outlet in mindless misogyny, cock rock in its glory. Nobody flinched when the Stones decided to combine racism and sexism in their notorious "Brown Sugar". And of course, anyone who objected to all this macho posturing was "a queer".

This situation was especially true in Britain, where crippling recession had begun to push political tempers toward the right. The fascist National Front was gaining support for its campaign of racial purity and repatriation of non-white immigrants. By the summer of 1976 unemployment had reached one and a half million. During that "long, hot summer", the National Front marched in the streets provoking race riots, four Asian immigrants were brutally killed, and lesbians and gays were attacked and harassed by gangs of young NF supporters. Rock star Eric Clapton (who had only a few years earlier supported friend George Harrison's Concert for Bangladesh) demonstrated public support for right-winger Enoch Powell's racist repatriation scheme.

A group of rock fans and musicians were appalled by the racist and sexist backlash that swept the country, and were especially indignant that white male rock stars like Clapton, who owed so much to the influence of black musicians, could suggest that black people had no right to live among them. Punk and reggae music were emerging from the streets as part of a grass-roots challenge to the rising reaction, and out of this coincidence of events, *Rock Against Racism* was born.

RAR took as its platform an opposition to discrimination and violence against immigrants, racial minorities, women and gays, recognizing the political potential of rock music as a means to fight intolerance and oppression. The support of popular groups like the Tom Robinson Band, The Clash and Elvis Costello helped RAR draw more rock fans to their philosophies, and RAR chapters have grown up throughout Britain and in the United States. Recently, an RAR group has started in Toronto (see box).

RAR in Britain has a fairly wide base; its political leanings are basically anarchist. Through its diverse musical affiliations it has managed to attract the support of various mass movements; the participation of the Tom Robinson Band has encouraged a strong gay liberation and feminist following: reggae, political music in itself, has wide appeal among the West Indian immigrant population. Punk, the perfect anarchic music, is largely the product of working class youth. This mass support has made RAR the darling of the Left.

Unfortunately, as with the Left, much of RAR's pronouncements on sexism have been lip-service. There have been more than a few instances where bands playing RAR concerts performed material that is blatantly offensive to women. Although RAR's platform opposed sexism, few of the male bands involved have been seriously willing to examine and change their own sexist attitudes (sound familiar?), and even fewer are prepared to challenge the rock industry on sexist grounds. Fascism and racism have taken priority as more "important" (read "convenient") issues. Some of the women involved in RAR grew tired of the constant struggle to educate the men within the movement, and, a year ago, an autonomous women's campaign, *Rock Against Sexism*, was founded.

Feminists have often rejected rock as inherently male and sexist. Rock has traditionally been made by men and used primarily to express their feelings about sexual relationships. Many feminist musicians have turned away from rock in favour of folk, jazz, funk or other less "macho" musical forms, and still regard rock with distaste. Those of us who still like rock music have often been forced to be "in the closet"; we find ourselves in the schizophrenic position of loving the music while hating its content. The music has

energy and enthusiasm, and an ability to *move* people that has always been potentially subversive. The problem with rock is not with the music itself, but with the sexist attitudes of those who make the music and run the industry.

The women of RAS view the combination of feminism and rock as a powerful force for change, and this is reflected in their five basic aims: "1) to fight sexism in rock music, and to use rock music to fight sexism in the world at large, 2) to challenge the stereotype images of women and men and promote a more positive image of women in rock, 3) to attack the exploitation of women in advertising, in the press and on the stage, 4) to encourage women musicians by giving them more opportunities to play, and 5) to assert the right of everyone to determine their own sexuality."

*Rock Against Sexism* appears to be catching on. Many local chapters of the movement have started throughout England, and their concerts have drawn increasing numbers. Their philosophy is basically populist, and it has been successful; the appeal of punk and reggae has been no accident in England. "You've got to make sexism into

continued page 15



Toronto Rock Against Racism is sponsoring its first concert on December 16, featuring *No Frills* (see *Sidelines*), *Joe Hall and the Continental Drift*, and *The Nukes* at St. Paul's Church, 121 Avenue Road. The doors open at 6 pm and tickets cost \$4 or \$3 unemployed and are available at Toronto Women's Bookstore, Glad Day Books and the Toronto *Clarion* office. For more information about RAR, contact Dave at 463-0786.



## SIDELINES

### Hope is the thing without frills

A new Toronto-based all-woman rock band, *No Frills*, made its enthusiastically received debut in Montreal last month at the Rainbow, one of the city's popular rock clubs.

The band features Sherry Shute on guitar, Cathie MacKay on bass, Susan Cole on piano, Evelyn Datl on organ, Fender Rhodes and clavinet, and Mary Jane Card (not pictured) on drums. Shute, MacKay and Cole do most of the vocal work, and write much of the band's original material, which in its diverse range includes everything from a driving New Wave rocker to a gentle country-rock ballad. The band also does a number of interesting "covers."

*No Frills* seems comfortable with a wide range of musical styles, no doubt due to the excellent musicianship of its members, but while this eclecticism is intriguing, one hopes that the band will eventually develop more of a sound of its own. There is enough writing talent in the band to ensure that *No Frills* will generate original and exciting music.

It's not surprising that women turned up in number at the Rainbow to see *No Frills*. It's exciting to see a talented group of women rockers, with a positive stage presence and a strong, no-nonsense musical approach. Too many women musicians have gotten buried under a pile of gimmicks and gladrags; it's about time we heard their music. No frills.

### Studio D

The National Film Board has been in a state of crisis since the imposition of severe budget cuts by the Federal Government a year ago. Within the NFB, *Studio D*, the Women's Program, has been one of the hardest hit. Small and inadequately funded by the Board, *Studio D* has provided some of the few opportunities for independent women film makers to receive assistance and encouragement for their projects. In addition, the women of *Studio D* have produced and distributed a number of their own films.

*Studio D* has been urging concerned women to write letters of support for the program to the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State, local MPs and the newspapers. For more information write to Kathleen Shannon, *Studio D*, National Film Board of Canada, P.O. Box 6100, P-43, Station A, Montreal, P.Q. H3C 3H5.



*No Frills* (from left to right): Sherry Shute, Cathie MacKay, Evelyn Datl, Susan Cole.

