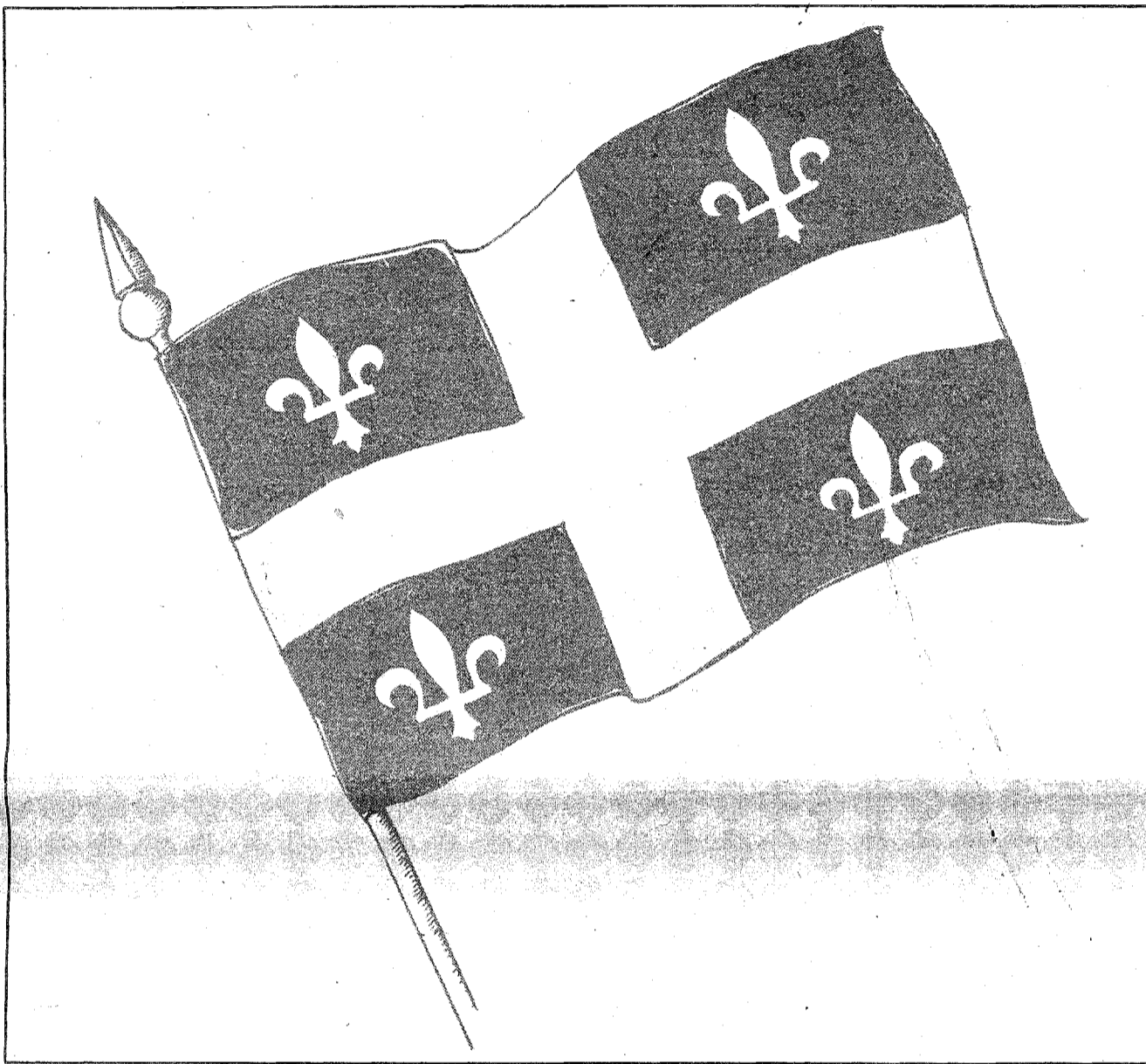


Broadside

Volume One, Number Eight

\$1



Dorothy Vander

Quebec Referendum: What Now?

by Alex Maas

Feminists in Montréal on the night of the referendum were taking the defeat very personally. In telephone interviews immediately after results were in late last Tuesday night, women said they saw the defeat as a set-back in the historical movement toward change in Quebec.

The PQ had been asking nothing more than the mandate to negotiate a better deal for Quebec in federalist Canada. It was, the feminists said, like asking for permission to pee. The question was the lowest possible common denominator, and yet it failed.

The feminist community has been critical of the Parti Québécois and the issues of sovereignty-association (see the centrespread in this issue for more discussion of their reservations). Nevertheless they had believed the polls, assuming the yes vote would win.

The reasons are far more complex than a simple yes or no. Feminist insight into the history of the Québécois as an oppressed people allowed them to identify with the 60% who voted No. They felt the shame of fear that has its roots in the history of a colonized people. What follows is their analysis of the referendum campaign and its results.

...

The No Majority was a scare vote, a vote for the image of the old Québec, the status quo afraid to change. It was not just the English who voted against change: the majority of French voted No as well. Aside from the south and eastern townships, a large anglophone and creditiste stronghold, both the English west and French east-end of Montréal voted No. The main strength of the Yes vote came from the Saguenay-

North Shore areas where heavily industrialized and unionized labour forces carried the day.

The federalists ran a scare campaign right from the beginning. They reminded the pensioners that their cheques came from Ottawa. They told factory workers that the industries were owned by outside interests: multinationals who would take their money away if Québec voted for independence. People were afraid for their jobs, their pensions, their family allowance cheques.

There was the refusal to face something unknown, a fear of the in fact slim possibility of economic insecurity, overblown by the federalists. Federalists tried to make the yes vote seem like a vote for the dominance of the collective will versus individual freedom.

Interestingly Lévesque and the Parti Québécois have never been so popular with the electorate. It is thought that Lévesque's standing in the next provincial election may still be strong. The PQ took power in '76 on a platform of good government and the chances are that they will again. People have had a taste of what good government is. Their memories of right wing catholic politicians like Duplessis are diminished but not so dim as to be forgotten entirely.

There is a peculiar rationale behind the voting patterns of the Québécois. Provincially they vote for the PQ, federally they vote for the Liberals and the French

• continued page 18

THE QUESTION

"The Government of Quebec has made public its proposal to negotiate a new agreement with the rest of Canada, based on the equality of nations; this agreement would enable Quebec to acquire the exclusive power to make its laws, administer its taxes and establish relations abroad — in other words, sovereignty — and at the same time, to maintain with Canada an economic

association including a common currency; any change in political status resulting from these negotiations will be submitted to the people through a referendum; on these terms, do you agree to give the Government of Quebec the mandate to negotiate the proposed agreement between Quebec and Canada?"

