

# Broadside

Volume One, Number Four

\$1



Bernice Bradshaw

## OHC: Public Housing for Private Profit

by Janet Howard

First Metro Toronto, and then the Province, have recently been discussing selling off Ontario Housing to private interests and accommodating their tenants in different ways.

Many tenants spent an uneasy Christmas wondering what the coming year may hold for them especially in view of the recent popularity of "privatization" as championed by the Federal and Provincial governments in their quest for lower budgets.

The report to Metro Social Services and Housing Committee which started the panic used the idea that ghettos are undesirable and the assumption that private industry does things better to argue for selling these public housing buildings for renovation and vastly increased rents. This, says the report, would mean that people from different income levels would live side by side with subsidized tenants, the rest of whom would be moved out into already private buildings with their rent supplemented by existing programmes.

This report, and one under study by a provincial committee, acknowledges the excellence of non-profit and co-operative housing developments as opposed to the standard public housing model. City of Toronto housing, for example, which is built under a totally different programme from the one used by the Province of Ontario housing, accommodates people of all different household types and incomes within the same development using the rent supplement programme.

However, there are several major flaws in the Metro suggestions. The most important one politically is that the difference in rent between private buildings and non-profit buildings such as the City of Toronto's, is phenomenal. According to the latest *City Monitor* report published by Toronto's Planning and Development Department, the average full-recovery monthly rent for a non-profit two-bedroom apartment in the City is \$382, compared to \$472 for a similar unit in a privately owned building.

CMHC's semi-annual vacancy survey in the City of Toronto shows that in October of 1978 (latest figures available) the average rent of a vacant two-bedroom unit was \$335. Using the guideline that a household should spend about 25% of its gross income on rent, this would mean that only a household earning \$16,080 could afford such an apartment. For a brand new unit, the household income required would be \$22,656.

Ontario Housing tenants, for the most part, earn nothing like this amount of money. Therefore, the amount of subsidy required to pay the difference between one-quarter of the household's gross income and the rent in a new privately owned unit would be much greater than the loss actually incurred on a two-bedroom unit already owned by Ontario Housing and built when land and construction costs were a great deal lower.

Metropolitan Toronto has the authority to build family housing but almost all of the buildings it has constructed are solely for senior citizens. Worse, Metro has steadfastly refused to sign a three level agreement with the Federal and Provincial governments to chip in a small portion of the rent supplement programme which provides the difference between a household's income and the rent that must be charged.

The programme City Housing and non-profit co-ops used to build or renovate existing buildings until last year, worked very differently from the current programme. Even though Metro might not have to put one penny into the rent supplement of the new programme for twenty years, if at all, Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey is prepared to kill the programme in Toronto, regardless of the consequences to many thousands of Metro households earning the median income and below.

Therefore, it is not surprising that the same level of government would play games with the future of existing low income tenants. Most politicians on Metro Council come from the suburbs. Except for a few pockets like Jane/Finch, the suburbs house comparatively few low-income people. The

majority of the poor — and the poorest of the poor — are women: in Canada, average income for women last year was something like \$9,000 which means that the \$335 a month privately owned two-bedroom apartment is out of the question for a single mother in Toronto who is in the majority of women earning below \$9,000 a year.

However, what will prevent dismantling of Ontario Housing is going to be the economics of it. Simply evicting thousands of households without catching them up somewhere else and subsidizing them for a lot more money could mean that people who are normally overlooked in the rush to cut budgets, could become a political threat. Governments usually prefer to eliminate programmes that benefit only the poor who, in Canada, seldom turn out to vote in sufficient numbers and in united enough manner to throw a government out of office, while programmes that benefit middle and upper income people are treated far more carefully because the voter turnout in neighbourhoods like Rosedale is something like 98%. It is unfortunate that people whose lives are unstable enough because of their inability to earn an adequate income have been terrorized in this manner by Metro and the Province even discussing such proposals. Ontario Housing tenants are, with some justice, unhappy about conditions in their buildings but the importance of having a dry roof over ones head without having to give up eating to pay for it, is always present in their thinking.

It is typical of the Provincial government in its dealings with Ontario Housing's tenants not to discuss the matter with them directly and many groups, including the City of Toronto, will insist that any major reorganization of Ontario Housing take place only after extensive consultation with the tenants.

Janet Howard is a Toronto Alderwoman for Ward 7.

## INSIDE BROADSIDE

### NEWS:

**ELECTION 1980:** Winter games are here again and *Broadside* provides commentary on the race and the runners. Page 10.

**SISTER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?** Alex Maas criticizes the National Council of Welfare's report on 'Women and Poverty' for not analyzing why women are poor. Page 9

**NATO ON TARGET:** Two Canadian women go to NATO headquarters in Belgium to watch the boys play nuclear war games. Kay Macpherson reports. Page 5

### COMMENT:

**GOD'S BACK:** Susan G. Cole recoils at the revival of religious fervour around the world. Page 3

**GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD:** Judith Quinlan sums up why we may not be here by the year 2000. Page 4

**A TOUCHY ISSUE:** Amy Gottlieb discusses the need for a Lesbian Bill of Rights. Movement Comment, page 19.

### HEALTH:

**SISTER, CAN YOU SPARE THE TIME?** How does therapy fit into the women's movement? Is it antithetical? Sara Joy David says no and *Broadside* readers continue the dialogue. Page 12.

**OPERA:** A feminist who loves opera tells how she does it. Page 16.

**FILM:** Susan G. Cole attends *Kramer vs. Kramer* and finds one of them poorly represented. Page 14.

**ART:** Dinner Party conversation with Sylvia Spring and Judy Chicago. Page 15.

**DANCE:** Gay Bell reports on women dancers at a Dance Ontario workshop in December '79. Page 17.

## IWDC-'80

The International Women's Day Committee held the first large public meeting in Toronto on Thursday, January 17th, to begin planning the march for International Women's Day for 1980. There were approximately 50 women, representative of the spectrum of women's political groups, women's social service organizations and women attached to the average range of groups on the left.

Proposals were made from the floor for a theme for the activities of March 8th. "Jobs and Rights for Women", the main slogan used last year, was suggested by the I.W.D.C. as a good theme again this year. There was a call from other women for a more narrow focus, in the interests of directing activities after the day itself. Some women voiced a need for continued organizing throughout the year and felt that a direct focus on the issue of first contracts for women trying to unionize in their workplace would assist in doing this. Finally, independent feminists spoke against this

• continued page two

# This is Broadside

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

Since its beginning, the *Broadside* collective has been struggling with structure. No news to any collective member anywhere.

Our main concern has been to juggle the demands of collective responsibility with accessibility for non-collective members, both readers and contributors. We have held two public meetings since we began to publish last October: an open forum for interested readers; and, a 'friends of *Broadside*' meeting for women wanting to find out how to work for the paper.

They were good meetings, but didn't solve our main problem of how contributors could have access to the process of publishing a newspaper, always bearing in mind that the collective is ultimately responsible for that process and the decisions and policies required.

Now, we have come up with a solution — a structure which will of course evolve as different requirements of contributors are demonstrated.

We have broken the work into three areas, committees they can be called if the word doesn't scare you off: (1) Promotion — which includes promoting the paper (an ad campaign, etc.) distribution, circulation; (2) Advertising — our main source of revenue and a source of revenue for volunteers (we give a 15% commission on any new ad sold); and (3) Production — writing, editing, photography, illustration, layout and paste-up.

These committees will meet with the collective members (who also sit on the committees) at regular Thursday night collective meetings. So far there have been two meetings — of the Promotion and Production committees — for women who have already contributed to the paper. These committees will be expanded as new women express interest in working for *Broadside*.

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'Friends of Broadside' listen attentively to a speaker at the Broadside Open Forum in Toronto, November 19, 1979.

Out of these committees will come women who will join the collective (which is, legally speaking, the Board of Directors of Broadside Communications Ltd.). There

are already two vacancies which we hope to fill in the next few months.

For more information about the new system, call the *Broadside* office, weekday afternoons at (416) 362-4528.

**MOVING?**

Send *Broadside*

your change of address.

## Volley Number Four

One of the primary responsibilities of a newspaper like *Broadside* is to determine what principles one applies when using a public medium as a vehicle for feminist education. A case in point was a recent editorial decision by the collective not to run an article which named as lesbian three Toronto groups not publicly identified as such, thus naming also the women involved. We decided not to run the article even in an edited form because the rest of it depended largely on that information. We did not feel that we or the writer had the right to identify groups or individuals who are not already self-identified publicly as lesbian, or to condemn them for not being "out" in such a way.

This is not an *apologia* for the closet. It is a basic feminist principle to respect an individual woman's choice, without refusing to deal with the issue of that choice. This means that all women, lesbian and heterosexual, must come to terms with heterosexual privilege and lesbian oppression, and to an understanding of how we all struggle under patriarchy. The latter institution makes it all but impossible for women to survive, emotionally and economically. We are gradually building a network of support for one another, but we have far to go. We are often forcibly kept from making those connections. To come out publicly is to confront that force very directly, but it involves a great degree of risk, one which many women cannot yet afford to take.

Lesbians who work within the gay movement tend to forget sometimes that gay men still have access to male privilege and thus have been able to provide the economic support for alternate businesses, etc., that will allow them to be "out" and survive. A lesbian mother fighting a custody case is at the opposite end of that scale. Frequently, it is very difficult for a lesbian in the gay rights movement to even "come out" as a feminist. Either way, patriarchal privilege still oppresses.

"*J'accuse*" is not the tactic by which we build support for one another. As previously stated, we of the *Broadside* collective have determined as one of our principles the respect for a woman's choice to be or not to be publicly identified as lesbian. But we believe it is also necessary for us to make patently clear and public that we are all a product of the development of feminist analysis over the past decade, and we recognize that a lesbian-feminist perspective is integral to that analysis. That perspective has brought to feminism its deepest understanding of many of the institutions fundamental to our oppression as women: the nuclear family, marriage, heterosexual privilege among others.

During World War II, when the Nazis invaded Denmark, they demanded that all Jews wear a yellow star. All of the Danes, including the King, wore the badge. Sadly, women are still divided to the extent that some refuse to wear the badge of "lesbian"

and others cannot wear it and survive. Until all women come to understand what the lesbian-feminist perspective means, lesbians will still be individually threatened. The object is not to name others (or deny) publicly, but to name the oppression publicly in the face of those who apply it, and *Broadside* is committed to being a part of that education.

**IWDC**

move to narrow the issues, saying that a broad approach was needed. These women felt that the march itself would not give rise to the formation of a large political organization to push for change. It was better, they said, to use the opportunity and the press coverage to state as many issues of concern to women as possible. They were more concerned with the fact that not all women were presently in the paid labour force and said that issues of ideology, which spoke to all women, should be highlighted.

A committee was formed and given a list of all the concerns stated at the meeting. They were directed to come back to the next general meeting with a workable proposal for dealing with the issues.

More committees will be formed at the general meetings to be held over the ensuing weeks to begin the work of organizing a large turnout for March 8th. Any interested women can contact the International Women's Day Committee at 789-4541.

□ Alex Maas



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

Under our democratic system, elected representatives, regardless of their gender, are responsible to all their constituents. Yet the record shows that they have regularly failed to respond in an adequate fashion to those concerns which determine the lives of more than half of those they are elected to serve.

Women's full participation in the political arena will bring a new perspective and a new direction to government in general. The FEMINIST PARTY OF CANADA - PARTI FEMINISTE DU CANADA is the political voice of our time. If you wish to participate in the formation of this national party, please complete the following and return it to the above address.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Seniors, students, single parents, welfare or disabled at \$1.00.

Are you willing to help organize (or meet with) FPC-PFC members in your area? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Do you wish to be on our mailing list? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Donation \_\_\_\_\_ Total \_\_\_\_\_

# Resurrection of God

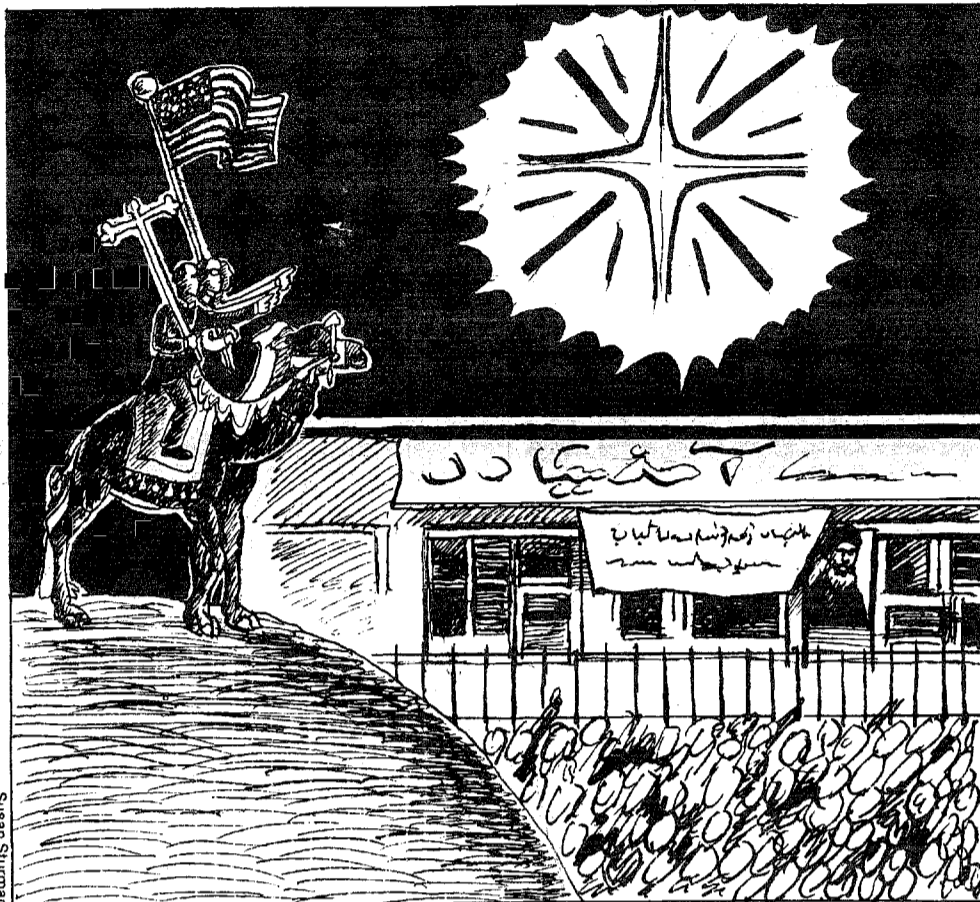
by Susan G. Cole

God is big, very big these days. It's not as if he's been lounging about throughout this century. He certainly has kept the Catholics and Protestants going at each other in Belfast for quite a while and the Hindu Bengals got quite a thrashing from the Pakistani Moslems at Allah's behest. But as we reel into the eighties, the Lord on high, after a brief respite, has become quite the Superstar.

In the early sixties *Time* magazine had the unmitigated gall to ask on one of its boldest covers: "Is God Dead?" Wow, what a comeback, eh? God started making the news when his best public relations agent, Pope John Paul II, romped through the United States. You didn't have to be a Catholic to like him, as the most cynical news reporters proved in their sycophantic coverage. Then the Ayatollah gave Allah the same kind of political clout the Christian God had in the middle ages, and, in case you aren't aware, there are 750 million Moslems in this world who could potentially latch on to the Ayatollah's style of revolution.

A survey taken at the University of California at Berkeley showed that 8,000 of the schools's 29,000 students volunteered a religious affiliation, 1,000 more than the previous year. One of the campus clergymen beamed: "I honestly think that there is an increased interest in religion, an openness among people to find a God-centered life."

Every year for the past three years I have been faced with the challenge of sitting on a fellowship committee for Harvard University. We grant a travelling fellowship to graduating Harvard seniors. It is a plum. We ask that recipients *not* study, that they travel through a culture that is not their own. The requirements: social commitment, vision and the individual's ability to contribute to a better world. The fellowship was established in the early sixties and those early applicants laced their proposals with the fury that accompanied a



new consciousness of racism, sexism and imperialism in all its forms. "The angry young person fellowship", I used to call it.

Hah. This year, I read thirty-five applications with astonishment. At least half defined their social consciousness as religious commitment. One aspirant wanted to join Mother Thérèse in Calcutta. Another wanted to be a Jesuit missionary in Africa. One woman wanted to visit three ashrams in India — this from a university that is supposedly the hotbed of atheism.

The surge in religious fervor that is developing comes at a particular time in history. Global events are moving swiftly and the

uncertainty is taking its toll. The west is fighting for its life on energy issues, resources are scarce, racism is rampant. War, ten years ago, a rather unpopular pastime in the U.S., is beginning to shed its tarnished image. But everybody all over the world wants a piece of the action and what better justification is there for going full tilt into battle than the knowledge that god is on our side.

It is not particularly surprising that Americans are finding god again. Although the early settlers came to the colonies to find religious freedom, there has never been a substantial unifying cultural force in

America, except perhaps Hollywood and Coca Cola. And now that Coca Cola is a world-wide phenomenon, it's not really worth fighting for. Americans know that war is expensive. The war in Indochina taught them that. And so it is not quite as simple as it was to rally the American spirit to a military action.

But now that god is back, the chances for conflict improve. The crisis in Iran is enormously complex, carrying with it all the components required for war — strategic military positions are at stake, so is oil, the security of Israel and the safety of the American economy. As Christmas approached three clergymen (Magi revisiting) committed themselves to a voyage to the American Embassy in Teheran. Millions of Christmas cards flooded the scene of the hostage taking. During the holiday season American patriots reduced the complicated politics of the Middle East to the insane statement "Our God is better than yours".

What is surprising in all this is that the world's most high profile holyman, the Ayatollah, did not seize the day by encouraging every Moslem to hop onto his Moslem bandwagon. He should have got on with the Holy War and left the Americans alone. You see, when you tangle with the Americans suddenly you're dealing with the U.S.S.R. And the Soviets don't like god one bit.

The appearance of the Russians onto the scene may deliver a setback to god. But god is very resilient. He makes people feel good, strong, righteous. He makes them feel like they belong to a tribe. He gets people into the conquering spirit. He likes war because if his followers win, he gets stronger, and he particularly likes religious wars because then he can't lose. He is a crutch. He makes people forget about people and think only of him. He is presently having a field day.

I hope the goddess stays out of it altogether. I'm not certain that she'd be much of an improvement.

## LETTERS

### Broadside:

Thank you for printing the Toronto Women Running article (Vol. 1, no. 3).

Something, however, has changed since its publication. Due to many hassles with the editorial staff of Canadian Runner magazine, Toronto Women Running has decided *not* to co-ordinate a women's running column.

We are still involved in promoting women's running. We are happy to report that women's running clubs have recently started in Vancouver, Burlington, Montreal and London.

Thank you and good luck.

Susan Wortman,  
Toronto Women Running

### Broadside:

I was one of about twenty readers and writers who attended the *Broadside* public forum this past November. I was glad of the opportunity to voice my approval and air my criticisms of the paper and its editorial policy with the members of the collective. The meeting generated good discussion. I left with some feeling for the problems you face in putting out a feminist paper intended for a wide spectrum of readers.

The discussion started off with members of the Political Lesbians of Toronto group wanting to know why there was not more coverage of lesbian news and topics in the paper. We then got into looking at the kind of coverage and analysis a feminist paper can deliver when it is trying to reach an audience identified as non-feminist women at the same time being solidly based in the "established" feminist community.

This discussion brought out the fact that the collective does not have an overriding editorial policy. A contributor to the paper also criticized the collective for not bringing the writers together to involve them in developing policy and perspective.

The collective, or, at least, some members, seemed to suggest that they were afraid that developing *too* feminist a perspective in the paper would alienate their hoped-for broad readership. At the same time they want the paper to contribute to the politicization of awakening women. This is a dilemma which we, who attended the meeting, urged the collective to resolve. The way for you to do this, we suggested, is by developing an editorial policy which allows for analytical articles approachable by all classes and categories of possible readers.

The challenge for a *feminist* paper is to give everywoman something to grapple with.