Susan Sturman

Susan Sturman

# Pauline Oliveros: Two-Legged Composer

by Deena Rasky

There was a small gathering of 15 people at the Music Gallery in Toronto on an early November afternoon. We were mostly strangers who wouldn't ordinarily participate in an intimate form of meditation. We were asked to lie on the floor and imagine getting outside of our bodies and sculpting images of ourselves. We later formed a circle with our bodies still horizontal and with our heads touching. We made long tones together — exhaling vowels of any pitch. The effect was chant-like, semi-hallucinatory and exhausting. We were experiencing composer Pauline Oliveros' "Sonic Meditations".

Her music wasn't always of an experimental nature with unspecialized persons. Nor does she want to restrict herself as being only a composer. She also considers herself a healer, a writer of proverbs, a lesbian, a feminist and a two-legged human being. Still, she is best known and widely respected for her innovative work in the avant-garde. Her first composition was compositional; a two-part piece for piano written when she was 19 and studying at the University of Houston.

When she was here in Toronto, we talked about her studying composition in school. She doesn't recommend the University route for composers. "I never received any encouragement or reinforcement for doing the kind of exploration that I've done. I had to do it later in my life . . . If you give some thought to the way we talk, you couldn't give a baby formal training. If you hadn't gone through tremendous exploration with what you can do in order to make sounds, you never would have learned to talk."

Even though her first composition was of a traditional nature, she even then as now had a talent for inventing some of the most intriguing titles. It was called "Ode to a Morbid Marble". Then in 1961 she wrote "Trio for Piano, Flute and Page Turner". "I was interested in harmonics," explained Pauline. "You hold the keys down silently on the piano and strike the other pitches and you get harmonics. The page turner would at times hold the keys down for the pianist. And there was even the case of the pianist having to turn the page for the turner."

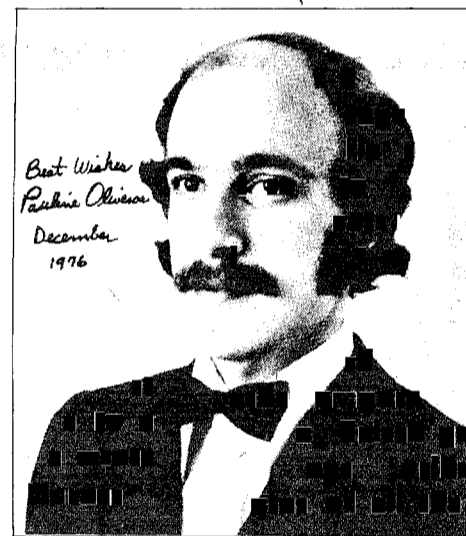
Pauline took this innovative form of musical cooperation a few steps further when she later wrote "To Valerie Solanas and Marilyn Monroe in Recognition of their Desperation". Solanas was the author of the SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) Manifesto and had attempted killing Andy Warhol during the time his Pop art was getting world-wide attention. In this piece there is no notated music, only written instructions. Either a small chamber ensemble or a large orchestra can play it. As the title suggests, the piece is concerned with the struggles of women in a world run by men.

When asked who conducted the performance of the piece by the New England Women's Symphony Orchestra last year, she replied: "The piece is not really to be conducted. If you want to talk about feminist theory, well, that piece embodies it. It does away with the conductor and distributes the parts evenly. Everybody has the same part. There's no hierarchy."

Many of Pauline's pieces were written in the mid-summer of 1966 when she came to study briefly at the University of Toronto. One of these pieces is called "Big Mother is Watching You."

"It was a very exuberant time for me", she recalled. "I was making a lot of music. It was the time I got to work in a very well-kept and good music studio. There was another composer who was at the same rooming house and we used to compare notes and talk. He was a very small guy. Probably came up to here on me (she indicated to below her shoulder). When we listened to the piece for the first time, he muttered something about big mother is watching you. And so I decided that was what the piece should be called. It's a very powerful piece. I remember I was not too well for about 3 days after I had made it. The sound pressure levels and the high frequency had caused diarrhea."

In the earlier '60s Pauline had realized some of her work at home using a Sears-Roebuck tape recorder and reverberations from her flat's bathtub. After Toronto she returned to California to work at the Tape Music Centre studio and soon became its director. It was at this studio she created *Bye Bye Butterfly*. This piece can be found on Arch record's *New Music for Electronic and Recorded Media*, an all-women avant-garde composer's album. It is not a record for long-haired purists or fans of the Boston Pops. Inside the jacket sleeve are photos of all the composers. The one of



Pauline Oliveros



Deena Rasky

Pauline Oliveros jumps out. At first glance, one wonders how she did such a thorough make-over job on herself.

"Well," she explained, "it comes out of the theatre piece that I was doing, the theatre of substitution. No, it was a person who agreed to be me."

"Sometimes it gets oppressive to be you. So I asked somebody if they wouldn't mind being me for a certain agreed upon time. They agreed and could do whatever they wanted but they were being me." Her reply was filled with mischievous laughter.

She told of her substitute's adventure in New York when Sara Caldwell was conducting an all women's music performance. "He went as me. He bought the last \$5 ticket and was put in the section with all the women composers. He had a little document, a contract about being me. He saw Kate Millett, who he knew, downstairs, and she was going to introduce him to her husband. She introduced him and he said no, he wasn't Jackson MacLow, he was Pauline Oliveros. He wrote a piece about it called 'Being Pauline: Narrative of a Substitution'. Quite a wonderful piece."

Oliveros is humourously expressing an idea important to her and her music which

she calls non-exclusivity. "I don't want to be in a position of excluding because they're the wrong sex or the right sex or wrong colour or whatever. I'm opposed to an attitude which says you can't participate because you don't belong. Then it's too much like saying you're the one that goes into the oven. So, I can't say there's a viable alternative for the short time. Isolation is instructive, but as a permanent kind of policy, I find it very unwise and oppressive. It is another kind of oppression."

Taking her own advice, she left the tape recorded sounds and returned to nature and the sounds of people in the form of meditations. *Sonic Meditations* have been a part of Pauline's life since 1968, but was developed in the early '70s and just recently has been performed across North America. As this piece ever changes, the composer changes as well, as she explores the world of sound. Her sources are diverse, from the many universities to the teachings of Indis and yogas who deal with sound. "I'm interested in whatever I can learn about myself through working in various ways. Alone and with groups of people. And with any creature."

## Where Vision Touches Ground

**The Wanderground: Stories of the Hill Women.** Sally Miller Gearhart; Persephone Press, 1978, \$5.95 pa.

*The Wanderground* is an expansive feminist vision which demands to be read with openness and freedom of imagination. Appropriately, my first attempt at reviewing it happened as an excited verbal exchange with six other women who were sharing a weekend in the country. Our travels through *The Wanderground* felt tremendously connected to our present personal and political questions.