INSIDE BROADSIDE

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War on the Home Front

Broadside goes to press just as the Québec referendum campaign runs its course. Our centrespread articles were written in early May; the front page story and this editorial were written after the results came in.

Now we know that a substantial majority of Québécois said No to the referendum question on sovereignty-association posed by the Parti Québécois, how much further along are we? It's not clear just what has been repudiated and what is being demanded. The fuzziness of the question itself and the insistence throughout the campaign that the conflict is *Separatists* versus *Federalists* (separatist meaning everyone who voted Yes, versus everyone who voted No, plus all the rest of Canada) has produced a totally misleading definition of the problem.

There is no simple polarity — separatists (pro Québec) versus federalists (pro central government). There are plenty of Canadians throughout this country who don't want a strong central government and therefore aren't federalists in any sense that matters. These also tend to be the people who don't give a damn for Québec. Under such circumstances it will be interesting to see just how far 'a renewed federalism' can get. The onus is now on the rest of the country (not just the federal government) to put its money where its mouth has been during the campaign.

If many of us outside Quebec are confused by sovereignty-association (40% of Quebecers said Yes) and ambivalent about the Parti Québécois, it is nothing compared to the position of feminists inside Quebec. In this month's centrespread *Broadside* is fortunate to present three articles — one in

French, one translated from the French and one written in English by a Québécoise — which give some idea of what it is like to be a feminist in Québec these days, and how the PQ and the 'Yvette' phenomenon is viewed by our sisters there.

For an outsider's comments on separatism there is Eve Zaremba's review in the ARTS section of Jane Jacobs' idiosyncratic book on the subject.

These issues and the consequent dilemmas will be with us for a long time. We mustn't let the results of the referendum and the complexity of the Québec/Canada problem tempt us into indifference. Whatever the attitude of other Canadians, we feminists mustn't allow ourselves the luxury of apathy. The process and outcome of this historic confrontation will affect our lives and the progress of feminist ideas in Canada. *Broadside* will be publishing a diversity of views on the subject in future

issues. Your response through letters or articles is solicited.

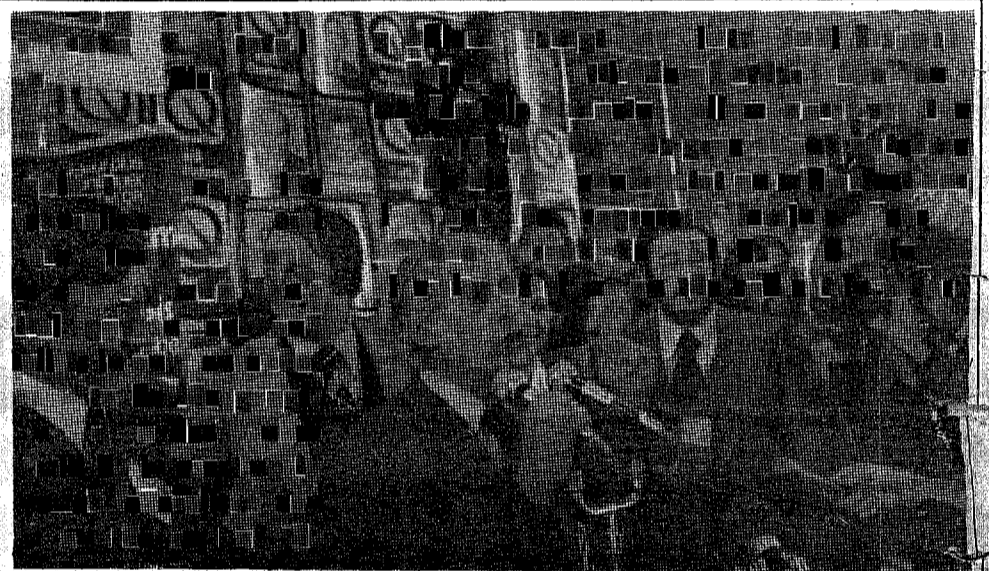
It's not so for women however. For us the real, omnipresent war is always close and goes on unchanged. Whatever else *Broadside* covers in its pages, battle reports continue.

On the whole scene in this issue of *Broadside* Susan G Cole waxes indignant on the hypocrisy of the Olympic Boycott and the 'Death of a Princess' controversy. Oil, oil everywhere. It sometimes seems that all other issues pale before the war-over oil.

In this issue — the Shlifer murder; women-take-back-the-night march; sexism in the anti-nuke movement; and computerised childbirth.

War may appear to be raging on other soils, but for women it's right at home.

The Broadside Collective



René Lévesque at a happier time surrounded by (male) supporters. Parti Québécois victory, November 1976.

Happy Birthday,

Broadside

Broadside is one year old. The introductory issue appeared in May 1979, but the first regular issue followed in September. So even though our legitimate birth dates from the September issue, we have, in fact, been in business at *Broadside* for a full year now. Actually, to further complicate matters, our collective began meeting in February 1978, so by our internal count we are almost 2 1/2 years old. For purposes of keeping track of anniversaries we have decided to stick with the May 1979 date. So — Happy Birthday *Broadside*!

It hasn't been an easy year. There is always quite a gap between an idea and its implementation, between a dream and reality. We have lost five of our original collective members and acquired two new members, so far. We are looking for more.

We are very conscious of *Broadside's* imperfections, of errors of commission and omission. After all, who can care more about it than we do? At the same time we believe that we have much to be proud of and much which augurs well for the future.

We are learning. Learning about putting out a paper and about ourselves. We are finding out where each of us stands politically and aesthetically, what each of us is prepared to sacrifice for the sake of a growing and improving feminist paper.

So far we have proved that we can put out a worth-while paper. But we believe that it isn't enough merely to settle for the status quo and survival.

It is necessary to grow, to reach more readers, get more subscriptions, open more outlets, cover more subjects, interest more writers, photographers and graphic artists to work with us. We must therefore mobilize our collective resources and energy to tackle such mundane areas as promotion, advertising, circulation, and distribution.

Unless we do, we will always be running like hell to stand still. And that's not good enough. Accordingly, we are instituting a *Broadside Promotion Drive*: starting with a FUND from which we hope to pay a part-time staffer to co-ordinate Promotion in its widest sense.