Alison Sawyer,  
Toronto

### Broadside:

We are delighted with *Crones and Spinsterlings* (Vol. 1, no. 2) and wish to congratulate Judith Quinlan on her ingenuity and feminist wisdom. It is wonderful to see other women infected with Mary Daly's original linguistic innovations.

We have some questions with regard to the rules of the game and their implications, as follows:

1. Does the crone have to be completely surrounded by the opposite colour before she is obliged to move into the empty square, or is being surrounded in part by her own colour and in part by pieces of the opposite colour enough?

2. When spinsterlings reach the other end of the board and there are sister pieces with more power taken off the board, do they have to be exchanged?

3. When two spinsterlings are in a space together does the first to move have to move diagonally?

4. Sometimes it is possible to completely surround the crone so she has no space to move into. This seems strange. Is it right? or acceptable?

5. The political implication of some pieces of opposite colours (eg: two hags) knocking each other off the board could be seen as racist and anti-lesbian. Oh no! How come spinsterlings can co-exist and more powerful pieces can't? Is it just a pubescent phase or does it signify their lowly (oppressed) position? If you have an explanation for this thorny philosophico-political point we will really be impressed.

6. Despite our misgivings (see point 5), and not being the most politically correct lesbians on the west coast, we wish to say we will continue to derive hours of enjoyment from this game and are encouraging our friends to do the same.

If we don't get any answers we'll make up our own. It's just as much fun.

Rowena Hunnisett and Sheila Moulton,  
Victoria, BC

(Judith Quinlan answers: 1. When crone is on back line, she doesn't need to move until she wants to. Once moved, though, even backwards to back line, surrounding rule holds. Any colour can surround her so look out for blocking crones retreat with your own pieces. 2. No, but if not exchanged immediately, it can't be done later. It is important to spinsterlings to know their fate as soon as possible. 3. Yes. This is an unavoidable result of such relationships. 4. No. It can only happen if: (a) you've neglected to move her when she should have been moved; or (b) crones are adjacent, just before the end of the game. It is possible for crone to have only two adjacent spaces to move back and forth in, but this is poor playing, since she is either blocked by her own pieces, which should be moved, or by her opponent's pieces, which should be "herding" her by giving her a route to the opposing crone. 5. Explanation is: (a) the game won't work otherwise; and (b) cohabitation between more powerful women is never a static relationship — one or the other is always moving, along her own journey. Getting "knocked" off the board is not a defeat, merely a period of quiet rejuvenation. How's that for double-talk? 6. Make up your own answers. These are random samples only. Love, Judith.)

# World Without End Amen



by Judith Quinlan

In November, 1979, Dr. Helen Caldicott spoke at a Toronto forum on Nuclear Energy as an issue in preventative medicine. On January 6, 1980, members of Women Against Nuclear Technology made a presentation on nuclear energy as a feminist issue. But however we look at it, our choices for the future are limited. We have till the year 2000. First, Dr. Caldicott:

Natural uranium, mined for the nuclear industry, is a strong alpha-emitter. An alpha particle is a stripped-down helium atom. It is mutagenic — it causes cancer. If the uranium is left in the ground, this process is shielded and absorbed by organic matter, and we are safe from it.

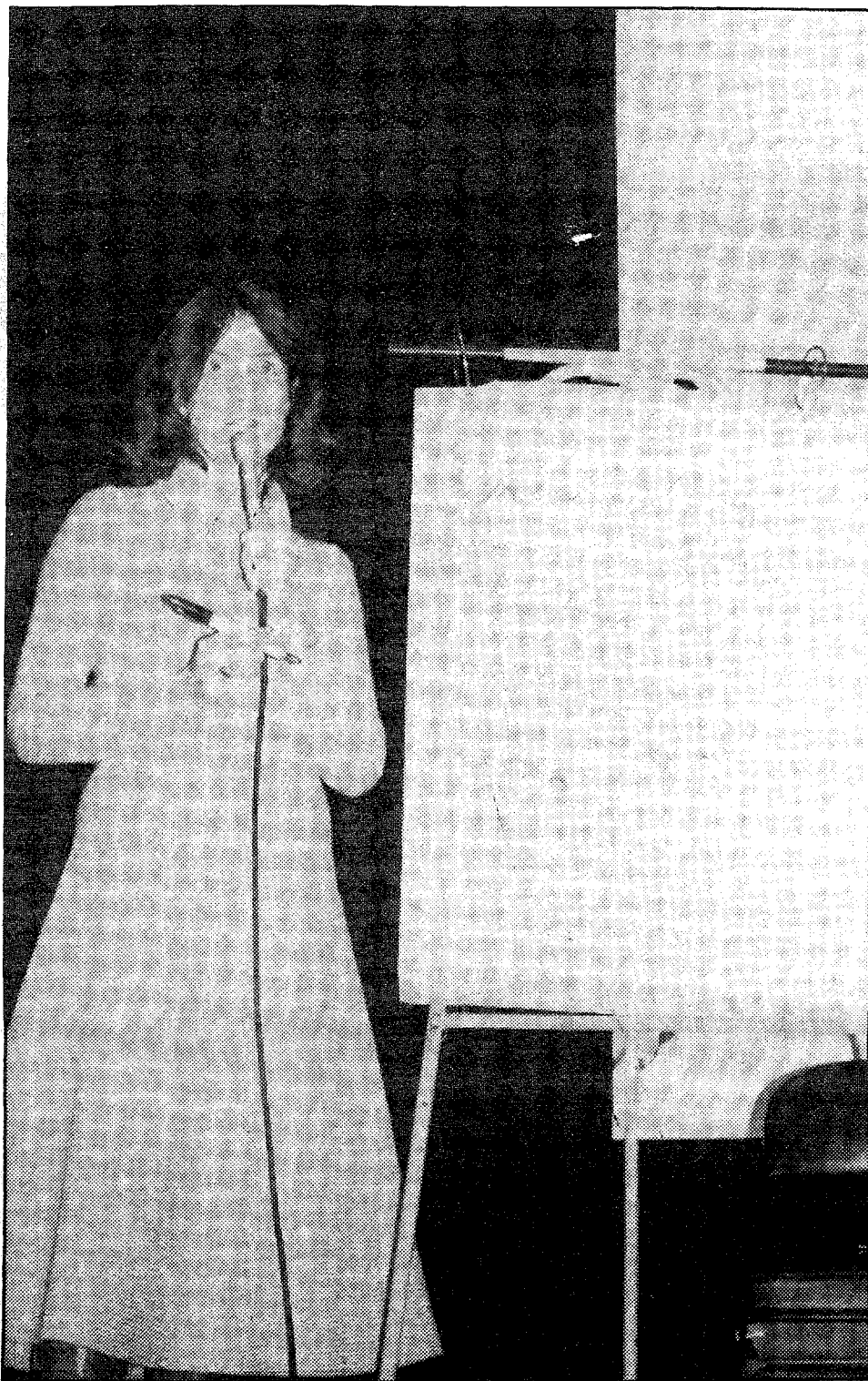
But after it is mined, the uranium is milled, to make it purer. The 'tailings' of uranium milling are generally left in huge slag heaps that continue to emit all the radioactive sons of uranium. If you live anywhere near a tailings heap, you have doubled your risk of cancer. Until very recently, the tailings were often mixed with concrete and used to build houses. These are now being torn down, but the radioactive shopping centres are being left because they figure nobody spends much time in them!

The enriched uranium is then either put in a bomb or a reactor, which is a 'controlled' bomb. There are one hundred tons of enriched uranium in the rods of each reactor core. Every year thirty tons are replaced. These "used" rods are stored in water and nobody knows what to do with them. A five minute exposure to one of them is fatal. It would take all the water in Lake Michigan to dilute a single rod to safe levels. There are thousands of rods in storage. They will need to be stored for thousands of years, and there are no containers on earth that will last that long.

A reactor lasts about thirty years. After that it must be shut down and nobody can go near it. Nobody knows what to do with dead reactors. The reactors emit radioactive gas continuously. Not just when they make mistakes. Nobody knows how to avoid this.

Eighty percent of the uranium mined and the waste produced is for the nuclear weapons industry. It has been calculated that two hundred atomic warheads would be enough to destroy the earth. The United States has forty thousands of these atomic warheads. They have enough to kill every person in Russia forty times! They call it overkill and it is an accepted "defensive" capability. The weapons now loaded and ready for a computer-directed attack are at a twelve-times overkill level. They can kill every person on earth twelve times over. It has been estimated that a nuclear war would be over in two hours.

The only thing standing between this massive destruction and the rest of us is the fragile 'sanity' of men like President Carter. There is a man in the U.S. Army whose job it is to guard the two "kill" buttons that would start a nuclear war. They have to keep replacing this man, because whoever gets the job invariably goes insane.



Dr. Helen Caldicott

Deena Rasky

If you aren't killed instantly in an atomic war, you'll wish you had been. If ten million people survive, 3,300 will die within three days. In two to six weeks, another ten to a hundred thousand will die of acute radiation poisoning. This means that your hair falls out, your skin sloughs off, you go painfully blind from retinal bleeding, your insides disintegrate, and you eventually die a very painful death from internal bleeding. If there are any doctors or hospitals left, you might get a bit of morphine to ease the pain. After six weeks, whoever is left will find themselves sterile, or they will abort, or their babies will be microcephalic or hopeless cretins. Other survivors will suffer severe respiratory problems, and hypothyroidism. After five or ten years, there will be an epidemic of leukemia, and in another five years solid cancers will appear. But don't worry. Nobody expects ten million people to survive a nuclear war anyway! The figures are from the United States Defence Department, who ought to know.

So much for the facts! Dr. Caldicott is a small, soft-spoken woman. She reams off these horrors and more, at a mind-numbing pace, until the only audience response is dead silence, punctuated by an occasional sharp, nervous laugh. She shows no mercy in exposing to us the grisly truth of nuclear madness. There is no room for argument, nor argument to be made. She is not a feminist, nor does she claim to be a feminist. She speaks with the single-minded fervour of a missionary. Her mission is a moral and medical one — to save human life.

It is certainly true that the nuclear industry has put all life on the verge of extinction. But nuclear madness is not the only product of patriarchal technology run amuck. It is equally true that the chemical industry has done the same thing, by seeding the earth's protective ozone layer with oxygen-hungry gasses, so that we are being exposed to more and more of the sun's natural radioactivity. It is also true that the burning of carbon fuels has raised atmospheric carbon dioxide levels to a point that threatens to bake us all in a cosmic greenhouse. It is also true that the products of industries of all kinds are killing the surface of the oceans, where algal oxygen-production provides 80% of the air we breathe, and are raising the levels of acidity on the earth where land plants produce the remaining 20% of our oxygen. Those of us under thirty are members of a generation that will soon know only one kind of 'natural' death — cancer-caused by the food we eat, the radioactivity we absorb, and the filth that lodges in our lungs. All this is true.

Scientists are already glibly calculating the chances of survival. Not your survival, or my survival. Not even the survival of the human race. But survival of life — any life — on earth. Many have already projected a world, by the year 2000, without any human life. The scenario is not one of those science-fiction horror stories of a post-holocaust world, full of wildly-mutated people fighting off packs of wildly-mutated dogs. The scenario we are facing now is much more chilling.



Imagine a quiet world, with a surface temperature close to boiling point, with an air pressure about five times normal, and both climbing. The rain, in fact, would be diluted sulphuric acid under these conditions, even without Inco's help. There are no trees, no land animals, no birds. There might be a few insects left, but even these marvels of adaptation will eventually die out. There may be a few crustaceans, like the ones in the Galapagos rift that don't require light, but these are by definition dead-end strands in the evolutionary web. The only life form that presents any hope for survival in this scenario are the single-celled algae. If there are enough of them left, the *might* be able to photosynthesize enough oxygen before succumbing to ultra-violet radiation, and this *might* replenish the ozone layer, and it *might* counteract the CO<sub>2</sub> heating effect, and in a few million years the earth *might* be able to start supporting more complex life forms. But by that time the sun would be getting very old and the earth itself would soon be consumed in its dying expansion into a red giant.

If the algae don't survive there is very little hope that the sort of chemical evolution that produced life on earth could ever be repeated. The earth's core is cooling and we will never again see the violent upheavals and volcanic activity that fueled and energized the chemical soup from which life emerged.

When the scientists look at these facts, they ask themselves if perhaps global self-destruction is inevitable — a consequent stage in the sort of technological civilization we have produced. This is not a new hypothesis. Since the birth of the patriarchy, Armageddon has been prophesied, and global suicide has been taken for granted.

Can this be so? that the price of 'civilization' is life itself? I think not.

The problem isn't the stupidity of the nuclear industry, although the nuclear industry is certainly stupid. It isn't even the power greed of the armaments industry, although as Doris Lessing puts it so elegantly in *Shikasta*, the armaments industry is the driving force behind the Hundred Year War known as the Twentieth Century. It isn't the incredible gulf between the haves and the have-nots of this world, which is nevertheless a despicable symptom of the 'Degenerative Disease'.

The threat behind the madness we are facing runs deeper than all these things. Mary Daly has called it the religion of necrophilia. Early feminists recognized it as anti-life and anti-female. Witches called it black magic (we now eat it with chocolate coating!). All women know it and feel it deep inside ourselves. Sometimes we call it anger, or depression, or madness. Sometimes we see it as anger. All of us know, some of the time, that there is something basically wrong about this man's world. Something so deep-to-the-root, so pervasive, that it penetrates our entire lives, our minds, our souls, our earth.

• continued page eighteen

# In Flanders Fields

"Women are going to Brussels to protest NATO installing new nuclear missiles in Europe. There's going to be a big demonstration, maybe 15,000 people."

So what has all that got to do with the women's movement in Canada? If ever there was an area where women are invisible, out of place, *not wanted*, it is in the NATO, Warsaw Pact, SALT and so-called disarmament discussions. So, what better place for women to intrude, when the NATO Ministers are discussing their plans for the future? Here is a whole perspective that the men never even consider.

Brussels, the NATO Headquarters, is where we should be, and that's where two Canadian women went in early December, 1979. We joined the delegation from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (founded in 1915 to try to stop World War I) representing women from all over Western Europe and the United States. Along with other women, trade unionists, youth groups and many others we marched through the centre of Brussels on the Sunday before the NATO decision was to be made. The prospect of having nuclear missiles once again based on their soil was protested by the 50,000 Belgians walking in the pouring rain. They sang and shouted slogans, "Internationale solidarité" and "Pershing! Non! Cruise! Non! Négotiation! Oui! Oui! Oui!" They listened to Belgian politicians, to union leaders and to "foreign personalities". (That was us.) Women and men from the United States, West Germany, the Scandinavian countries, France, Britain, Holland, Turkey, Greece and Italy all expressed their concern and opposition to this escalation which many saw as leaving Europe exposed to Soviet missiles while protecting the United States.

If this demonstration did nothing else, it upset the Belgian government and made the NATO secretariat quite nervous. After doing what we could to contact our various press agencies (without much success other than getting a brief mention on CBC television) we women combined under the WILPF banner, arranged a meeting with Mr S.I.P. Van Campen, Chef du Cabinet at the NATO Headquarters. Subsequently three Canadian women (Kay McPherson, Toronto, and Marion Kerans, Halifax, joined by Edith Ballantyne, of Geneva, the General Secretary of WILPF) succeeded in meeting with three somewhat reluctant members of the Canadian delegation to NATO.

These meetings gave us an insight into the male game-playing mentality, and were illuminating in that they provided a classic example of why male and female ideology and decision-making operate in different ways and start from different premises.

Mr Van Campen, a dapper and experienced diplomat from Holland, greeted the fourteen women who penetrated the NATO barriers with impeccable assurance. Kay Camp, International President of WILPF, led off with the reasons that women — both in Europe and other countries — are concerned about the proposed installation in five European NATO countries of Pershing II and Cruise missiles. These missiles are NATO's response to what it calls a build-up by the Soviets, i.e. putting three SS 20 missiles onto one launching vehicle aimed at European targets. NATO believes it must have a response to these weapons so that it can "bargain from strength" to negotiate for arms reduction. No one mentions the fact that these "small" tactical nuclear weapons — easily hidden in a truck — are ten times the size of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. No one apparently thinks about what these monsters can do to a city, its people and the surrounding countryside.



Demonstrators march the streets of Brussels to protest nuclear escalation.

We expressed our opposition to the escalation of nuclear arms in Europe and we asked for immediate negotiations for disarmament to take place between NATO and the Warsaw Pact alliances. We deplored the constant need for the west to achieve a "balance" in deterrent weapons, and we quoted authorities which have concluded that the forces are balanced *now*. The introduction of new types of weapons will, we think, create an *imbalance*.

Mr Van Campen said "Where we are not is quite satisfactory", and credited nuclear weapons for the "peaceful" state we have enjoyed for the past thirty-four years. These men — and they are *all* men — really believe that first, there is always an enemy (at present the enemy is the Soviet Union), and second, the only language the "enemy" understands is strength — the big stick. For that matter it is the only language that any of these game players understand. If you have a bigger stick than the boy next door, then he will not try to beat you up.

The Canadians, when we visited them, had more of the same arguments. These nuclear experts of ours adopt the U.S. position that Russia is the enemy, and you cannot trust the Russians. Their argument for deterrence starts from the assumption that the "enemy" wants to overrun Europe and attack the United States. Our suggestion that this might not necessarily be the case, and even that NATO and the Warsaw Pact might be disbanded in the cause of peace, met with a shocked silence. We agreed that all our aims for peace and disarmament are the same, but that we disagree fundamentally on the method to be used. They still believe in "limited" wars and "small" nuclear weapons. We felt that once one of these bombs goes off, no one is going to ask where it came from or whether it is strategic or tactical.

Now that NATO has agreed to install these missiles within the next four years, with only Holland refusing to take them, the best we can hope for is that the Canadian Government will be pushed enough to insist that negotiations for arms reduction be started immediately. The NATO decision, according to our military men, will show that we are "serious" about negotiating. "We have to arm in order to disarm", an upside down reasoning rejected by Einstein amongst others. Both sides have enough nuclear weapons to "overkill" the world's population between twenty and forty times. Every additional weapon uses up more of the world's diminishing resources and money badly needed by the world's people, besides increasing the danger of nuclear explosion either by accident or design.

We saw one woman during the three hours we spent in NATO Headquarters. She was the receptionist in the Canadian section. There were high level military men and nuclear experts everywhere. Our first thought was that women must take over from these game players. But we quickly realised that what is needed is that these military alliances be ended and that real negotiation and disarmament begin. Someone has to take the first step and start to trust the other "side". Canada has little to lose and much to gain by taking the lead at this crucial time. Opposition is almost insurmountable. The multinationals, the military, the politicians and many working people have stakes in this system. Canada sells \$500 million in arms every year. We have a \$1 billion contract for the guidance systems for Cruise missiles. We are mining uranium and making plutonium, oblivious to the ever increasing threat of destruction to our cities, lands and people, not to mention the future of our children, should one or more of these horrors, by accident or design, be let loose on the world.

Canada seems far removed from all this dangerous activity. But our armed forces are in Europe and our cities are targeted for retaliation should the Soviets be hit. Our Government has had not foreign or defence policy developed or even debated in the House of Commons for eight years. No one seems interested. There will probably be minimal discussion during the election, except perhaps about the boat people. What about the money slated for those unnecessary fighter planes, what about our aid policy? What are we doing in NORAD? in NATO? What good does fighting about *anything* do for the world's starving millions, let alone for our own citizens, struggling to pay the bills and get jobs. Let's get into it. It's time women had something to say about it!

□ Kay Macpherson



# Women in Chile

by Jennifer L. Newton

Over 650 women gathered in Santiago, Chile, in mid-November for the second national conference of working women, sponsored by the women's division of the national trade union. Present to support the women and to discourage the military rulers (the Junta) from disrupting the conference were nine international delegates, including two from Canada. Maureen Reilly, a member of Organized Working Women and president of CUPE Local 1281, was able to attend the conference and spend a week observing conditions in Chile, by posing as a 'gringa' tourist-in-trench-coat.

