

Broadside

Volume One, Number #5

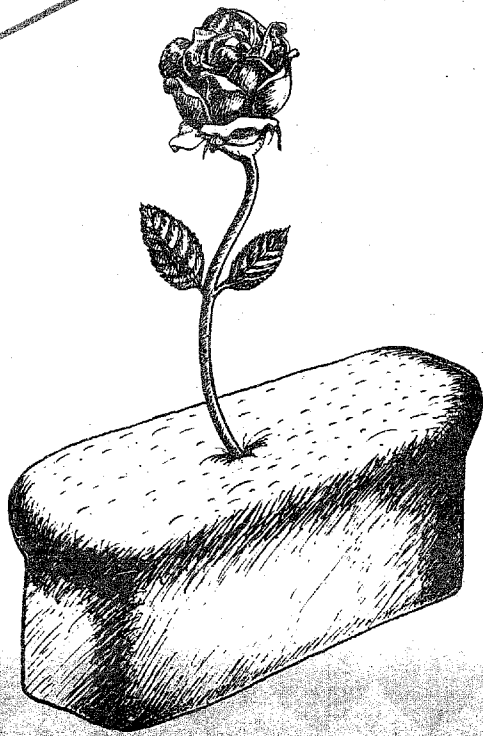
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INSIDE: IWD POSTER

NEW COLLEGE

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Bread and Roses in the 80's International Women's Day, March 8

by Jane Hastings

The establishment of International Women's Day in 1910 had its beginnings back in 1889 when Clara Zetkin, who proposed IWD, made her first speech on women's issues at the International Workers' Congress in Paris. At 31, she was attending the conference as a delegate of the Berlin working women; in this first speech she argued for women's rights to work, to have economic independence, and to participate fully in their socialist parties. Her speech and her attendance at that Congress marked a turning point in her own life's work, which eventually resulted in the founding of IWD some 21 years later.

Zetkin's next appearance at an international meeting was at a socialist congress in Paris in 1900. She attended with Rosa Luxemburg, who delivered a paper on "The peace of nations, militarism, and the elimination of standing armies." The intervening eleven years had given Zetkin experience and confidence and she set herself the task of organizing working women and youth to fight capitalism both as an economic force affecting the daily lives of workers and as an imperialist force threatening world peace.

She went about organizing women in factories on a woman-to-woman basis. Women organizers went out to factories following Zetkin's plan to "make friends with one open-minded woman worker" who would then begin speaking with her friends. When enough women had expressed interest, the organizer would call a meeting at the workplace, even if only a small number were willing to attend.

The organizers visited the homes of women workers as well, and in addition met the wives of small shopkeepers and craftsmen. Agitation began to rise in workplaces; grievance committees were formed; "literature nights" took place at which women and girls studied and discussed current events, politics, literature and art, as well as childrearing.

They began to join strike committees and attend strike meetings, and when prohibited from walking the picket lines, walked up and down in front of the factories with their baby carriages intercepting strikebreakers and distributing leaflets. Zetkin's approach remained personal and immediate; she stressed that an appeal had to be made to the interests and peculiarities of each woman.

The International Socialist Congress which met in Copenhagen on August 26 and 27, 1910, was immediately preceded by the Second International Conference of Socialist Women, attended by more than 100 delegates from 17 nations. Its predecessor, the First International Conference of Socialist Women had been held just prior to the 1907 International Socialist Congress in Stuttgart and saw the formation of the International Women's Secretariat headed by Clara Zetkin.

The 1910 conference included reports of working women's organizing in 14 countries, debates on how to gain universal suffrage, and discussions on mother and child

welfare services. The high point of the 1910 conference was the presentation of a resolution by Zetkin and others that "socialist women of all countries every year arrange a Women's Day serving the primary purpose of agitation for women's suffrage. Women's Day must have an international character and be painstakingly prepared."

IWD, proclaimed at this August conference, was first celebrated the following March 19, 1911, in Denmark, Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Holland and Sweden joined the celebration in 1912, Russia in 1913, and other countries soon followed.

The purview of International Women's Day of course expanded from the original concern with suffrage to include the total array of women's issues we work on today. In socialist countries IWD is actually a holiday.

In 1928 Clara Zetkin, "as worn out and tired as a person could be" at the age of 70, commented that IWD had brought her a crushing amount of work and in a letter to one of her sons remarked with irony, "I never should have invented International Women's Day back in 1910."

Condensed from an article "On the History of International Women's Day" by Annelies Laschitza, Vice President of the Historians' Society of the German Democratic Republic, printed in *The Ukrainian Canadian*, March, 1975, pp. 10-14.

INSIDE BROADSIDE

NEWS

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE: Canada's not on their lists, but Amnesty International has lots to do elsewhere. *Broadside* reports on the organization's policies and activities around the world. Page 4.



COMMENT

SUICIDAL SPEARHEAD: The world considers war and Eve Zaremba considers the stupidity and immorality of political decision-makers. Page 3.

BUT CAN YOU TYPESET? Mary Hemlow tells us how to get a job, particularly in non-traditional, bastion-of-male-chauvinist areas. Page 7.

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT: US feminists supporting the ERA are now in the unenviable position of supporting the draft for women. Movement Comment, page 19.

ARTS

ART: Germaine Greer provides another obstacle in an attempt to clarify the historical position of women artists. Susan Sturman reviews Greer's book, *The Obstacle Race*. Page 13.



Margaret Atwood

BOOKS: With both Margaret Atwood and Marge Piercy in town for the "Women Writers in Dialogue" series, *Broadside* takes the opportunity to review Atwood's *Life Before Man* and Piercy's *Vida*. Page 14, 15.

FILM: Darlene Chase reviews Anne-Claire Poirier's film on rape, *A Scream from Silence*, and finds it unnecessarily heavy. Page 16.



Volley 5 Silence is Consent

President Carter wants to reinstate the draft. Representatives of the Canadian armed forces cry panic over the lack of manpower and together militarists from both countries grimly warn about the necessities of preparedness. One hundred thousand and super Bowl spectators, in a tribute to the American hostages in Iran, roar their approval as the American flag is unfurled from one ten yardline to the other. America is rallying.

78% of Americans favour increasing the defense budget. And 73% approve Carter's plan to introduce legislation to bring back the draft. One gets the feeling events are taking their own course, careening on to war, and this one will be hot not Cold. What's missing is some kind of political dynamic.

It is difficult to discuss issues in an atmosphere of hysteria (see Eve Zaremba's comments on page 3) and the media so far are not doing the job of giving us the facts, sifting the alternatives (see Media Watch). Up to this point, in fact, the voices that would say "No, we will not tolerate war, it is not our only option," have been feeble indeed.

It is no coincidence that the first public challenge to the war game came from a group of women in the United States. Moved to speak on the possibility that women will be drafted (see Movement Comment for a discussion of the feminist dilemma), representatives of the women's movement laid it on the line. "This propos-

al to draft men and women is part of the male establishment knee-jerk reaction to the threat of war," said Bella Abzug.

Since that public statement, other leading activists of the sixties have come out of the woodwork to articulate their dissent. They have given advice to potential draftees, and devised strategies. They know their political tools. And so does the women's movement.

The difference between the feminist response and the activities of the old time anti-war activists is that feminists were able to add to their strategies a perspective on how we got from point A to point B. Essentially, they warned that the boys were at it again. They said it with conviction and in a way that gets to the root of the matter. It is

not enough to want to buck authority or protect one's rights. It is critical to understand why one's rights are being threatened in the first place.

The fact that feminists are prepared to examine the motivations that could take their countries to war, means that women are the most likely candidates for leadership in the anti-war movement of the eighties. Women are already taking a strong position in the anti-nuclear movement. It all does tie in.

As a member of the alternate press and as a feminist publication, *Broadside's* role is to document and support that leadership.

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.

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Broadside editor Philinda Masters at the writers workshop.

A small and keen group of writers and would-be writers met on Thursday, February 14 at the *Broadside* office for our first writers workshop. We discussed how a good news story differs from a feature or a column; how to research it, write it and present it. The high point of the session was a horrible example-of-a-bad-news-story concocted by Philinda Masters. We had so much fun taking it apart that there wasn't time to conduct a practice press conference at which we were to be the press. We'll do that next time. If you're interested, call the office (362-4528, afternoons) and we'll put your name on the list for the next workshop.

EVE ZAREMBA

A Twist of Lemmings

Amazing how easily our media and politicians fall into hard-line Cold War rhetoric. It's as if the intervening years of relative detente between 'east' and 'west' were an uncomfortable aberration to be discarded at first opportunity. There is something about the flag-waving, sabre-rattling, chest-beating and name-calling which has the spine-chilling appeal of a horror movie, a currently popular genre.

Looking around at popular opinion these days it is clear that the suicidal drive towards war holds a horrifying fascination. The North American public has reacted to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan with a wave of joyful hysteria unmatched since the good old days of 'brinkmanship'. This media-stimulated over-reaction was primed by the unhealthy hype of the Teheran Embassy Hostage Saga; undoubtedly the most successful Media Event in years.

Virtually overnight Carter goes from mediocre politician to major statesman, the US discards any lessons it might have learned and wraps itself in Stars and Stripes. Even we Canadians got into the act, "heroically" rescuing and standing by our allies to the south. To listen to Flora is to weep.

If it wasn't so frightening it would be funny. But it is frightening and it isn't funny enough.

How is it that people find war hysteria irresistible? Repeatedly whole nations loose their cool and act like macho bikers bereft of all sense: sense of proportion, sense of survival. It's understandable that the military and various segments of industry welcome and exploit the expansion of the arms race. They have clear 'rational' motives of hawkish self-interest. And there are advantages to be gained from it for politicians and the media — both eager for sensation, simplification and a trend to ride. The symbiotic relationship between politicians and media is now a major factor on all public events, often an overriding factor.

But what's in it for the rest of us? Obviously, politicians in taking a hard line and media, in whipping up patriotic fervour against 'the communist menace,' assume that people generally have short memories and a totally ahistorical view of reality. Considering the dearth of any cogent voices to the contrary, perhaps they are too correct for comfort.

For a couple of centuries the British Raj fought in Afghanistan, denying Tsarist Russia entry to the Persian Gulf and guarding the Khyber Pass, Gateway to India. This was well before oil became an international byword and a synonym for greed and trouble. Need we act as if Soviet

interest in this part of the world is new, unexpected and part of some original Commie plot? The world didn't start with the internal combustion engine, the Russian revolution, or even the invention of the nuclear bomb. Tsarist Russia is merely the Soviet Union in an earlier incarnation, while the US has assumed from Britain the mantle of Empire of the West. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

Whatever may be said in defence of immoral 'real politic,' or conversely, of impractical idealism, there is absolutely no good word to be said for political decisions which are both stupid and immoral. Yet that's what surrounds us on all sides.

Soviets commit a stupid and immoral act; they invade Afghanistan. The west, in the person of President Carter, proceed to make bad worse by reacting in a stupid and immoral manner. Suddenly Pakistan — an unstable country with a tyrannical dictator in control — becomes the recipient of American largesse. Having apparently learned nothing from past disasters the US goes ahead and backs President Zia as a bulwark of democracy. Isn't the example of the Shah in Iran not current enough to be remembered and to document the short sightedness and futility of supporting megalomaniacal strongmen?

Concurrently China moves up a notch in its miraculous conversion from the sources of all evil to a bucolic land of gymnasts and happy peasants. Next, the Persian Gulf is promoted to one of the American Great Lakes and placed in charge is the US Navy. Of course, locals are not consulted about all this protection they are getting.

These moves are carefully designed to:

- distract the Moslem world from facing the implications of Soviet take over of a Moslem country by force;
- alienate all and any possible progressive forces in Islam and throughout the world;
- scare India, by arming Pakistan and favouring China, into further dependence on the Soviet Union;
- paint the US into an untenable corner, with few options and a guarantee of loss of influence in the region;
- not move the Soviets one centimetre out of Afghanistan.

And all of this to the tune of the Marine March.

It is supposed to be a human characteristic to learn from experience, from the past. It is the constant repetition of idiocy which leads even very hard-nosed, pragmatic feminists to the conclusion that patriarchal society in all its manifestations — east and west, left and right — is intrinsically flawed, irredeemable, doomed.