So far we have never asked our readers for donations — well, we are doing so now! If you believe in *Broadside* and its potential, if you want to participate, then send your contribution to:

Broadside Promotion Fund:

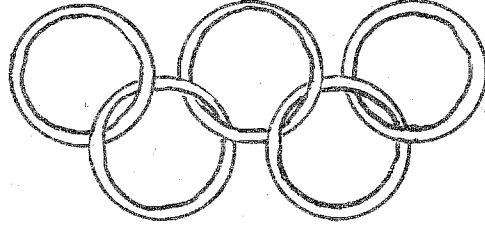
Broadside Communications Ltd.
PO Box 494, Station P,
Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T1

All monies received will go towards making *Broadside* grow! Our Promotion Coordinator, whom we hope to hire in October 1980, will need lots of help with the Promotion Drive: ideas and suggestions for promotion, help with subscription and circulation drives, advertising leads and so on. We will be keeping *Broadside* readers in touch with what is happening in future issues. As of now, we welcome financial contributions to the *Broadside* Promotion Fund. Please participate.

We have only just begun!

The Broadside Collective

LETTERS



Broadside:

The decision that Canada boycott the Moscow Olympics under the phony claim of concern for the Afghan People's Rights is hypocritical.

One of the historic steps taken by the Khalki (Peoples) Government, which should be of interest to Canadian women is the issuing of Decree 7, which attaches due importance to the place of women in their new society. For the first time in that country's history women have been granted equal rights with men.

Afghan girls have been freed from the whims and fancies of their parents and are in a position to be able to shape their own destinies. The hoary old custom of exchanging girls for money or kind has been terminated. Although the new government has provided all the facilities for women to take part in the development of their country, they still face difficulties because of old traditions and the long heritage of feudalism.

More than 90 percent of Afghan women are illiterate. The new government has set up several hundreds of literacy centres throughout the countryside; 11 are in Kabul. Today, more than 1 million Afghan people are learning to read and write, more than 600 schools have been opened. Kindergartens have been set up; 16 now exist in Kabul, which takes care of over 3,000 children. The new government is now giving much attention to a public health system; 12 mother and child clinics are in operation; very soon a Central Department for Mother and Child will be built in order to defend the health of the whole country.

The Khalki Women's Organization, during the short period of its existence, has undertaken the task of organizing women into the country's developing programme, and helps women to become familiar with the struggles and experience of women from all parts of the world. Perhaps the experience of the Afghan women might help Canadian women to close the wage gap here in Canada. The fact is, that for every dollar a man earns a woman earns 56 cents, and the gap in wages is growing wider.

Canadians deserve to know the truth about the developments in Afghanistan, and the reason why the USSR responded positively to the Afghan People's call for support in defense of the gains they have made.

The Olympic boycott decision is based on anti-soviet, pro-cold war logic. It has nothing to do with the independence of Afghanistan, or its people's right to call for Soviet solidarity.

Canada should not only participate in the Moscow Olympics, it should extend material aid and support to the democratic revolution of Afghanistan.



Broadside:

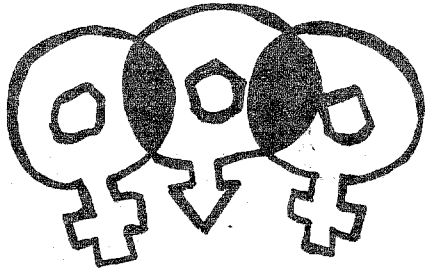
The recent death of a 20 year old friend and the grief of his parents and friends have made me give some thought to death in our community. Those of us who live in an alternative lifestyle and have primary ties to lovers and friends rather than family have given little thought to how to deal with the death of those we love.

The present situation is usually this: when one of us dies her parents are called in to make the final decisions. Often the body is shipped to the family's province or state and the funeral arrangements occur there. The woman's friends (and lover) grieve alone without any shared process or mourning. In the moment of crisis, especially when death is accidental and not the result of a long illness, traditional memorial services are used. Family burial sites are chosen. The patriarchy takes over again.

As a community we need to find ways of naming and honouring our dead. Celebrations — feminist seders, anniversaries and feast days — are important, but our mourning also requires attention. We need to talk about death as individuals and in groups in order to arrive at some vision of what is possible to create for ourselves and each other.

Personally, I don't want to be buried in my family plot in N.Y., I'd much rather be buried beside my sisters in some sort of communal ground in Toronto. These wishes are expressed in my own will, and it is certainly important for each of us to take the time to compose a will, but the problem remains: what options are there apart from the traditional religious services and family burial grounds?

If anyone is interested in continuing this dialogue in terms of developing our own memorial rites and investigating alternative funeral arrangements, please write c/o Broadside. It could be that people have created other alternatives. If so, please share them. Until we have a way to take care of our dead, we all belong ultimately to our nuclear families and not to each other.



Broadside:

Re: Stereotypes of women in film.

I was quite surprised to find tacked upon the bulletin board of Toronto's Fly by Night ("a bar catering to women") a newspaper ad for the film "Each Other" garlanded with little 'A+'s. Appallingly, this was not an ironic feminist statement.

The explicit message of the film was clearly that love between women was fine and poetic if it remained unconsummated. The film's two women wimpily stroke each other's fingertips while expending their sexual energy with men. The one vaguely sexual scene (for which we had waited at least two and a half hours) showed the women delicately holding hands while the male lover of one made love to each woman in turn while the other looked passively on. This is at best a sort of soft porn male fantasy. It seems hardly the stuff of radical feminism or the movie choice of a women's bar.

The film's final moments bring the two women together after 4 years of romantic and longing glances. The married half of the duo leaves her husband's bed, dons a virginal white nightgown (a la Laura Ashley) and visits her friend's bed. They touch shoulders; they touch the ends of each other's hair; they look uncomfortable; one says "I shouldn't have come" (meaning "to visit") and the scene shifts to the enraged husband throwing his morning coffee on the floor. Next we find the visiting woman dumped at the airport while her "friend" composes yet another loving and romantic letter.

Lesbian love is therefore secondary to husband and son. It appears never to be consummated. It is possible only in fantasy. It is, in short, dismissed totally in a film reviewed favorably by men. Strange then that Lesbians and feminists should endorse this drizzle as well.

J.I. Warner,
Toronto

Elody Scholz,
Toronto

Nan McDonald,
Toronto

Ottie Lockey,
Toronto



Broadside:

While on holiday in Cuba, I met a British journalist, also a feminist. We spent the week comparing feminist politics in Canada, Britain, and Cuba (no contest!) and when we returned to Canada, I gave her some material about the Feminist Party of Canada, of which I am proud to be a member.