Reilly said of the conference, "It was inspiring to see so many women meeting together, despite being watched and photographed by the secret police (DINA). They had to meet in a church, which turned out to be a good choice because the nun guarding the door was a formidable foe." Meeting under heavy security, the women were harassed only once inside the church and were able to produce a series of resolutions on International Year of the Child, human rights, labour rights and so forth. In general the women deplored conditions in Chile today and called for a return to democracy.

One of the major issues raised in the conference was labour rights. Recently, Chilean women have suffered a number of setbacks in employment rights, via discriminatory decree-laws promulgated by the Junta. In addition they suffer from the survival of previous legislation, originally intended to benefit them. One such measure requires day care in industrial workplaces where 20 or more women are employed. The wise owner, therefore, hires only 17, 18, 19 women. While in late 1979 Chile was touting the 'new labour plan' (the new, new, revised plan), those at the women's conference were denouncing the lack of basic trade union rights. Few women actually belong to trade unions, but it is important to recognize their importance, particularly in smaller towns where women also participate as the wives and widows of workers.

During the week following the conference, Reilly was able to see for herself the problems Chilean women are facing and also the magnificent way they are meeting the challenges. Chile is a country decimated by the exile: one of every 10 Chileans are living outside of Chile, and the exiles are disproportionately male. Women have come forward to take positions of leadership and to fight for a better way of life. There is a lot to fight for — the official unemployment rate is 20% (so that of women is higher), food is scarce and expensive, and many carry the additional burden of wondering whether their relatives are still alive in secret detention. Some have had no word since 1973, while in recent months several mass graves dating from the coup have been uncovered.

Due to death, immigration, and imprisonment as well as family instability, many Chilean women are now the sole support of their families. Many are ineligible for widow's benefits, and some politically active women have been blacklisted from employment. Women must organize practically to meet their needs and those of their families. While in Chile, Reilly visited communal kitchens where women pool their resources to give children a lunch-time meal. Often it is their only meal. Women are also buying staples and cooking cooperatively. When the food is prepared, however, they take it home — thus maintaining the right of men to the privatized home and castle.



The Junta has withdrawn most social services, leaving the women to take up the slack. As if malnutrition were not enough, children are also being deprived of education for lack of the required school uniform. As a result, many children are now on the street. Although there are no figures, one can suspect that a larger number of these children who do not receive education will be girls. And worse, a 'usually reliable source' stated that 45% of the young girls in Chile are now supplementing the family income on the street. Reilly can confirm the existence of a large number of prostitutes, especially in the coastal towns. *El Popular*, a Toronto Spanish language paper, reported recently that Chilean officials and innkeepers are delighted with the flow of 2,000 Argentinians a day to the coastal resorts of Chile. Are we watching the birth of a new international prostitution such as that reported for the Phillipines? So far there are no facts.

In Toronto on the 19th of January a working group of lawyers, politicians, Chilean representatives, activists and church workers, including Maureen Reilly and Margaret Atwood, met together to prepare the 'Document of Toronto' on the violation of human rights in Chile. The goal of the

Canadian Conference for Justice in Chile was to study and report allegations of violations to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, which is convening in Geneva in February. It is hoped that the Junta will once again, be condemned for their crimes. Two women from the Group of Families of the Disappeared Persons, Rosa Soto-Soto and Rosario Rojas Alvarez, came from Chile to testify at the conference.

While international organizations are debating, Chilean women are not waiting idly for the results. Settling the cases of the 2,500 *desaparecidos*, or disappeared persons, has been a long struggle which is not yet over. Led by a courageous woman named Ana Gonzales, who 'lost' virtually her entire family in a raid by the secret police in 1976, the Association has staged protest actions and hunger strikes within Chile. They are supported by the Vicariate of Solidarity in Santiago, a part of the Roman Catholic Church.

One weapon of the peaceful resistance is music. The women in the Association in Santiago have formed a choir, and they sing the Ode to Joy from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, knowing that their fight gives hope to others. They sing it in jail, and they sing to entertain the people of Santiago's slums, who look upon the Group of Families of the Disappeared as heroines of Chile's fight for the return of freedom and democracy. Music was such an effective weapon in Chile that in the days after the military coup it became a crime to buy or play Andean instruments, but women have traditional women's weapons as well. Today they are employing the needle to tell their story.

Throughout Chile women have organized *arpillera* workshops to produce tapestries which can be sold outside Chile in support of their struggle. These workshops, which may be in the communal kitchens or other women's places, employ women who are blacklisted from employment, the families of the disappeared persons and prisoners, widows, etc. The *arpilleras* are born of their life and their struggle, depicting scenes in Chile, women's dreams for a better future, and their understanding of the political life of the country. They are embroidered from scraps of cloth and bits of yarn, all the leftovers. The purchaser will often find a special pocket in the design or on the back in which the artist has hidden a message telling who she is and why she created that particular design.



The rights guaranteed by the Chilean constitution are under attack, not only in the daily actions of the Junta, but also through the mechanism of proposing a new Constitution — an act which has been widely condemned as both illegal and repressive. In the constitution plan the rights of women receive only passing mention, stating that "no law or authority may establish arbitrary differences" (Who is to be the arbiter of what is arbitrary as opposed to justified?). On the other hand "the law will protect the right to life of those unborn..." and "any act by individuals aimed at propagating doctrines against the family, that propose violence, or a concept of society, the state or judicial order that has a totalitarian character, or is based on the class struggle, is illegal and contravenes the constitutional order of the republic." How ironic. It would seem that a women's movement would run the risk of being declared unconstitutional!

It is evident that women's actions in Chile cannot be equated with the autonomous women's movement as it is known in North America. Based on her week in Chile, Reilly sums up the Chilean situation: "There doesn't seem to be a women's movement in Chile as such. But the strength of women organizing to work and defend their families has changed the Chilean society. The practical feminism of the workshops and communal kitchens are the necessary steps they are not taking. In Chile today only the elite has rights, but the women's work in political parties, labour unions, the human rights movement, and neighbourhood organizations is preparing them for a leading role in a free Chile."

What can concerned Canadians do to support Chilean women?

- Keep up the pressure on your elected officials
- Buy the products of the women's workshops: *arpilleras* are available for sale in Toronto. The person to contact is Maureen Reilly (925-3825) and the price is \$20.00. If there is enough interest, she will make the necessary arrangements for another shipment in the spring.
- Volunteer for a working group: we are looking for people interested in arranging an exhibit of the *arpilleras*; for filmmakers interested in doing labour documentaries in Chile; and women for support groups. Contact Jennifer Newton (923-6641 ext. 278).
- Support the Canadian boycott on Chilean products when you shop: specifically the products to check are fresh produce (grapes, peaches, plums, pears, nectarines); Chilean wine and liquor; canned salmon and lobster (!); frozen fish and shrimp; dried milk powder. If it comes from Chile, don't buy it. Tell your grocer about your support. The boycott has the support of the Canadian Labour Congress, the New Democratic Party, the Ontario Federation of Labour, and the Toronto Chilean Association.
- For more information write: Canadian Committee for Solidarity with Democratic Chile, Alison Acker, PO Box 516, Station C, Toronto M6J 3P6.

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# BROADSIDES

by Susan G. Cole

## EAU DE SWEAT

A British scientist has developed what could be the human equivalent to what in animals are known as pheromones. Pheromones, a chemical something akin to a hormone, are exuded by male animals and are used to spray females to make them more receptive. They are a breeding device. Dr. George Dodd thinks he has isolated the human pheromone in sweat. Although Dodd is not considering moving in the direction of marketing the product, the possibility exists that this "pheromone" could be manufactured for a cologne or an after shave for men who need that special "added attraction".

The only difficulty is that while women rated pheromone-wearer high on the scale of sexual attraction, men consistently couldn't stand the odour. It will be interesting to see if males will be willing to put up with the unpleasantness for the sake of the rewards.

## UP AND AWAY

If the market turns out to be anything like the one found in a small population of Jamaican men, chances are that we'll discover that men will try just about anything.

Word got around the island that horses were being injected with a drug that helped maintain erections — again for stud purposes. A couple of men, hearing of the wonder-drug, couldn't resist the fantasy of a never-ending erection and secured the drug in capsule form. Sure enough, they were able to sustain an erection hours on end. But the hours turned to days and the days to painful weeks. These marvellous studs simply could not "get it down". They were all castrated.

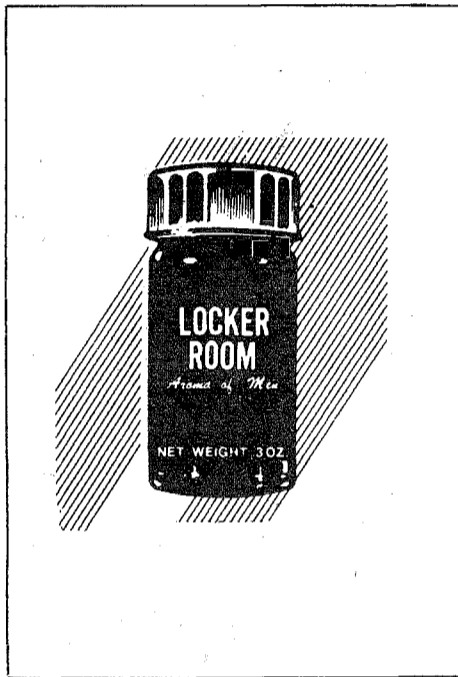
## INSTINCT:EXTINCT

Dr. William Brender, head of the Sexual Dysfunction service at the Jewish General Hospital in Montreal, was discussing what is predicted to be the trend of the 80's — sexual anorexia. According to the good doctor, loss of sexual appetite is becoming quite common and promises to replace the highly touted lasciviousness of the 70's.

## CONJUGAL BLISS?

In a survey of 20,000 American women, 61% revealed that "a feeling of being close to someone" was the most important thing in their lives. 43% responded that their children were their priority. Only 23% listed satisfying sex as their personal be-all and end-all. Only 31% of the women polled were happy with their sex lives, which is certainly an explanation for why they rated sexual fulfillment as such a low priority.

It's doubtful that Dr. Dodd's Eau de Sweat will ameliorate the situation. We suspect that our friends with the horse pills don't have the right idea either.



## HONORIS CAUSA

On the abortion front, a Madrid court recently meted out sentences to four persons associated with a therapeutic abortion. The doctor who performed the operation was sentenced to a whopping ten years' imprisonment. The woman who had the abortion was jailed for a month; her lover, and this is a peculiar twist, received a larger sentence of five months.

In the meantime, in Bogota, Colombia, new legislation is being introduced to permit abortion in cases where the woman has been raped or where the woman's health could be endangered by the

pregnancy. Under present law, a woman who undergoes an abortion faces one to four years in jail and a doctor performing abortions loses the right to practise and faces up to six years' imprisonment. This is netty punishment for a "crime" committed by an estimated 250,000 Colombians a year.

But there is a peculiar exception to the rule. It falls under the title "honoris causa" and it permits the reduction or suspension of penalties in cases where an abortion is performed to save the honour of a husband or father. A father's honour — worth the trip to the physician; mothers' health — good for up to four years in jail.

## PIERROR

The National Action Committee for the Status of Women attempted to draw together the three national party leaders for a discussion of women's issues and the election campaign. Ed Broadbent and Joe Clark accepted the invitation, but Pierre Trudeau said No Thanks.

He preferred 21 McGill, a women's club in Toronto, as the venue for a speech that made barely passing reference to women and their interests. NAC plainly has the wrong approach when it comes to engaging the interest of the former Prime Minister.

Its members should forget about accessibility and opt for the kind of exclusivity that characterizes the halls of 21 McGill. They should promise to smile sweetly and not ask difficult questions.

But maybe it was the 21 McGill sauna that appealed to the Liberal leader. Whatever the case, Trudeau had an easy time of it.

The only minor unpleasantness he encountered occurred outside the Club where feminists protested Trudeau's priorities.

## WHAT'S IN A RING?

The order from an Ontario safety inspector that women remove their wedding rings in the workplace for safety reasons has provoked some telling responses from the three women who quit their jobs in protest.

One woman complained: "Before I had my wedding ring I had nothing and I'm not giving it up to any government. This is the beginning of a dictatorship". Yet another woman said, "My wedding band comes off

for no one — unless of course my husband asks me to take it off". It seems that one kind of dictatorship is more acceptable than another.

Whatever the case, these slim bands of gold are obviously closely bound to these women's personal identities. "Nobody's going to stop me from being Mrs. Smith for eight hours a day". Some less happily married women wish that it were so easy.

# Getting Blood from a Stone

Mary Hemlow, *Broadside's* woman-on-the-Hill, has undertaken to provide readers, at irregular intervals, with hints on how to steer one's way through the vicissitudes of parliamentary and civil-bureaucratic Ottawa. This month Hemlow will discourse on the delicate operation of Grant Applications to the Federal Government. Next month — who knows?

by Mary Hemlow

This is a very sensitive area, but because it's so vital, I'd like you to pay particular attention. Most of you are now preparing to send in proposals, so here are a few tips. You might just stick them to your fridge door or somewhere as easy reminders.

1. Just answer the questions and fill in the blanks. Please sisters, not so much about Sweden, Cuba and China. Not much is known about those countries in Ottawa and you are trying to get money from the Canadian government.

2. When applying for a grant to, say, publish a newsletter, it is simply not necessary to send long paragraphs on menstruation, tides, cycles of women, childbearing and so on. This kind of thing upsets grants officers and very likely makes them depressed. Their own wives/husbands don't speak of such subjects, so why should they hear it from strangers? Just skip all that.

3. Try to make yours the one application this year that *does not* state that women make up over one-half of the population.

4. You do not, repeat do not, need a cover

photo for your application. *No photographs or illustrations are necessary.*

Think — has anyone asked for a photo? Photographs of the group itself are particularly unnecessary. To you, a photo of women dressed oddly, perched strangely on printing presses, sitting on each other's shoulders, lying in each other's laps in a field, or gathered laughing on the sidewalk, is charming and shows sisterhood. To a grants officer it looks *queer*. This applies as well to drawings of the insides of wombs, showing little girl babies holding guns, women holding up globes of the world and artful drawings of the vagina.

5. Do not enclose little plastic pink pigs.

6. When applying for funding for a film it's best not to go into too much detail. Be as vague as possible. Realize that it's impossible to describe your really brilliant idea of a three-hour film of two women *really talking, really communicating*, with each other in a way that will be attractive to Ottawa. If your film has a title like DIANE, MADELEINE, CAROLE IN WINTER, CAROLE IN SUMMER, THE FORBIDDEN LOVE, THE LOVE THAT HAS NO NAME, REJECTED, SILENT LOVE or WOMEN FRIENDS, Do not tell the federal government . . . You have every right in the world to believe that incest is beautiful, but please ask yourself if the general public is ready for your three-hour documentary with voice-over by Mercy Hope . . . Films on our bodies are not receiving strong support in Ottawa this year, and long films of women peering inside each other's bodies are out entirely . . . As I have said, be vague about the precise nature of your film.

Women in the Senate and equal rights in general are well understood in Ottawa, so we suggest you swing your film proposal around to fit those categories.

7. If you must use quotes in your application — and Goddess knows, nobody asked you to — use more the Nellie McClung, Margaret Mead type of thing. Stay away from quoting gripping emotional speeches by Gene Errington, June Callwood, Rosemary Brown etc. Quotes from the profound writings of Dr. Dorothy Smith, Suzanne Findlay and Judy Wasylecis-Leis are not

good either. Quotes from human rights people are okay as long as they're pretty general. Straight equality is very popular in Ottawa and it will be some time before the Human Rights Commission actually tests a case and it becomes real and messy.

I hope that all of this advice will be taken in the spirit in which it's offered. If you need further information or if you want to give advice yourself, just contact one of the clever women at *Broadside*. They have lots of time and they'll be delighted to hear from you.

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# MOVEMENT MATTERS

## WOMEN FOR POLITICAL ACTION

Women at present are excluded in large measure from the Canadian political process. Since we gained the vote in 1918, little has really been changed in terms of our representation in numbers in political office. If we are to gain full equality, we must claim our fair share of political power.

It was this awareness, in addition to recognizing the need to implement the recommendations of the *Report of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women* (1970), that led to the formation of Women for Political Action in 1972 by a group of women led by Kay Macpherson, Moira Armour and Susan Bax. WPA is a non-partisan feminist organization dedicated to: 1) encouraging women to run for political office; and 2) changing the status of women through the political process.

These objectives are achieved by building a network of women, irrespective of party affiliation, to give each other support and share our experiences. We encourage women to work for female candidates; most important of all, we teach the skills necessary to enable women to become effective politically. We monitor the results of every election at all three levels of government to assess the consequences for women. An executive of four manages the organization at present.

In addition to holding numerous workshops and meetings, one major event is held each year. In 1972, WPA ran two independent candidates in the Federal elections. In 1973, "Women in Politics," the first conference of its kind in Canada, brought together women from all regions, and all levels of government, to discuss strategies for change. In 1974, a WPA brief on sexism in the CBC to the Canadian Radio and Television Commission was presented. By the following summer, a woman announcer, Jan Tennant, was appointed to the National News Team. In 1975, WPA sent Mary Two Axe to the International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City, to draw attention to sex discrimination within the Indian Act.

Since 1977, *Annual Campaign Schools* have been held to teach women political skills — how to get nominated, deal with the press, manage a campaign. In February 1979, WPA presented a brief on Affirmative Action to the City of Toronto Executive Committee. Shortly after, the office of full time Equal Opportunity Program Administrator was created (presently held by Mary Bruce). A newsletter is issued quarterly.

At the request of our membership, a more active agenda has been planned for 1980. Monthly dinner meetings will be held on the 18th of each month at the Hotel Plaza II, 90 Bloor E, Toronto. The first of these will be the Annual General Meeting to be held March 18th, at which an assessment of the Federal election results will take place. Cost to members is \$12.50; non-members \$17.50. A guest speaker will be featured each month; dinner and a glass of wine are included in the price.

Any programme to encourage and prepare women to take a more active role politically requires solid financial backing. Memberships are available now and are valid for one calendar year. Individual memberships cost \$5.00; mailing memberships \$5.00. Sustaining memberships are available to those who share our philosophy and wish to give us sustained financial support. All members receive the quarterly newsletter and special rate at the monthly dinner meetings. We invite all women to join. Cheques should be made payable to Women for Political Action, and mailed to Box 1213, Station Q, Toronto M4T 2P4. However, for those women who wish to participate but lack the finances, special arrangements can be made.

For further information or reservations at any of the above events, please contact the members of the executive committee: Linda Ryan-Nye: 593-4236 work, 694-1072 home; Margaret Bryce: 534-7574 work, 465-3250 home; Sandra Bell: 965-4021 work, 661-4284 home; Marguerite Maxwell: 368-7618 work, 921-2557 home.

□ Sandra Bell

## WOMEN ARE NOT SLAVES

On January 18 the Engineering Society at the University of Toronto held its annual "Saliva Auction". This is an event where male students congregate to watch stag films, strippers, and witness the auctions of "Slave women".

The all-male students awaiting admission into Convocation Hall were shouting and shouting, some were drunk or stoned, sporting yellow hard hats — the symbol of a true engineer — tough macho and undoubtedly sexist.

Fifteen women picketed outside the hall shouting slogans such as "Engineering should be science not sexist" and "Women are not Slaves". The attending students became instantly antagonistic, the demonstrating women were jeered and insulted.

When the women had the opportunity, they attempted to storm the door and disrupt the event from inside. The students be-

came very aggressive and one of the women was physically attacked.

This event has been a tradition for many years and until this year has gone unchallenged. By no means, however was this event open only to engineering students. Male students from all disciplines attended.

This attitude towards women is not isolated to an annual event. Sexism is an integral part of the Engineering Society's magazine the "Toike Oike", a publication put out eight times a year. The "Toike" is distributed all over campus and has a circulation of 16,000.

The men on campus who support these attitudes do not question the women's actions. On January 18 not one student asked the women why they were so angry at the students. However, the women's strength and anger shone through so brightly it could not be missed, just ignored.