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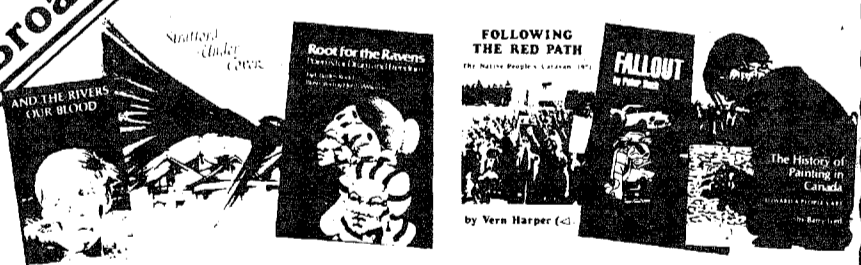
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Amnesty International,

by Eve Zaremba

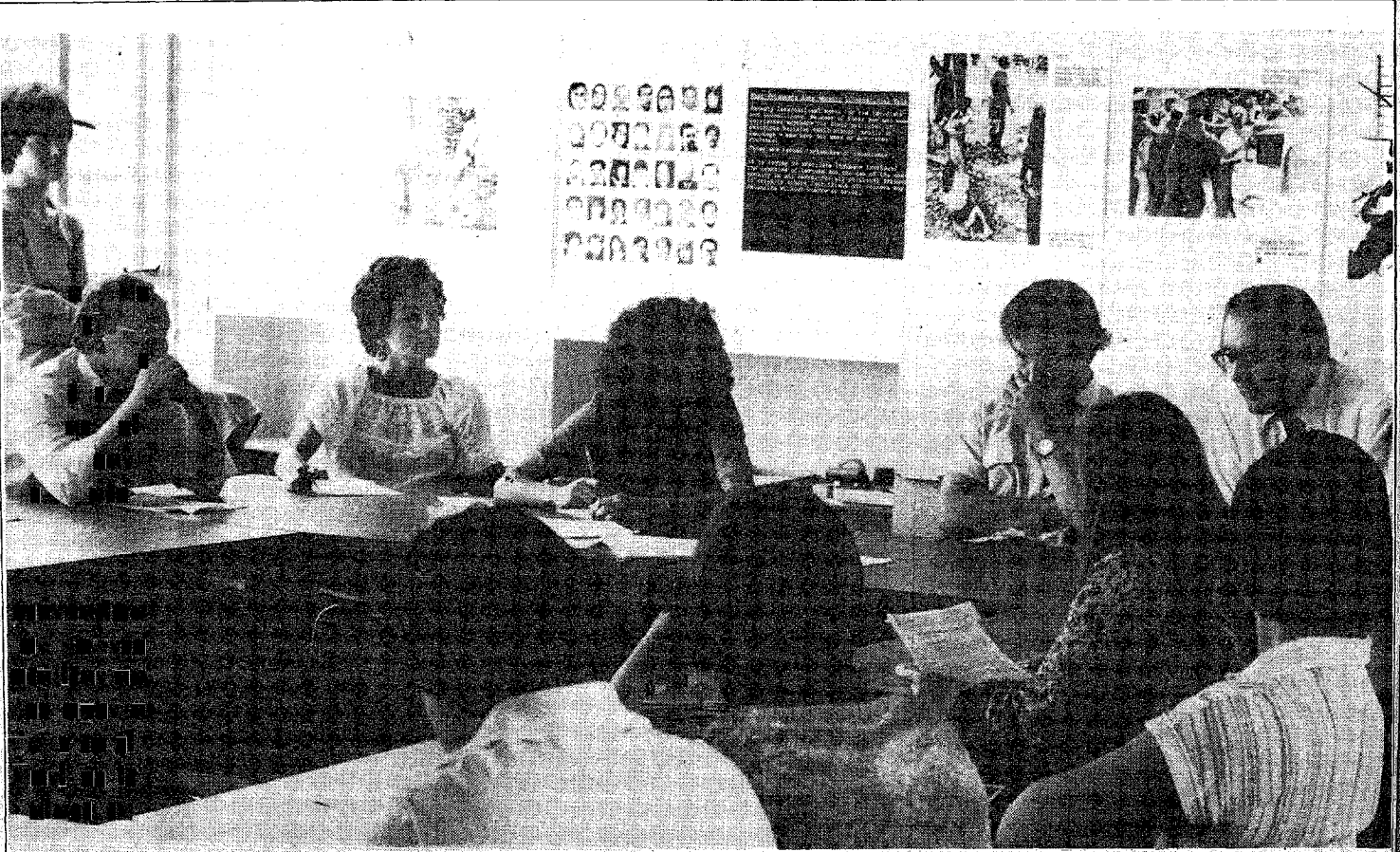
Amnesty International has been at the back of my consciousness for some time. One of those 'Do Gooder' organizations that as a political feminist I wasn't supposed to take too seriously since it was neither political nor feminist. Then I heard Margaret Atwood speak on Amnesty International at a Sylvia Tyson benefit concert:

"...Artists' concern for the preservation of freedom of expression is not of course entirely disinterested. When a totalitarian regime of any political stamp takes over a country, one of its first acts is always to silence any voices but those it authorizes itself. The first to be stood up against the wall are those whose function it is to use words: journalists, writers, singers, television and radio broadcasters. Next, you'll be interested to know, come lawyers...Next come trade union leaders. With the advocates of free speech, fair trial and fair deals dead or locked up a reign of terror and exploitation can begin in earnest. It's the aim of Amnesty to give a voice to those whose voices have been taken away from them...With a few changes — worse economic condition, a shift towards authoritarian thinking, a war — this could be us."

'Not entirely disinterestedly' I set out to find out about Amnesty International.

Amnesty International is a membership organization which in 1980 has 250,000 members in 125 countries. Its 1980/81 budget is approximately two million pounds sterling. All Amnesty International funds are contributed by the fundraising programme and membership donations. It has a highly experienced research staff of 150 at the International Secretariat in London, England which researches, documents and reports on individual prisoners of conscience, disappearances, tortures and other violations of human rights by governments. There are 2,000 adoption groups which work on behalf of specific individual prisoners of conscience throughout the world with a remarkable degree of success. (The condition of about one half has shown marked improvement soon after the launch of a special effort.)

There has been controversy about and within Amnesty International since its birth in 1961 largely due to its original narrow de-



All photographs courtesy Amnesty International

AI staff meeting at the International Secretariat in London, England.

finition of 'prisoners of conscience'. Position of those who use or advocate violence was one issue. Another was homosexuality. Amnesty has grappled with these issues to the best of its ability. Its original statute has been amended and its focus and definition expanded so that Amnesty work now has these three aspects:

- the release of prisoners of conscience (ie non-violent prisoners)
- fair trial within a reasonable time for all political prisoners (including those who used or advocated violence)
- humane treatment of all prisoners without qualification.

After a great deal of internal agitation in 1979 the 12th International Council of Amnesty International considered what role the organization should play with regard to individuals persecuted for the homosexuality and decided that 'anyone imprisoned for advocating homosexual equality could be considered as a prisoner of conscience. In cases where homosexuality could reasonably be assumed to be a pretext for imprisoning individuals for their beliefs, AI could adopt them as prisoners of conscience.'

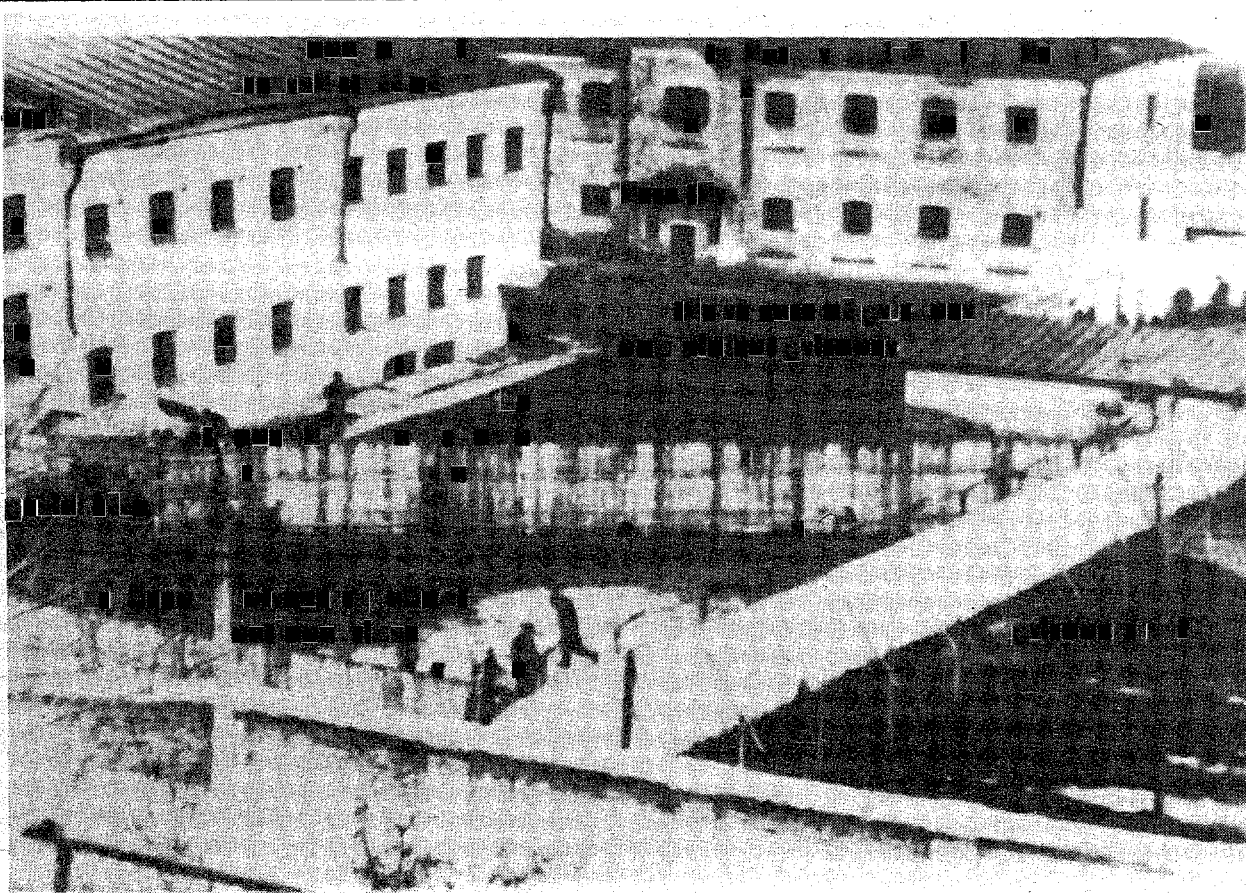
Within the third aspect (humane treatment of all prisoners) lurks another potential controversy. Amnesty is solidly opposed to the death penalty. The death penalty is currently in the midst of a right-wing revival even in countries where it has been either abolished or not involved for some

time. This will bring AI into direct conflict with governments which otherwise do not feature greatly in its primary work: for instance in Canada, where the issue is by no means settled, and in the US, where 500 prisoners wait on death row.

As expected, regimes on the extremes of the political spectrum, left and right, are most prone to major abuses of human rights as a matter of systematic government policy. In Western Europe, imprisoned conscientious objectors to military service were in 1979 the only 'prisoners of conscience' by Amnesty definition. (The possible return of the draft in the US will bring up that issue there.)

Efforts to curb terrorist acts — in UK, Ireland, West Germany, Italy, Spain and Turkey — have according to Amnesty 'facilitated the ill-treatment of detained suspects.' Amnesty is generally against special police power even in times of emergency because 'such legislation makes violation of human rights more likely and the preservation of respect for human rights too dependent on the good will of the authorities and their ability to resist public pressure for indiscriminate severity.'

In the USSR (and its satellites) the exercise of human rights is often specifically and 'lawfully' proscribed. For instance in the USSR, 'anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda,' or 'defaming the Soviet state and social system,' can bring heavy prison sentences, exile, banishment or confinement to psychiatric hospitals. Trials are frequently marked by violation of internationally accepted standards of fairness: denial of public access, incommunicado pre-trial detention; vagueness of charges; refusal to allow defendants access or advice of defence council; refusal to call defence witnesses and other unfair procedures. Amnesty also claims that prisoners of conscience are often convicted on false criminal charges, including 'resisting the police,' hooliganism, and 'parasitism' (which may consist of not having paid employment!) Political abuses of psychiatry have continued despite its condemnation by the World Psychiatric Association in 1977, but there has been some recent decrease in confinement to so-called 'special psychiatric hospitals' for long stretches of time.



Orlinka Psychiatric Hospital, USSR.