*The Wanderground* is a description of a protected women-centred society where life is spiritually and physically rich. Yet it is not a utopian or fantasy novel. The hill women do not live a life free from pain or human chaos. Their 'memory bank' provides a painful and yet necessary reminder of the conditions under which they have lived, the conditions from which they have had to escape in order to survive. Each woman realizes that, "she is not alone . . . Decades ago each woman who had escaped to the hills had offered—usually with great pain—the memory of her city experience, however dramatic or mild, however heroic or horror-ridden."

The novel takes the form of a selection of stories which describe scenes and senses in the City and in the wanderground. In the City there is containment, violence and hatred. In the wanderground there is always the possibility of struggle, expansion and the allowance of the strength and weakness of each woman. This allowance is clearly supported in one of the sections, "A Morning Together." Alaka and two other hill women support Seja's anger and allow it to run full throat. Seja re-experiences the physical and emotional rage of rape. It is not contained or 'passified.' The women provide physical and psychic space for her passion to run untrammelled until she has moved through the desire to kill, the tears, the re-breathing, and back to a relaxed open state. "My enemy by definition cannot receive my love. My enemy by definition is the one I kill. . . . It is not in his nature not to rape. It is not in my nature to be raped. We do not co-exist."

The City or 'dangerland' is also the reality of the hill women—a reality which must be kept under constant surveillance. Each hill woman must serve a yearly rotation in the City in order to contain the madness. The madness of those who "had been unable to sustain their man-ness," and "unable to grasp their own woman-ness."

"They are driven in their own madness to destroy themselves and us and any living thing."

It is the madness of power. The symbol of that power is the City where women walk tightly on stiletto heels and always on the arm of a man. This madness can only be contained if the hill woman rotation is vigilantly maintained. The 'gentles' describe, without full comprehension, the power of that rotation: "We don't know for a certainty. Maybe some delicate balance of energy. Maybe some supernatural message to keep us all towing the line. But everytime there is some abuse of energy outside the City we only have to check on the women on rotation. Every time there will be some irregularity in the rotation pattern."

The 'gentles' are male allies of the hill women in the city. The containment of violence is their common goal, although the women question their validity at times because of their maleness. And yet there is some hope allowed for them as men. "Does it not occur to you that we might have some humanity too? That as a special breed of men we may be on the brink of discovering our own non-violent psychic powers, that we may be beginning, just barely beginning to live without violence."

As the City violence continues to fester, and *The Wanderground* concludes, the hill women are eminently aware of possible annihilation, but they are also aware of the possibility of new life. "Actually, the earth looks wise and stubborn tonight. Like she's not about to be raped again."

"May we come again in loving, may we come again each to the other, each to herself." It is these possibilities, these connections and these hopes that I continue to consider long after I put *The Wanderground* down.

□ Jacqueline Frewin



# Kye Marshall: Takes a bow

by Frances Rooney

"I'm greedy. I want three or four lives at a time so I can do all these things." Because one of the things Kye (Carole) Marshall does is write music, she was one of the composers featured in the Pauline McGibbon Cultural Centre's concerts of women composers, October 12 and 13 in Toronto. During the lull between the concerts and her fall season commitments, Kye and I talked about some of her musical activities.

Kye studied music education at U. of T. "I wasn't a skilled enough cellist to get into performance. The logical thing to do seemed to be to go and teach high school music." She has never taught, though: after graduation she applied for and got a performing job. She's been getting them ever since, until at this point she plays in the O'Keefe Centre Orchestra, the orchestra of the National Ballet of Canada, a baroque orchestra, and the Epic String Quartet. She also performs in solo and group concerts in schools, is in a jazz duo with Maxine Willan, does studio recording and works at "drips and drabs here and there to fill in." She spent two years in an improvisation group and will do more. "Sometime in my life, when it becomes important for me to do it, I'll teach, too, but that isn't now." For now, the things that seem to be most important to her are the baroque orchestra, music therapy, and composing.

Musical Chairs is a small baroque group that began just over a year ago. It hoped to be Toronto's first true baroque orchestra, but since its members can only work part-time and have not yet been able to gain sufficient financial backing to launch a concert series, this has not been possible. Still, the process is an exciting one. The musicians must gain a sense of themselves as a group. Money and music have to be found. Special instruments have to be constructed or converted — Kye is having a baroque cello made. "It's wonderful, there's so much to learn. It's a problem, though, if you don't have someone who can work full time getting grants, collecting music and filling out forms for the government. It's just very difficult."

Kye has had to collect, borrow and make instruments before for a very different activity. For three summers she did music therapy at a camp for exceptional children and adults. The program she devised centered around improvisation: Kye would play the piano while the campers played the instruments she provided. These were not traditional instruments but ones specially constructed to allow the creation of music based on rhythm, colour and melody rather than structured harmony. "The activity



Deena Rasky

allows for some skill development. Direct emotional expression is the most valuable thing, though. Normal channels don't allow that and we all need it so much. One ultimate question about that kind of music, I suppose, is 'how far does it go as an art?' I don't know, and I'm not sure that's important. Maybe doing it is the important thing. Those people had fantastic musicality (I don't think anyone knows where music comes from); they're not inhibited, and some of them are exceptionally gifted. It's tremendously exciting, challenging, fulfilling and creative for them and for me. It's an important thing to be able to do."

She started writing music eight years ago. She recently decided to try to write every day, to come to terms with writing, to develop a disciplined, methodical approach, and to find out how much it's going to be a part of her life. "Writing isn't special,

isn't some great thing, it's just something you do. There's a lot of sweat and tears, and some of it's as tedious as hell, but I just wouldn't be happy if I wasn't writing. It's a nice thing, a really good mix between the mathematical and other parts of your brain. It's like working out a problem, a puzzle. I suppose any art is."

The string quartet that was played at the McGibbon concert was written two and a half years ago. Its two movements rise from a 12-tone base. The first movement is slow "with a ground bass going through most of the time." The second, fast, movement has a sharp division between the first violinist and the other three instruments. "There's a kind of struggle all the way through. The first violin is isolated in a sense (there's a lot of anger there), there is some persuasion on the part of the other three to get it to join them. It doesn't work."

The concert provided Kye with tremendous stimulus. "I really had no encouragement other than from my teacher. Seeing that what I had written was in fact a substantial piece, a well-written piece and could be performed, really showed me that I can do it, that I could do it again. It helps you believe in yourself."