□ Kate Morgon

## Thunder Bay WOMEN

The Northern Woman's Centre continues to serve the cause of oppressed women not only in Thunder Bay, Ontario but in the outlying communities. By its own strength of solidarity it has spawned and given energy to:

- The Decade for Women Council now autonomous and committed to outreach,
- The Rape and Sexual Assault Group, now autonomous and funded by the city,
- The Crisis Housing project, taken over by the city
- Crisis Housing Inc., whose funds are invested in The Northern Woman Credit Union till they establish their own Crisis House,
- The Woman's Credit Union, now autonomous,
- *The Northern Woman Journal* which is an integral part of the centre.

For women who are weary of birthing and not always happy with the children they produce, 1980 is a time for considering the role of the Centre. The landlord and tenant aspect of the groups created for the betterment of all women has downgraded the original intent of the Centre itself. The warm social atmosphere has been replaced by busy phones and busy typewriters and busy people. You have got to be battered or raped or broke to get any attention. The Woman's Centre collective must now set some new priorities, consequently some tough decisions will be made. There will be changes in 1980 of major proportions as we seek to make room for common interchange of spirit and support for those women who are neither raped nor battered nor broke. The paper is a priority at last, at long last. The question is double-edged: Can our tenants survive outside the nest? Can we survive without the tenants' financial support? These questions may be answered in the next years. It is both an opportunity and a risk.

□ Gert Beadle

Roberta Hamilton will speak on **Capitalism and Patriarchy**

Friday, February 8th, 1980 at 8 PM.  
OISE, 252 Bloor St. West, Toronto  
\$2.00 donation. Daycare provided.  
Sponsored by: Marxist Institute, IWDC,  
Women's Studies Focus  
(Department of Sociology, OISE)

There will be a benefit screening of *A Scream from Silence*, an NFB film on rape directed by Anne-Claire Poirier, on February 7th at the International Cinema, 2061 Yonge Street. The benefit is in support of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. For further information call the TRCC at 964-7477.

## FEMINIST VISIONS OF THE FUTURE: THE ECONOMY

Sunday, March 2, 1980, 1-5 pm in the OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. West (St. George subway stop).

Sponsored by the National Action Committee on the Status of Women.

*Speakers include:* Carole Swan, Economist: *Women in the Labour Force*; Marjorie Cohen, Economist: *Economic Barriers to Liberation*; Mel Watkins, Economist: *Economic Options for Canada*; Madeleine Parent, Union Organizer: *Organizing Women in the 80's*.

Registration fee: \$2. Daycare will be provided. For further information call: 922-3246 (Days).

## DAYCARE AND THE UNION MOVEMENT

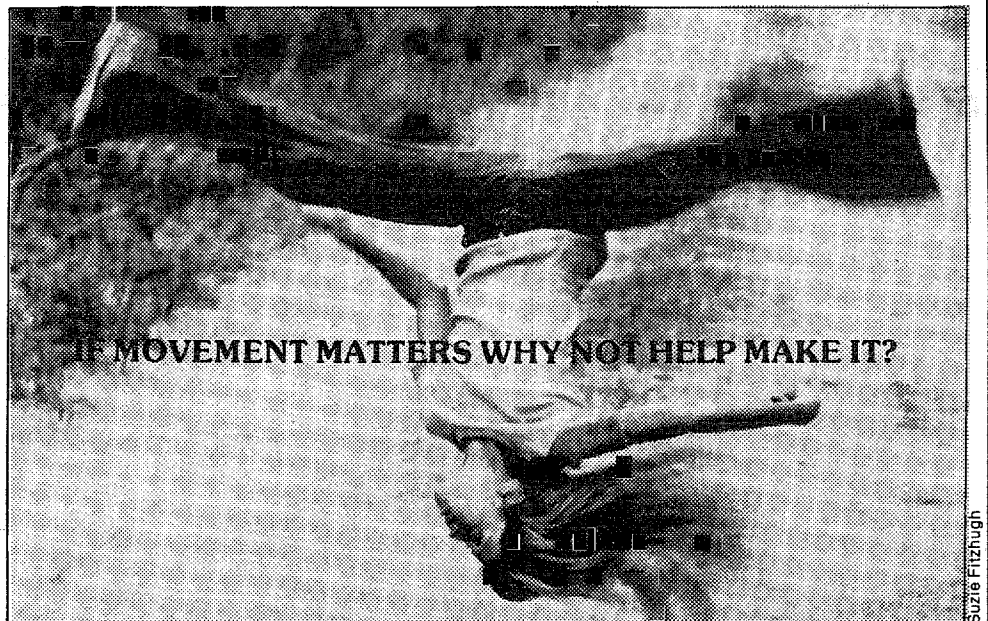
A Conference on Daycare for Trade Unionists

Ontario Institute for Studies in Education  
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March 1 and 2, 1980 (Saturday and Sunday)

Sponsored by:  
Organized Working Women  
Action Day Care  
Centre for Labour Studies, Humber College

For further information and registration:  
Centre for Labour Studies, Humber College  
205 Humber College Blvd, Rexdale, Ontario  
Phone 675-3111

Daycare will be provided



IF MOVEMENT MATTERS WHY NOT HELP MAKE IT?

Send announcements, newsletters and reports by mid-month for next month's issue or phone *Broadside* : 362-4528.



# The Politics of Poverty

by Alex Maas

The National Council of Welfare released its report entitled "Women and Poverty" three months ago. Enough time has elapsed now to consider the sort of response it has been receiving from informed places. It has elicited fairly wide media coverage and concerned reactions from women's organizations and social service agencies. What has interested me about the response is the lack of any analysis regarding the actual reasons for women's poverty.

The report itself deals with the problem in a section with the promising heading "Why Women are Poor." However once we begin to read this chapter, it becomes apparent that the authors think women are poor because of sex-stereotyping: our mothers put us in pink booties the day we were born, and our fathers failed to invest in our education because "it brings a lower return in the labour market (pg. 25)."

However we should remember here that it is not for state funded social agencies to be suggesting any fundamental reasons for women's poverty. We might expect though that other bodies, such as the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, would be in a better position to do so. Admittedly their reaction was cool; the report was, they said, "very useful".

What the report does suggest, after laying out some very revealing and previously unresearched statistics on the phenomenon and extent of poverty in the female population, are a series of mild legislative and educative reforms.

Although the statistics clearly show that women are among the poorest and most underprivileged sectors of the Canadian population, the suggested changes deal primarily with tax reform, increased welfare and Canada Pension Plan benefits. They do not suggest an increase in the minimum wage even though their statistics show that nowhere in the country can one spouse alone, working at the minimum wage, maintain a family above the poverty line, and further, that in Quebec, Alberta, Ontario and British Columbia, most people working at the minimum wage are women.

Nor do they mention industry's need for a cheap reserve labour pool that is comprised of the poorly paid unskilled jobs primarily available to women, except to volunteer the information via a briefly mentioned study of women's work, that two main factors keeping women in the worst jobs are their family responsibilities and employers' understandable desire to maintain "a docile and cheap labour force. (pg. 24)"

Nowhere in the report or in the responses to it has it been suggested that women are poor because they are oppressed. That small but all important connection between female poverty and male corporate wealth is never made.



The response to the report has been liberal shock at the statistics and head-nodding at the authors' analysis of the problem. The kind of reaction you expect at the uncovering of yet another social problem in a society full of social problems.

But there is a difference between a liberal social view which does not question the economic structures and a good feminist analysis which believes that the entire economic system is built on the backs of women.

Women's labour in the work force is a reserve labour pool. This allows employers to keep wages down with the threat of a cheap pair of female hands to do the job, or in the case of female job ghettos (secretaries, waitresses), a ready supply of women to do the cheapest paying work.

Women's labour in the home provides the necessary work to make it possible for a husband to go out to work each day: the woman feeds and clothes him and their children. (How many men would make it to work on time each day if they had to make breakfast, dress the children and drop them off at the daycare centre?) Needless to say she generally does this when she too goes out to work. The old advertising gimmick of two for the price of one bears full fruit here. When an employer hires a married man at the minimum wage he is getting the best bargain around: an employee at \$3.00 an hour and a wife for free to do all the daily work of sustaining that employee. The wife also helps the employer by being the one to do all the shopping necessary to keep the consumer-based economy rolling.

It is no accident that women are poor, nor will reforms to the tax and welfare systems rectify the situation. And so long as we live within a socio-economic structure where men stand to benefit substantially from that poverty, women will stay poor.

# CONVERSATIONS

*Broadsider, B. Moon, with excellent hearing and total recall, recounts . . .*

The two women sat silent for a number of minutes, letting the precious lunchtime tick away. The night before they had both gone to hear Dr. Helen Caldicott speak about the medical hazards of nuclear energy, from uranium mining through to holocaust.

Jane finally started, "She's such an incredible speaker, going directly to the point, with no interference of personality, just a passionate, Messianic conviction that we can't help but share as soon as she points out the facts. Of course she's right, of course the rulers of the world are infected with nuclear madness, of course we must, for the sake of all future generations, for our own very near future, stop this madness."

Connie was absent-mindedly picking up crumbs from her plate. She looked rather blankly at Jane. "So?"

"Well, it's so self-evident, but there's so much that's self-evident . . . I guess I'm beginning to feel very frustrated about that wall of self-evident insanity we've been beating our heads against for so long. After she spoke, remember that woman, and she wasn't the only one, who wanted to know what can we do? Here? Now? Caldicott seemed a bit impatient with them — 'Use your democracy,' she said, 'use your freedom, educate your politicians, hold meetings, demonstrate, put out pamphlets'. And I realized she didn't know much about Canadian law, or how the War Measures Act has been used. Then she talked about how she singlehandedly educated the labour unions in Australia, going around to their meetings and speaking, until no one would touch uranium shipments. And I believe her. But you know, Connie, it sounds awful, but I have a feeling that even if there were ten thousand Helen Caldicotts, each

one as dynamic and passionate and informed as she is, that still wouldn't be enough. I don't think it's a matter of changing people's minds, because the machinery and the technology and the whole interlocking setup of business and government is so overwhelming. There's no way of changing everybody's mind simultaneously — that's not how education works. And if individuals change their minds gradually, they'll just get crushed by the system, if they're in a position to do anything about it. I hate thinking that way, it's so fucking defeatist, you know?"

Connie didn't leap right into the gap, so there was another long pause. Then she got a wicked gleam in her eye.

"I wonder what would happen if someone wrote a story about Helen Caldicott going to visit Jimmy Carter at the White House, and bringing a present for Amy, a gun and holster set. They would have a nice, civilized conversation, and Caldicott would point out the hazards of nuclear wastes and the threat of holocaust, and Carter would listen attentively and promise to see what could be done, and Caldicott would leave. Amy would be romping around with her gun and holster, appropriate present for a liberated girlchild, and she would point the gun at a statue of Abraham Lincoln and shout 'Bang!' But the bang everyone would hear would be the gun actually going off, and getting Lincoln right through the eye. Carter would be horrified, furious that Helen Caldicott had dared to give a loaded gun to someone who was immature. Do you think people would get the point?"

Lunch hour was over. They gave each other a big hug before going their separate ways.

□ B. Moon

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# And now for something

by Eve Zaremba

Today, a friend waxed eloquent about the imminence of nuclear Armageddon; in the next breath she was discussing her trip to Italy next summer. Another, younger friend who doesn't remember the Other Cold War, informed me of the utter irrelevance of our federal election in the face of the U.S. and Soviet confrontation. Then she proceeded with long-term career plans. A third friend, who considers parliamentary politics a waste of time because you can't change anything within the system, is spending all her time fighting Ontario Housing on behalf of the poorest tenants. ants.

Consistency is not an outstanding feature of the human species. The world continues to continue because most of us act as if we expected it to continue.

Sure, it's easy to be overwhelmed by the specter of nuclear annihilation, by the probability of the Third World War (stocks of armament companies are going up, along with gold, a sure sign there are people who are counting on war). It does make our Canadian election seem totally unimportant, mere shadow boxing by the Three Stooges. If the world were to end tomorrow the election would be senseless. So would doing the laundry. But suppose it doesn't. Suppose a world holocaust doesn't arrive in time to save us from having to cope with the future. In that case it would be nice to have some clean socks, wouldn't it?

On a world scale Clark, Trudeau and Broadbent don't matter a damn and cannot affect anything of importance: Canadian governments are like Canadian citizens — powerless to control events. But we won't spend our lives on a grandiose global scale. Rhetoric aside, what matters to people are things that affect their daily lives. For instance, OPEC raises the price of oil — but what matters to us is how this is translated into dollars and cents at the gas pump. Governments in Canada have no influence on OPEC but they sure have control over how the world price of oil will hit us and when.

I don't believe that our powerlessness is absolute, only partial and relative. We cannot renounce all responsibility. We had better keep an eye on our masters, making sure we know how their system works. It's our system too, in the sense that we have no choice but to live with it and with its effect on us.

Granting that governments have power over our lives, does it matter what flavour of political party forms the government? Aren't they all much of muchness under this system? Aren't Pierre, Joe and Ed just Tweedledee, Tweedledum and Tweedledo? Aren't all three merely powerhungry, mindless puppets of vested interests serving various shades of the dominant, affluent, white, male spectrum?

My position is that even if that is the case, it matters who is running the show, how they got there, against what opposition, and which particular and contradictory aspects of the dominant ideology are momentarily in the ascendant.

Let's take a look at the three major parties the way we would like to be able to judge them. As to their specific perspective on women, there isn't much to choose between them. Generally we are so low in the collective consciousness of men in power or fighting for power that we can hardly be said to exist.

There are a few individual Members of Parliament who stand out from the dreary crowd of their respective parties. For instance, Monique Bégin of the Liberals, ex-cabinet minister, understands about women's poverty and appears to care. David McDonald of the P.C.s, in spite of his ludicrous claim to 'leadership in the women's revolution', is undoubtedly aware of women as a discreet political constituency and is the best Secretary of State we are likely to get.

These two are uniquely non-representative of their parties. The NDP has to be measured somewhat differently since, very naively, women expect more from it. In fact our home-grown social democrats tend to make platitudinous promises on economic matters and carefully avoid contentious issues like abortion. What the NDP would do in the unlikely event of gaining national office can only be extrapolated from its performance in provincial power — not much, apart from lipservice to equality.

None of our political parties perceives women as a separate constituency to which they are responsible.

How do the two major parties deal with 'big' issues which affect us all but in which women are not considered factors? On this basis also it's a temptation to damn them all as equally capitalistic, bourgeois, male, stupid and to forget the whole thing. But things are seldom as simple as we would like to make them. Our ability to handle complexities is a measure of our political wisdom.

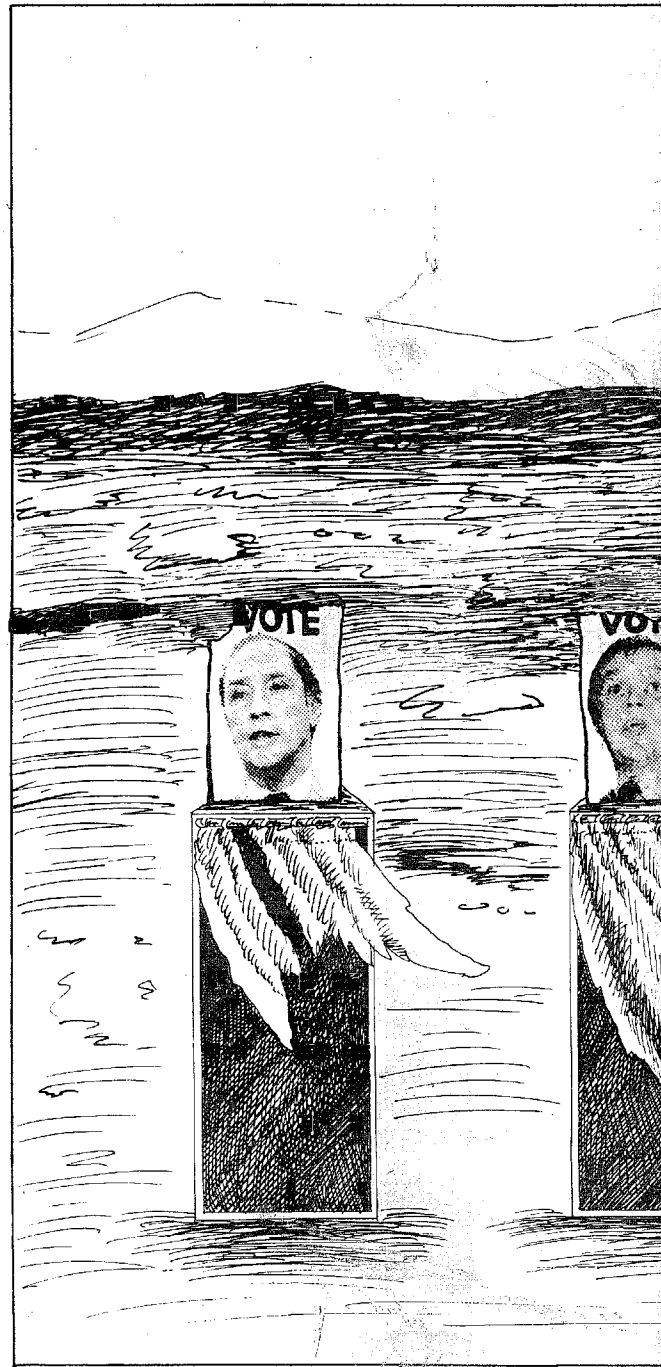
An example, control of off-shore resources, is a complex issue worthy of careful examination. This simultaneously involves energy ownership and control, environmental protection, provincial versus federal power, constitutional change and, for good measure, relations with Quebec (remember Labrador?). What could be better!

Joe Clark promised Newfoundland to transfer control of off-shore resources — essentially oil at this point — from the federal government (i.e. all Canadians. It's clear there is a distinction between 'government' and 'people' but until we reject state nationalism there is no way for this distinction to be realised.) to individual provinces. The matter is far from settled since it takes more than Clark's say-so to accomplish. Sure, Joe was fishing for Newfie votes, but he did it without any qualms, while Trudeau would never make such a promise. Leaving Joe and Pierre to their differences for a while, what is our feminist position on ownership to off-shore resources? Here are a few obvious questions to ask ourselves:

- Has any government the right to take something which belongs to the whole nation and give it to one part exclusively? It's difficult to be 'principled' on this; it can cut so many ways.
- The immediate issue is oil — a scarce, valuable and politically potent resource. Is Canada or Newfoundland better capable of controlling and administering it for the benefit of ordinary citizens? Considering its relative size, can Newfoundland reap the benefits for its people without becoming a captive of world-scale oil companies?
- Off-shore exploration and development involves danger to the environment and possible conflict with other states. How would those aspects be handled, by whom, at whose cost, and in whose interest?

How we answer these questions depends as much on our political philosophy as on 'objective' facts of the case. Clark and Trudeau differ on this issue because, despite both being free enterprise, parliamentary democrats, they arrive at this common point from somewhat different ideological locations. Under shifting political pressures one will do under duress what the other does gladly, and vice versa. Thus the perceived and actual differences between political parties in a country such as Canada are diminished and the operative distinction is between the *ins* and the *outs*. But where they come from ideologically does matter and is part of the dynamic we must understand.

To grapple realistically with issues which are more than mere artifacts of the system requires taking seriously the Canadian political process as presently constituted. Unless we do so we run the danger that our analysis will be no more than a series of slogans.



by Alison Sawyer

Voting is the means by which we, the citizens of a parliamentary democracy, participate in the political process of our country. Because of the upcoming federal election we are particularly conscious of the importance attached to our vote. Everywhere there are signs and advertisements wooing our vote for this candidate and that political party. The newspapers are filling their pages with reports on the election campaign.

The fate of the country, or so we are led to believe, hinges on how we cast our ballots. While we busily debate who we should vote for and whether it is better to vote for the candidate or for the party, we forget the less savoury aspects of the process. We do not like to think about the sophisticated techniques of manipulation employed by the parties to advertise themselves. We do not like to think that it's the rich guy who wins, much as we secretly suspect that to be the case. We do not like to think about how the boundaries of the ridings are (lawfully) changed around to reflect changing population patterns, or is it changing voting patterns? Why is it that the Toronto riding of Rosedale, for example, nicely balances the poor people who live in the Ontario Housing Corporation's 10,000 unit Regent Park with the wealthy of Rosedale?