She took the material back home, wrote an article which was published in *The Guardian* in London.

I found it so disconcerting to serve as a news source for the major media in the U.K. that I thought I should share the victory with you, to underscore, yet again, that it is only through each of us actively reaching out to our sisters that we will ever write ourselves into herstory.

P.S. If you weren't there, I'd have no one to share the story. Attached is a donation, in gratitude. Keep up your excellent work.

High Risk Maternity



THE DEBATE

There is a campaign afoot, starting in the US and now spreading to Canada, to 'risk-score' every pregnant woman and store the information in computer banks in high risk obstetrical units. Women would then be categorized and sent off to different centres for childbirth, according to her 'need'.

The justification for this new trend to computerized childbirth, or 'perinatal regionalization' as it's so lovingly called, is to cut down infant mortality and sickness rates.

However, it's more likely that the regionalization scheme gets its push from computer executives and the corporate sector. The chairman of a Toronto joint committee on high risk pregnancy is also president of Bell-Northern Software Research, a subsidiary of Bell Canada. Another

member of the committee is a senior partner in Woods Gordon, the management consultant company chosen to do data base studies for the computer birth project.

No-one, least of all members of the committee, has been able to come up with evidence that perinatal regionalization lowers infant mortality rates. On the contrary, it appears that the most effective solution is preventive care. And countries with the lowest rates tend to emphasize more humane birthing procedures: prenatal education, home births, midwifery, and above all the participation of each woman in decisions affecting her childbirth.

Canada, for all its high technology, ranks 16th in the world in infant mortality rates. Is the move towards more computers, more

machines, going to put Canada up there near 1st place?

Not according to Doreen Hamilton. Hamilton is a former public health nurse who sat on the joint committee (Hospital Council of Metro Toronto and University Teaching Hospitals — HCMT/UTHA). When the committee's report came out her own report recommending the opposite. Since then she has resigned her position and entered the political arena full time to fight against computerization. (For a fuller account of Hamilton's work, see *Broadside*, Vol. 1, no. 3, Dec. 1979.)

In mid-April, the Toronto St. Lawrence Centre was the scene of a debate on 'Childbirth in the 80s' and Hamilton was a strong force behind it. The Centre was fill-

ed to overflowing (literally — monitors were setup in the lobby) and the debate has won hands down by the anti-regionalization side.

Ontario Minister of Health Dennis Timbrell missed the debate but was sent a videotape in case he felt inclined to ignore the whole thing. And delegations are being sent to the Toronto Board of Health to present arguments counter to the recommendations of the High Risk Pregnancy Committee.

The text of two speakers at the debate are printed here. Shelly Romalis is a professor of Anthropology at York University in Toronto and a Lamaze Childbirth instructor; Cynthia Carver is a general practitioner in downtown Toronto and an oft-heard voice in health care politics.

DR. SHELLY ROMALIS

Throughout pregnancy women are processed

Childbirth is never simply a biological process. It is always a part of a complex system of social and political relationships and surrounded by values and rituals, although there is much variation in the way different societies handle or manage birth.

Despite lip service to the contrary, childbirth in our own society is treated as an illness and pregnant woman a patient, potentially at risk until nine months are over and a healthy baby is produced. Rather than let nature take its course, the period is managed by experts trained to perceive problems. Medical intervention during pregnancy and birth has become normal and non-intervention the deviant or unusual.

Medical practitioners are seen as rational scientists whose decisions regarding diagnosis and treatment are based on carefully controlled studies.

While there is no doubt that obstetrical advances have greatly increased our chances of survival, there is growing concern regarding the overuse of technology and its physical, social, and emotional consequences.

North American birth procedures are becoming familiar to all of us. The woman is taken to the labour room in a wheelchair where she changes into the patient's uniform — a "hospital gown". She is then subjected to an enema, a prepping an intravenous drip, epidural anaesthesia, her membranes are ruptured and her baby is monitored. She spends her labour in bed, given pelvic examinations by strangers, to the delivery room for the birth where she lies supine on a table, legs in stirrups and is covered with sterile drapes. The delivery is hastened with an episiotomy and forceps, and the emerging baby is whisked away to undergo its own ritual of procedures.

Despite some modifications and humanization of this process in certain hospitals, this remains the standard so called normal birth. Throughout her pregnancy the woman feels like she has been processed. Although she might have read about childbirth, attended prenatal classes and taken the hospital tour, she is never prepared for the atmosphere of alarm, feel-

ings of isolation, and the control of her intimate bodily processes and her baby by strangers.

For the past 15 years in North America women and their families become increasingly concerned about the medical management of childbirth and are asking for alternatives.

Well documented studies are revealing that current obstetrical techniques, developed to insure the health of our babies are causing some of the very problems they were intended to prevent. There have been intense debates surrounding the induction of labour, use of anaesthesia and its effects on the fetus, and the electronic fetal monitor. Even supposedly "riskless" procedures like ultrasound, glucose drips and epidurals are all shown to cause their problems for mother and baby.

Vaginal births on the way out?

The astronomical rise in Caesarian sections in recent years (estimated as high as 30% in some hospitals), another debated trend, may wear that vaginal births are on the way out in North America. In addition to studies revealing problems with routine high risk management we have some sound evidence that home births and midwives managing births are as safe if not safer for mother and baby.

As a newly pregnant woman, Ms. B reads books, articles on birth, registers for childbirth classes, learns about her rights as a pregnant parent. She is the new "informed consumer". She has assessed her priorities. She brings her concerns to the doctor. She tells him that she wants to actively participate in her birth, that she prefers to have as little medical intervention as possible.

Her doctor responds that he will not impede her attempts to have a good birth experience but that he will have to step in and do whatever he feels is necessary should a medical need arise. Childbirth classes are fine, he says, but they might make her feel like a failure if she takes medication and — "a little learning can be a dangerous thing". Ms. B goes away reassured that her doctor will protect her interests and feeling slightly silly at having shown such concern.

After the birth she feels depressed and doesn't know why. Her baby looks healthy and beautiful. Her birth was the full

medical package — induction, epidural, forceps and there didn't appear to be a medical emergency to warrant it. She doesn't know what went wrong, what she could have done differently.