Conscience International

Human rights are often the first victims of war, political and social upheavals, in the middle East and North Africa in 1978/79 Amnesty worked directly on behalf of 800 prisoners. In this region imprisonment for political reasons is not unusual, fair trial procedures are either deficient or totally lacking in many cases. People are held for long periods without trial or without being charged and some are held in prison long after their sentences have expired. Corporal punishment, cutting-off hands and flogging continue to be practised in some countries and all states in this region retain the death penalty.

Amnesty reports some improvement relative to the past affecting human rights in a number of African countries. In 1978 the African Bar Association adopted a declaration of human rights to be presented to the Organization of African Unity. Nevertheless abuse of security measures in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), increase in the use of the death penalty in South Africa, Nigeria and other states, common practice of extra-judicial killing by government forces were all reported. Generally the greatest need in Africa is for effective means to protect refugees.

Long-term imprisonment without trial of large numbers of people is still prevalent throughout Asia, regardless of political stripe of the government in power. Recent communist regimes tend to practice mass detention in 're-education' camps, capitalist Singapore has few political prisoners but holds them for years without trial, under Pakistan's new legislation 800 people were executed in 1979 and many flogged or mutilated.

In Asia as in Africa, the overwhelming number of refugees — Amnesty estimates there are 20 million throughout the world — constitutes the greatest human tragedy.

In South and Central America arbitrary arrests, torture, disappearances, extra-judicial execution are common features throughout the region. In many countries these violations of basic human rights are facilitated by emergency legislation which is used mainly to legalize political repression and perpetuate authoritarian regimes. This is an area where torture is predominantly a tool of government policy rather than merely individual sadism. Amnesty is especially concerned with the problem of the 'disappeared' in this region, which it categorizes as 'one of the worst violations of human rights,' 'inhuman both to the prisoner and his or her family,' a 'mockery of the judicial and whole legal system' — a 'negation of the rule of law.'

In the 'English-speaking Americas' Amnesty's main preoccupation is with the death penalty. In the US Amnesty also monitors individual cases of American Indians and Blacks alleging political motivation for criminal charges. Amnesty adopted Charlotte Tree and the Wilmington Ten as 'prisoners of conscience' because of cogent evidence that their prosecutions were politically motivated and their conviction (for arson) was the result of false testimony.

Canada did not figure in Amnesty's 1978/1979 report at all. The last case of interest to Amnesty here was the Pelletier case.

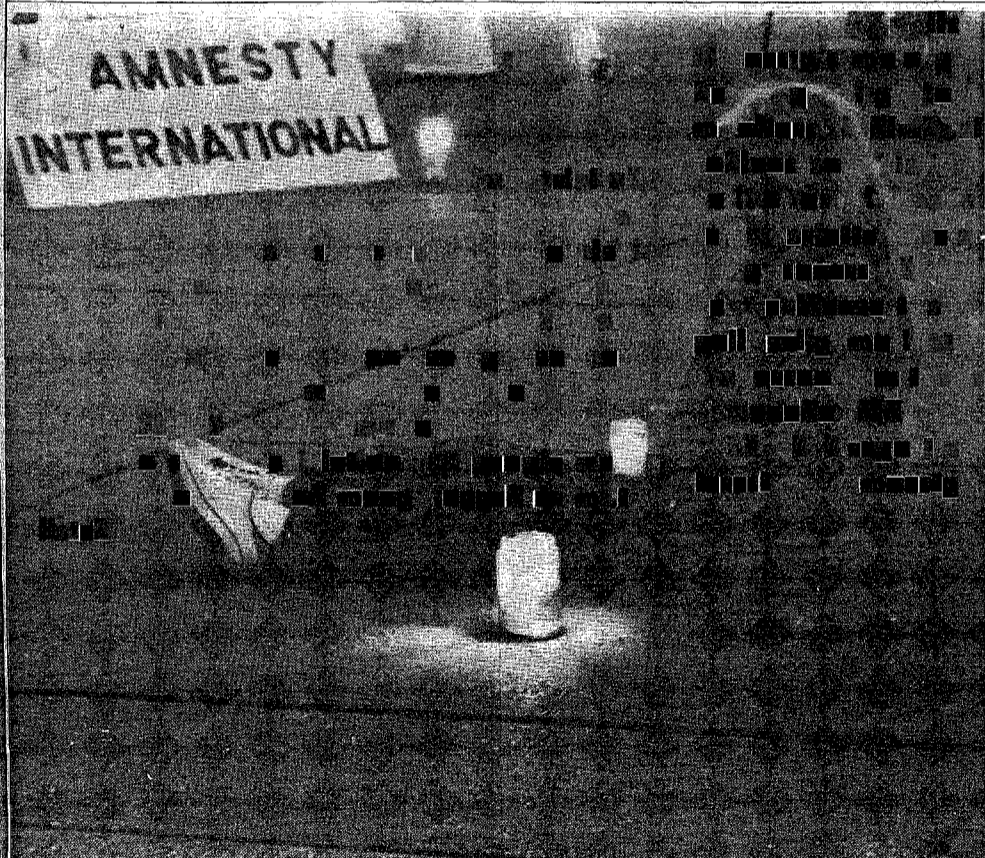
I asked Genevieve Cowgill, Press and Publicity Officer in Toronto whether in the opinion of AI things were getting better or worse. She wouldn't answer except to say that people who work in Amnesty are encouraged by recent growth in membership — up from 168,000 in 1977 to the current quarter million. It's part of Amnesty's policy to avoid generalization, to abjure facile judgements and the 'spokesperson' syndrome. Amnesty tries to deal impartially with well documented, specific information. "Amnesty International must continue to have the courage, as a movement, to state what it believes to be true, and to remain silent if reliable information is not available. The latter is often more difficult than the former." (1979 Report)

Its impartiality at all levels is fundamental to Amnesty's credibility. This has been equated by its critics with lack of political analysis. There have been demands that AI take on specific repressive regimes with boycotts and demonstrations. Others believe that AI is wise in refraining from changing or expanding its mandate to any such extent. Given the world-wide scope of Amnesty's operations and its limited resources, its current work would undoubtedly suffer. As it is, Amnesty does a limited but essential job superbly. "Amnesty's credibility and high-profile validation is invaluable. It plays an absolutely critical role in human rights work" says Janice Acton of the Latin American Working Group, Toronto.

Along with Margaret Atwood, we should all be glad that the job is being done. 'This could be us.'



Winnie Mandela one of the best-known leaders of black opinion in South Africa and an activist in Soweto has suffered from political persecution since 1969. She has been charged, detained, banned, restricted and intimidated, convicted and sentenced. Her last sentence had been appealed and she has since been acquitted probably thanks to the world-wide publicity her case received.



AI member at Toronto City Hall, June 1979, keeps vigil for the disappeared of Argentina.

WOMEN

While the majority of political prisoners are still men, thousands of women throughout the world have been imprisoned because of their religious or political beliefs, ethnic origin, suspected or actual women's rights activities. Others are detained because their husbands or close relatives are politically active and sought by police. A pattern emerges, where in old line countries as the societal order breaks down initially whole families — men, women, and children — tend to be arrested together (in Ethiopia for instance, both members of the old royal family and families of suspected left-wingers have been imprisoned without charge). Then after a lull in which few women are arrested, as women begin to enter political life on their own, they start being imprisoned and tortured as individuals rather as members of suspect families. Women are seen to be especially vulnerable to torture and sexual brutality, to enforced separation from and maltreatment of their children. (Sexual torture is widely practised by male interrogators on male prisoners as well.)

We can be sure that as societies disintegrate and as in country after country women become recognized as threatening to the established order, more and more of us will join those already imprisoned, abused and tortured.

CASE HISTORIES

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL deals with thousands of cases throughout the world, year in and year out. Here are four women:

In October 1979, sixteen year old Yolanda de la Luz Aquilar was arrested in Guatemala City, blindfolded, held incommunicado and tortured by Guatemalan judicial police. She was continuously beaten, stripped of her clothes, knocked unconscious, sexually abused and eventually raped by an estimated 20 police agents. Finally released, after 40 writs of habeas corpus were presented on her behalf, she is blind as a result of the tortures she suffered and her life is believed to be in further danger. What was Yolanda's 'crime'? She and a friend were distributing a trade union press bulletin protesting the death of a trade unionist whose body was found the day before.

In the USSR, Irina Stasiv, teacher and poet was sentenced to 6 years imprisonment plus 3 years exile for 'anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda'. Exact charges unstated.

Lilian Caliberti, together with her two children and a friend was abducted in Porto Alegre Brazil and illegally transferred to Uruguay where torture is routine during interrogation of political prisoners. Her present place of detention is unknown.

In South Africa, Nohle Mohapi formerly employed with The Black Peoples' Convention, was held, 'uncharged' in preventive detention for over a year. Her husband died whilst in police custody in 1976.

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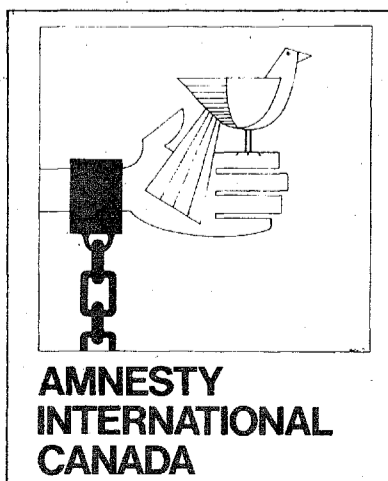
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL is a worldwide movement which is independent of any government, political grouping, ideology, economic interest or religious creed. The activities of the organization focus strictly on prisoners:

- It seeks the 'release' of men and women detained anywhere for their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language or religion, provided they have neither used nor advocated violence. These are termed 'prisoners of conscience.'

- It advocates 'fair and early trials' for 'all prisoners' and works on behalf of such persons detained without charge or without trial.

- It opposes the 'death penalty' and 'torture' or other cruel inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment of 'all prisoners' without reservation.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL acts on the basis of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other International instruments. Through practical work for prisoners within its mandate, Amnesty International participates in the wider promotion and protection of human rights in the civil, political, economic, social and cultural spheres. (Quoted from Amnesty International pamphlet.)



BROADSIDES

by Susan G. Cole

CRUISING WINDOWS

As if the societal terror of homosexuality weren't intense enough, United Artists seems determined to ensure that the movie-going public links gays and lesbians inextricably to pathological violence. What other reason can there be for the production of the movies *Cruising* and *Windows*.

The gay male community is in an uproar, and so they should be. Kept under wraps, silently censored from the screen, the homosexual lifestyle has never been given fair treatment by the film industry (with some notable exceptions in the form of made-for-TV movies fashioned by liberals who couldn't help but find Anita Bryant outrageous). But now, the industry has come out with *Cruising*, a film that takes its star into the seamiest sides of gay life, and which gives the impression that homosexuals do nothing but fight and fuck. Gay liberationists in New York and other centres where the movie has opened have been protesting vigorously.

The issue is a little trickier for feminists who have been critical of that part of the subculture that in reality does nothing but fight and fuck. But the fact remains that if there is no other representation of the homosexual lifestyle available to the public, then what appears in *Cruising* is not "artistic truth" at all, but a slim and exploitative slice of life that has negative political impact on the gay community, already threatened by ongoing violence.

To be sure, the pathological heterosex-

ual has been depicted vividly on the screen, but for every movie about a heterosexual sicko, there are literally thousands of films that celebrate the joys of the nuclear family and the pleasures of a straight lifestyle. Until the film industry produces the gay equivalent of Doris Day and Rock Hudson (and as many times), *Cruising* has no business on the screen.

But there isn't even a glimmer of artistic truth in *Windows*. A woman hires a man to rape the women who is the object of her desires so that the victim will hate men and fall in love with her. The assumptions are staggering. Anyone not knowing any better (and that would be the better part of the public, who have not seen any other images of lesbians to offset this bizarre one) would determine that without such elaborate schemes, lesbians can't find lovers.

Women don't rape. Men do. But *Windows* tells us that lesbians, not men and male institutions, threaten the security of women. And rape counsellors declare they have never heard of a woman planning another's rape. The opposite is true: women have been giving comfort and support to rape victims as the incidence of the crime has increased.

The women who protested outside the movie theatre in Toronto where *Windows* was playing had the right idea. In effect, they were suggesting to script writers and movie producers that they get their rocks off some other way.

A RASPBERRY FOR JAM

The new glossy magazine's title is *JAM*. It is short form for "Just About Me." A tribute to Narcissus? A Machiavellian guide to personal survival in the harsh world? A renunciation of community? Wrong. It's a new magazine for women aged ten to fourteen.