I myself do not feel that my vote has too much meaning, nor do many other people. In the 1979 federal election some 75% of all eligible voters actually voted and in the 1974 election, only 71% voted. Yet, any democratic state, claims to derive its authority from the will of the people.

When we elect candidates to sit in Parliament we give them the authority to make laws. But we have no say, other than at election time, in how they are to govern us. In fact, in these complicated times, the Cabinet Ministers are the ones who actually decide which bills will be introduced for Parliament to consider. They, in turn, get their direction and knowledge from the civil servants who do the day-to-day running of the ministries. So the government is an institution which exists and carries on its affairs quite apart from the citizens who give it the power to act on their behalf.

When we think of how little say we have in fact over how we are governed, we are reminded of how little control we have over so much of what happens to us. Take for example the laws allowing roadside breathalyser tests, of the criminal sanctions against marijuana, of excise and sales taxes, of immigration laws, of the welfare system. How much input do we have when these laws are made? It is only the most controversial laws which arouse public debate — by and large we have little say.

## WOMEN CANDIDATES RUNNING

NOTE: These lists were compiled before *Broadside's* press deadline of January 13 and are therefore not complete since many candidates had as yet not been officially nominated.

### LIBERAL PARTY

Ione Christianson — Yukon  
Doreen Lawson — Burnaby  
Laurie Switzie — Yellowhead  
Judy Erola — Nickel Belt  
Sylvia Sutherland — Peterborough  
Elizabeth Gomes — Oshawa  
Anne Cools — Rosedale  
Aideen Nicholson — Trinity  
Ursula Appoloni — York Southwestern  
Joanne Brennan — Brant  
Jeanne Sauvé — Laval de Rapide  
Silène Payette — Mercier  
Monique Bégin — St. Léonard-Anjou  
Thérèse Killins — St. Michel  
Eva Côté — Rimouski  
Colleen Campbell — Southwest Nova

### NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Pauline Jewett — New Westminster Coquitlam  
Marcia Stickney — Richmond South Delta  
Carol Langford — Surrey-White Rock-North Delta  
Margaret Mitchell — Vancouver East  
Judy McManus — Vancouver South  
Cathie McCreary — Calgary South  
Jo Evans — Edmonton East  
Agnes Wilkey — Medicine Hat  
Laverne Lewycky — Dawson  
Miriam Simpson — Hamilton West  
Paddy Musson — London West  
Maxine Jones — Windsor West  
Abby Pollonetsky — Ottawa West  
Kay Macpherson — York East  
Mildred Smith — Leeds Grenville  
Mary Lou Weitzel — Elgin  
Joan Stone — Gray-Simcoe  
Marjorie Lanaway — Oxford  
Alexa McDonough — Halifax

### Progressive Conservative Party

Pat Carney — Vancouver Centre  
Flora MacDonald — Kingston and the Islands  
Marie Marchand — Nipissing  
Anne Silverman — York Centre  
Jean Pigott — Ottawa-Carlton  
Diane Chevette — Outremont  
Joyce MacDougall — Cape Breton-The Sydneys

### COMMUNIST PARTY OF CANADA

Margaret Longmoor — Windsor-Walkerville  
Liz Rowley — Hamilton Mountain  
Gail Phillips — Davenport  
Nan McDonald — York West

There are approximately 50 women candidates running for the Marxist-Leninist party, more than any of the other parties. In the interests of space we have not listed them. For information, call (416) 532-7729.

Compiled by Heather Brown

# completely the same...

by Kay Macpherson

We seem to have been electioneering off and on for the past two years. Now we are facing yet another federal election. People say, "You got beaten in the last election. Are you going to run *again*? What ever makes you do it?" Well, here are some of the reasons:

There are dozens of women who would make great candidates, and terrific members of parliament. But very few have the time, energy, money, inclination or the specific desire to become part of our parliamentary system. There are many reasons why the system can be questioned, and why it should be changed, but for the moment we are considering the immediate future. Can a few more women with a feminist perspective make a difference in the House of Commons? Shall we try?

I have the time to give to a campaign. I don't have to earn my living any more. I'm quite tough and energetic, and don't need too much sleep. This helps a lot. Having been around for a long time, I've got many friends and contacts and people I've known in many different places and situations. Most of them share my convictions and concerns, and therefore can be depended upon to help.

In the last two elections I have built up a campaign committee of dedicated and completely committed people. We know each one can depend on the others to do a good job. We want to continue the "woman to woman" campaign with the leaflet we developed last time. We've still got our signs, photographs, posters and even some pamphlets. Don't let's waste them! It's useful to run a candidate who is known and remembered (favourably we hope) by the voters. It is important to build up the support gained in the last election. There are growing numbers of people who are looking for an option to the two old parties, and many women are just beginning to realize that they need a voice to speak for them in parliament. The idea that women could influence the whole course of events has not yet taken hold.

One of the things that is great about an election is that it gives a candidate and her workers the golden opportunity to go up to people and *talk* to them. You only have to mention the election, and people don't feel you are intruding. They are willing to talk, they want to tell someone their problems and how they feel about the government. One never usually gets such a chance. Who could pass it up?

You can learn a lot about how people live and what they have to face in their daily lives, when you go knocking on doors. One thing that shocked me was the number of young women *not yet old enough to vote* who are living in apartments of their own, on welfare, with a baby or young child. Another thing I hadn't realised was the enormous number of immigrant families living in high rise and other apartments with young children. Many have grandparents living with them, who cannot speak English, looking after the kids. They cannot have much chance to learn because often both young parents are out working all day. Then there are many, many old people, generally women living alone, sometimes in their own houses or bungalows, more often in apartments. Many are scared to open their doors to strangers. This is where a woman's voice reassuring them can open many more doors than a man canvasser can manage. Often it is possible to help with suggestions for solving some of the problems people have — about social or medical services, immigration problems, unemployment insurance, training, education, sickness, housing. If one can help a little, so much the better.

There are many issues that *should* be talked about and that everyone needs to understand and to have an opinion about. Here again is a good chance to discuss government legislation on unemployment insurance, family allowances, pensions, industrial health protection, pollution, medicare, job training, oil and gas, heating and energy costs, nuclear power and energy resources, day care, housing, transportation and a host of other subjects which affect our daily lives. Everyone talks about the cost of living but no one talks about Canada's foreign and defence policies. Implicit in all this is the conviction that in the long run, socialism and feminism can provide the answers to the ills in our society. In the short run, there are many legislative and social changes which can improve the lives of those Canadians who at present are not getting a fair deal.

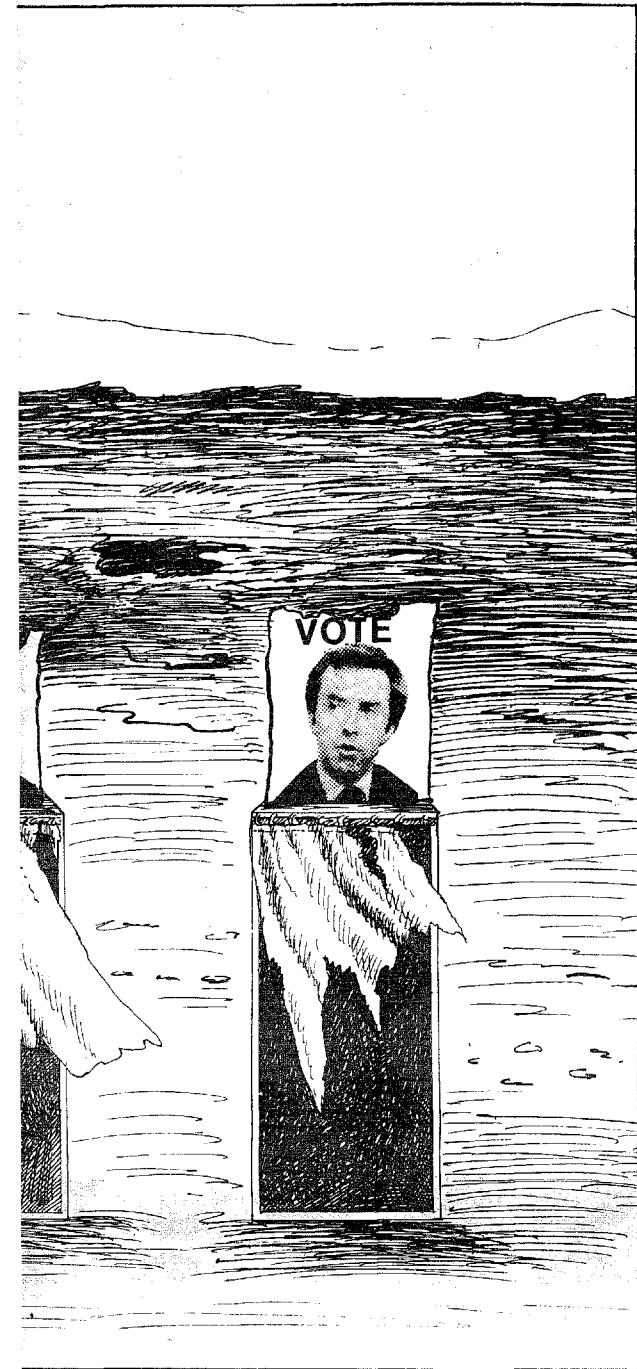
Spending afternoons and evenings door knocking, with good discussions, arguments, joking and banter all making up the package, can be extraordinarily stimulating. If two workers share the street or an apartment building it is even better, avoiding loneliness and providing support and shared experiences. It may be exhausting and certainly a winter campaign will have problems, but it provides a great chance to make new contacts and friends, and perhaps to bring our goals a little nearer. I'll be dead before we change the system to suit us, but it's worth giving it a push in the right direction.

*Kay Macpherson is Past President of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women and is the New Democratic Party candidate in York East in the current Federal Election. She would welcome help. Call 429-1600, 1202 Woodbine Ave. (at Mortimer), Toronto.*



Kay Macpherson

Moira Armour



Susan Sturman

Thinking of all the ways the government intrudes into our daily lives by the laws it has passed makes apparent that here is another level to our affairs. This is the level described as "the national interest" or "what is best for the economy" or "to control inflation" or "to strengthen our place in the world market". When the government justifies its actions in these terms we know that it is not considering what is best for the average citizen.

Rather we know that the government is acting hand in hand with big business to protect and further its own interests. When we think of the increasing gap in wealth between the rich and poor in this country, or of environmental pollution and destruction, or of the proliferation of nuclear reactors without a way to safely dispose of nuclear waste, we realize that the interests of the nation state are not necessarily those of its citizens. Often, in fact, the interests are contradictory.

The democratically elected and so-called representative system of government ration states developed in step with industrialization. The state arose out of the need of the capitalists to define their world by establishing national boundaries. Boundaries were set to allow them economic elbow room and give them a basis of strength to trade (and exploit) within their own borders and beyond. Democratic elections gave the citizens the sense that they too have a say in the running of the affairs of "their" country.

It is the democratic process which legitimizes the actions of government. Or, to put it in even stronger terms, it is the democratic process which has legitimized the history of the capitalist world. We, the citizens, have perpetuated this system by voting in election after election for the candidates of this or that political party. We say by casting our vote that yes, we want the government to act on our behalf, to decide for us how our society is to be run. We, by voting, have acquiesced in the legitimization, in the hype, in the public relations of the nation state.

I do not like the way the government runs the country and my life no matter which party or which set of candidates is in power. That is why I do not vote. As I see it the laws the government passes do not express the will of all the people. Nor does the government act in a manner suggesting it believes in its accountability to all the people. Having some of the people mark a choice between three or four candidates on a ballot every few years is not my idea of participation in a democratic process.



*The Feminist Party of Canada is not as yet ready to participate in this election. However, the following is a proposed press statement from the Feminist Party (subject to revision at the Feb. 2, 1980 meeting). Broadside looks forward with interest to the development of Feminist Party of Canada policy and detailed program based on these principles and values.*

**PROPOSED FPC PRESS STATEMENT**

The present world has, so far, excluded the creative contributions of women to public life. We see our society as male dominated and structured around technology and the profit motive. The entire perspective and sensibility of our part of the population has been excluded from any consideration, and from the political sphere.

Feminism is now a world-wide perspective, and everywhere there are growing numbers of people committed to the women's movement. The FPC is currently in formation. The Party is rooted in the women's movement and Feminist thought. It represents the determination of Feminists to become active in the decision making political process. It offers an alternate political analysis of human life, based on different values than those of the existing political parties. We place top priority on the following values:

1. Non-violence — freedom from war, brutality, torture, armament race.
2. Protection of the environment — air, water, land, all living species.
3. Alternate economic policies to prevent excessive profit-taking, and monopoly control.
4. Protection of health through safe environment, safe food, and consumer-oriented health.
5. Education to help all attain their individual potential — continuing educational opportunities throughout life.

FPC, Box 5717, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A0 (416) 960-3427.

# Feminist Therapy:

## SARA JOY DAVID

For the past eight years I have worked therapeutically with large numbers of women seeking to change themselves and their world. It has been a profoundly moving and energizing experience. I have been witness to depressed, suicidal, numbed, and tormented women not only regaining the will to live, but becoming more and more joyously alive. I have seen healthy, well adjusted women gain access to deeper levels of themselves and, thereby, to expanded personal power. I have watched the growing political consciousness and political impact these women have had in the women's movement and everywhere they work, study, live. It has been a privileged position which has enabled me to know how deeply the personal and the political are interconnected.

At the same time I have untangled the personal and political strands that produced my own emotional crisis five years ago. That experience, more than any of my training, prepared me for my work as a feminist therapist. There was no feminist therapy of any sort I have since developed available for me during my own disintegration and breakdown. I had already been in a consciousness raising group, led Emotional Self Defense Groups for women at Simon Fraser University and co-edited *Women Look at Psychiatry*. At an intellectual level I knew well the limits of traditional therapy, hospitalization, and chemotherapy. None of that headed off my own depression or equipped me to handle it. I was hospitalized for seven weeks. I felt humiliated and hopeless. My professional status undoubtedly gained me greater kindness than is accorded other patients. Nonetheless, the only positive outcome of the experience was their success in keeping me alive.

When I was discharged I was left with the dilemma of what to do. I needed more than friends or a support group could provide. I attended a five day encounter workshop at a local growth institute. The group leader was loving and supportive. More important he had tools for doing deep emotional work. I discovered and released some of the intense anguish and rage underneath my numbness. I left with enough energy and hope to know I would make it. In fact, to recover fully I needed to do continued work at physical and emotional levels. Unfortunately the "humanistic" group leaders and body workers I turned to for help were no further along than the psychiatrists I now fled in ridding themselves of their patriarchal mindset. As a result our work together was sometimes healing, sometimes damaging. This, of course, made the process a slow, and circuitous one with unexpected trapdoors and needless detours.

I wanted to find a more direct route for those who came to me seeking help. Armed with a clear understanding of the many methods of intervention to which I had been exposed, I began to create my own feminist forms. My approach is a multi-faceted one. I work with 12 to 16 women in workshops that last either two or five days. This permits intensity to build which enables us to work at some depth. I begin with a theoretical introduction to the psychological oppression of women — how it works; what it feels like, the political consequences of it, and how to overcome it. This is the framework that provides a context for everything else that follows. It serves to motivate women to make needed changes as well as preparing them for the actual experience of doing so.

We then use a variety of techniques that release blocked feelings. As a result of the emotional damage we have all suffered, most of us have a residue of painful feelings that need to be discharged. Unexpressed feelings do not disappear. They remain stored in the body, in time creating irreversible damage and disease. The energy required to hold these feelings in is unavailable for more productive use. It is for both reasons that discharge is critical.



Sara Joy David

Deep releasing is both freeing and consciousness-raising. To see the full, previously unexpressed terror and revulsion of women molested as children or even adults is to know about rape and incest in a different way than is possible through the mind alone. Witnessing the anguish underlying recurrent migraines, incipient breakdowns, or the ulcers and colostemias of women who have literally eaten their guts out, makes graphic even to those resistant to feminism the consequences of adopting acceptable female roles. The shrieks of women discharging feelings about the treatment they receive

when birthing their children leaves little doubt about the nature of modern obstetrics. The intensity of pain and anger shared and witnessed by everyone in these groups deepens the consciousness of even already committed feminists. I know of few experiences more effective in mobilizing women politically. Participants leave with increased political awareness and increased energy to act upon that awareness.

Emotional releasing is the basic groundwork in the personal change process which in turn, is groundwork for being an effective agent of political change. To protect the inner space recaptured, and to ensure that the energy freed is used well, a number of skills must be learned and regularly used. These include assertiveness training, constructive criticism, communication skills, problem-solving, breathing and bioenergetics. All are necessary *in addition to*, but cannot be substituted for, deeper cathartic work.

I am disturbed by the number of feminists, among them Mary Daly and the November issue of *Broadside*, Ottie Lockey, who are prepared to discard all therapy. Mary Daly, one of the most vituperative critics of traditional scholarship, warns that while it is appropriate to be anti-academic, we are anti-intellectual at our peril. I propose that we take equal care in our analysis of the therapeutic. Emotional exorcism is as fundamental as intellectual exorcism for those who would undertake the feminist, new world, other world journey.

In a world which is misogynist and gynocidal it is revolutionary to remain sane, stable and free of disruptive emotional turmoil. Feminist therapy can ensure at least that. It can do much more. For years I have watched feminist collectives operate inefficiently because of the interpersonal conflicts created by women not taking responsibility for clearing themselves emotionally. Hostility and pain aroused elsewhere but without adequate outlet leaks out at every opportunity often alienating anyone in its path — often this means sisters-in-struggle, our loved ones and potential allies none of whom we can afford to lose.

Getting clear is a finite process which, for those with courage and support, need not take very long. Staying clear requires an ongoing commitment. It means making constructive criticism and problem-solving a regular part of one's life. It also means periodic release of new pain since, until oppression is permanently eliminated, some new pain and anger is inevitable. When expressed, rather than blocked, these feelings can vitalize and fuel our ongoing political work.

In the coming decade we can expect feminist therapy to expand to include psychic techniques and increased spiritual opening. These will increase the speed of getting, and the ease of staying, clear.

When Ottie Lockey's article (*Neurosis on a Sliding Scale*, Vol. 1, no. 2, November 1979) was solicited, *Broadside* also asked Sara Joy David, a Vancouver feminist therapist, to write a "pro-therapy" article to present a balanced picture. This month *Broadside* presents Sara's article along with responses to Ottie's. These responses have been edited for space — most of the women had a lot to say. Much of what was said was highly personal — demonstrating the need for dialogue on the subject of therapy — and so in some cases *Broadside* was requested to use pseudonyms or to withhold the name altogether.

## RESPONSES

Although I agree in principle with Lockey's thesis that many women use therapy as a means of avoiding involvement with political work aimed at improving the condition of women in our society, I must disagree with her conclusion that all therapy is "the great liberal cop-out." The therapies discussed in her article are primarily related to psychoanalysis, or working on the mind to release emotions.

There is a whole other range of therapies commonly called "bodywork" that work on the body, mind and spirit simultaneously. These include massage, dance, acupuncture and a myriad of other relaxation and strengthening techniques. The large majority of these therapists are women. Many of these techniques are taught in workshops so that people can learn to be their own therapists and to help their friends and family in ways other than just talking about problems. Non-sexual, caring and knowledgeable use of touch can be a powerful way to help someone feel better. I see nothing wrong with paying a trained person to work for an hour and a half to relieve a sore back, help my breathing or improve my circulation when I have no energy and feel "down". It doesn't matter if my problem is psychological or because I had a car accident. Afterwards I physically feel better, am more effective in my work and am more relaxed and easier to get along with. (both with myself and with others). I also enjoy sharing these techniques with friends. Of course the problem with therapy is in becoming dependent on them, but this realization of the situation should help alleviate it.