That is not to say that writing isn't difficult, isn't made even more difficult by several factors that combine to hamper a person's best efforts. One of these is the need for performance. The way Kye puts it is that "writing without performance is like cooking a dinner and not having it eaten." Then there is the attitude of most people to new music: they find it 'interesting' at best. Only a very few people like or understand what a composer tries to do, even someone like Kye, whose works tend to have more form than much of what is now being written. Because of this form, the avant-gardists don't like her compositions either, and that makes style a real problem. Nor does the 'give the ladies their night' attitude help: Canada probably has, proportionately, more women composers than any other country. The McGibbon concerts included twelve of these women, including Ann Southam, Violet Archer, Jean Coulthard and Barbara Pentland, all of whom have been writing for decades, each of whom is a recognized leader in her own field. William Littler of the *Toronto Star* wrote a complimentary but cursory review, while the *Globe and Mail* ignored the event altogether. And, after having spoken twice to manager Joanne Rutherford in an attempt to get review tickets for the Friday night concert and twice having been refused, I have to wonder about the priorities of the McGibbon Centre.

Nonetheless, Kye believes it highly likely that her works will be played and will become known locally and nationally. After a few such performances there will be a good opportunity for commissioned works. When that happens, the chances of being performed — and with them the chance of recognition and some kind of security — increase drastically.

I got the strong impression that Kye finds concepts such as success and failure not very relevant and slightly annoying: she simply gets on with the things she wants and needs to do. My experience would seem to indicate that, among the people who achieve what the rest of us consider success, there is a high percentage of that kind of person. My guess is that Kye will manage to do at least most of the things she wants to do.

## La Bella Tavola

VECCHIA ROMA RESTAURANT

by Patricia O'Leary

In the spring of 1978, three Toronto women got together and opened an Italian restaurant, Vecchia Roma. None of them had had restaurant experience before, but after a year and a half of hard work and good judgement the restaurant is doing well, has had good reviews from the Toronto press and is packed every night.

The 3 women are Marisa Rufo, 28, who had worked as a traffic manager for a steel importing company; Livia Curti, 47, who was a housekeeper to a Toronto journalist; and Maria Rossi, 24, a university student. Although they didn't want to talk about their views on feminism in particular, all three embody the feminist spirit of intelligent independence.

**Broadside:** Why did you want to own a restaurant?

**Curti:** My ambition is cooking, so I've wanted to open a restaurant for a long time.

**Rufo:** I've always eaten out, and I know a lot of restaurants aren't very good. I wanted to try to make food the way I like it, and help to make people aware of Italian cuisine.

About two years ago I mentioned to Livia that I'd like to own a restaurant, and she said, well so would I.

**Broadside:** It's not really in an Italian neighbourhood.



**Rufo:** We weren't looking for an Italian neighbourhood because Italians really don't go out for dinner that much. Anyway, Italians can make at home what they get here.

**Broadside:** Where did the money come from? Did you have to raise a lot of it?

**Rufo:** We started off with what is considered very little money in the restaurant business, about \$25,000. People say you need \$50,000 to \$100,000. We borrowed money, not from the bank because the bank wouldn't lend to us — we didn't have any

experience, we'd never done this sort of thing before — from friends, family, fathers, fathers-in-law, whatever.

**Rossi:** It was really amazing that most of the people that we did borrow money from had faith in us. They were pleased to lend us the money.

**Rufo:** They knew it was a pretty high risk because not that many restaurants stay in business for very long.

**Broadside:** Have you paid back all the money?

**Rufo:** More or less.

**Rossi:** The hard part is that now we've got the money and the restaurant, it's up to us to keep it going.

**Broadside:** You're running this restaurant, three women. Is this something you thought about when you started?

**Rossi:** We never really thought about the fact that we were all women. I suppose people are impressed with that. It's not something that was conscious. Then we became aware that we preferred women to work with us in the front, for example.

**Rufo:** I think the fact that there are women waiting on tables rather than men adds a little bit to the place. I had a waiter working in here once, at lunchtime. And he was very efficient, but he just didn't have that manner.

**Rossi:** I take pride in telling people that the only man involved in this place is the dishwasher. People are surprised that the woman who's cooking is not my mother because they think it must be a family business.

**Broadside:** What were some of the problems you had when you first got going?

**Rossi:** Opening night was amazing because none of us knew what the hell was going on. I'd never been a waitress before and the place was packed. We had a full house opening night. And everything was messed up. We would bring the bread 3 courses

continued next page

**Broadside:**

# Dusa Fish Stas & Vi

by Patricia O'Leary

When I went to see *Dusa, Fish, Stas & Vi* recently in Toronto, hardly anybody coughed. That's how engrossing it was: no one could afford to miss a thing.

Pam Gems wrote the play for a feminist theatre group in England in 1976, but has said she plays down its feminism because "that usually implies no jokes." The play doesn't preach; it doesn't have to. The point is made by the example of the characters' lives and they speak for themselves.

Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi are four women who share a London flat. Dusa (played by Maja Ardal), is a housewife whose husband has walked out on her and then kidnapped the kids. Fish (Janet Amos) is caught in a classic New Left bind of male chauvinism: the man she loves is not as good a speaker as she is and he is threatened. He leaves her for a younger woman who caters to his ego. Stas (Janet-Laine Green) is a physiotherapist by day, a hooker and shoplifter by night. (How else to get the money to go back to school and become a marine biologist?) Vi (Mary Ann McDonald), sporting bright yellow hair, baggy pants and spangled mauve sneakers, is an anorexic, agoraphobic punk rocker who deals with the world by dropping out of it. All four of the women have been singled by the man's world they live in; all are angry at the unfairness of it, and most of us know exactly what they're feeling when they vent their frustrations.

Pam Gems' play is a series of vignettes about the life of the four women together:

the fun, the sorrow, the anger, the strength, the weakness, the support they share. It hangs well together, it has jokes and silliness, it has its heavier parts. But it works mainly because the four women are believable. They are more dramatic than most of us, but they experience the same things, they are just as vulnerable. Their feelings are recognizable.

Maja Ardal gives an especially moving performance as Dusa, the housewife, and Mary Ann McDonald is hilariously and rather pathetically flaky as Vi the punk rocker. The direction by Pam Brighton is excellent and well-paced. It's hard to fault the play at all, even though there is one moment in the last scene when they discover (oh, what the hell, I'll tell you) that Fish has committed suicide. Somehow, it doesn't come across, it isn't believable—I didn't feel the intended shock.