Her feelings of failure are not, however due to prenatal classes which created unreachable goals, but to a birth system of active management in which she is impotent, has no real input, and in which her needs are not taken seriously. It is interesting to note that the most motivated people in Lamaze classes are second timers. After having had a medical birth the first time, they wanted some control over their births.

Doctor-bashing unfair

When women become more assertive about their needs to share more fully in decisions and process of birth, the medical practitioners frequently react with indignation and alarm. It isn't unlike the early stages of unionization when workers organized to protect their interests. Employers are personally affronted and angry — and feel betrayed, particularly in paternalistic family firms who have been so good to their employees.

Doctors are trying to preserve the high quality of their craft and see health care consumerism as an impediment. They see the new trend of "doctor bashing" as unfair.

Birth a woman's achievement, not her doctor's

The polarity between high standards of OB care and provision of social and emotional support does not have to exist. Holland and Sweden have model prevention-oriented programs — and both have the lowest mortality rates in the world.

Both countries have different orientations towards birth but they have in common: easily available contraception and aborin advice so that no pregnancies are unwanted; free universal prenatal care, prenatal classes, and quality counselling dealing with emotional, sexual and nutritional needs; midwives manage all normal births, and many what we call "risk" births; women make decisions, have choices about their birth, and responsibility for their own health care; births in these countries is a woman's own achievement and not that of a professional (we thank our Drs So-and-So).

It seems self-evident that the kind of input a Swedish or Dutch woman has in her own birth would make a huge difference in the way she views childbirth, her body, her ability to cope with a normal physiological process and that this kind of confidence would in turn reflect itself in the health of her baby.

There is an abundance of scientific studies showing the relationship between psychological and social factors and the outcome of labour and delivery. The less stress and anxiety, the shorter the labor and the less medication needed, which means, of course, better babies. We have also increasing numbers of studies showing the positive consequences of gentle postpartum handling of the baby and the mother-infant bonding.

So we must consider the whole person, indeed the whole family in the childbearing context. Psychological, emotional and social factors which appear vital to outcome are not assessed in scoring systems devised. The woman's attitudes towards her body, feelings about parenting, personal family concerns, support systems and, above all, her self confidence and knowledge are as important determinants of a good outcome as those presently measurable by risk scoring systems.

Solutions looking for a problem

At present we have solutions looking for problems! We need a balance between excellent high risk care and prevention. Systems that emphasize the form and sacrifice prevention generally result in the vast majority of women in the low risk category becoming lost in the alienating impersonal health care shuffle.

In any maternity care system, it has to be recognized that women have varied needs. Some are happy with conventional hospital births. Others want alternatives. To handle these varied needs we need to have in-hospital birth centers, out of hospital centers and support for those women who choose to have their babies at home.

And we have to cut through large bureaucracies of health care, and have our needs heard. It should be a common practice to include a fair representation of consumers in every health care decision making body.

□ Shelly Romalis

DR. CYNTHIA CARVER

Certainly nobody wants to have damaged babies, nor do we wish to have high perinatal mortality rates. Basically our goals on this side of the debate are the same as the goals on the other side, but the question is how do we want to achieve them, and how do we allocate the money. Because, believe me, that's where it is — the money. Make no mistake about it, the country of Canada, the Province of Ontario and the city of Toronto have not spent a great deal of money on prevention.

Health budget — less than 3% on preventive care

The estimated budget for the province of Ontario Ministry of Health for 1980, 66% goes to hospitals, ambulances, and labs; 30% to physicians; 1% to administration; and 3% to community health. Community Health is an umbrella which includes mostly funding to the departments of health in various municipalities. The work that those departments do is not all preventive health. They do V.D. treatment, contraceptive counselling, and a variety of things, some of which are and some of which are not preventive in nature.

Doctors aren't being paid enough!

Now who is it that takes the bulk of prenatal care in Ontario? By and large it's the obstetrician or the general practitioner. Now, we think the doctors are making a lot of money. Actually we are not making enough! When you look at the actual amount of paid work, you'll see that the breakdown is really very peculiar. A specialist may get \$250 for a total package (prenatal care, birth of the baby, and postpartum care). If you break it down as the Ministry of Health does — \$118 of that is for the birth alone. Well, you must then take off about \$30 of that for post partum care in hospital which leaves about \$100 for the delivery. Then you are required to do a general assessment which is about \$23, and that leaves \$78 for an optimal 12 prenatal visits which comes to about \$6.50 a visit.

Consider the fact that as a general practitioner, I get \$8.30 to treat a runny nose! In this prenatal visit, the physician is supposed to do a physical, is supposed to take BP, assess the foetus, assess the mother, assess the urine, take the blood and give advice

and answer questions! This is really just not a very acceptable system, either in our payment, or the way we think in terms of mothers and babies.

So you see what kind of non-attention has been given to prevention. I think you can understand why people have gotten extremely irate that no real prevention package has been included in this whole question of high risk pregnancy or perhaps in pregnancy in general. While we're interested in this kind of prevention, we want to prevent the risk that specialists are going to pick up from ever occurring.

In-risk scoring there's somehow or other actual recognition of socio-economic factors, and yet we know well that the teenage mother or single mother and risks in general, are much higher in certain groups in our society.

If you were to take the 16 worst areas of a city and compare them with the 23 best, compare them on a socio-economic basis, you'd see dramatically different rates of stillbirth and peri-natal mortality. Looking at the Inuit/Indian population's perinatal mortality compared to all of Ontario, we know that there are differences. The prematurity situation in the USA between

the white and the black population show staggering differences. So it's quite clear that socio-economic factors play a major role in risk and in high risk pregnancy.