Hate, anger and frustration can produce a lot of energy, but often it is not effectively utilized into productive work and can be internalized so that a person loses the desire or capacity to help themselves or others at all. A sense of futility can result. Therapies should not be thought of as miracle cures but as a kind of nourishment, like food, books, films, personal work, hobbies — something that makes you a fuller person. When you are in touch with your own strengths you can be much more effective in whatever task you undertake. A good warrior is a strong and healthy one.

□ Sharon Lovett

## EDUCATION AND SKILL SHARING: THE REAL FEMINIST THERAPY

Why does a woman decide to go into therapy? The usual reasons given are depression, confusion, lack of self confidence, a sense of purposelessness, the inability to leave or change difficult life situations.

What happens in therapy? She is listened to carefully, with attention paid to the feelings behind her words and to her body language. She is helped to identify her problems, clarify her needs, and given support and encouragement to change behavior patterns and life situations. Techniques are used to help her acknowledge and release pent up emotions

and a safe permissive atmosphere is provided in which strong emotions can be experienced and explored. Sometimes the therapist fills the immediate need for physical contact and nurturing.

*We should all have these skills.* There is nothing mysterious or complicated about being a good listener or holding someone while she cries or allowing her a safe place in which to vent her anger. We all have the capacity to be sensitive and constructively critical and supportive of each other, but many of our basic human skills have been taken from us and turned into yet another marketable commodity by the therapy industry.

In society as it is now, there is a place for the trained mental health professional who

has had a lot of experience with people's emotional problems. We may not have the skills or the time or the resources to deal with someone who is severely disturbed or confused. We may at times need the objectivity and the specific skills of a professional when the love and support of friends is not enough for the kind of in-depth self-exploring we may want to do. Still, in too many instances, women are paying for friendship, attention, support and permission to express feelings only because therapy seems to be the only place they are available.

The task of any health professional is to work herself out of a job. For a feminist therapist, it means that she be an educator rather than a healer, that she teach her skills

to other women so that we can help each other through pain and crisis. The focus of a feminist therapy must be to give a woman the skills and the confidence to help herself and her sisters, and through this process a sense of personal power and effectiveness.

It is often necessary to use therapy as a band-aid when women are bleeding, but it is not enough to stop there. The goal of a feminist therapy should be to create a community of support and shared responsibility for each other. Out of this process of learning and assuming responsibility for each other's well being will come, one hopes, the awareness and the energy to tackle the causes of our wounds and to change the circumstances which create women's problems.

□ Annette Clough

# Continuing Dialogue

Does Ottie Lockey want a revolution like so many past revolutions? Change the faces at the top, change the structures, redistribute more of the wealth and hope that it's going to work? These things are obviously necessary, but they're not the whole story. Therapy and revolution are not mutually exclusive. If people are unable to have freedom within themselves, what good is political and economic freedom? Some of us need therapy because we see that our past pain binds us as much as the system does. For me it is important to work on my personal life as well as work against the system which hampers my freedom to live that life. Also, I believe that political action is most effective when it comes from a personal need for freedom, a personal desire to have a better life. When most of the people want that kind of fundamental change, you have a revolution. The "human potential movement" or "personal growth movement" can be one place where people are not only finding self-fulfillment but also realizing that this society is set up, from top to bottom, to keep them from their own fulfillment. Women especially are losers under the present structure, but if we don't realize our potential as human beings, what do we want a revolution for? So that we can be the new faces at the top? That's not for me. From Ms. Lockey's point of view, therapy is a liberal cop-out, and middle class to boot. She is probably right. But a revolution with no emphasis on the need for personal growth and individual freedom is a Marxist cop-out. Separately, neither of these movements is effective. I believe that we need both personal growth and political/economic change if we're really intent on building a better world.

I don't think it's right that the mental health system discriminates against people with no money either. The traditional institutions, Freudian and drug therapies, with their emphasis on "adjusting," are obviously counter-productive to social change. Discrimination against the lower classes happens within every structure in this society. This is one of the things that would be changed through political and economic revolution. Therapy is expensive and it's quite valid to ask "what happened to friendship?" First, I wouldn't put my friends through the things my therapist goes through with me. She deserves to be paid for the kind of energy she puts into helping me find my way. Secondly, I'm able to have more trusting, caring and supportive friendships as a result of being in therapy. Therapy does not replace friendship, it is a totally different experience.

The head on the platter graphic accompanying the article, is an interesting image. In my own therapy I have learned that dealing only with my head is misleading. We do a lot of work with my body — exercises to release emotions and tensions throughout my whole body. The feelings that come up during this work are usually different from what my mind would have told me. Also, my therapist does not suggest what I might be feeling. Usually I find out what I feel by the way my body behaves during the exercises. My graphic would be a picture of a woman's whole body on a platter, but she would be giving herself back to herself, standing upright and solid.

I may sound like a born-again Christian, but I'm not wanting to imply that therapy can solve all of my problems or the world's problems. I'm not saying that everyone should immediately go to a therapist so that a certain kind of revolution will happen. Some of us need therapy to be able to realize our full potential as human beings. I see this learning process as being generally positive for the growth of a new society, a society in which people have political and economic freedom (through small-scale, democratic structures & institutions) and personal freedom to live a life that they find socially and emotionally fulfilling.

Helen Rykens

It is evident from the article that Lockey addresses her criticisms to both traditional and feminist therapy. To make the same criticisms of feminist therapy that can be made of traditional therapy is performing a great injustice to those women who worked to create alternative therapy practices for women. Many women trained in traditional therapy learned how their training had contributed to men's domination over women. Feminist therapists realize it is not enough to help a woman to get "in touch with her feelings". These women maintain that women's problems can only be solved by using a feminist-socio-political framework. Using this framework as their main tool they can help women learn to deal with their personal problems in a more realistic manner. Not only is this a therapeutic tool it is also a valuable political one. Women will be able to reject the false myths created by the patriarchy that have kept us in degrading and humiliating roles. Until the women's liberation movement these roles were the status quo.

Feminist therapy and political work are not mutually exclusive. Women who are having personal conflicts usually cannot help other women until they have sorted through some of the obstacles in their lives. For these women it is the feminist therapeutic process which helps them not only to overcome these obstacles but also frees them to have energy to help other women politically. Through Consciousness Raising groups which were an integral part of the women's movement women learned that

the "Personal is political". The reverse is also true; "The political is personal."

Lockey states that "... feminist therapists have accepted the basic assumption that we all need therapy at some time in our lives." This is simply not true. The feminist therapist does not coerce a woman into thinking she has problems. She is available for those women who choose to come to her. A woman seeking the therapist's help makes that choice and is free to change her mind at any time.

"Instant gratification as therapy replaces friendship," says Lockey. I am somewhat stunned by this statement. I could dismiss the naiveté of this statement had Lockey not worked at the Women's Counselling, Referral and Education Centre. Similar to friendships, therapy is a process which actively engages both people. In this case however, the communication between the participants is more disciplined. The therapist and client do not see each other as friends, nor does the client see the therapist because she does not have friends. Rather she chooses to go into therapy because friends do not offer the skills of an impartial person to help her deal with the distressing and sometimes depressing aspects of her life.

In a world where women have no power or only token power the non-conventional feminist therapist provides an important skill in the women's community. As with any other skill the therapist must be paid. Most feminist therapists have chosen to use a sliding scale in setting their fees, i.e. the

client pays a fee according to the amount of money she has. Feminist therapists acknowledge that women have been conditioned to dismiss, alienate and invalidate our feelings. Their ability to help us recognize our oppression is a necessary part of our politicizing process.

□ Catherine Lambert

It is difficult to justify putting myself ahead of society, especially with several generations of Presbyterian duty and guild hanging on my shoulders. But such is the case: I have spent years and many bucks doing just that. And believe me, I have no regrets.

Your article on the decadence of psychotherapy as a treatment for neurosis is a litany of all the objections From Left and Right against such a "selfish" pursuit. I should, the lecture goes, be working hard to correct the evils so manifestly present in our world.

Ottie Lockey assumes that my problems are not 'merely' personal, but arise solely from my environment/social/political/economic condition, and if I were to grit my teeth and change that environment with my sisters, then I would feel better. In the meantime, all I need is a little help from my friends in the Movement.

This is — and was — cold comfort for recurring depression, self-destructive behaviour, with anger and indifference constantly grinding away in my gut (not the world's gut.) Despite intense political analysis, and a fine intellectual understanding of my position in the world, despite the fact that many of my problems are a result of being a woman in a man's world, despite the approved political/personal friendships and talk talk talk, my problems remained and my personal self-destruction continued.

So I started therapy and after a long time and much agony (no, not too strong a word), I have changed for the better. I am happier, have more pride, am more relaxed and can enjoy, among other new things, a blue sky, the smell of perfume and flowers, and even music.

The world is no less horrifying. But I am, I believe, better able to react to it. Better yet, I can feel the good things that also exist in this world. I am no less political, no less a feminist, but my efforts to work in that arena have been consistently stronger as I have become stronger. Every now and then, I am actually happy — a matter of small importance to the clenched jaw crowd, but of great importance to me.

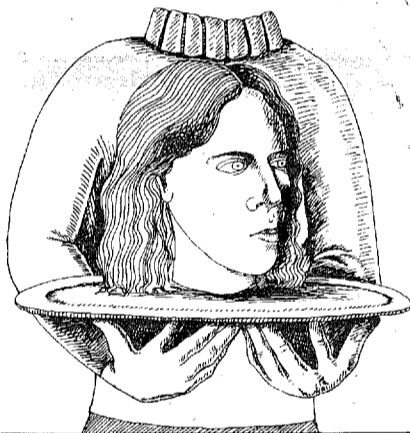
As for the observation that there are a lot of dilettantes in the therapy scene: just as ten years ago some people moved restlessly from ideology to ideology, they now move from therapy to religion to jogging and back. Lecturing at such rootlessness is an exercise in futility. I have too little time or interest to rage at such people.

I never had any doubt as to the kind of therapy I needed. For a talker given to intellectual analysis, who was very tired of analysis and talking, Primal therapy seemed ideal. My real problem, on this personal odyssey, was to find therapists who were good for me. The stars were on my side for once, and I eventually found them (after two years of looking.) They are no gurus, but combine kindness with intelligence to a wonderful degree. They have helped me change my life, and I love them for it. I'm getting ready to leave them now, not a perfect person, but a better one. I used to expect I could become perfect.

It is true that many therapies and therapists are sexist, and use their power to oppress women in truly vicious ways. It is true that there are lousy therapists and crazy therapists abroad in the land. It is true that if I were poor I could not afford therapy (although it is amazing how poor some people who take therapy are). It is true that therapy concentrates on the individual, often to the exclusion of society. It is true that curing myself does not cure the world.

Tough cookies, friends. And no apologies to my Presbyterian ancestors, either.

□ Name withheld by request



in Vancouver, with many so-called resources for women in Ottie's specified areas of "politics, friends, support groups, and problem solving," plenty of women are still not finding what they want, and the situation is the more acute as one moves away from large metropolitan areas. There are often no political outlets in towns and rural areas; friends appropriate to one's space are scarce when one is reorganizing one's life or lifestyle; support groups may be in fact non-existent or may be inaccessible to a woman who is not ready to identify with such a group; a problem-solving approach is difficult when one has no idea where to begin and no help to get to a beginning. I see a definite need for feminist counselling that can bridge gaps in these very areas to help a woman make connections with friends and groups, channel energy into political work, and learn problem-solving skills.

The question remains, then, are these "professional skills" for real — i.e., valuable enough to be paid for — or are they merely the kind of decency and good sense that one or more friends can provide. My experience is that what a counsellor can offer is indeed worth paying for in enough instances to make offering the services a viable means of livelihood for feminists. Just as some people would rather have tax documents help them, while others can figure it out themselves from self-help tax books and still others don't need any help at all (in too many cases, unfortunately, because they don't earn enough), so women differ in their inclinations to use what Ottie calls "What To Do Instead" resources. And these resources themselves vary in geographical regions from plentiful to non-existent.

It is significant to me that the "Anti-Therapy Box" under Ottie's article ends with a quotation from "Sheila Lechtman, *Feminist Therapist*" (italics mine). Is Ottie acknowledging that such therapists have something to teach us? Again from my own experience, it is also significant that feminists of my acquaintance who know and can use all the alternate resources still want and are willing to pay for the important something-more it seems they get from a professional counsellor.

□ Jane Hastings

You should be commended for openly printing an article on the controversial subject of the abuses and dangers of therapy.

We have been exposed to reams of pro-therapy views since Freud's day and it is about time we attempted to balance that view by looking at the abuses and dangers of therapy as well. In order to find a middle ground of understanding, we must first be exposed to more "anti-therapy" opinions such as those presented by Lockey.

Although I believe there will always be a need for skilled, ethical, feminist therapists in our society, women also require many more alternatives to therapy than are presently available. Perhaps more public awareness of ideas such as those expressed in this article will help us gain a more balanced perception of both the benefits and limitations of therapy and spur us on to create more needed alternatives to that particular mode of helping each other.

Thanks again for presenting a fresh viewpoint long overdue.

□ Patricia Henderson

## ARTS

## Kramer vs. Kramer Let the Best Man Win

by Susan G. Cole

A fitting way to enter the eighties; the movie that best portrays the impact of the seventies; the first objective account of a failed marriage and the struggle for custody of the child; a movie with no villains; New York Critics award winner for best movie of 1979. Wouldn't it be terrific if *Kramer vs. Kramer* were everything it's been cracked up to be? The movie is a hit, a popular specimen of our mainstream culture and a film that tackles issues that have been near and dear to the heart of the women's movement. I wanted *Kramer vs. Kramer* to be great because everybody is seeing it, and because "definitive" anything tends to make me nervous. The themes of the movie promise either an enormously valuable film or one whose impact could be downright dangerous.

As unaccustomed as I am to sitting on the fence I have to confess that *Kramer vs. Kramer* is a lot of both. The movie written by Robert Benton (The Late Show, Bonnie and Clyde) is about Ted Kramer (Dustin Hoffman) whose wife Joanna (Meryl Streep) suddenly leaves him with their seven-year-old child Billy (Justin Henry) whom Ted doesn't know from a hole in the ground. He has been too busy gunning for the top at his advertising agency. As the movie runs its course, Ted learns why Joanna left him and discovers that there exists the possibility of a loving relationship between him and his son. After a seventeen month absence, Joanna returns to get custody of her child. Hence the title *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

The claim that *Kramer vs. Kramer* is an objective account of the situation should be dispelled immediately. It is curious that so many reviewers (dare I say it, mostly male) have celebrated the movie's evenhandedness. The film is written so that when the scene finally drifts to the courtroom we get the uneasy feeling that we have been diddled by a screen writer who wants us to want Ted Kramer to win. This should hardly be the case in a movie that supposedly has no villains, but Benton gets us where he wants us through a variety of plot devices, some more obvious than others.

To begin with, the film is about Ted's relationship with his son. We never see Joanna with Billy except for a brief moment at the beginning when Joanna tells her son that she loves him just minutes before she walks out the door. It is an evocative scene but it certainly does not give us a vivid sense of the connection between mother and child: after all, Billy is asleep, and the scene runs for perhaps two minutes.



Columbia Pictures

In court, Ted testifies passionately to the ability of men to bring up children. He argues that women are not the only ones who know how to nurture. He's right of course, in the political and theoretical sense, and naturally, we believe him because we've seen him take care of Billy through three quarters of the movie. But while it is important that these progressive sentiments be expressed to the movie-going public it is not necessary to play them off against the platitudes poor Joanna is forced to convey. Her husband made her feel worthless and consequently she felt incapable of being his wife and bringing up their child. After seventeen months she realizes that her problem was a lack of self-image and, having pulled herself together, she wants her son back.

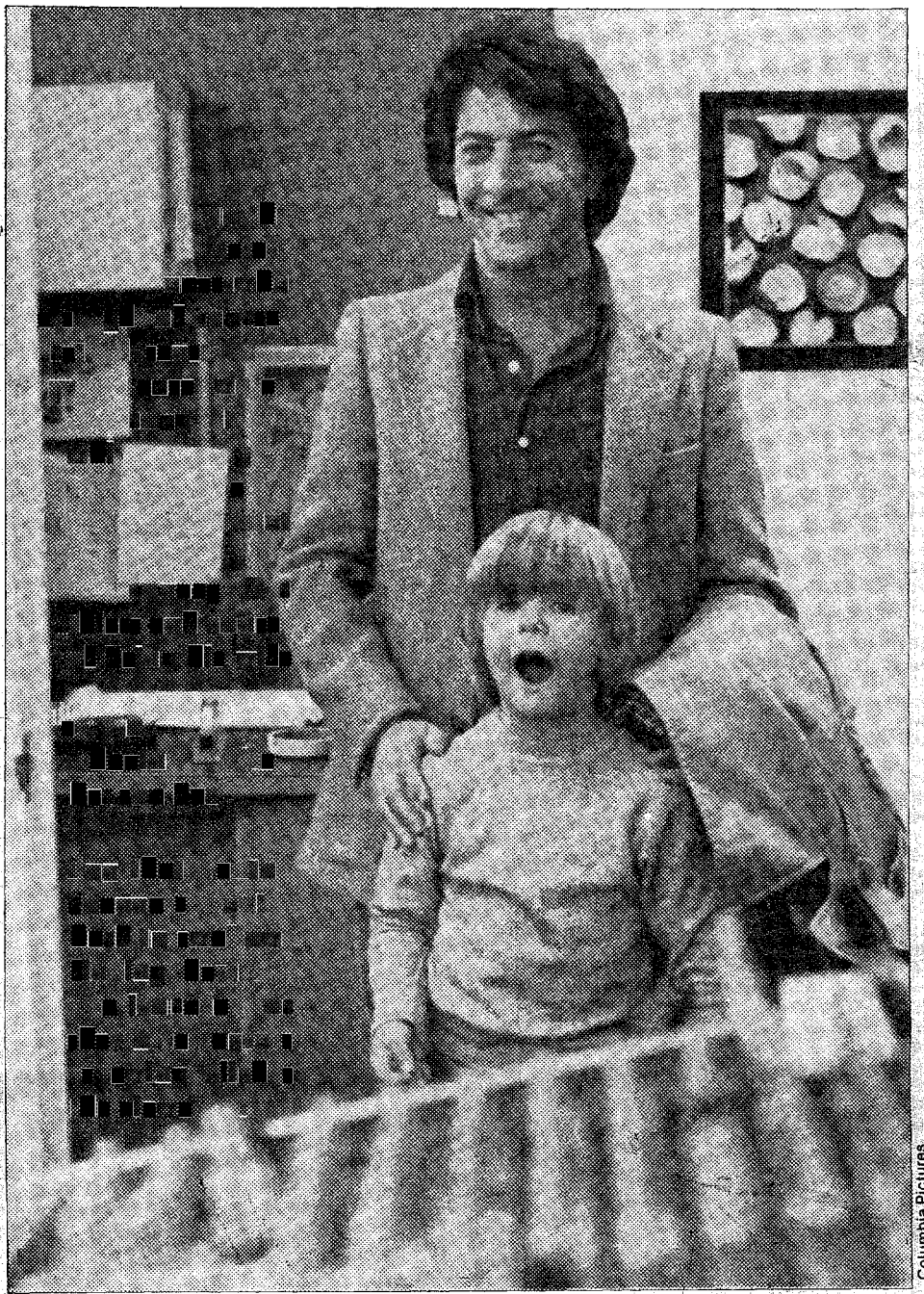
This is a plausible situation that Benton turns hackneyed by filling Joanna's mouth with material that's pretty hard to swallow. She rambles on about "finding herself" through "therapy" in California for heaven's sake. Ultimately she comes across as an indulged neurotic, spewing clichés that are more apt to make the viewer cringe than be sympathetic.

And if the director of *Kramer vs. Kramer* expects us to accept Joanna's plight in spite of that embarrassing rigmarole and in spite of the fact that Mom disappears in the first five minutes of the movie, the least he could have done was cast a sympatico actress in the role of the absent mother. Instead we are confronted with the chilly presence of Meryl Streep who is really not the accessible and believable type the character should have been. While standing in the window of a restaurant watching her son before she tells Ted that she is seeking custody, Joanna actually appears sinister. Really, when faced with a choice between the endearing Dustin Hoffman finally discovering how to prepare French toast and the fickle and mysterious Streep, Hoffman is bound to win our hearts hands down.