In its introductory issue, *Broadside* presented a centre spread on the mass media and remarked that the Women's (Family, Thursday, take your pick) sections of our daily papers seemed fixated on the Fabulous Four — Food, Family, Furnishings and Fashion. Well, things don't change. They just get more so. *JAM* promises to deliver to its readership what the promo pamphlet called the Big 6 — Fashion, Fun,

Fiction, Fitness, Features, and yummy Food.

To its credit, the magazine will have a strong emphasis on health matters and every issue will contain a piece of original fiction from the pen of a woman 14 years old or under. But *JAM*'s first feature on Rollerskating suggests that the editors are determined that their readership learn quickly the difference between being "in" and being out of it. And the notion of a ten year old perusing her closet for just the right thing to wear to school is depressing indeed.

If the promo is any indication *JAM* promises to be a mixed bag, the kind of thing *Broadside* will keep an eye on.

MS. PRONOUNCED

The Times of London has banished the word Ms. from the latest supplement of the Times stylebook and writer Trevor Fishlock saw fit to celebrate the editorial decision in a column entitled London Diary.

"The forlorn fatherless and motherless little word Ms. is cast into the lexicographical outer darkness," fulminates Fishlock. "It is artificial . . ." continues Fishlock, who likes to know where words come from. If he were to examine carefully the origin of the other two options, he wouldn't be too happy then, either. Both Mrs. and Miss are conventional short forms for "mistress," which can mean both the head of the household and the woman who illicitly takes the place of a wife. Confusing, isn't it? And yet Fishlock insists that Ms. is "rotten English," "a plaything."

Mr. Fishlock, who needn't fret about the derivation of the title prefixing his name (either way you cut it, it's short for master)

plainly suffers from periodic lapses of logic. "Far from disguising the marital status of women, it (Ms.) draws attention to it," insists the guardian of our language. No it doesn't. A woman who refers to herself as Ms. draws attention to the fact that she does not wish to be identified in terms of her marital status. That is an entirely different thing.

Of course women needn't wait hundreds of years for the "natural" development of a word like Ms. to validate its use. But the point is not the content of Fishlock's argument but the vociferousness with which it is delivered. There is something heartening about the fact that this tiny word can cause such an uproar. Even those who are ambivalent about the use of Ms should take it up if only because in doing so, we seem to be able to strike a very sensitive nerve.

MEDIA WATCH

The face of a Soviet soldier stares blank-eyed for a January cover of *Time* magazine. "Moscow's Bold Challenge," reads the headline. Another January specimen: the huge hairy paw of the Bear goes its way through Afghanistan but is caught in a steel trap. "Squeezing the Soviets," explains *Time*. The next week, a heroic portrait — the kind that recalls the sculpted heads of Mount Rushmore — of President Carter "Taking Charge." *Time* magazine would call it coverage of the news, telling it like it is.

Americans, *Time* reports, are in a fiercely hawkish mood. Certainly the media are not responsible for that, but seen in sequence, the covers of *Time* magazine play the same role as a film soundtrack that is willingly orchestrated to accompany the ultimate horror film WAR.

An enterprising entrepreneur publishes the sayings of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Wrenching the more idiosyncratic of the Ayatollah's thoughts out of their context (religious), the newspapers, commentators and newsmagazines — all those with clout in the public forum — fashion the comedy that makes the Ayatollah the perfect clown.

The champions of Judeo-Christian culture, instead of pausing to examine the more bizarre doctrines of their own religious institutions (which have plenty to say about sex and hygiene,) howl with laughter at the now mythologized aggressor. This most recent symptom of the "recovery of the American Nerve," is but a camouflage for the kind of racism on which war mongers thrive.

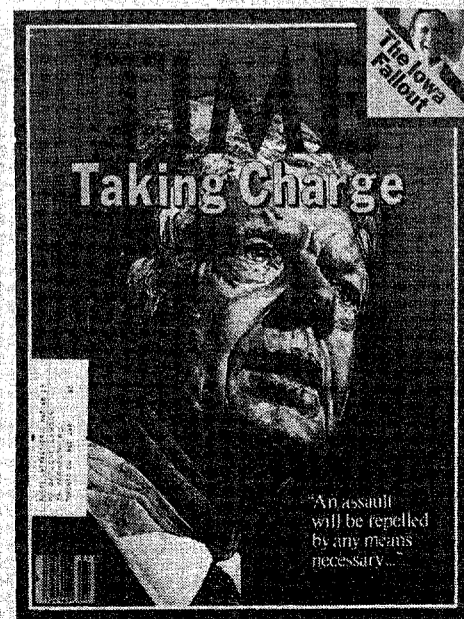
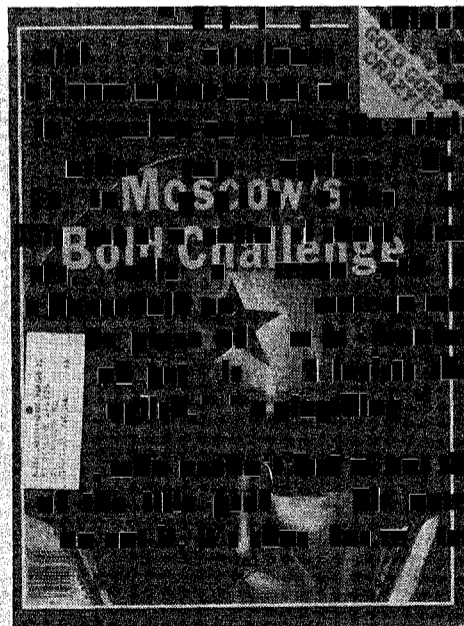
While the mainstream media hoot and holler, the voice of the New Left remains alarmingly mute. Once confident and determined to probe the American conscience,

the voice of dissent was able to prod the Liberal establishment into a complete turnaround over the war in Indo-China. Why the silence now?

It may be that the children of the sixties are not accustomed to seeing the possibilities of war so clearly defined, so plainly laid out in front of them. After all, a good part of the outrage against the war in Viet Nam arose because military activity had been going full tilt and nobody knew it. Congress certainly had not sanctioned it legally. The present circumstances don't allow for those feelings of having been betrayed or deceived. We can't complain that we don't know what's happening. The scenario is vivid, the information is all there. We could be going to war. And if the voices of dissent intend to say no to that protest, they had better start now.

So for the record: While the newspapers celebrate Joe Clark's daring rescue at the Canadian Embassy in Iran, *Broadside* suggests that the hero of the piece really had no choice. And since he had no choice we find it difficult to deem the whole affair an example of splendid leadership. American TV stations operating out of Buffalo continue to flash the message: "Remember the Hostages." But these aren't the only 43 political prisoners in the world. In fact there are more than that in Chile alone.

And while *Time* depicts the Soviets as the ravaging beast, we realize that the US and the American Eagle have received similar treatment in the pages of Pravda. Neither publication is reporting the news, nor are they analyzing events in any other way but to lead us inexorably towards military hostility. If the mainstream media aren't doing their work, the alternate press has an obligation to fill the vacuum and we have to start now.



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Susan Sturman

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Today the Boiler Room, Tomorrow the Senate

Mary Hemlow, *Broadside's* woman-on-the-Hill, has once again undertaken to provide readers with useful hints on how to steer one's way through the vicissitudes of parliamentary and civil-bureaucratic Ottawa (or anywhere for that matter). This month: *The Job Search*.

By Mary Hemlow

Now that the government has cut out most of the busy little make-work programs for women, many of you, perhaps all of you, will be searching for a real grown-up job. More women working would certainly give the Movement a better image and I think you'll find a job if you follow these simple words of advice.

1) Do not be intimidated by job ads but, to save valuable time, realize that if you're not at this time a medical doctor, there is no point in applying for "Chief Medical Officer-Operating Room" in your local hospital. It's hard to bluff surgery and you might not be able to cozy up to a surgeon in time for her/him to help you with the job. In the same way, "Chief Roads Engineer" is likely not for you because it's very sophisticated and you might mix up all the roads and then none of us could find our way anywhere.

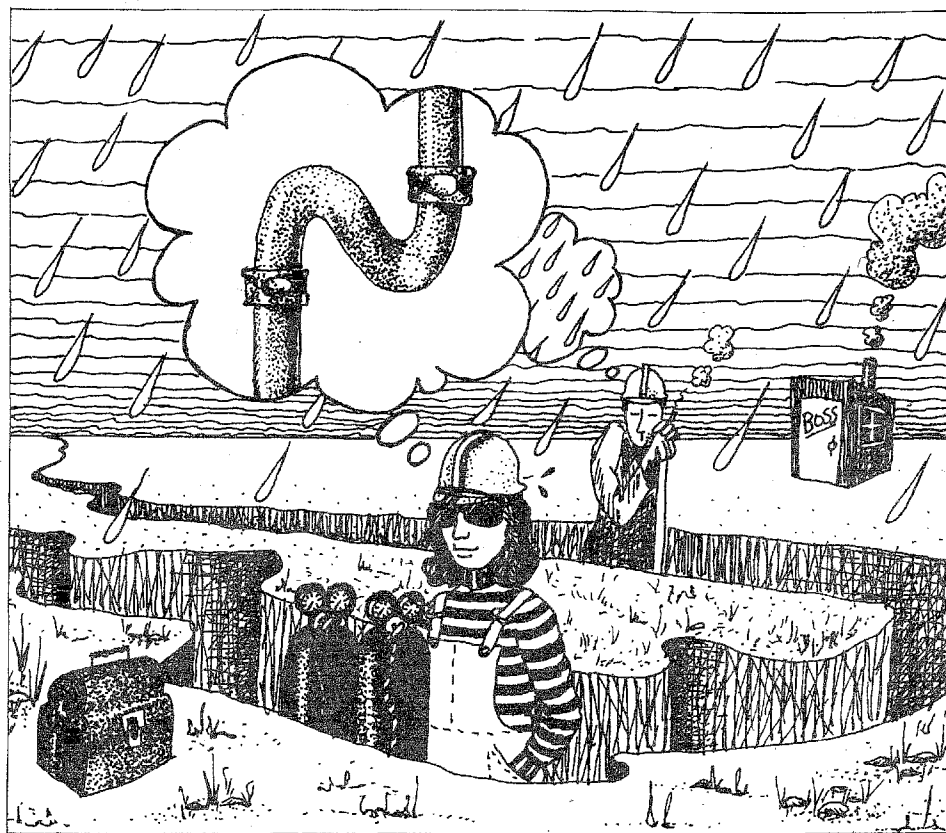
2) Apart from the kind of position mentioned above (where it's hard to bluff) say you're anything and can do anything. You can always get by. For example, jobs in boiler rooms (especially if you're a determined non-traditional worker) in government

buildings are very simple. There's always a lot of nice men sitting around playing cards and nothing much ever happens. Just be sure you're not alone when a pipe starts hissing because you're going to have to turn a little gadget to keep the boiler room from exploding. There's very good pay in this kind of job and you get written up in magazines showing how women are marching ahead, breaking down barriers and opening doors to equality. You could be a role model. Be sure to dress nice.

3) There are excellent careers in *career counselling*. Don't let the fact that you don't have a career and know nothing whatever about personnel work deter you one bit. You just sit in your office and if a worker manages to get in to see you, tell her/him you'll see them later. Put all telephoned on hold. Spend all your time reading the job opportunities (you'll get them first, you see) and apply for the better ones yourself. You'll be a director-general in a few months. Dress very nice.

4) What about *psychiatry*? I bet you've never thought this one out and you see years of training ahead. Nonsense. Have confidence in yourself. Be a *radical* psychiatrist. Arrange for some printed letterhead (for sending out bills), tidy up your apartment and put an ad in the paper. Listen carefully to what your patients have to say then tell them to go work it all out themselves and let you know what they've decided. People pay tremendous sums of money for this good advice — you'll be on your feet in no time. Dress can vary, but a natural look is recommended.