Mistake to over-supply high technology care

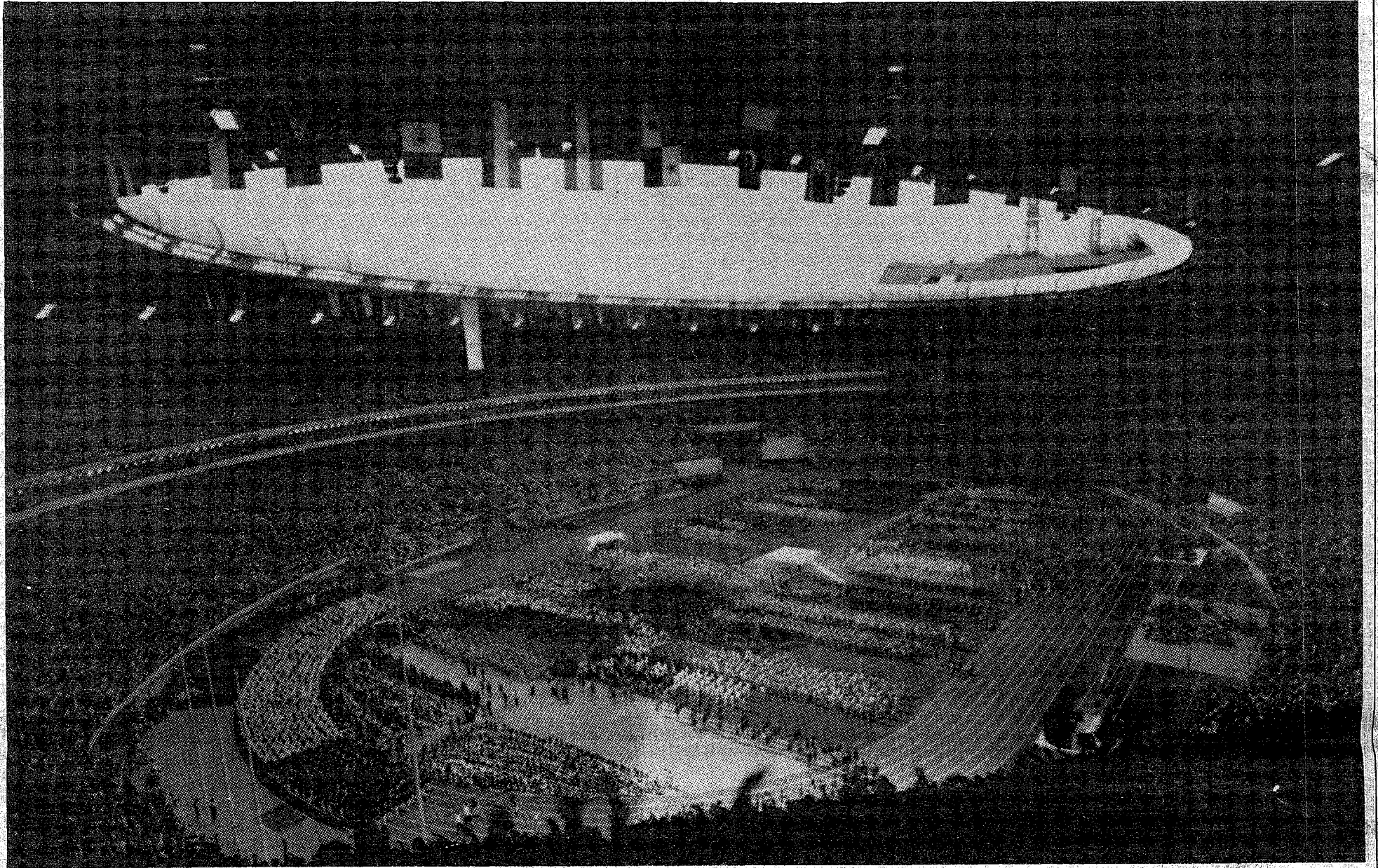
Some work in prenatal care has been done in Canada — but not a great deal. Prevention is viable, but there are 2 prenatal care units in the City of Toronto: one at Women's College Hospital, and the other to be set up at the New Mt. Sinai. The facility already existing at WCH is quite impressive. They are however under-funded at the moment, and they are now using their facilities to potential capacity. Now the birth rate is going down, and it's going to go down more in the Toronto region alone. So, there is a case to be made that the needs which we're suggesting are going to decrease. We are not in fact going to need as many beds.

The statistics are changing: the number of births has gone down from 1965-67 by some 20,000 births. Stillbirth rates have

• continued page 18

OLIMPIC BOYCOTT

by Susan G. Cole



I have a television. I am disciplined enough not to turn it on during the day, with only two exceptions. The tube is on for the Blue Jay opening games and is activated for as many games of the Olympiad as I can manage to cram into a busy day.

This intimate detail has not been the only factor to dictate my views on the Olympic boycott: I confess that the sports fan in me dreads the absence of the Olympics, but my political antennae equally disdain the low-rent hypocrisy that has accompanied the Canadian and American decisions to stay away from Moscow.

I am not concerned with whether there is any revolutionary potential in the government propped up by Soviet troops in Afghanistan, whether we should support whomever; but rather, I'm interested in what constitutes effective political or diplomatic steps at times when nation-states take actions of which we disapprove.

So let's say, hypothetically, that a government wanted to make a strong statement to the Soviet Union. While we can be relieved that the Pentagon did not convince anyone to nuke the Russkys sky high, the Olympic boycott seems as pointless in its limpness as is the mushroom cloud in its ability to overkill.

The Cold War reasoning goes something like this. Communism is bad. Soviet expansionism is dangerous, not only because it threatens the Persian Gulf and the American sphere of influence, but because

it imposes on the people it colonizes a totalitarian rule denying basic human rights like freedom of speech, and the right to free assembly to the members of a body politic. One thing that can be said about Red Scare politics: their exponents are relentlessly consistent.

Except when it comes to explaining the boycott. One of the goals of the boycott is to send a message to the Soviet people. What kind of message, and what, if the contention of the people's impotence is valid, would the Soviet people do with the message anyway? Pressure the Kremlin? Really, how can boycott advocates say on the one hand that the Soviet people have no political rights, and then on the other determine that they want to raise Soviet consciousness in a political arena that allegedly gives no voice to political dissent. I do believe you can't have it both ways.

The noisy protests against the prospect of Soviet political abuse of the games comes from those who don't remember or don't want to know that the Olympics have been a political football since their modern revival. In ancient times the Olympic Games were sacred, so sacred that truces were declared in the fiercest wars so that athletes could run, jump, throw and wrestle while the gods smiled down on them.

During the modern era two Olympiads have been cancelled due to war, and that's completely backwards: Hitler used the Games as a showcase for Aryan supremacy (Black sprinter Jesse Owens messed up the

scenario): The People's Republic of China has never competed in the games: Black African nations have seized the opportunity to protest Apartheid on the event of the last two Olympiads. Obviously the Kremlin's inclination to make political use of the Olympics does not come from out of the Blue. And for Americans in particular to protest in light of the flag-waving that went on at the Winter Games in Lake Placid, is a bit much.

Economic sanctions would put a little more bite into American policy but they tend to have more concrete implications. Witness the furor that occurred once the US decided to cut back wheat exports to the Soviet Union after the invasion of Afghanistan. Wheat farmers in America, certainly as patriotic as the next group, were not pleased to have to put *their* money where their political sympathies lay. Understandably, the US government has been uneasy about sanctions ever since.