The clearest sense of Ted's transformation is seen through the eyes of the proverbial downstairs neighbour Margaret (played by Jane Alexander). We are led to believe that Margaret has been doing a little consciousness-raising with Joanna just before she walks out. Ted whines about the conspiracy as he confronts Margaret just after he's left — shades of the wounded male syndrome bemoaned as the worst fallout of the women's movement. But Margaret changes her tune as she watches Ted get to know his son and as they commiserate over their shared lot (she has just been left with two children).

This could conceivably happen. But Benton gets carried away with Margaret's changing loyalties as Ted's attorney props Margaret on the stand where she sings the praises of Ted's childrearing abilities. There is something slightly sleazy about all this. Surely Ted ought to have the child: he even has his wife's one-time champion (perhaps even the instigator of the separation) and a "women's libber" on his side. Here is one of the most miserable misuses of a relationship between two women ever to grace the plot of what is supposedly an intelligent script. And when Margaret chooses to take some time in court to plead with Joanna to change her mind and let Ted keep the child, you know that either Benton is on a manipulative kick or he doesn't have the slightest notion of how two women would deal with each other in such a case. Hasn't Benton ever heard of the telephone? It's the most likely instrument Margaret would have used to perform with Sturm und Drang for the judge.

By now, we've been worked up to the point that we think Ted ought to get custody. This is not entirely a sensible point of view. It presupposes that seventeen months of parenting makes one a better parent than six years of childrearing — easy enough to assume when seventeen months of parenting takes up 75 minutes of film while



Columbia Pictures

Dustin Hoffman and Justin Henry learn to get along in *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

six years of the same is depicted nowhere. And when you think about it, Ted hasn't become a "better parent," he has simply become human. He has developed a relationship with his only child, an achievement that ought not to be lionized, but seen as something fathers should do as a matter of course.

The judge rules in Joanna's favour, as would most judges in cases where single mothers were vying for custody of children with single fathers (except, of course, if the mother were a lesbian). The custody of children is one of the few cases where women are given the advantage, so there's something irritating about the fact that *Kramer vs. Kramer* uses what little power we have against us. Had the film done more with the character of Joanna, we would appreciate Ted's dilemma as more than an attempt to strip Joanna of what appears to be the only power that she has.

But even if Ted's heroism is exaggerated, *Kramer vs. Kramer* is an important movie. It makes vivid one of the conundrums that face male breadwinners — the conflict between family responsibilities and corporate career. Ted receives no support from office colleagues who find his commitment to Billy incomprehensible and his lack of interest in company politics equally mystifying. When a corporate buddy tries to engage Ted in the latest "who did what to whom" gossip on the company grapevine and Ted just can't take the time because he has to pick up Billy at school, we know Ted is on the way out. Ted was not born a bad parent, he's had his life's blood sucked out of him by a competitive business, and the advertising business is one of the most cut-throat around. It may be that competitive business has no place for family men, and as long as company policy demands 12 hours a day, not including the round of

drinks with the boss that follows a hard day's work, we may be faced with a society of fatherless children. It is one of the movie's key points and it's eloquently expressed.

Even the flaws in the film are lined with silver. As unbalanced as is the court scene, it is still an accurate depiction of how ugly a custody case can get. Ted and Joanna still care for each other but are forced to hire mudslinging attorneys to perform what is surely some of the dirtiest work available. As abused as is the character of Margaret, it is heartening to see a platonic relationship develop between adults of the opposite sex. None of this tacky "let's hop into the kip" nonsense that would have reduced the tone of the entire exercise. And as much as the relationship between father and son is used to bias the audience in favour of Ted, I couldn't help but feel that if it moved mothers to nudge their husbands with the message to get on the case with their children, then *Kramer vs. Kramer* is not a wasted effort.

If the public views *Kramer vs. Kramer* passively without sifting the material, questioning the assumptions and staying wary of the writer's viewpoint (the movie is about and by men), then the film is almost dangerous. If you take your personal understanding of the world into the film with you, you'll notice how Ted and Joanna glance at each other when Joanna is questioned about Ted's sexual fidelity and recognize that look of shared experience. Some of the details in this movie are breathtaking. Whether the audience is picking up on them depends on how successful the 70's were at making people aware of the entire business of personal relationships. If we've emerged from a decade that really raised consciousness and that moved people to keep their critical faculties intact, then *Kramer vs. Kramer* is a perfectly acceptable way to roll into the 80's.

# Art for Our Sake

by Sylvia Spring

For the past four months I've been engrossed in gathering interviews for a CBC radio documentary on Judy Chicago and her monumental work, *The Dinner Party*. I always feel like a detective when I do this kind of in-depth probing but this time I'm finding a double edge to my sleuthing. As I worked to uncover the many levels and angles on Chicago and her art, I found myself digging up all kinds of personal feelings about big A art and my relationship to it.

Listening to Judy speaking so passionately about how important Art is and should be in women's lives, I found myself slipping backwards in time to 1965 and another documentary I'd done for CBC. It was called "The Art Scene in Canada". I was hit with the realization that I had, in effect, cut Art out of my life since then. Why? The answer was both simple and complex, personal and political. I'd like to share my discoveries, since I've come to see how most women have had similar experiences with big 'A' art.

Gordon Rayner, Harold Town, Graham Coughtry, Michael Snow, Michael Hayden, Av Isaacs... these were some of the people I'd earnestly interviewed back in '65 for my first big CBC documentary. I was excited at the prospect of producing my own two-hour definitive study on Canada's Art Scene. No matter that the language these men spoke had little meaning to me, no matter that I had to conduct most of the interviews in smoky, drunken bars, no matter that there was not one woman artist among them. I told myself that I must be too dumb, too prissy, to young or too 'feminine' to fully grasp the hidden meaning in their works. It was my problem, not theirs. The show was a 'success' and I got lots of strokes. This furthered my lack of trust in my own artistic sensibilities.

Tracing my alienation from big A art back still further, I began to uncover a strange sense of shame around it. Why? Hadn't my family always been encouraging of my budding artistic talents? Hadn't my father taken me on many sketching trips in the country? Hadn't my early art teachers told me I was 'talented'? Yes, yes and yes but... somewhere along the way I was given the distinct message that my art was banal, sentimental, unartistic. Perhaps it was my highschool art teacher who rejected what he called my "morbid subject matter" (I remember painting a girl in a prison cell and slaves struggling to break their chains) and insisted I imitate his beloved Picasso. Or maybe it was the summer I taught art at a summer camp for artistic rich kids. I'd

spent the summer covering for the drunken Artist-in-Residence only to be told by him that my talents would be better used in bed with him. Whatever the sources of my discouragement as an artist, by the time I hit university, I had definitely stopped seeing myself as an artist and had turned to 'arts and crafts', as a safer outlet for my talents. I did, however, still hold Art and Artists in reverence, at least until the completion of the documentary on Art in Canada.

I don't think I ever made a conscious decision to stop going to art galleries or stop keeping up on the Art scene. It's just that I got involved with big L life which meant big P politics. Art just slipped into the irrelevant background as I got more involved in the political turmoil of the late 60's. By the time my disaffection with the male-dominated Left surfaced, so too had feminism. I embraced my sisters while denouncing all patriarchal values. Big A art was one of them.

What had a blue line on a red canvas to do with women's oppression? What had Michael Hayden's kinetic sculptures to do with women dying from coat hanger abortions, battering or rape? Who did those 'conceptual artists' think they spoke of and to when they worried over subtleties of form and colour? Who cared other than an elitist few?

In my belated anger at all those men who had trivialized my artistic ambitions and oppressed me and my sisters with their misogyny, I never once thought about what it must be like for a woman who still dared try to be an artist, in her own terms. I had thrown Art out of my life. It was irrelevant. I couldn't imagine any woman, especially a feminist, hanging in there. For what?

Judy Chicago did hang in and fight. She explains her development as a feminist artist quite vividly and candidly in her book, *Through the Flower: My Struggles as a Woman Artist*. Although I knew of the book and had skimmed it when it came out in 1975, the full import of what she was trying to do and how it affected me and other women's lives did not hit until I heard her speak in Vancouver in June 1979. As Judy showed her slides of *The Dinner Party* and told us of her five year struggle to complete it, I realized that I was moved, excited and inspired by her vision and incredibly angry. My anger focussed on the big A art world again for giving Judy and other women artists such a hard time. *The Dinner Party* was showing then at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art to record breaking crowds but just before Judy arrived in Vancouver, she'd been told that both Seattle and Rochester had cancelled. Their reasons were veiled under layers of double talk. Battle weary, Judy stood in front of us and wept.

Many of us joined her. It was then that I decided to jump into the fray to, I thought then, help Judy fight the system.

A group of Vancouver women formed a steering committee, our purpose to bring *The Dinner Party* to Vancouver, despite the Art Gallery if need be. As well, I talked a sympathetic CBC radio producer into letting me do a major documentary on Judy Chicago, the Artist. I had totally forgotten that other radio documentary, fifteen years before, until I sat in front of Judy, holding the mike and listening to her explain how the male art world worked and why she'd made it her life's work to confront, challenge and reclaim women's artistic place in

I could recount these women's experiences upon actually seeing *The Dinner Party*. But what I want to share is what I've observed both in myself and others: that *The Dinner Party* has moved many women in a myriad of ways/directions for a variety of reasons. It's taught us to be proud of our foremothers, of ourselves and of our artistic accomplishments. It's shown us that thinking big can produce big results; that taking risks can be rewarding to one's self and others; that our so-called 'crafts' can be Art; that one woman's talent, vision, guts, perseverance, strength and feminist commitment can spark thousands more women to weave together their own and collective visions.



Judy Chicago (left) talks with Sylvia Spring.

it. The anger, shame and frustration of my past defeats in that world almost overwhelmed me. I could hardly hear Judy speaking. It was too painful.

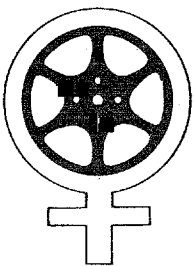
Chicago, as well as other women who insist on being artists in their own terms, make me feel proud and ashamed. Ashamed for my being defeated without even recognizing it. I also feel guilty for seeing art as superfluous to the 'real feminist struggles'. For thinking that we have to do without art and must put all our energies into food, shelter, work and health. Make a choice. Now I see that that's just not true and it's not even an issue. After interviewing many women who've seen *The Dinner Party*, I've come to see its importance for and impact on women as absolutely essential. It does nourish.

This does not mean that *The Dinner Party* is beyond criticism or that 'monument building' is ultimately what we want. But seen in the perspective of the real (read male) world we live in now, it is a much needed landmark. Not only does it affirm women and give us a place to move out from but its large, unmistakable message to the Patriarchy that says, "We are here. We have always been here. And we intend to stay, on our own terms, in our own métier".

Had *The Dinner Party* been around for me when I was a young girl struggling to define my creative vision or deal with the boys of the Canadian Art establishment, I might not have been so easily subverted. Now that's food for thought!

## SIDELINES

### Feminist Film Festival



On April 19 and 20, 1980, there will be a Feminist Film Festival in Toronto. It is being held at the Funnel Experimental Theatre, 507 King Street East, and is organized by a collective of women filmmakers and film enthusiasts.

Women across the country are invited to submit their films before April 1, 1980. The Festival Collective is interested in all types of Super-8 and 16 mm films, amateur, and professional, shorts, documentaries, animation, home movies, etc.

There will be continuous screenings and workshops on both days of the Festival. Tickets and programs will be available in late March. There will be special screenings for women only. Daycare will be provided.

The Festival Collective needs financial help, in the form of donations and/or pre-booking of tickets. If you are interested in helping in anyway; if you have questions about the Festival; if you are interested in conducting a workshop; if you would like to show your work, write to: Sue Golding, Feminist Film Festival, 180 Delaware Ave., Toronto.

### Women pull the plug on sexist music

Toronto's first *Rock Against Racism* concert, held at St. Paul's Centre on December 16, got a shot in the arm when women rallied to stop the blatantly sexist music of the opening band, *Ripper*. The band, a last-minute substitute, shocked the largely leftist and feminist audience by launching into such misogynistic favourites as "Sweet Sixteen" and "Tie Your Mother Down". It was also a surprise and an embarrassment to the RAR concert organizers, who had not previously seen the band's set list; opposition to sexism is part of the Rock Against Racism platform.

Refusing to comply with a request by RAR to drop their more offensive songs and finish their set early, the band sneered at the audience and ripped into yet another cock-rock paean. Finally, at the urging of women in the audience the concert organizers decided to literally pull the plug on *Ripper*. In retaliation, the band threatened to sabotage the sound system they had rented to RAR for the evening, but finally relented.

Women at the concert were further vindicated by the excellent performance of the local women's rock band *No Frills*. The band proved beyond a doubt that women can play good rock and roll and bring a new, non-sexist attitude to it as well. Women stole the show that evening, and made it plain (to RAR and others) that paying lip-service to feminism is not sufficient to keep sexism from rearing its ugly head.

Nancy Nicol is doing research for a video tape on the subject of the social/political implications of institutionalized learning (schooling). In particular she is interested in hear-

ing from women who have children who have been classified as 'exceptional children' — eg. hyperactive, hypokinetic syndrome, maturation lag, etc., — and most particularly anyone who has experience with drug therapy in the schools. All contact and discussion will be kept strictly confidential.

She is also looking for candidates for case histories of children to be utilised as documentary material in the production. Any information, or experiences which you feel might contribute to this production would be greatly appreciated. Please contact: Nancy Nicol, 620 Richmond St. West, Apt. 506, Toronto; or call: (416) 366-4029.

In his year-end look at 1979, *Globe and Mail* music columnist Alan Niester nodded to Toronto's *Women Against Violence Against Women*. Niester gave WAVAW "The Foes by Any Other Name Award" for threatening "Violence Against Rockers Against Women if the Battered Wives didn't change its name to something a little less ornery". Unfortunately, Mr. Niester, *Battered Wives* still uses its full name in promotion campaigns, along with its obnoxious logo, and has now added the newspaper clippings from the controversy to its posters. Schmoes by any other name...

Judy Chicago, noted feminist artist and writer, will be coming to Montreal's Powerhouse Gallery on February 21, 1980. The gallery is featuring a lecture/discussion with the artist; they hope to stimulate interest in the possibility of bringing Chicago's collaborative work, *The Dinner Party*, to Canada. For more information, write to the gallery at 3738 St. Dominique, Montreal, Quebec H2X 2X8, or call (514) 844-3489.

# Sexism on the High C's

by Ottie Lockey

There I was sitting in the upper balcony of the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto, with a ticket stub marked \$17.49 in my hand. My friends and I, although not one of us earns a full-time salary, had chosen to spend a night at the opera. Why would any moderately intelligent woman choose to pay such an outrageous price for a piece of fluff called "L'Elisir d'Amore" by Donizetti. I mean at least Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" is worth talking about — is it fascist, is it transcendent, is it boring, etc? Sometimes with Mozart or Verdi there is actually a plot which can be discussed as if it were dramatic or possibly even literate. But with "L'Elisir d'Amore," no such possibility. To stretch a point: the entire two act opera is about girl meets two boys and chooses the one who loves her most idiotically. Really. He proves this by buying a love potion (which is actually cheap wine) from a charlatan and getting drunk. The rejected suitor, a soldier, isn't upset; everyone loves the jolly old charlatan; our lovely heroine decides to marry the right suitor (that's easy to tell, since he's the tenor) and the chorus gets the chance to dress up in colourful peasant costumes.

The production of "L'Elisir d'Amore" in Toronto in December 79 was in perfect grand opera style, and since it was sung in Italian few members of the audience understood any of the nonsense passing as dialogue. The whole production was spun as finely as cotton candy and has as much significance. In this kind of an opera buffa, style is everything.

The convention of opera requires that singers speak to each other and the audience only through arias, recitatives, and other vocal forms. Obviously people who think and talk while singing are bound to seem strange. We aren't the first sceptics to question this operatic convention since the birth of opera in the late 16th century as an aristocratic art form. English critics of Italian opera claimed that it was ridiculous to suppose drama could be sung — especially in a foreign language. They were sure the fad would be short-lived.

Yet this fad has had a distinguished track record. Opera may have its origins in the aristocracy, but in the 20th century all art forms are a part of mass culture. When "Opening Night at the Met" can be seen on TV, and *Time* magazine features Lneiano Pavrotti, the golden tenor, on its cover, it's clear that opera is reaching a mass audience.

Part of the reason for opera's success as a form of entertainment is its visual appeal. Grand opera houses are full of splendour and pomp; the Met in New York and La Scala in Milan are internationally known as majestic palaces of grandiose proportions. The scale of opulence in opera is stupendous. Sets, costumes, orchestra, chorus, conductors, designer, producer; nothing is more expensive to mount. The spectacle is as glamorous and exciting as the circus. Everything about opera is larger than life, including many of the singers.

It is not surprising that singers like Pavrotti and Maria Callas have become legends; each century and every generation has its magnificent prima donnas and Canada is as proud of Maureen Forrester as Australia is of Joan Sutherland. Opera singers train like race horses; incredible stamina and energy are necessary for the voice to soar, not shout, over a full orchestra, filling tremendous opera houses without a trace of electronic amplification. The volume and purity of vocal sound is amazing, but more important, in opera the voice is used to communicate emotion. The exceptional moments in opera occur when the singer and orchestra combine music,

words and feelings and carry the listener away.

Think of "Madame Butterfly" for example. Recently produced in Toronto by the Canadian Opera Company, the content of Puccini's opera is unmitigated sexism. Lieutenant Pinkerton's faithful mistress considerably commits suicide to spare him (and his new bride) the embarrassment of her presence. The total woman. But reducing the opera to this factual level eliminates the reason for its existence — Puccini has written passionately lyrical melodies to express a woman's selfless love. The lush romantic music sweeps away all one's reservations; the audience (including feminists) enjoys a good cry.

Most operas are designed to be escapes from the daily trivia of our lives. Of course there are some modern operas which were written as social commentary or polemic (*The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* by Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht for example) but they are not frequently performed. Most people go to the opera safe in the knowledge that this is time out from social or political reality.

The world of opera is different; even sexism is different here. Opera's sexism doesn't bother me in the same way as film's because I don't find much realism in opera. As a sturdy woman dies of consumption on stage she sings a farewell aria of breathtaking beauty — this female stereotype isn't fooling anyone. Any philistine can see the soprano (these roles tend to be sung by sopranos) is about as helpless as a mule if she can sing this aria on her deathbed.