5) There's work coming up on the *northern pipeline*. I don't have a lot of information

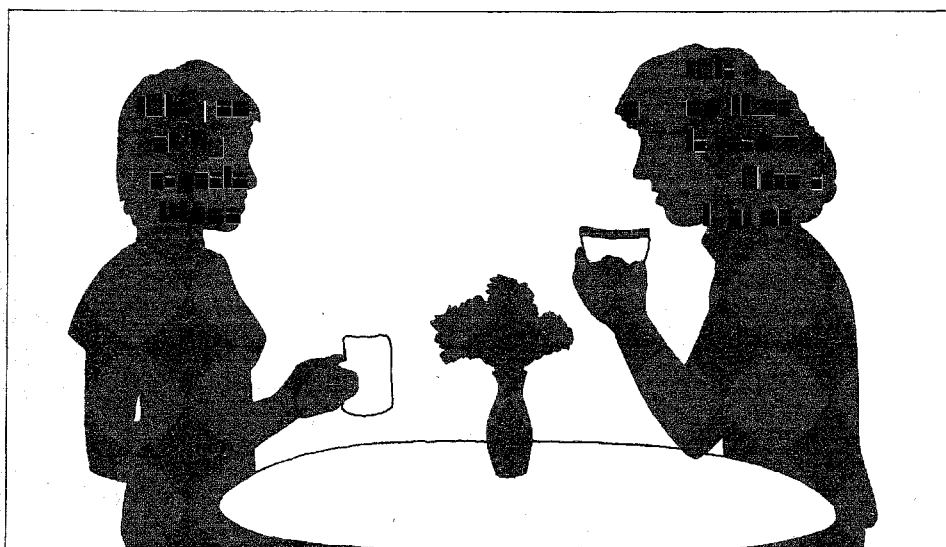


Anne Quigley

on this but apparently they want women welders. There's nothing to welding and since the pipeline hasn't been started yet (and maybe never will) you have lots of time to practise. Buy a welding iron and lots of whatever kind of metal welders use, heat the whole works up and repair things. Keep

doing this until you are called to work. I don't know what is to be welded in the end, but once you're out there on the line with the other welders, it will be obvious. It's going to be welding a lot of pipes together, I imagine. Miles and miles of pipes. You'll make a fortune. Dress warm.

CONVERSATIONS



Susan Shimura

Broadside's wandering restaurant correspondent, B. Moon, provides readers with another eavesdropped conversation.

"I say that women should not be afraid of being rich and powerful. We need power, we need money, we should have no hesitation about taking it."

"And I say that we can't afford to do that, that power corrupts, that money corrupts, that we must take both for the movement, but only what we need for ourselves."

Connie grinned at Jane. "Who's to decide what each of us needs for ourselves; who's to decide what the movement is, and where to put money within it; who's to control that money? All the old fights start up again — everybody wants a piece of the pie and there isn't enough to go around."

"Look, suppose you're a lawyer: you've had a hell of a struggle to get where you are, you've been scraping along on grants and loans for years, finally you make it. You're doing good work, you have lots of women clients on Legal Aid, and a few fat accounts that pay your bills. You're getting a reputation for sticking to your guns, being clear and shrewd and up front. You carry some weight in the legal profession. There's no way you can get along wearing blue jeans and furnishing your office with Chinese

boxes. You need to take clients to lunch, you need to impress judges that you're responsible."

"You contribute to Nellie's, you work with a lot of women who stay there, you're doing a lot for the movement. And some twenty-year-old who's just discovered Women's Liberation comes along and tells you you're just like the men, says you remind her of her father, says you're getting fat and flabby with all the steak and kidney pies you eat for lunch. Sure you carry weight, she says, your own bread roll."

"What the hell are you supposed to do? Even if you gave away half your income to the women on Legal Aid you would hardly make a dent in the problem, and you'd be less effective your self. And you look around and see all the people who are so much richer than you, the businessmen, the housewives living on their husbands' executive salaries, none of them doing a thing except stewing in their own broth, dammit! I'm glad to see a few spunky women making it on their own and showing the world that they've done it."

Jane's forehead was wrinkled with concentration, and she waited a minute as Connie puffed on her cigar. "Connie, I know how unreasonable women in the movement can be, and I don't think there's any point in trying to set rules for how

successful a woman can be, or how much money she should have, or any of that crap. What I'm talking about is a shift in consciousness which will lead us to set our own guidelines for ourselves, and be able to give each other feedback when we need it.

"Of course lawyers need certain kinds of clothes, and professional people take clients to lunch, and it's ridiculous to think we can change all that overnight. But I think women can be more sensitive to the fine line between understanding and using these conventions, and being dominated by them. If the clothes and the lunches and the dinners and the business trips are understood as part of the professional game, and if they remain dispensable, that's fine."

"It just seems that it's so easy to get hooked on the whole lifestyle, and I've seen how needs escalate as income rises, and then you're just boxed in, and they've got you. And even if you're not caught in the trap of things and lifestyle, and I think there are women who've managed so well without that they don't get caught, there's another trap that's even worse, and that's power. It works in lots of different ways." she was having trouble following through. Connie got the waiter to bring more coffee, and they drank it while Jane gathered her thoughts.

"There's power that's just sheer amount of money — very few women have that kind of power. I'm talking about being rich, having money to invest or give away as a tax write-off. Movement women are always dreaming about finding women who are that rich and tapping their wealth for the movement, and it sounds great, except that we almost always find that the few women who have pots of money have conservative ideas to go along with their pots, and even those who see themselves as being liberal, or even socialist, still can't help exerting influence with their money. After all, it's their money, isn't it? I think the movement has to find ways of attracting investment and donations on an influence-free basis. But that's sort of an aside — what I was talking about was what happens to the rich woman because of her wealth? I don't know what it feels like from inside, I only know what it sounds like from outside — there's a certain quality in the voice, and a

certain expectation that one will be listened to — I've heard that tone from women who've become famous, or very successful."

Connie couldn't be quiet any longer. "That sounds like the old fear-of-success syndrome, the early days of the women's movement when everyone played trash-the-leader. It's self-assurance that you're hearing, and it's too bad everyone doesn't have it, but that's no reason to dump on women who do."

"No, it's clearer for me — I was getting confused just now." Jane was clearly excited. "Self-assurance is great, and I've heard that in women's voices all over lately — it has hardly anything to do with success, except in terms of doing what you want to be doing, and knowing you're doing it well. That's great. But I'm talking about a sound of power, a tone that doesn't come from any sense of inner worth, but rather from the knowledge that you have something other people want, and they're going to listen to you because of that. Usually people who sound like that aren't self-assured — it's the opposite. Take away their money, or their job, or their fame, and there's nothing left. It's a hollow tone, there's a space, a hole, that's constantly needing to be filled, but it's bottomless. I'm not talking about your wonderful lawyer, or your dedicated academic, or your passionate writer, or anyone who has succeeded by doing what they care about and doing it well, and it's nice that they get paid but if they didn't they'd still be doing what they do somehow. We need women like that, and we need the margin of their success, the generosity they can afford, not just money, but energy, inspiration, support. It's power and money for its own sake that I see as so dangerous, and all this would be easy if the distinctions were clear. The trouble is that the wonderful lawyer and the dedicated academic are also likely to be seduced by their own success, and even though the work remains important, the success becomes increasingly necessary, until it is an end in itself. And that's where we need each other's feedback so badly."

The bill was on the table. Jane was short a dollar, so Connie covered for her.

MOVEMENT MATTERS

TASK FORCE ON SEX-ROLE STEREOTYPING: CRTC

The CRTC Task Force on Sex-role Stereotyping will hold a series of cross-Canada meetings. The public is invited to appear at the meetings to present their views on this subject, and to discuss them with a member of the Task Force.

The Task Force was formed in September 1979 and charged with developing guidelines toward the elimination of sex-role stereotyping in the broadcast media.

Any individual or group may speak at the meetings. In order to appear, participants should present themselves to the secretary of the Task Force at the following meeting: Hotel Toronto, Varley Room, Toronto, Ontario, March 5, 1980 at 7:30 pm.

While the Task Force does not require advance notice of appearance at meetings, such notice, wherever possible, would be appreciated. Relevant details should be sent to the Task Force, CRTC, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0N2, or telephone (819) 997-0313.

Submissions should be about 15 minutes long; they should briefly identify the problem of sex-role stereotyping in broadcasting, and, most importantly, should focus on specific recommendations for solutions to the problem.

The Task Force will review all submissions, oral and written, and expects to complete the review and make public its guidelines by mid-1980.

NO LESBIAN CONFERENCE THIS YEAR

At last year's Bi-National Lesbian Conference it was proposed that Winnipeg hold the 1980 conference. A collective of Winnipeg women officially accepted this offer in September. Unfortunately, we feel that at this point, that we are unable to fulfill our commitment.

During our organizational meetings it became apparent that the majority of the collective felt we had neither the woman power nor the financial resources to hold a conference in 1980. We now feel that our energies would best be spent in local and regional organizing so that we will have the resources to hold a conference in the future.

We are sending this letter to as many women's groups in Canada as possible. Hopefully there will be enough time for another city to organize a conference for this year.

We would like to thank all of the women, especially those in Saskatoon, who had supported our efforts to organize the conference.

We apologize for having taken this long in reaching our decision. And we sincerely hope that another group will be able to hold the 1980 conference.

Lesbian Conference Planning Committee, Winnipeg

CO-OP HOUSING FOR WOMEN

Representatives of several Toronto women's hostels are recruiting members for a Board of Directors which will found a housing co-operative for a wide range of women, including a substantial number on low or moderate incomes, or with various types of problems.

If you would like to help found the co-op, please contact Janet Howard at 367-7916 or write to her in care of Alderpeople's Offices, Toronto City Hall, Toronto M5H 2N2.

If you can't manage the time commitment for full Board membership, maybe you would like to work on one of the committees which will be planning this exciting new concept.

In addition to providing funds for existing centres and groups, GCA aims to support the creation of new services and or-

ganizations and to find new sources of revenue for the lesbian and gay communities. Through its fund-raising efforts GCA increases the gay public awareness of community services and activities.

Gay Community Appeal needs the support of the whole community to be as successful as possible. Right now it is looking for more writers and photographers for the audio-visual group and women and men for the management group and newsletter committee.

Lesbians and gay men who want to serve as host for an SOS evening are also needed. For further information, contact Karen Prins at 922-8744 or Don Morden at 598-3159.

Karen Prins

GAY COMMUNITY APPEAL

Recently approved as a fundraising organization, the Gay Community Appeal of Toronto will officially begin its appeal toward the end of March, 1980.

Formed last summer around the United Way concept, the group received proposals for a variety of projects from Toronto lesbian and gay men's groups which were reviewed by the Appeal's board.

Proposal categories range from educational programs, counselling services, and health clinics to legal clinics, defence funds and cultural and recreational projects. So far, 15 proposals with an average dollar figure of \$1000, have been accepted for funding.

The primary fund-raising mechanism of the Gay Community Appeal will be an audio-visual presentation highlighting the projects for which the Appeal is seeking financial support. Volunteers from the Appeal will present the show at "Support Our Selves" social evenings, held in the homes of lesbians and gay men.



FEMINIST PARTY OF CANADA - PARTI FEMINISTE DU CANADA
BOX 5717 STATION A TORONTO
M5W 1A0 (416) 960 3427

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 _____

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY EVENTS

Toronto

Meet at Toronto City Hall: 11 am, Saturday, March 8. Brief rally.

March to King Edward School, Bathurst and College Streets.

Women's Cultural and Educational Fair at King Edward School: 1:30 to 4:30 pm.

Day care provided at King Edward School from 10:30 am on.

WAVES

Waves, a lesbian-feminist quarterly magazine, has been printing for one year under the financial sponsorship of the British Columbia Federation of Women, lesbian subcommittee. *Waves* is going independent and subscriptions are now available.

To receive three excellent issues of *Waves* in 1980, send \$5 to *Waves*, c/o Flag, Box 237, Station A, Victoria, BC V8W 2N1.

Submissions are heartily encouraged (drawings, pictures, stories, ideas, news). See your pseudonym in print.

WOMEN'S POLITICS IN THE 80's

For International Women's Day

at

University of Toronto Law School

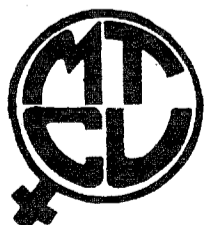
Wednesday, March 12, 1980, 7:30 pm

Presenting viewpoints ranging from traditional to Marxist-feminist

Childcare provided with advance notice

For more information call 783-2027

Invest in yourself.