To every American move, the Canadian government has been bleating "bah" and following suit. Former Prime Minister Clark's decision to curtail wheat exports to the USSR made no sense except as a sop to our American neighbours. Without American shipments of wheat, the Soviet Union would have had to bow to an increase in the price of wheat an opportune Canadian government could have slapped on. The result would have been an economic sanction against the Soviet Union that would have been a financial benefit to

Canada at the same time. This is not necessarily the policy we would advocate, but it is the kind of reasoning we would expect from a government theoretically working in the nation's interests.

With the same monkey-see-monkey-do mentality as was reflected in the wheat decision, Canada decides to boycott the Olympics. This, by way of convoluted arguments I suspect only diplomats understand, is supposed to strengthen NATO. It does nothing of the kind. It merely smashes the aspirations of amateur athletes who are, of course, the ones ultimately taking the fall.

Unfortunately American athletes are living up to an image of jocks one would hope would have been shed with the passing of the sixties — jock as reactionary patriot — this time rallying around the flag with the same spirit formerly reserved for high school cheers. Canadian athletes have not been quite so docile, and Diane Jones-Konahowski's threat to complete in the Pentathlon in Moscow as an independent is a display of admirable pluck.

If only governments had the same kind of spine. But they don't. What is being hyped as an important and courageous decision, is on the Canadian side a where-you-lead-I-will-follow response to US policy. The Americans, on the other hand, would like to make grand gestures, but alas they are expensive. Olympic boycotts are not. They are only high profile decisions that allow President Carter to flex political muscles that are growing flabbier by the day.

◆◆◆◆ Ottawa Court Circular ◆◆◆◆

Disco-boys and Divas



by Mary Hemlow

This is a rather quiet period in Ottawa, but there have been two cultural events which will interest my more discriminating readers. First, the new Ottawa all-male disco group THE CABINET released their long-awaited album, LISTEN WOMAN. Well, at last we have a group with the talent to take women's liberation out of its exclusively female-based context and put it right up there in show business where it belongs. Who would have believed, say ten years ago, that we would be dancing to a song called *Say You Will, You're On The Pill*.

Upbeat all the way, LISTEN WOMAN will be welcomed by feminist music lovers all over the country. Let's run quickly through the songs. On Side 1, the harsh and strident *Don't Do It To Us Baby* spells out current male thinking on equality, and the haunting and beautiful *If Only A Woman Didn't Want To Be Paid Like A Man* expresses exactly how men feel about equal pay. The whole group (and this is impressive) singing *Your Doctors, Your Psychiatrists, Your Committees and You* helps us to understand the basic humour in our abortion laws.

On Side II, there is a light hilarious tune for Lesbians, *Speak To Me Of Custody*, and the thoughtful *Let's Not Call It Rape Anymore, It's Only A Push And A Nudge* helps the good fight to make rape more understandable and socially acceptable. *Give Me A Home Where Women Don't Roam* portrays beautifully the jangling ego-drop a man suffers when his woman works and pays half the expenses, and *Where Is My Family?* shows the hurt and confusion of men whose beaten wives run off to hospitals and transition houses. The last song, *Don't Come Knockin' At My Door* treats the usually depressing subject of money for women's groups with gaiety and charm.

The second exciting happening here in Ottawa is the opening of DENISE, the superb all-woman feminist opera which opened this week at the new women's club, REVENGE, and runs until the end of August. It is a *must* for all serious feminists and it will provide, for the general public, some insight into the women's movement.

All-woman operas are extremely rare and DENISE is probably the rarest to date. The story line is crisp and clear so even novices should have no trouble following the events. But for those women in the movement who always stubbornly maintain they "Don't understand", here is a brief outline

of the story. The roles are all taken by well-known Canadian feminists and the performances are, without exception, dazzling.

Denise, (played by Gene Errington) has decided, for reasons not made entirely clear to open a transition house for battered women in the small town of Watkins, Ontario. The Mayor of Watkins, André, an extremely virile young man of seventeen (played by Judge Rosie Abella) is against the idea because he is afraid there will be a lot of strident women causing trouble in Watkins. Three friends of Denise, Rose (played by Monique Begin), Chantal (played by Rosemary Brown) and Simone (played by Sue Findlay) carry expensive gifts to the Mayor and he agrees to meet with Denise about the transition house the very next day. The two do meet, in Watkins' largest quarry, fall in love, and André promises funding for the hostel.

Then André's wife, Pauline (played by Doris Anderson), appears and makes a great fuss. Hélène, a wonderful, calming person in Watkins (played by Sylvia Spring) reasons with Pauline by telling her all about violence against women and Pauline, against her better judgement, agrees to support the transition house. In the meantime, Rose and Chantal fall in love and Simone,

feeling very left out, becomes enraged. Hélène tries to patch things up between the three women but their anger mounts and Chantal's arm is broken.

Louise, the beautiful young woman doctor in Watkins (played by Judge Ethel Teitelbaum) looks after Chantal's arm and tells her that she and André are lovers. Chantal, of course, tells Denise, who becomes very angry and attacks all the other women — quickly brings us to a total of five battered women in Watkins which now badly needs a transition house. A group of townswomen pass by, and seeing the dramatic action, join in, and soon the hastily organized transition house becomes really busy and is a great success.

In the end, the virile young Mayor goes to the transition house to make peace with Denise and Pauline but meets Simone on the way and they fall in love. Pauline divorces André who marries Rose and they settle down in nearby Carsonby. The other women close the transition house and travel to Ottawa to become socialist-feminists in Maureen O'Neil's office.

This is a truly stirring musical interpretation of feminism in all its exciting variety. Don't miss it.



Courtesy Toronto Rape Crisis Centre

We Fought Back in the Beaches

by Jean Wilson

The late evening of May 6 was noisy and dramatic in the Beaches area of Toronto's east end. Over 600 women from all parts of the city, armed with a variety of noisemakers, flashlights and sparklers, met to 'take back the night' in a two-hour march organized by the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre.

The reason for the march was to exercise our right to freedom of movement and to protest restrictions imposed on women by unsafe streets and so-called 'rape prevention tips' (eg stay home).

Violence against women is increasing in Toronto, as it is everywhere. The most publicized attack on a Toronto woman was the murder in April of lawyer Barbra Schlifer. To date, no murder suspect has been arrested, but Metro police are reported to have 20 officers at work on the case. The marchers' route included the street on which Barbra Schlifer lived.