I saw the play with a woman who is, like me, divorced with two kids, in her middle thirties. We were both very caught-up with it, but each of us reacted to different things. I was disturbed to the point of tears when Dusa learned that her kids had been swiped; I hate what much of today's world does to wives and children. My friend was much more upset that Fish the activist committed suicide. She hated the idea that such a strong woman had to do such a "weak" and defeated thing. But perhaps suicide was to Fish the stronger act. Rather than sit around moping she preferred to take some action. My feeling was that her suicide wasn't worth it: killing yourself over a relationship is nuts.



Courtesy of Theatre Plus

The play is full of things to think about, no matter what disturbs you or makes you laugh. When Fish gives a speech at a women's strike rally, she says that we have no heroes in our history, so women must "look sideways to each other" for inspiration. And in her suicide note, Fish

says of the men in this still-man's world: "We won't do as they want anymore, and they hate it." Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi are as close to perfect examples of women caught amidst the chaos of change as you can get. And their situation is so compelling because we are all caught in the same chaos.

RAR, from page 12

something which isn't just what 'nit-picking' feminists go on about", says Angele, of the women's band *Spoilsports*. The women in RAS see the campaign as "a way of introducing the ideas of the women's movement to a lot of people, especially teenagers, who wouldn't otherwise hear these points of view expressed. RAS gigs should help to blur the damaging and sometimes artificial distinctions between 'feminists' and 'non-feminists'" (Lucy Toothpaste, in *Spare Rib*, April 1979).

The women see their music as a good way of breaking down barriers; they hope to provide a comfortable atmosphere for women at RAS concerts (which are sometimes women-only, sometimes mixed), and to promote a new relationship between the performers and the audience. To reinforce this positive propaganda, RAS also distributes posters and leaflets on sexism. They understand that many of those attending may have had little or no exposure to the ideas of feminism, but hope that through the concerts they may begin to make connections.

In addition to the concerts, RAS also holds regular music workshops for women; there are practical workshops on various instruments for experienced and beginning women musicians, theory workshops, and also workshops on sound engineering. The women have also been publishing a bulletin to announce RAS concerts and to stimulate dialogue on music and sexism.

Feminists have long recognized the political potential of popular culture, but they have seldom exploited it. Given the increasing interest in women in rock taken by the mainstream media (the *Globe and Mail* and the *Star* have both recently featured articles on the subject), *Rock Against Sexism* may be an idea whose time has come. The question is: would RAS have the same kind of mass appeal here as in Britain? Or, for that matter, would RAR? So far, *Rock Against Racism* has met with only limited success in the United States, especially when compared with the response that the anti-nuclear coalition MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) has received. Part of the problem is that

RAR in the U.S.A. is heavily identified with the revolutionary Left (the Revolutionary Communist Party in particular), and although they love the masses, the masses do not necessarily love them. Teenagers and workers in North America have not undergone the same kind of politicization as their British counterparts. RAS, which has not yet crossed the Atlantic, might connect in some way with the "women's music" movement, but that would limit its appeal to a fairly small audience. And, unfortunately, within that movement, there is still somewhat of an "official" prejudice against rock music. However, more women's bands are springing up in punk and New Wave centres like New York and Toronto, and perhaps they will provide the impetus for an RAS movement here. Toronto seems well disposed to RAR, as people become more aware (through the efforts of Toronto's police force, among others) of the anti-immigrant, anti-black, anti-gay and anti-woman backlash present in the city. As more women's bands emerge here, an autonomous body like RAS may follow.

Are you ready for some *real* rebel music?

Vecchia Roma, from preceding page

late. The menu was written in Italian and nobody knew what was what, and we had to interpret it. When you have a table of six people, who aren't all listening at the same time, you keep repeating yourself. It was just crazy.

Rufo: That was just the first night. After that, we had to cope with an empty place, every night of the week.

Rossi: We had mean games of gin rummy.

Broadside: You're doing pretty well now. Do you have any problems?

Rufo: Trying to cope with a big rush of people coming in. I guess you could call it a problem! Sometimes we're slow in serving.

Broadside: How do the three of you make decisions? How do you handle differences of opinion?

Rufo: The disagreements we have are very minor: nothing serious has ever happened. I think that's because we each have our separate territory. Livia knows the most about cooking. She's the one who decides the way something should be done, unless we see out front that something should be changed. My end is the financial part, the business end. Marie has the dining room.

Broadside: Do you have any particular philosophy?

Rossi: It's mellowed a bit. Our first idea was to educate the people about Italian food and to give them as good a version of it as we could. That's still important but we're not as gung-ho about it. We used to get really insulted if people would ask for things that were not quite Italian, but what they thought were Italian.

Rufo: Now we can try to accommodate people, but still keep our principles. Like the business about the spaghetti beside a piece of meat cooked in wine. If people insist they want it, well ok, we give it to them, we make them happy, but we try to explain that that's not really how you should have it.

Broadside: How should you have it?

Rufo: You should have the spaghetti first, and then the meat!

Rossi: A piece of veal cooked in wine, put on the same dish as spaghetti with tomato sauce — that's a mortal sin.

Rufo: You see, pasta is considered a course in itself. The meat dish with vegetables or salad is another course. But people want both for one price, I suppose, so they'll devise all kinds of substitutions.

Broadside: Has owning the restaurant, changed anything about the way you see yourselves, or the way you feel about yourselves? Has it changed your thinking at all?

Rossi: It's changed me a lot, I think. Until the restaurant began I was a student; I've matured a lot since then. It's given me more confidence in myself.

Broadside: What does it do to your personal relationships?

Rufo: It really screws them up! We don't really get to see our husbands too much because by the time we go home at night they're asleep and by the time they leave in the mornings we're asleep. That's good in a way, because when you do have a chance to be together you make more of it. You learn to appreciate each other a little more.

Rossi: I find that once I go home, I really don't like to discuss what happens here because I've had 12 hours a day of it.

Broadside: There's a potential for a spouse to feel threatened. Do you find that at all?

Rossi: No, because we've made it understood to the three husbands that it was ours, that it was our baby, and they're not involved at all.

Broadside: But they don't feel left out?

Rufo: No, I don't think so. They have their own things, their own jobs, they go about their own lives. I don't think any one of the

three would be able to cope with this anyway. I don't think they'd want to be involved. Sometimes I'm sure they do think it would be nice if we could spend a little more time with them.

Curti: I guess my family misses me, because they're used to my being there, cooking for them, and having everything prepared, but they're slowly getting used to it. My husband never did anything before at home, but now he's starting to slowly.

Broadside: What happens when one of you wants to have a kid?

Rossi: We have an agreement: we're holding off till after the restaurant!