Metro Toronto Women's Credit Union Limited
15 Birch Avenue, Toronto 960-0322

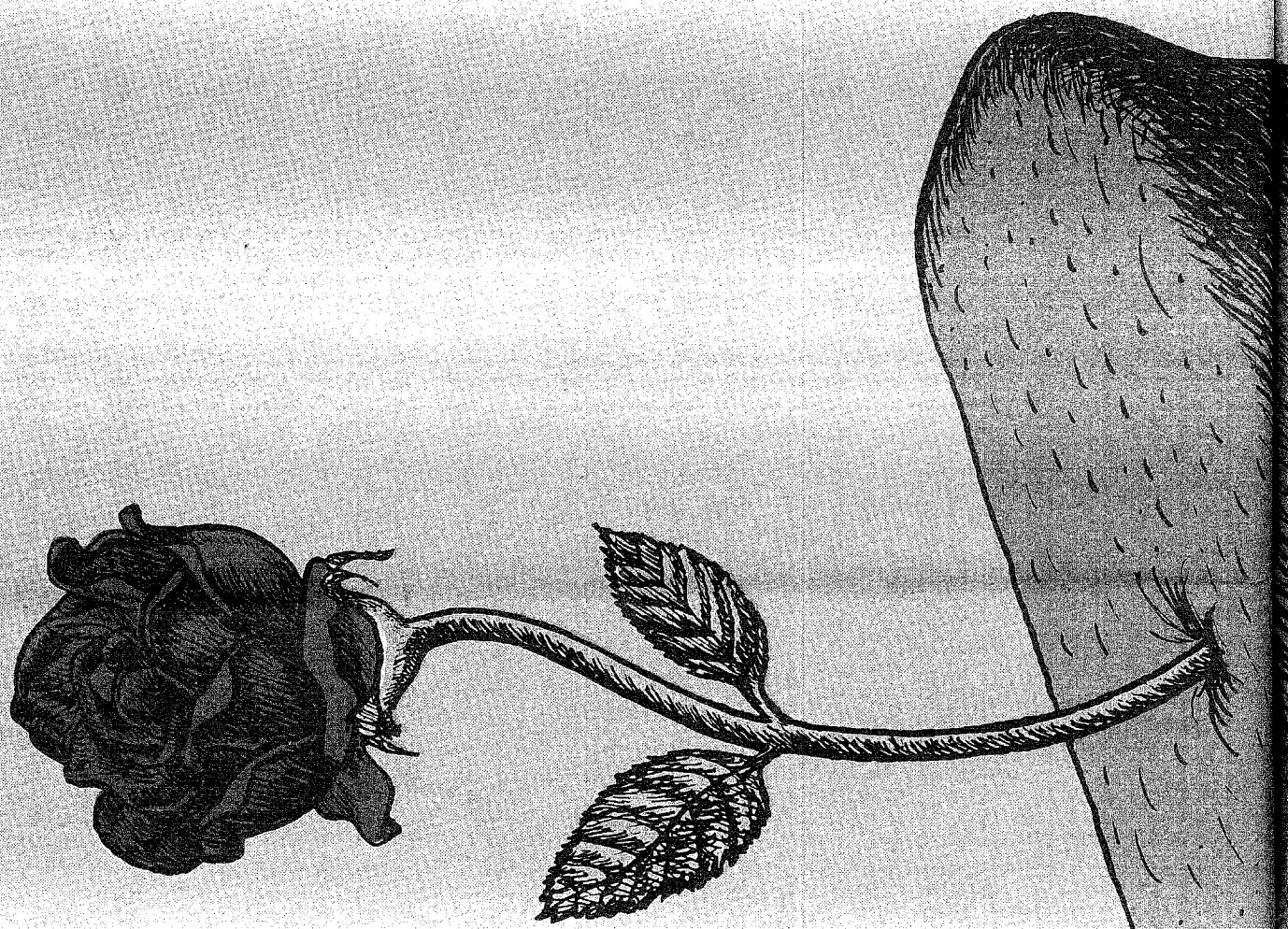
Money working for women.

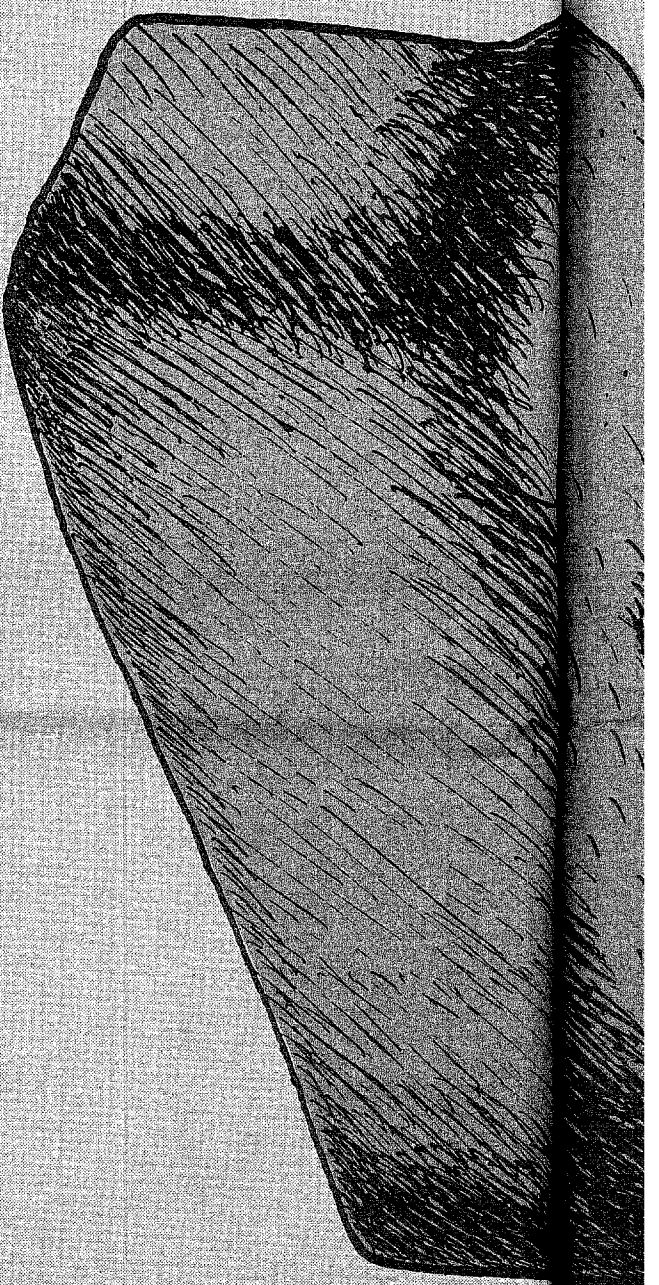
Position Available

The Toronto Rape Crisis Centre is looking for a temporary fundraiser (3 months) who will work on a percentage basis.

The position would become full-time with salary depending on our fundraising. Anyone with experience should phone

964-7477





International Women's Day

March 8, 1980



ARTS

What Price Glory?

by Susan Sturman

In 1971 a Feminist art historian asked the crucial question, "Why have there been no great women artists?", in an essay of the same name. Linda Nochlin was one of the few struggling pioneers in the enormous task of uncovering the lost *oeuvre* of centuries of women artists, at a time when few people were aware that such a thing existed. "Woman" and "artist" seemed to be a contradiction in terms to those patriarchal guardians of culture who maintained that one could not create art without a penis, and that women's exclusive creative contribution was child-bearing. But Nochlin was not interested in merely cataloguing the numbers of women painters, or in proving that there were female equivalents of Leonardo and Michelangelo, but in questioning the patriarchal values of art and art history themselves. Nochlin recognized the need for "a feminist critique of the discipline of art history...which can pierce cultural-ideological limitations to reveal biases and inadequacies not merely in regard to the question of women artists, but in the formulation of the crucial questions of the discipline as a whole". Since 1971, Nochlin and other art historians and critics, such as Ann Sutherland Harris, Arlene Raven, Lucy Lippard, Carol Duncan, and artists such as Judy Chicago and Miriam Schapiro, have been seriously engaged in that critique, in formulating new questions of greater relevance to women art, and in underscoring the sexist, racist and classist values hidden in the deliberately obscure language of the "art world". In doing so they have begun the important articulation of an alternative feminist aesthetic, which emerges more out of questions than answers, unlike patriarchal notions of art, which not only demand answers but also a rigid adherence to them. It is by no strange coincidence that a strong feminist art movement emerged at a time when the rules of late Sixties Minimalism and Formalism were practically etched in stone.

In the past few years, a number of books and journals have been born out of the struggle to rediscover women artists and to redefine art in feminist terms. Some of these, like *Women Artists 1550-1950* (1977), the catalogue of the major exhibitions prepared by Nochlin and Sutherland Harris, and *Women Artists* (1976) by Karen Petersen and J.J. Wilson, are more traditionally art historical in approach. They provide the essential background to women's involvement in a male-defined, largely Western history of art. To merely acknowledge that these women existed was a difficult labour and a necessary one, for their lives had been buried in centuries of neglect, and their work often attributed to better-known male artists. Other publications, such as Lucy Lippard's *From the Center* (1976), a collection of feminist essays on contemporary women's art, Judy Chicago's *Through the Flower* (1977), and the journals *Heresies* and *Chrysalis* attempt to chart the way for a new feminist aesthetic, and place the discussion of women's art in a socio-political as well as historical context.

But amid the outgrowth of such serious endeavours, here are, as always, those who simply know a good thing when they see it and jump on the lucrative publishing bandwagon. The unfortunate entries in this category are Cindy Nemser's *Art Talk* (1975), Eleanor Munro's *Originals: American Women Artists* (1979), and most recently, Germaine Greer's *The Obstacle Race*. *Art Talk* is basically a collection of taped interviews with twelve contemporary women artists, rather like any other trade book about artists, except for the fact that the artists are all women. That as a novelty should make one immediately suspicious. Nemser tries to place each artist in a superstar role, even when, as with Sonia Delaunay, they reject it. She wants to prove that these women are "great artists" on purely male terms. She keeps asking each artist whether her art couldn't just as easily have been done by a man. The implication is that "greatness" is "universal" (ie male) and that if its products (ie "great art") are related too closely to a specific human experience (eg being a woman in a woman's body), "greatness" as an essence begins to dissolve into the mundane realm of everyday life. Munro continues this conceit in *Originals*; according to her the only difference between male and female artists is the amount of hype behind them. She discards the role of critic and becomes publicist instead. While it is certainly interesting to know something about the lives of women who are artists, Munro puts undue emphasis on the influence of "the great men" on their artistic and personal lives. In one interview with the witty and wonderful performance artist Eleanor Antin, Munro interrupts Eleanor's description of an extremely personal piece with interjections from her husband, poet David Antin, who actually corrects her telling of the story. This is completely unnecessary and insulting to an artist whose genius in the articulate expression of her experience as a woman is well-known. Both *Art Talk* and *Originals* have fallen into the trap of "anything you can do, I can do the same"; it is the familiar reactive equal rights position that feminism has struggled with over the past ten years.

The question "Why have there been no great women artists?", if taken at face value as a patriarchal challenge (which is *not* the way in which Nochlin posed it), is somewhat of a trap. Some have met the question with vast lists of women artists, past and present, trying to prove that they have been as great as (if not greater than) their male contemporaries. Others apologize. In *The Obstacle Race*, Germaine Greer somehow manages to do both at the same time.



Greer ambitiously promises a sociology of women's art, and promises to "raise the true questions contained in the false question 'Why were there no great women painters?'. But to Greer these "real" questions are: "What is the contribution of women to the visual arts?", "If there were any woman artists, why were there not more?", "If we can find one good painting by a woman, where is the rest of her work?", and "How good were the women who earned a living by painting?". If anything, these questions are more false or beside the point than the original "Why?". One might do better to ask: "Who has defined the visual arts, and thus women's contribution to them?", "Who sets the criteria for deciding what is 'good' art or who is a 'good artist'?", "What are the values underlying those criteria?", "Whence the concepts of 'Art' and 'Culture', and whom do they serve?". These might be the bases for a feminist critique. Greer trips herself up by failing to ask these kinds of questions. She blindly accepts the traditional methods, language and criteria of male-defined art history and art, and thus misses the greatest obstacle of all. Ultimately she achieves a tedious catalogue of the social and psychological constraints operating against women's achievement, and manages also to find fault even in those exceptional women who triumphed against all odds, in a convoluted, pseudo-Freudian analysis of their personalities.

The failure of a particular woman in becoming a truly great artist is linked by Greer sometimes to sexual repression and frigidity, sometimes to all-consuming sexual or emotional appetite. Lesbians receive peculiar treatment; at one point, in a discussion of the life of Rosa Bonheur, (a nineteenth century painter known for her studies of animals), Greer practically advocates lesbian "marriage" as a way of providing the woman artist with the kind of selfless help-mate that men have enjoyed. That's a pretty sexist attitude from one who calls herself a feminist. On the other hand there is the following: "To find emotional support in another woman is only possible for some women, most of whom have been continually distressed and oppressed by social pressures. The lesbian is more tortured than any other woman by the suspicion that she is a sort of mock-male: she more than another will be teased by the alien tradition of representing women as sex objects, as the 'other'." Huh? The book ends in a cloud of psycho-babble as Greer proclaims: "There is then no female Leonardo, no female Titian, no female Poussin, but the reason does not lie in the fact that women have wombs, that they can have babies, that their brains are smaller, that they lack vigour, that they are not sensual. The reason is simply that you cannot make great artists out of egos that have been damaged, with wills that are defective, with libidos that have been driven out of reach and energy diverted into neurotic channels".