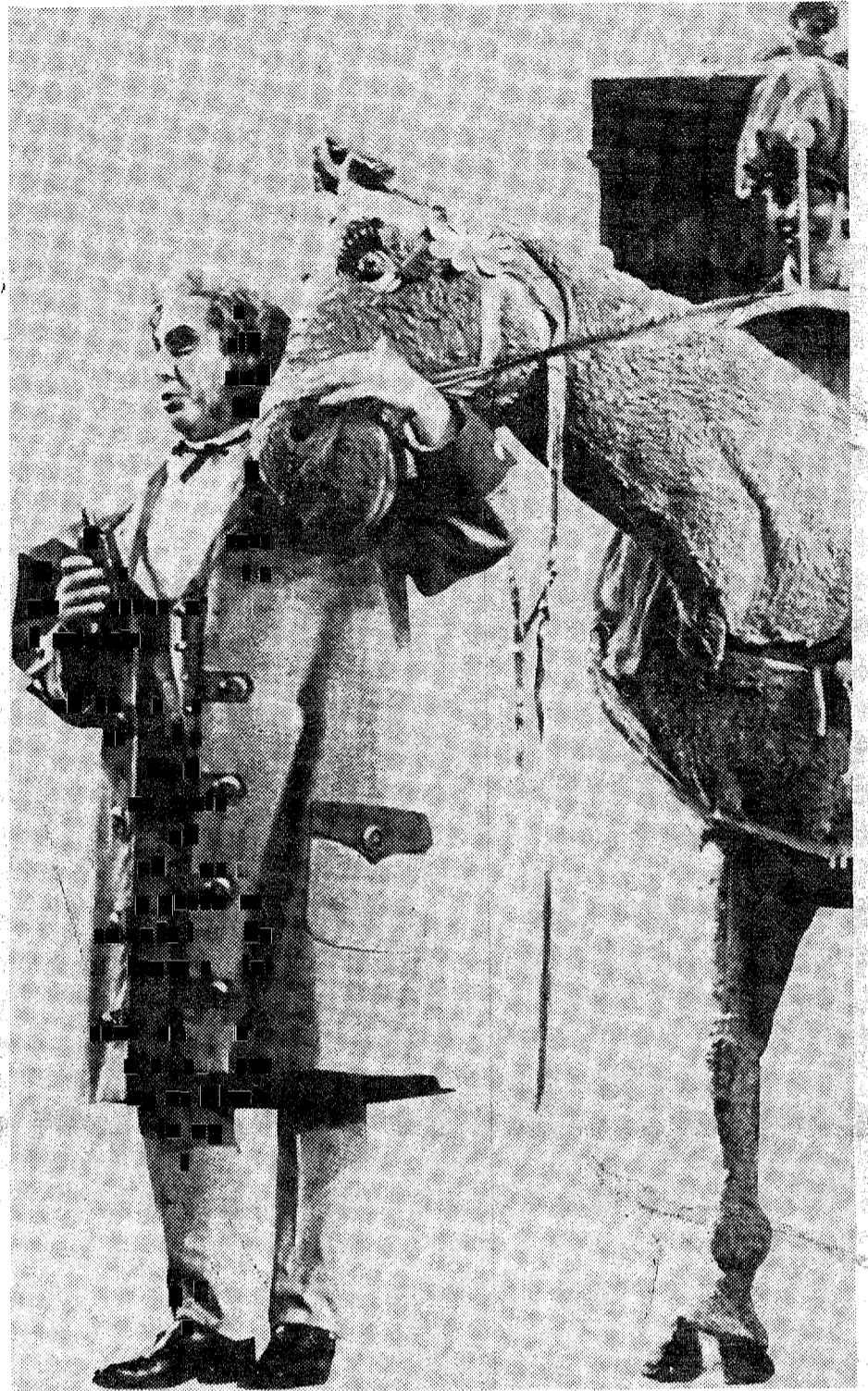
On the other hand when opera is performed as film — Bergman's version of "The Magic Flute" is a perfect example — it becomes all too real and therefore painfully sexist. Mozart's "Magic Flute" delighted me until I saw the film. All these rosy cheeked peasants in lederhosen, the women demurely following in their men's footsteps, the Queen of the Night played as a jealous mother — it was terrible. The plot became totally misogynist (the only good woman is a married one) and the lighthearted ethereal myth of the opera was completely lost. By trying to ground "The Magic Flute" in reality, Bergman lost the illusion which makes it work on stage.

In opera, as in all art, illusion is important. The real men and women who sing may be very ordinary, if not boring. To be honest, the only opera star that I've actually talked to in person was as mundane in real life as she was magnificent on stage.

Yet in some ways the women and men who stand up on the stage of grand opera are more equal than most professionals in our world. Each singer stands alone to sing the most demanding vocal music ever written and thereby to inspire in each member of the audience a belief in the validity of that emotion and that character. No easier for men than for women, and the names of the divine voices have no sexual quotas.

The names of famous opera stars have long filled my galaxy of stars; I missed Elvis, the Beatles, and the New Wave. It's no news to my friends that I have been addicted to opera, not to mention classical music in general, from the cradle. That's not an exaggeration. My parents played a wide selection of music at home: at all hours of the day and until late at night the radio and phonograph played everything from Bach to Brahms. Period. I was ten years old before I realized there was such a thing as 'pop music'. Alas.

Yes, "L'Elisir d'Amore" was sexist; aren't they all? But it was well performed as an amusing fable. And, if anyone is interested, the Canadian Opera Company is doing Massenet's "Werther" next — it's bound to be awfully romantic. But I'll be there.



Donizetti's opera 'L'Elisir d'Amore' is a piece of fluff.



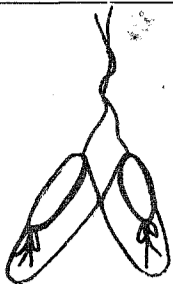
Puccini's 'Madame Butterfly' is an opera spectacle of unmitigated sexism.

## TARRAGON THEATRE ANNOUNCES

Tarragon Theatre in Toronto announces the opening of Margaret Hollingsworth's new feminist play **Mother Country** on February 21, 1980. Directed by Bill Glassco. Previews February 19 & 20.

Clare Coulter and Patricia Hamilton star in this play exploring the relationships between three daughters and their mother.





# I'm dancing as fast as I can

by Gay Bell

On December 1, 1979, at St. Paul's centre, Toronto, Dance Ontario presented a workshop performance by five dancers as part of its Third Annual Dance Ontario conference. I enjoyed myself tremendously, partly because all the dancers were women.

Dance criticism is not my field, but I feel it is important to discuss feminism in the arts, especially in what we see by local women. They are potentially part of our scene and we theirs. When I commented on the feminist attitude of the dancers, a Dance Ontario spokeswoman told me that it is not unusual in Canada where women have been in the forefront of dance in the last ten years.

When I say feminism here, I don't mean that a whole economic/social/political analysis was put forth on the stage, but that the dancers were skilled women working out their visions, not just doing the feminine, male-defined roles designed to keep them apart from each other.

The only appearance of a man, besides the musicians, was that of John Oughton. And what did he do? He came out in tails carrying a little pile of cards with words written on them. He stuck them on parts of the woman dancer's body, e.g. PAST went on her right shoulder, and ALBERTA went on her bum.

Caroline Schaffer, the dancer who got the words/labels put on her in her piece "The Experiment" showed a woman's feelings in ways that I remember from freak days. She showed the need to be free as she danced around trying to shake off the labels; she showed that it hurt and that it was irrelevant; but she did not take a stand demanding that they be removed, nor did she remove them herself. Her ambivalence toward John the Labeller was manifest in her slightly heterosexual-style flirting. IT was not sexist, but it made me doubt that her persona really wanted to rid herself of the labels.

Sallie Lyons' first piece, "Leap Frog", was a study on the movements of a natural creature, inspired by totems she saw out west. The dance was nothing special in terms of content, although it was relaxing to watch. But her second piece, called

"Struggle between the culturally minded housewife and her arch-enemy, housework," was different. It was accompanied by a TV sports soundtrack. The pivotal point was a chair which she alternately dusted and fixed her eyes on as if it were a TV. Chewing gum and duster in hand she made wide sweeps at the chair as she got carried away imitating one or another sports movement such as bowling, football huddling, home running and pitching.

It was witty but by no means frivolous. Lyons examined the psyche of the woman at home identifying with the large expanded gestures of the self-actualizing males' world. I could feel her near ecstasy as she tripped around in the afternoon all alone doing her housework, illustrating the waste of a strong and imaginative woman doing housework most of the day.

Jo Leslie's improvisation was a fine example of feminism integrated into the very dancing itself. She stretched way beyond the conventional language of dance which is available to women. As she said afterward, she wants to communicate with the audience by incorporating everyday movements and perceptions with "dance" in order to drop the pretense, or alienation, of the "performer". For example, while dancing she pauses for an instant to reflect, that kind of self-reflection which a person might do in front of a bathroom mirror, a hesitation — "what am I doing here, now?"

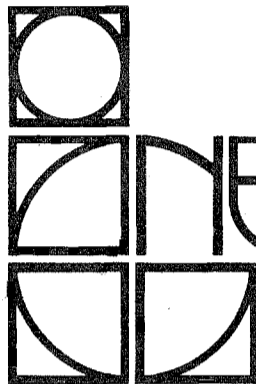
Why do I identify that reflection as feminist? Because even though many of the innovative modern dancers are women, male choreographers and the dance establishment don't seem to encourage women dancers to project to the audience the introspection which is essential for deep personal creativity and which enables the lively and energetic dancing to jump out. Jo's face was so open, not a plastic mask, that I could follow all kinds of fleeting sensations, characterizations and emotions as they happened to her. At first, that kind of vulnerability can only take place in a context where the woman artist feels safe enough to do it — Jo had a woman teacher. Subsequently, she comes to demand the safe context. And that's true the feeling I had watching Jo — her dancing is a strong statement of confidence and exploration.

In the final piece Maxine Hepner wore a red top and white pants: Maryanne Eber-

hard wore red pants and a white top. The complementarity was carried throughout. Watching the movements of these two was like watching a gyroscope on a 45° angle as they took turns being the axis and the ring. There was not a leader and a person lead, but interrelated, interdependent movements.

The dance was intended to be a development of taking a movement and passing it through different parts of the body, of the bodies. They caught each other, lifted each other, carried each other and dove towards each other's torsos.

How often do you see that? Why are women dancing *with* women not more visible?



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**Nuclear Madness**

What the nuclear madness has woken us up to is the fact that time is running out. It isn't enough, any more, to make a few 'connections', without digging for a deeper interconnectedness between our lives, our world, and our struggle. It isn't enough anymore to claim responsibility for our own lives, our bodies, and our immediate environment. As feminists, we know that it won't be enough to save the world from nuclear madness of greater and lesser degree. There are no choices left.

Women everywhere are claiming responsibility for the earth we live on, for the quality of life on it, for the future of human civilization. But meanwhile, the madness that is patriarchy is reaching crisis proportions, and people are turning to the old solutions in new garb; surrendering the future to the intervention of a mythical god, searching for a father/government/protector who will save them from being hit in a constant endless war. No god (or goddess) made this mess, and no god will get us out of it. No women made this mess either. Remember that.

Groups like Women Against Nuclear Technology are beginning to say it. That the problem started thousands of years ago. That it is everywhere. That it is the problem of a world that places control and profit and fear above humanity and love. A world that pits one human being against another, and refines that act with technology. A world that has built on the back of such a system an entire culture, a long history, a set of religions, an economy, and a science. Lies have been built upon lies, so that we finally have come to believe that what is killing us is 'human nature'.

The first split was male and female. The first victims were women. The entire world we live in now is based on a point of view that has been developed by only half the human race. We are living in a social mutation.

It is too late now to mince words, to ease gently into a future vision that our mothers and grandmothers nurtured and tried to save for us. There is only one answer to the question of the future of the human race. The answer is contained in the surviving strands of a female principle. The answer is first of all to end the patriarchal period of our human history. End it, once and for all. Finished. Or we will all be finished.

The answer is, second of all, to replace it with a future vision that we are only now beginning to distill. A world where technology is used to ease and eventually eradicate human hardship. A world where science serves the needs of survival, not death.

I am suggesting that it is possible, right now, to turn patriarchal technology around, and claim the technology that our foremothers were developing before it was stolen and distorted by the patriarchs. I am suggesting that within five years it would be possible to completely eradicate the waste of human lives in daily labour. And with the end of labour, the end of the economic system that feeds on it. I am suggesting that every person could be comfortably housed and fed right now, with the resources already available to us. I am suggesting that it is possible to eradicate much, if not all, of the disease that we suffer. I am suggesting that we could live in a truly global society, with instant free communication between all the people; with fast efficient transportation systems that bring the earth's bounty to all of us, and provide a true mobility between people. I am suggesting that we could make available all the facts and information that would free all people from the scourge

of ignorance, and elevate learning, and art and creative thinking to levels in line with our human potential for greatness. I am suggesting that it is possible to remove the barriers to love and understanding that make our lives so impoverished.

I am suggesting that a high-technology utopia is possible right now. A world that has no longer any interest in telling anyone what to do, what to think, how to live. A world without struggle, but with constant activity, with unbridled creativity, with limitless possibilities. I believe that women will continue to fight for this world, long after our brothers have already given up, because we are, after all, mothers. I believe that we have been fighting for just such a world for thousands of years. I believe that, in the end, the men will join us because it is the only world where they, too, will be free. I believe very strongly that the time to start seriously on this task is now.

I don't know if we'll do it, in the time they have left to us. But I do know that the alternative is nothing less than annihilation.

**Broadside salutes Cafés "olé"**

**Queen Mother Café**  
206 Queen St. West, Toronto

Open Monday through Saturday, Queen Mother is a small cosy restaurant located on the trendy Queen St. West strip. Homemade bread, soups, and a variety of salads are the main features of the daily menu. The cosmic burger (vegetarian) is popular and the desserts are simply sinful. Prices range from \$1-5.

**The Boulevard Café**  
161 Harbord St., Toronto

Open 7 days a week, the Boulevard Café is a friendly neighbourhood restaurant conveniently located near the Toronto Women's Bookstore. Featuring South American specialties, soups, burgers, and salads, the Boulevard Café will tickle your taste buds. Prices range from \$1-5.

**Boulevard Café** and the **Queen Mother** are frequented by some **Broadside** collective members and friends. Why not drop in and say — *Broadside* sent you!

**Room of One's Own**



The most recent issue of ROOM OF ONE'S OWN is a special double one to celebrate DOROTHY LIVESAY'S 70th BIRTHDAY and her role as matriarch of Canadian Poetry.

It includes original poetry and prose, previously unpublished, on her life in Winnipeg, Toronto, France and Zambia; an interview done on Galiano Island, B.C.; personal reminiscences by Anne Campbell, Nadine McNnis, Anne Marriott, Barbara Pentland, Elizabeth Varley; and criticism by George Woodcock and Joyce Whitney. The issue is illustrated and includes an introduction and checklist of publications.

The issue costs \$4.00 (add \$.50 for postage and handling).

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**BREAD & ROSES**

International Women's Day  
Saturday, March 8, 1980

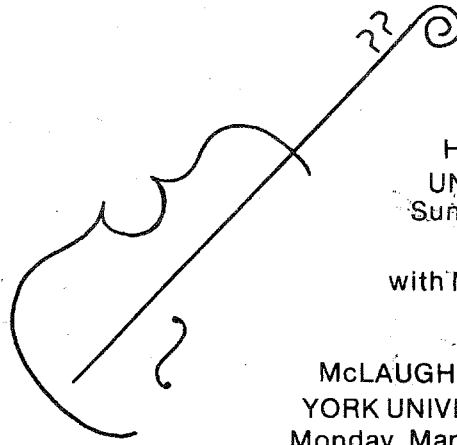
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# MOVEMENT COMMENT

In May 1979 a Lesbian Conference was held in Toronto, attended by 400 lesbians. It was the fourth such conference in Canada since 1975. The others were in Ottawa and Montreal.

During those years, the idea of a Lesbian Movement independent of the Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation Movements was born and took root in this country.

The Toronto conference decided to give concrete form to lesbian concerns by developing a Lesbian Bill of Rights. The movement's new newsmagazine *Lesbian/Lesbienne* has been the forum for work on this project over the year. At the 1980 Lesbian Conference scheduled for in Winnipeg the Bill of Rights will be presented for detailed discussion and approval.

Amy Gottlieb is a feminist and lesbian activist. Her article on the purpose behind the Bill of Rights, and indirectly, the *raison d'être* of the Lesbian Movement as a whole was printed in the Fall 1979 issue of *After Stonewall, Critical Journal of Lesbian and Gay Liberation in Prairie Canada*. An abridged version of the article is reprinted here, with permission.

... The Bill of Rights will be centrally used to organize ourselves as lesbians. Through building effective lesbian groups across the country, through creating a visible movement, we can develop collective structures of support, giving women the strength to combat our isolation or inadequate "personal" solutions. By using the Bill of Rights as an organizing tool for discussion and action we can create communities which will encourage us to be visible and give us the courage to fight collectively. This strength among ourselves will give us the ability to take our message, our needs and demands into every arena in which we are active, into the unions, the women's and gay movements, the anti-nuclear movement, etc. . . .

Many lesbians over the past years have worked side by side with feminists, fighting against the denial of our rights to a job, to control our bodies and our lives. While a

certain amount of progress has been made since the fearful and often hysterical response to open lesbians in the early 70s, lesbian rights is still considered or treated by much of the women's movement as a devious or "touchy" issue, to be treated (or obliterated?) with the utmost tactical agility, thus covering us in a cloud of mystery and uncertainty. In places where lesbianism has been discussed or included as an issue of the women's movement, it has been posed in terms of "personal choice", rarely linking the oppression lesbians face with that of all women. The deep-seated bigotry that lesbians faced has in very few instances been presented as one of the deepest expressions of sexism in this society — a society which needs to keep women in our assigned roles as wife and mother, apart from and divided against ourselves . . .

This exclusion of our unique struggle as part of the larger one, weakens the women's movement in its response to the crusading right-wing. For them the issues of abortion and lesbian rights are intimately linked, "women must not exercise control over their reproductive functions or their sexuality, their bodies are used for the good of society". And so must they be linked for us. As the women's movement talks and organizes around abortion, jobs, affirmative action, etc., we must always explicitly integrate an understanding of how lesbians are affected. If we shy away from this most "sacred" of all issues, we will only be strengthening the hand of our deadly opponents.

A Lesbian Bill of Rights will provide lesbians with a tool for educating the women's movement, in providing an understanding of how the fight for lesbian rights can and must be integrated into the vision of the feminist future. Feminism will be that much stronger in fighting for a society free from all (hetero)sexism and prejudice — a world in which women are truly free to control our own bodies and lives.

Our experience in the gay movement has been in many respects more negative. Our link with a movement which has for the most part sought to achieve equal status with "straight" men, while leaving the radical critique of heterosexism and the system that sustains it, to the sidelines, has always been tenuous. Yet we have struggled alongside gay men for an end to harassment on the streets, in employment, in the courts, etc. We worked with many gay men to organize a mass response to Anita Bryant and Renaissance Canada. We have been identified by many as part of the gay movement, as "gay women", but more and more, many of us feel uncomfortable with this identification. Part of us is hiding in the gay movement. In the women's movement it is our sexual orientation and the implications of that fight for all women, but in the gay movement it is our experience and oppression as women which is denied. Despite many expressions to the effect that lesbians are represented in gay liberation politics, the movement is divided, and will never be unified until it overcomes its obsession with star-studded politics and its male-centred vision. Little has been done specifically in relation to lesbian rights (with the exception of a lot of talk about lesbian custody rights), and the demands of the movement in general are presented with reference to and in view of the experience of gay men. This denial of the deep link between the struggle of women and that of gay men, if it continues, could relegate the gay movement to a sophisticated, yet hollow ghetto.

With the help of a Bill of Rights, we can begin to set conditions for our involvement with gay men, begin to put ourselves on an equal footing in the activities we commonly engage in. It will be an essential tool to clarify so much of what lesbians have been saying to gay men who have gathered each year at conferences — and clarify why so many lesbians have become alienated and uninterested. And it could spell a new direction for the gay movement as well.

Within the union movement we have a long way to go. Women have just begun to have an important impact on its direction. The militancy and brilliance of women involved in Fleck, Inco and Parkland Nursing Home strikes (to cite just a few visible examples) have brought feminist issues into the heart of the union movement. Women's caucuses and some gay caucuses have been organized to bring together ideas for breaking down isolation and neglect within the unions. Working women's groups are discussing how to fight for the unions to represent and deal with the problems of women — to break down sex-stereotyped job ghettoes, organizing the unorganized, fighting for equal participation of women in unions, against sexual harassment on the job, for daycare, etc.

With the support of the lesbian movement and with the effects of our educational work with feminists, lesbians can come out of our "work" closets, and proclaim in a collective chorus: "we are everywhere — and we've been there for years. We're in non-traditional jobs, in offices, schools, mines and factories — we're here to stay, and we're here to fight!"

Lesbians have been active in the trade union movement for years. But our fear of being ostracized, and slandered on the job and in the union, has forced us into secrecy about our lives as lesbians (except to a few tight-lipped co-workers). This fear is a very real one. We have been harassed, and fired, for nothing more than our love for other women.

The Lesbian Bill of Rights can spell the beginning of the end to this destructive denial — a new beginning in the unions. We will educate and present our concerns, build active support for our rights and our jobs, and in turn build a militant union movement in our own interests . . .

□ Amy Gottlieb

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