Broadside: You mean, you're only going to run this restaurant for a few years?

Rufo: We have 4 years left on our lease. At the end of that, if the restaurant is going very well, we could hire somebody to run it, and just keep our money in it, or we could sell. I wouldn't want to do this for the rest of my life.

Rossi: It's not something that we thought of as doing as a living for the rest of our lives. It's just an interesting project as far as I'm concerned.

Curti: I think I'll be ready to retire by then!

Vecchia Roma is at 3022 Bathurst St, Toronto, one block south of Lawrence.

# Marta Meszaros:

## "I tell banal, commonplace stories"

*In my films, as a matter of fact, I tell banal, commonplace stories, and in them the leads are invariably women — I portray things from a woman's angle. Male directors are never questioned to tell why it is that, in their films, they concern themselves with men. If Andrzej Wajda chooses to make a works manager the centre of his film's story, why, that's only natural, that is his problem, that's what interests him. Yet it is always asked of me why I choose women for my films.*

Marta Meszaros  
Hungarofilm, no 2, 1976.

by Barbara Halpern Martineau

*Just Like At Home* is Marta Meszaros' eighth feature film, which makes her one of the two women directors in the world who have been able to produce a body of dramatic work in the past decade. The other is Lina Wertmuller. That leaves Meszaros as the only prolific woman director who has consistently focussed on the consciousness of women as the centre of her creative vision.

*The Two of Them* (also called *Women*), Meszaros' seventh feature, was her first to focus mainly on the friendship between two women, rather than on one woman and her relationships with men and women. It was also the first, as Meszaros remarked, to have "a sympathetic male character, albeit he is an alcoholic." This male character is the husband of one of the two women, and he is played by the excellent actor Jan Nowicki, who also had a major role in Meszaros' earlier film *Nine Months*, and so the lead in *Just Like At Home*. A third innovation of *The Two of Them* was the introduction of a child actress in an important cameo role, Zsuzsa Czinkoczy, who plays the lead female role in *Just Like At Home*.

Unlike *The Two of Them*, *Just Like At Home* shows no friendship between women at all — on the contrary, there is an emphasis on rivalry between older and younger women, a recurrent motif in Meszaros' films. So the two elements of *The Two of Them* which are further developed in *Just Like At Home* are the sympathetic male character and the clear-



THE GIRL by Marta Meszaros.

Dorothy Bryant dealt with the chauvinist narrator of her novel *The Kin of Ata Are Waiting for You*. Bryant accomplishes the difficult narrative feat of changing her narrator's consciousness by introducing him to a society where his way of thinking is entirely alien and ultimately useless, so he must discard it and build a new consciousness. The focus is on the need for change, rather than condemnation or sympathy. Meszaros, although she certainly has some perspective on her character's weakness, gets too involved in sympathizing with his problems and doesn't leave enough narrative time to develop the magnificent potential of his relationship with the girl child.

It never is very clear to me why small Zsuzsa is so drawn to grumpy Andras, the egotistic ex-professor who is so wrapped in his culture shock (having just returned from

her stifled existence as one of seven children in a peasant family. Andras takes Zsuzsa to Budapest, where she can go to school, and, as always in Meszaros' films, it is clear that the city is a place of freedom for women, at least in comparison to the patriarchal restraints of the countryside. The paradox is powerful, for the city is also alienating and inhuman, while the countryside is beautiful. Of all Meszaros' films so far, this newest one most strongly expresses the dilemma she evidently feels.

Zsuzsa has always wanted a father like Andras, she tell Andras' mistress, thereby provoking the woman to angry tears. The mistress role is played by Anna Karina with some confusion, which is understandable given the outline of her part — she is a woman rejected by her lover and by the small girl her lover adopts, and there is an unresolved implication that this same lover is her son's father. Anyway, Zsuzsa had always wanted a father like Andras, and her dream comes true. Andras brings her to Budapest to live with him, cook for him, play with him, and go to school. Maybe school will offer her another perspective on Andras, who is frighteningly neurotic, given to spells of deep confusion and anger. There is nothing in the film to suggest that he might hit or molest Zsuzsa, but there is a clear possibility that he might grow tired of her and attempt to send her back to her "family," not realizing the change he has triggered in her. The consist-

ently claustrophobic lighting and blocking of the film and the soundtrack effects of a helicopter buzzing through an otherwise idyllic scene in the country, and a jet plane roaring over the final scene in the city apartment as Andras remarks that it is "just like at home," build a much darker vision than Andras' remark implies. Zsuzsa's fantasy wish for a "real" father is not so simply fulfilled — the wish itself is born of patriarchal realities.

The film is dedicated to Meszaros' father, a sculptor. It is one of the three films she has made which focusses on the problems of the "red bourgeoisie," and it shares with those other two films a very slow pace and intense ambivalence toward the characters, except for Zsuzsa, who is simply, stubbornly, wonderful. With all my own ambivalence towards the film, I recommend it because of Zsuzsa's role and performance, because it is an interesting film by an extraordinary director, and because of the complex issues it raises. I think that within the context of Meszaros' other films there is some importance for feminists in this attempt to look more closely at the male psyche. But taken on its own the film seems unbalanced. I at least longed for much more of little Zsuzsa and much less of big Andras.

*Just Like At Home* was shown recently in Toronto during the festival of contemporary Hungarian cinema, and will be released soon by New Cinema.



ADOPTION by Marta Meszaros, Courtesy of Hungarofilm, Budapest.

sighted little girl — the new film is in fact about their relationship. I think it would have been a stronger film had it focussed more clearly and much earlier on that relationship, rather than spending so much time establishing the man's character. He turns out to be another alienated hero, the sort we have seen and heard so much about this century. I had hopes for a while that Meszaros would deal with him the way

America) that he can barely see the child. She functions for him as women have so often functioned for men in patriarchal culture — she is a healer, redeemer, someone who reopens his eyes to the beauty of nature and simple things. His function for her is more practical and illuminating from a feminist perspective, for unlike a husband for an older woman, Andras offers Zsuzsa a real chance of escape from



Pat Kelly performed her one-woman *Celebration of Circumstance* to a full house on Friday, Nov. 9th at Toronto's Harbourfront.

Deena Rasky



Maternity, from page 1

Another glaring weakness of the Toronto proposal is that despite the growing consumer awareness and involvement in birth issues, the joint committee had not a single consumer representative. The Phase II report makes reference to the possibility of "consumer input into network management" but Hamilton claims this is just more lip service. "It's too late. Consumers need to have input at the bottom. You can't bring them in when the whole thing is already 88 percent biased."