Without any real focus or alternate form of analysis, Greer gets trapped in patriarchal art history and can only respond in a reactive or apologetic manner. She provides us with plenty of solid factual information, and some newly-identified artists, which save the book from being totally without value, but ultimately she becomes redundant — how many times must we be told that the majority of women painters were daughters of men who were painters? Perhaps, since art history is not exactly Greer's métier, she feels she has to establish her academic credibility in such a way. (If this is the case, she is reacting once again to established conceptions of expertise and specialization). She apologizes over and over for women's art not being "great art", without really questioning the assumptions behind "Great art". The measuring stick is always the Big Boys, the Old Masters, the patriarchs of Art. Greer's awe for the milestones of patriarchal art history is almost reverential. While she questions the assumptions that have been made about women's art, Greer does not challenge the assumptions made on behalf of male artists by male critics and art historians, let alone how those assumptions are fueled by the self-interests of the latter. She also does not challenge the primacy of the easel painting, and accepts the traditional separation of the "fine" and "minor" arts (minor arts being miniature painting, portraiture, illumination, as well as textile work, ceramics, and the like, traditionally the domain of women artists and artisans and considered inferior to monumental religious and historical canvases.) She is half ashamed of the participation of the great women abstractionists of the Russian Revolution — Natalya Goncharova, Alexandra Exter, Liubov Popova, and Varvara Stepanova — in textile printing, costume design and other applied arts, bemoaning the subordination of their painting activities to these other involvements. She fails to discuss how these women saw their participation in the so-called "minor" arts as a means toward the democratization of art. This despite Greer's inclusion of the following quotation from Popova: "No artistic success has given me as much pleasure as the sight of a peasant buying a length of material designed by me".

Greer does not also go out of her way to criticize the elitist art establishment and how it has controlled both the market and content value of art with a capital "A". Most women are and have not been in a financial position to be major consumers of art, but even so Greer chides women for "not (having) so passionately espoused their own cause that they have become a market which will impose its own values". She in fact encourages women to buy into the art market and the art establishment. Perhaps Greer simply does not want to bit the hand that feeds her — \$32.95 is a fair bit for most people to spend on a book with a few colour plates in it (I would suspect that it was meant to grace coffee tables in rather toney settings).

Most dangerously, perhaps, Greer warns women painters away from the considerations of "feminist critics": "whether there is a female imagery or not" "whether the characteristics of masculine art are characteristics of all good art, and the like". Here we have the "art-as-pure-essence-untainted-by-propaganda" argument, for she continues: "The painter cannot expend her precious energy in polemic, and in fact very few women artists of importance do" (italics mine). Of importance to whom?!

Judy Chicago, an artist who has trounced the preceding argument in both word and deed, was a lot freer of the obstacles than Greer when she wrote in 1973: "Maybe the existing forms of art for the ideas men have had are inadequate for the ideas women have". Another artist, Judith Stein, is perhaps even more heretical in her assertion in 1972 that "perhaps the only things a truly feminist artist would concern herself with are the feminist movement and building a feminist art system within a feminist society". The task ahead of the feminist artist is still enormous. Greer's book is almost a step backwards: feminist art historians, critics and artists had already taken their analysis further in the early Seventies. The most crucial theoretical work is still to come. Feminist writers such as Mary Daly, Adrienne Rich, and Susan Griffin have shown us how far and deeply we must go to search out the Background of our culture. Feminist art historians, critics, artists, will have to search for the very roots of our creativity, through the great nature/culture divide that has spawned the "art as necrophilia/necrophilia as art" aesthetic of the patriarchy. At present, feminist art must struggle to define itself within the art system as it stands, and at the same time build itself an alternate context. As critic Carol Duncan has pointed out, "In the dynamics of the art market, in which all efforts are inevitably weighed, personal and social idealism are used as ideological wrappings for the latest salable objects". Feminist artists, critics, and art historians must be vigilant, so as not to run the danger of merchandizing their social aspirations. *The Obstacle Race* is only a reminder to us of how the market works. We must dare to be as heretical, as outrageous as we can, in order to reverse the reversals of patriarchal culture, and to discover women's art. I haven't seen Mary Daly's *GynEcology* on any fashionable coffee table, have you?

Margaret Atwood: In Vertebrates Veritas

by Susan G. Cole

Life Before Man, by Margaret Atwood; McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1979. 316 pages.

The question is inevitable: Why would Margaret Atwood bring her considerable gifts to the tale of what seems to be nothing more than a romantic triangle of singularly unattractive persons? *Life Before Man* is a small-scale novel whose action never leaves downtown Toronto. There are no apparent signs of our predictable national theses (survival is an issue for Lesje the paleontologist but not in a specifically Canadian context) and even some of Atwood's themes are obscured. Once preoccupied with the abnegation of her heroines (something that in a perverse way has attracted women to Atwood's work), the author here has extended simple self-disgust to all her characters.

Atwood's latest offering, *Life Before Man*, describes the lives of three more struggling souls. Nate, a one-time lawyer, has fled the legal profession in order to hand craft wood toys just in time for inflation to price his creations out of the market. He is married to Elizabeth, a fugitive from Rosedale who can't reconcile her lasciviousness with her pristine upbringing. Nate and Elizabeth have two children and attempt to have affairs. Elizabeth's lover has committed suicide as the book begins. Nate is casting off his latest fling Martha and is about to take up with Lesje, who "wandering through prehistory" catalogues fossils and other esoterica for the Royal Ontario Museum. She is the one with some keen insight into "Life Before Man."

The supporting characters include Nate's mother, a committed activist who keeps a map of the world on which she diligently places red stars wherever human rights are being abrogated and who has a pamphlet for all occasions. Elizabeth's aunt, the champion of Rosedale values, provides a constant foil for her niece. And William, sweet safe William, is something of a caricature of the earnest conservationist, talking of waste disposal and alternative energy sources even as Lesje is about to leave him for Nate. Nate is full of promises. The relationship, however, is not very promising at all. Elizabeth is not very happy about the way events are unfolding. In fact, nobody is very happy in this novel, except perhaps William, who doesn't know any better.

Atwood's craft is as finely honed as ever. The toughness that critics find so hard to take is still there and so is the economy of language that often only a poet can bring to prose. Atwood has the uncanny facility for answering complicated questions with one



Margaret Atwood

single tight-lipped sentence. Why would a demanding Elizabeth, a woman who in her younger days had contempt for the clean-cut Wasp type, who preferred the leather-bound hood, who still goes for the occasional pick-up, someone who eschews respectability, marry Nate, a lawyer, a decent guy, a near wimp? "She married him early — like trying on a shoe."

And if the image of a victorious Rene Levesque celebrating on November 15, 1976 has faded from memory, Atwood's tidy description recalls it perfectly. "Levesque looks like somebody simultaneously kissed him and kneed him in the groin." Yes, that was it — exactly.

There are moments in the novel when Atwood offers us more than just the quirks of her individual characters and is willing to make a more general statement about human relationships. Elizabeth, for example, tries to keep the score of lovers taken and shed even with Nate, but discovers that she never really feels free. He is coveting about (she thinks so anyway; we know he's having a hard time of it), she feels tied down with a home and with her children. Another sexual encounter will not change that. It is a point worth making but it and others like it seem to be made in passing. They don't constitute a *raison d'être* for *Life Before Man*.

We have to dig deeper to find it. In a way, the characters of *Life Before Man* are splendid representatives of the decade just past. Both Elizabeth and Nate have no interest in anything other than themselves and whatever emotional turmoil they can create. They fixate on who is doing what to whom and how it feels. Elizabeth spends her waking hours plotting and analyzing, planning her next move. Every iota of her creative energy goes into the exercise of developing and wallowing in emotional crisis.

Nate has left his law practice, a profession that is too demanding for someone who would prefer that his personal life were a full-time job. He'd rather putter around and sand down his toy horses than write up legal cases, because this way, he can ruminate on more important things — like who his wife will sleep with next. The savage portrait of Nate's mother, the seemingly fanatic political activist is the portrait seen from Nate's eyes. His mother is incomprehensible to him. How could anyone care so deeply about people she doesn't even know, people who are so far away, people who can offer her absolutely no immediate rewards?

Lesje, on the other hands, does have a life outside herself, that small world of bones and fossils, and although Atwood has her doubts about the usefulness of this

work in the grand scheme of things, she is sympathetic to Lesje; Lesje has something other than the machinations of her lovers to occupy her thoughts. Through the course of the novel her association with Nate and Elizabeth drags her down. Elizabeth wants to play games like Lifeboat. The object of the game is to explain why, if you were in a lifeboat carrying one too many persons, you shouldn't be the one to go overboard. Prove your usefulness. Lesje is devastated by the fact that she can't. It is an ironic moment. Those who are preoccupied only with themselves are able to come up with a reason why they would be helpful on a desert island. The one person with interests outside of herself, on the other hand, is struck dumb. It is Atwood's tribute to the skill and power of the emotional manipulators.

And essentially, Atwood has contempt for them. Personally devoted to her own work, she understands the value of her commitment to something other than what she feels at a given moment and she observes that the preoccupation with self, that hallmark of the *Me* decade, ultimately gives people a ticket to an inner landscape of self destruction. Lesje, we believe, will survive. Pregnant, and preposterously hopeful about her future with Nate, she still understands that the museum and not the bedroom "is the only place she wants to work...this is the only membership she values." Lesje, in Atwood's eyes, still has a chance.

It is a message women have to take seriously. We, who are supposedly the ones more inclined to dwell on the emotional, had better find a goal beyond emotional satisfaction pure and simple, if our lives are to have any value. *Life Before Man* warns that the "new consciousness" so earnestly developed by middle class progressive men in the seventies could turn against them. But for women, the fixation on the personal is not new at all. It is that old consciousness that has stopped us in whatever tracks we try to make, and from which Atwood hopes that we'll emerge, before it's too late.

In spite of the seriousness of her intent, Atwood has nevertheless produced a slim volume, the scope of which shows a narrowing in her perspective. Those that expect her to make a landmark contribution to our national literature every time out may be disappointed in *Life Before Man*. To them I say that it is unfair to demand that Atwood and a handful of other Canadian authors bear the burden of sustaining Canadian culture on the grandest scale. There is no reason for Margaret Atwood to compromise her own directions for the sake of appeasing an eager public, still hungry for definitive cultural statements. She doesn't owe us that much, but she could give us a little more to sink our teeth into.

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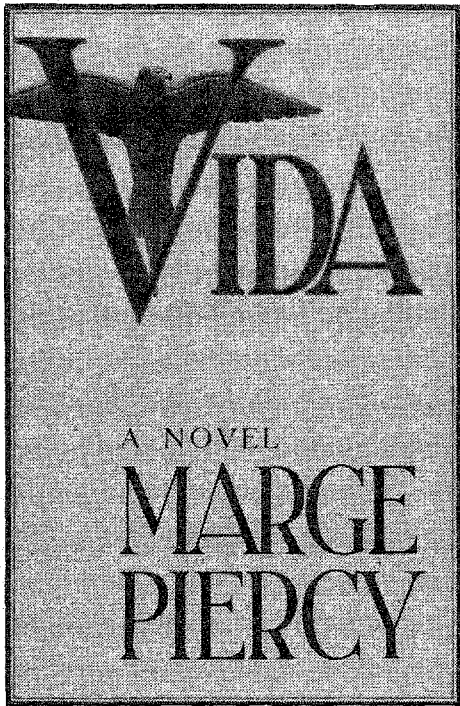
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Marge Piercy: Subterranean Sex



by Philinda Masters

Vida, by Marge Piercy. Summit Books, New York, 1979; 412 pp., \$16.95 hardcover.

Marge Piercy is a chronicler of our times. Since the publication of *Small Changes* in 1972, she's been writing about the minutiae, dramatic or otherwise, of women's everyday lives, particularly women who are fighting to change the ground-rules.

In *Small Changes* Piercy described the travels of a couple of women through family, marriage to lesbian-feminist communal living. The book was ostensibly about the struggle of women to survive, and the adjustments needed as awareness of oppression, or pressures of oppression, increased. But after all these years what I remember is houses. Houses, apartments, co-ops. To me the book was about the kind of domestic situations women are forced into or set up for themselves. Not a topic to be dismissed lightly, since Home is where a lot of women spend most of their time.