As far as the concept of risk-scoring is concerned, Hamilton says there's nothing wrong with it in theory. But the method of risk-scoring proposed in the joint committee report is incomplete because it is confined to strictly medical risks of pregnancy like diabetes and anemia, and gives minimal weight to lifestyle considerations and none at all to nutritional factors. "In this kind of standard risk-scoring, nothing is *done* about any of the risks," Hamilton says. "All the money is put into the care of the infant *after* birth rather than trying to prevent problems before birth."

Hamilton proposed as an alternative that pregnant women receive comprehensive counselling from nurses on diet, drugs, and other lifestyle factors, as well as the standard medical risks. The nurse-counsellors would also strongly encourage participation in prenatal classes, something that few obstetricians now do. In response the committee tacked on a few salaries for public health nurses and a nutritionist in the Phase II report. "Great, one nutritionist for all the pregnant women in Metro Toronto," Hamilton commented. The salaries for the "prevention" workers are just a drop in the bucket of the overall \$6 million cost of the project, Hamilton says. "When I saw that budget, I could see where their real priorities were."

So just what is all this data-gathering for? Doreen Hamilton says that after two years on the committee, she's still trying to figure that out. A possible answer is that it's for the people who are gathering the data. It may be pure coincidence that the chairman of the HCMT/UTHA Joint Committee on High-Risk Pregnancy is a computer executive. John H. Aitchison is president of Bell-Northern Software Research, which is the research and development arm of Northern Telecom, a subsidiary of Bell Canada and one of the leading suppliers of telecommunications equipment in North America. One of the handful of multinational companies that are actually based in Canada, Northern Telecom is moving increasingly into the electronic office equipment and data processing fields, according to the 1979 *Blue Book of Canadian Business*. And the increasing computerization of medical records is an important part of that field. Perhaps one reason why the joint committee was never able to provide

Doreen Hamilton with effectiveness data for the computer network is that they'd had already made up their mind on that score.

Aitchison told *Globe and Mail* reporter Margaret Daly last spring that a centralized information network was one of the committee's "ground rules", and that "the only way to measure a piece of work like this is whether it flies or not."

It would appear that projects like perinatal regionalization are good for more than just the computer business, too. Duncan L. Gordon, chairman of the board of the Hospital for Sick Children, sits on another HCMT/UTHA committee. He is also a chief partner in Woods Gordon, a management consulting firm. When the time came for the HCMT/UTHA to choose a firm to do data base and long term needs studies for the network, guess who got the job over bids from Peat, Marwick and Price Waterhouse? Woods Gordon, of course.

In a more ominous vein, the regionalized data network could be seen as a mechanism for increasing medical control of childbirth at a time when women are fighting to reclaim this control. Feminist health writer Gena Corea, in a recent article on childbirth in the year 2000, points to perinatal regionalization as part of the medical backlash against home birth, out-of-hospital birth centres and efforts to legalize nurse and lay midwifery. She quotes one enthusiast for a national regionalization scheme in the U.S.: "Virtually every fetus nestled or kicking in every womb throughout America would have an electronic guardian angel in the form of a watchful computer."

U.S. feminist health groups and childbirth consumer organizations have been unanimous in their criticism of the regionalization schemes established there. One of the most damaging effects of regionalization is the growing trend toward shutting down obstetrical units in smaller, community hospitals and concentrating birth in large teaching centres. *Healthright*, a feminist health quarterly, says, "The effect of concentrating birth in large teaching institutions is that the priorities of highly technological research and training inevitably dominate." Doreen Hamilton says that this aspect of the regionalization process has been slowed down in Toronto because the hospitals slated for eventual obstetrical shut-down balked loudly. Even some prestigious hospitals like Toronto Western and Wellesley are opposing this part of the plan because "they don't want to lose all the 'interesting' (i.e. high-risk) cases." But she believes the long-term effect will be the same as in the U.S.: smaller hospitals will cease doing births altogether. And women will increasingly be "herded into high-risk centres where they will be submitted to the hazards of unnecessary, assembly-line technology."

Feminist and consumer critics of regionalization say that the real thrust of these trends is to further technologize and, thus, de-humanize the experience of childbirth. Hamilton agrees. "This scheme is taking us further down the track from making birth a human experience."

What should we be doing instead? Hamilton says she doesn't pretend to have the answers, but is sure that the joint committee is looking in the wrong places. "We already know that countries like Sweden, Finland and the Netherlands have the lowest infant mortality and prematurity rates. Why aren't we asking them how to improve our childbirth?" She provides her own answer. "They're not being backed by large corporations trying to sell computers and expensive hospital equipment." The countries with the best track records in childbirth universally favour what Hamilton calls "soft births" — support for prenatal education, the availability of home birth and small maternity centres, recognition of midwifery and a de-emphasis on technological intervention in the birth process.

At the end of November, as *Broadside* goes to press, Hamilton will kick off her crusade against the regionalization in Toronto with a presentation to the Toronto Board of Health. She's asking them to recommend to the Ontario Ministry of Health that the HCMT/UTHA proposals be totally scrapped and a new, more representative body be constituted to look at ways of improving childbirth in Toronto. "I say we have to look at the whole picture, not just a part of it. We should be talking about how to improve our childbirth, *both* the quality and the outcome."

The whole process has been very hard on her, she admits. Having been trained as a nurse not to question the great men in the white coats, she sometimes had to force herself to keep speaking out. "But I get so fed up with no money being put into prevention," she says. Doreen Hamilton is going public with her fight to keep the computer out of Toronto births, and she is optimistic that somehow she can beat the big boys. "I know I'm right," she says simply.

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NAC Visions, from page 5

care facilities for 35 infants — or when the public transportation system is "improved". Women are "transportation disadvantaged" she claimed. They drive fewer cars; rely on public transit more although transit is geared to rush hour use, not to the women making four trips because of day care, not to the women needing to reach the inaccessible shopping plaza.

Environmental health issues were addressed by physician Laurel Shugarman, who introduced her remarks by claiming that to talk about women's health is to talk about our whole political economy. By summarizing the history of traditional health care to explain the medical profession's entrepreneurial approach to patients — health is a purchasable commodity, knowledge is hoarded to inflate the price of medicine — she exposed the hidden catches of new health trends. The rebirth of the psychoanalytic view that the patient is responsible for his/her own pain serves a society based on individual competition. Blame the victim. Tell workers industrial accidents are their responsibility. Urge participation. (Jog for fitness and ignore the air you're puffing or the job stress you're alleviating). Kick junk foods. Do your own pelvic exam. As individuals we must take individual responsibility for what we consume. But until producers, employers, polluters, are forced to be responsible — profit be damned — self-help is a placebo.