Piercy's next book, *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1976), was her most visionary and therefore my favourite — I like authors who play around with possibilities rather than wallow in reality. The heroine Connie time-warped her way back and forth, with

the help of Thorazine, between a New York mental hospital and a future agrarian androgynous community. Of course she was labelled schizoid. Who wouldn't be? She was having an affair with her future alter-ego Luciente. I can't remember if Luciente was a man or a woman or both, but it doesn't matter. Which I think is the point of the story.

In *The High Cost of Living* (1978) Leslie and Bernie were both into a young woman named Honor. They were also into each other. Honor was into anything that was going and I wasn't into any of the three so I didn't finish the book. My loss, probably. The novel appeared to be about the struggles of outcasts to survive in the mid-70s, but someone else could tell you.

And now there's *Vida*. As far as I can tell *Vida* is about men; although at first glance it's about political fugitives, and therefore about politics.

The vehicle for action is political, but it's hard to discern what it's political about. *Vida* was an anti-war activist in the late 60s forced to go underground to evade a charge of conspiracy to bomb Rockefeller Center.

I was visited by an urge to read up on all there is to know about Susan Sax, Jane Alpert, the Weather Underground and the Symbionese Liberation Army. There are some pointed similarities between *Vida* and the real-life stories. But after several hundred pages I realized with relief it wouldn't be necessary: the similarities are peripheral to the message, because politics are peripheral.

Once underground, *Vida* and her various rag-tag mates in adversity formed a Network to plan strategy and direct the political work of the mass movement above ground. By the end of the 70s, though, they had lost touch with the mass movement, and with the masses (their contacts were necessarily selective) and were looking for new outlets for their political energies. *Vida* suggested anti-nuclear activism. It was rejected as a bourgeois quality-of-life issue. It eventually caught on with the gang — it's timely, and what else does one do underground? — but there wasn't much conviction in the decision.

Meanwhile, *Vida* describes the life of an outcast, any outcast. It's the life of a non-person — with fake names (one to suit every occasion) and fake ID. It's the story of Everywoman, particularly every woman who is prepared to challenge the existing order. To do so is to tempt fate, to live furtively, to live in the world but not of it: the underground.

Because of her criminal status, *Vida* must wear make-up and dye her hair so no one will recognize her, she can't use her own name even with her fellow undergroundees, she can't own a car or get a job; she can't be herself on the most literal level. It's a state most women are familiar with deep down in their psyches. If there's a message to *Vida*, this is it.



Marge Piercy

Vida's underground is not a feminist underground: feminism was just beginning to rear its snake-like head by the end of the book, as people in the Network were beginning to think living underground wasn't so shit-hot after all. It wasn't great for the men, but it was worse for the women: the male revolutionaries failed to see that it was all men, not just the Feds and rich capitalists, who were a threat to the women. It was sissy for women revolutionaries to be afraid of dark alleys and rape and violent-vibe men. There was no room for real understanding of women's position.

But what Marge Piercy's really talking about is men anyway. Men in the underground and their relationship to *Vida*. The characters who stand out, who have life, are mostly men.

The ex-husband Leigh, radical intellectual, cultured and civilized and neat, who makes love with wine and lobster. The slob Kevin who barter women and fucks hard, who spray-paints *Vida*'s bedroom with revolutionary-red anti-bourgeois spray-paint as if it were a nocturnal emission. Lark, the man outside the pale, who's crippled and therefore knows what it's like to be an oppressed, second-class citizen, only half a man (at least he still has his prick, but only one leg); he alone knows how to make love to a woman — the nurses in Viet Nam taught him. That's the bad old days.

The man of the future is Joel. Young, sulky, dependent, good in bed, admittedly vain. Joel's a creep but *Vida* loves him — loves him for his green eyes just like her own (except his are tinted contact lenses to cover his boring old big brown eyes), loves him for his sensitive fucking, and for his dependency no doubt. It's just another 'older woman' story.

Vida is, almost needless to say, decidedly heterosexual. In between fucks and political work, *Vida* relates to a couple of women, including a woman lover Eva. There's no passion whatsoever in the lesbian relationship (*Vida* tells Joel she likes to come with penises), and the only woman to whom *Vida* has any passionate response at all is her sister Natalie. And that would be incest.

I suspect what *Vida*'s really looking for, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, is a woman, but she's too damned male-oriented: all the men in her life are jerks and she knows it, but she can't connect with the women. Maybe in another book she could get it together.

Marge Piercy has written an overwhelming book. It's long, full of details of political activism, minute observations of daily life, emotional impact, action, ideas and men. It is about men, about sex with men, yet it's deeply anti-male. Still, that's not an unusual contradiction in these jaded times.

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Anne Claire Poirier: Shattering the Silence

Darlene Chase, a former staff member of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre, has counselled numerous rape victims, conducted educational programs, and has previewed over 35 films on the subject of rape for an annotated film biography.

by Darlene Chase

A Scream from Silence, Anne Claire Poirier's feature-length film about rape, can be summarized in one word. Heavy. Unnecessarily heavy, in my opinion, and for this reason I cannot heartily recommend it.

Brutally real, it soon had me squirming in my seat, fumbling for a cigarette, and wiping my eyes. This was particularly true of the clitoridectomy scene — the ultimate rape — and my tears were for all women.

This reaction was exactly what Poirier wanted. Her objective, as stated in a discussion between herself and co-scriptwriter Marthe Blackburn early in the film, was "to make the audience feel uneasy," and she certainly succeeded: many viewers left before the film was over.

The film is tension-ridden throughout and, — significantly — there is little or no relief from this tension. It culminates in the victim's suicide and Poirier insists, in another discussion with Blackburn, that this scene is necessary to the film.

Although a certain amount of tension is inevitable in any film about rape, it seems that Poirier has augmented and even sustained this tension — for effect. That this approach resulted in a very dramatic and powerful film may attest to her talent as a filmmaker, but it is hardly one I can personally endorse.

In her zeal to tell it like it is, Poirier has wittingly or unwittingly sensationalized it instead. This is a common pitfall, and very few filmmakers manage to avoid it. One who has is Bonnie Kreps, whose 30-minute production *This Film is about Rape* pre-

sents a more balanced view of the issue. The difference, I think, is that Kreps is a feminist first and a filmmaker second.

Poirier's film, unlike Kreps', has no discussion of what can be done, what is being done to help rape victims. There is no mention of rape crisis centres, no information on how women can protect themselves, and these are serious omissions. To focus only on the tragic aspects of rape, to present only the problem without any solutions — as Poirier does — does female viewers a disservice. It generates fear and anxiety, and may leave them feeling more vulnerable than ever. At best, it leaves them emotionally drained and exhausted.

My second major criticism of *A Scream from Silence* is that it perpetuates, rather than debunks, certain myths about rape in general and rapists in particular. For this reason, its educational value is limited.

Although it is possible to make a good film about rape without an actual rape scene in it (Kreps has succeeded admirably), Poirier chose to include one for impact.



The possibility that this scene, even though very violent, might actually titillate some male viewers was discussed, adequately in my opinion, by Poirier and Blackburn. What concerns me is the rapist — a beer-drinking, foul-mouthed woman-hater, unshaven and dressed in blue jeans and a tee shirt. Although some rapists *do* look and act like this, the image is so vivid that it

all but negates Poirier's attempts elsewhere in the film (eg. the introduction and also the court scene later on) to convey that the rapist can be *any* man. Thus an important truth fades into the furthest recesses of the mind, and female viewers can be misled into believing that rapists are easy to spot and few in number.

The truth is that very few rapists are as unkempt and such blatant misogynists as Poirier would have us believe. Their contempt for women is expressed in more subtle forms of objectification and even idealization. The majority of rapists are *not* strangers to their victims, nor are they excessively violent. By far the largest number of rapes are "social rapes," committed by the guy next door, employers, boyfriends and even husbands — and they often occur in the victim's or the rapist's own home. This information *is* in Poirier's film, but is largely overshadowed by the rape scene itself, in which the rapist is a stranger and very violent.

Poirier has demonstrated all too well that rape is essentially assaultive, not sexual, in nature. The danger, of course, is that many women whose attack does not fit Poirier's stereotype — ie, victims of "social rape" — might erroneously conclude that they weren't really raped. And believe it or not, this actually happens. Likewise, family and friends with the same stereotypic notion of what rape is may not *believe* victims of social rape, thereby depriving them of the support they need.

One filmmaker who deals adequately with social rape is Martha Coolidge. Her 90-minute production *Not a Pretty Picture* is an in-depth exploration of male/female roles and how these roles actually beget rape in our society. Coolidge's own rape is re-enacted on the screen and then discussed. Whereas men will not identify with the rapist in Poirier's film — as Blackburn herself pointed out, Coolidge's film often brings male viewers to their feet with the announcement that seeing this film has made them realize that they too have raped women. Female viewers also identify more readily with Coolidge's film, and for all these reasons I strongly recommend seeing it.

There were some things I really liked about Poirier's film. One was the definition of depression as "an inability to love." In over two years of counselling, I never once conceived of depression in quite this way, and the more I think about it, the more I am impressed by the depth of Poirier's insight. Much is said about the human need



to be loved, but very little is said about the equally important need *to* love. Poirier is to be commended not only for giving this aspect of human nature some long-overdue attention, but also for enhancing my own understanding of the plight of rape victims and other depressed persons.

I truly enjoyed the film's editing. *A Scream from Silence* closes with a succession of shots of places where rape is likely to occur — dark alleys, underground parking garages, etc. (unfortunately, no living rooms, no bedrooms). Rape whistles are heard simultaneously from all these places, all over the city. For the first time since the film began, my spirits lifted, but it was not until sometime later that I was able to articulate why. Rape whistles are not recommended as a reliable method of self defence, and the fact that there were so many should've disturbed me, but didn't...

I finally figured it out: what this scene was all about was blowing the whistle *on* the rapist, not *at* him. *Time out! Foul play!*



Left to right: Clare Coulter, Susan Morgan, Patricia Hamilton — three confused daughters of a stiff-upper-lipped British mother (Monica Dudley) now playing in *Mother Country*, a new play by Margaret Hollingsworth. The play runs at the Tarragon Theatre in Toronto until March 29, 1980.

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Mama Quilla II

Thank you all
For your support!

MOVEMENT COMMENT

Stick it in your ERA

As the current wave of war hysteria sweeps the USA there is talk of registering women for the draft. The possibility seems to have raised quite a fracas both in and out of the women's movement.

For a number of years pursuit of the Equal Rights Amendment has been the pre-occupation of major segments of the American women's movement. It is difficult for a Canadian, living in a country where even simple, civil rights aren't guaranteed, to grasp the symbolic importance to Americans of having Equal Rights enshrined in their Constitution. In line with the feminist ethic that every group is expert on its own situation and knows its own business best, we have accepted this concentration on the part of our American sisters and wished them every success.

Certainly, 'equality' has been a worldwide demand of Women's Liberation. However, a general demand for 'equality' in the name of justice does permit the rest of us to insist on equal 'right and privileges' before we are forced to take on more 'pains and penalties'. For us, the issue of equality means not allowing men to pick and choose to suit themselves the areas where we are permitted equality. It's already clear that is one of the anti-feminist tactics we must guard against.

Unfortunately for American women, insistence on Equal Rights as a constitutional prerogative permits no strategic flexibility. In law, 'equal' inevitably means 'the

same' regardless of other considerations. This has nothing to do with justice — for instance, rich and poor are fined an equal amount for the same offence. Phyllis Schlafly, in her fight against ERA has made much of this point and it hasn't escaped pro-ERA feminists. However, they are stuck with the ERA strategy although many may now wish they weren't. In order to be consistent, ERA feminists have to support registration for women along with men. The choice is then between the draft for all or draft for none. No gender difference. This puts feminists in a curious dilemma. The *Washington Post* quotes one of them: "Women are being pulled in different directions because no self-respecting feminist is a hawk. It's like saying if you favour registration you're a war-monger and anti-feminist. None of us, no one at all, really wants registration...But if it's going to be, we want to make sure women are included."

Thus we have the ironic spectacle of women using their energy and resources to fight for access to equal penalties rather than for access to badly needed rights. And to top it all, in the highly charged political atmosphere the issue of drafting women could kill ERA.

Charlotte Bunch, who is very involved in the ERA struggle, once described ERA as a no-win issue: it would be no victory to win, but definitely a defeat to lose.

Makes one think, don't it?

□ Eve Zaremba



Deena Raaky

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