Our visions of the environment — of energy, community planning, health issues — must address industrial production for profit. We will be told patiently, that without nuclear energy we'll be in the dark by 1990, that without station wagons to get to shopping malls we'll starve, that with OHIP we'll get inferior medical care, as long as profit-oriented individual competition defines our environment.

Berit As concluded her opening remarks with her insistence that we must acknowledge there is a war going on. Feminists in the next decade will have to fight the assail-

able male logic of Affordability when subjects like third world poverty, pollution, nuclear energy, the arms race, even democracy are considered. Her vision is initially breathtaking, and then becomes obvious.

The environment we have a right to, and as feminists must devise tactics to fight and win, is one, quite simply, of peace. We must fight for freedom from wars between nations or neighbours, men and women, humans and nature. We must fight, above all, for freedom from profit-based competition.

She quoted Inga Thorsen's research which shows that 5% of the world's military budget could vaccinate all the world's children, or provide decent housing for 300,000,000 slum dwellers, or give us clean water by 1990. The cost of one nuclear submarine could feed 16 million children for a year. The dollars that go to the arms race are stolen from the third world, from the environment our children will inherit, from women's struggle for equality.

Decisions about energy, health, the arms race (all are connected, surely) are not being made democratically, but in an increasingly fascist (male) fashion. In making these decisions, men are waging war on people, and on our environment. Accordingly, As challenged women to have the vision to recognize the war going on, to form and lead their own co-operative institutions to challenge the competitive profit motive, and to fight for at least a 50% share in all democratic governing bodies in order to have voice and vote enough to legislate an environment of peace.

The first NAC "Visions" confirmed we are at a crossroads, and that energy policy and the society built on energy production and consumption will shape, perhaps irreversibly, our immediate future. Feminist policies, perspectives and, yes, visions, must address the fact that from the nexus of competitive, profit-based, consumer cultures dependent on the possession of non-renewable resources, all roads lead to war.

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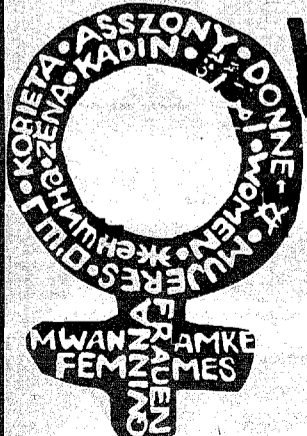
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# MOVEMENT COMMENT

As reported in *Broadside* (November 1979), Yvette Perreault, a member of the Rights of Lesbians Subcommittee of the BC Federation of Women, was wrongly identified by police as a member of a group which had stickered and spray-painted a Vancouver storefront displaying sexist advertising. The Subcommittee had written a letter to the store, signed by Yvette Perreault, but had done nothing else. Nevertheless, the police jumped to the conclusion that lesbians were behind the action, and what's more, singled Perreault out. Her reactions to the incident follow.

As a feminist, I have written dozens of "appalled and disgusted" letters. This is the first time I have done so on behalf of a Lesbian Feminist organization. The reasons for and implications of the police harassment at this time because of this letter are clear: Lesbianism is an easily identifiable symbol of rebellion.

The authorities understand the threat of women taking power over our lives and they connect, in fact they equate, *Lesbian feminist* with *radical*. They may not always be right, but police don't have to be right to threaten and harass you!

I'm hoping this reinforces what you already know in your guts. There is a war on; this is a backlash/swing to the right. As lesbians, as feminists, as women, we have good reason to fear and to be angry and to struggle even harder. Many of us have been lulled into a false sense of security. Being a lesbian in the women's community in Vancouver is relatively safe. It's easy and seductive to assume that because it's okay here, it's getting better, or at least safer, for everyone, everywhere. So, why not relax a bit, lower our defenses, quit talking about it so much, lose that keen, raw sense of aware-

ness (some call it paranoia)?

It is easy to see that male homosexuals and lesbians are being persecuted by society, the state and the police (which are simply an arm of this capitalist, racist patriarchy). It is clear too, that we are not being harassed because of some "morality" question, but because we are indeed threatening.

Denying oppression exists, crawling back into the closet or saying: "It's not my problem" are not options. Several other choices of reaction and action are possible: It is vitally important that we continue to study our own oppression and analyze the connections we have with other oppressed people (drop-ins, discussion groups, study groups, CR's, support groups have been developed and are being used.) However, simply recognizing and understanding how and why we are held down becomes demoralizing and defeating. We deal with so much depressing shit! The only way to combat and prevent depression, burn-out and failure is for us to act on what we know to be true.

Political activity is a term that scares many women. Why? Our very existence as lesbians and as feminists is a political act! A protest or praise is a political act. A lesbian radio show, an all women's bar and baseball team is a political statement. Lesbian drop-ins and women's bookstores are political, as are women's art, music and culture. Women are supporting each other, taking care of each other. Demanding our rights and spreading the word to other women is clearly political.

But, there's still a problem: even with this much "political activity" going on, very little is changing. We have not eradicated the oppression of lesbians. Nothing less is worth fighting for or worth settling for. We need more, many more well planned, tight-

ly organized, successfully carried out and thoroughly evaluated actions: more than our International Women's Day Celebrations, more than Gay Rights Rallies, protests, benefits, and occasional spray-painting and leafletting. It is time to go from taking care of ourselves to direct, consistent actions which will continue to politicize us and raise public consciousness and let them know that we are here to stay and we are determined to succeed!

This is not a time for fighting alone, in small groups, as we will be singled out and destroyed, small group by small group, one by one. We can form Coalitions with other groups and create the trust and respect necessary for specific actions. (These actions of course based on our analysis of who our fellow travellers are and why they are fellows).

We are beginning to share resources and skills with other groups and we have a right to ask for their help and support in return. However, we also have a responsibility to be out there with and for those groups who are demonstrating, picketing, need help because they are in trouble. Our lines of communication can be tightened, and we can use the existing resources to keep each other informed.

I want to live in a world where there is no more oppression and no more violence. I don't believe this will be possible unless more and more of us protest, fight against and fight back and create alternatives to those systems and institutions that oppress us now.

Women anywhere who initiate and carry out innovative, consistent, sustained actions to protest violence and oppression and to make positive statements about lesbians and women are indeed "Making A Revolution".

Yvette Perreault

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