The noise and exuberance of the march, not to mention the halting of traffic on a main thoroughfare, attracted a lot of attention from residents and passers-by. Most of

it was supportive. Many women joined the march en route.

Men were asked not to join the march for three reasons: they do not face the same risks as women in going out at night; they traditionally have 'escorted' and 'protected' women at night, conditioning us not to recognize our own strength and power; and they demonstrate more effective support for such a march by helping with childcare so women with children can participate.

The unscheduled conclusion to the march

was a walk down the street of a woman who had been raped there *three* times. She asked marchers to join her in a gesture of solidarity against the man responsible, whom she believes lives on her street. He has, of course, not been caught. It was a sobering, but perhaps the most appropriate, way to end.

As march organizers emphasized, we may have taken back one night in one area, but there are still 364 other nights in the year and many other areas dangerous for women.

Striking Back

by Ottie Lockey

On April 11, 1980 Barbra Schlifer was murdered near her Queen St. apartment in the Beaches area of Toronto. Schlifer, a young lawyer who had just been called to the bar, was returning home after an evening with friends when the unidentified assailant attacked.

The press in Toronto was quick to move and put a spot-light on Schlifer's murder. Concern about violence against women in Toronto has been stimulated by the Schlifer case. Front page accounts, columns and editorials have followed in the pages of Toronto's Globe and Mail, Star, and Sun.

The Toronto women's community has responded to this situation in several ways.

The Toronto Rape Crisis Centre has received close to \$5,000 in contributions resulting from Michele Landsberg's column (in the Toronto Star) about Barbra Schlifer. This special fund is earmarked for self-defense courses for sole support mothers.

Laura Rowe, public education coordinator of the TRCC says that 85% of the contributions came from women. Most of the cheques were under \$100 and were often accompanied by letters in which "women said they wanted sexual assault against women stopped."

The TRCC then organized a Women Take Back the Night March on May 6 in the Peaches. Over 600 women took to the streets asserting our right to walk without

fear. This women-only march revives a tradition begun by Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) in Toronto in the summer of 1978. WAVAW is best known for its successful demonstration against the "Snuff" film on Yonge St. in November 1977.

Another direct result of recent concern about violence against women is the grassroots effort to lobby for better lighting requirements in hallways, parking lots, and driveways. Bev Wise, an Osgoode law School classmate of Barbra Schlifer, has spearheaded a committee to lobby the municipal and provincial governments to make the streets safer.

Barbra Schlifer was going to open a law practice with two friends and colleagues, Fran Rappaport and Pat Ashby. A recent graduate of the Bar Admission course, Fran states that "Women's issues were to be a major focus of the joint practice."

Ashby and Rappaport are key members of a group attempting to found a non-profit socio-legal clinic for women, in the memory of Barbra Schlifer, and to put into action some of the beliefs she held. This clinic will specialize in helping women who have experienced, or are in danger of experiencing violence. A fundraising campaign is now underway to raise money for the socio-legal clinic. Anyone interested in making a financial contribution should write to the Barbra Schlifer Fund Commemorative Clinic, c/o Helen Lafontaine, 2949 Bathurst Street, Toronto M6B 3B2.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Sunday, June 8, 1980
252 Bloor Street West
2:00 p.m.

Artists:

MARGARET ATKINSON
 GISELE DOMINIQUE
 MAGGIE HOLLIS
 SALLY JAY
 EILEEN SAMUEL
 WILLOW

Speakers:

PATRICIA HUGHES
 MARY O'BRIEN
 MARYON KANTAROFF

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

Design: Canadian Women's Studies Journal

Join us...

Everyone welcome.

BROADSIDES

by Susan G. Cole

Vatican Values

Vatican has remained in the centre of the universe for church officials, who have contented themselves with their own politics, certain that any others are too earthly for their concern. Occasionally, the Pontiff would emerge from his haven to make pronouncements on birth control or sexuality (items earthly, but too earthly to ignore entirely) but it was inconceivable that the Pope would choose to meddle in American politics.

But Superstar John Paul II has decided to throw his weight around and, seizing on article 139 of the Church Canon Law, has ordered Massachusetts Congressman Father Robert F. Drinan not to run for re-election to the United States Congress. Article 139 forbids priests to hold elective office. There is a hitch here, however. This is not a simple case of the Pontiff becoming a rigorous advocate of Church Law. Article 139 states specifically that local church officials can make exceptions if they decide a priest's involvement in politics would be good for the community.

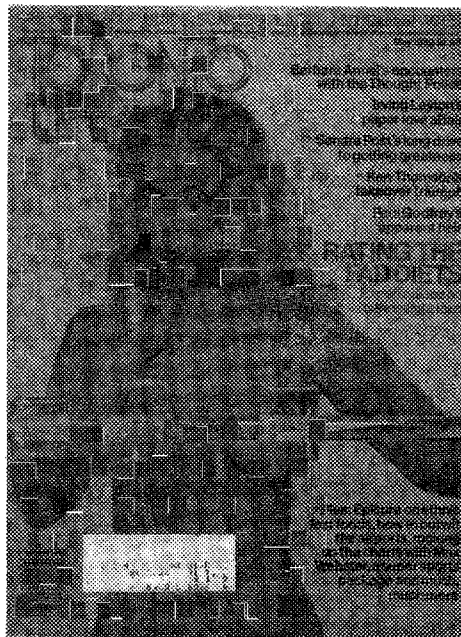
A scan of Drinan's record shows that he easily could have been exempt from the article in question. He originally entered politics because of his revulsion to the war in Indo China, he was leader of a battle to abolish the House Internal Security Committee (formerly the Un-American Activities folks) and was the first Congressman to introduce a motion to impeach Richard Nixon. Obviously, it is a matter of opinion — political opinion — whether Drinan's political activities were good for the community.

The Pope's decision arises from the tricky issue of the separation between Church and State. Drinan was himself keenly aware of the difficulties and even though he was opposed to abortion on religious grounds, insisted that because the procedure was legal, women who could not afford abortions should have them paid for by Medicaid. Progressive Catholics have

been heard muttering that Drinan was done in by the Right to Life forces. Whatever the case, Pope John Paul plainly has no problem plunging into the affairs of state and in so doing has plucked from public service one of America's most consistent advocates of liberal causes.

Father Drinan, never on the Church's radical fringe, has bowed out without protest.

Toronto Life Blows Its Cover



will, the only item in the illustration that has anything to do with the story it's intended to represent (in this case, an article on diets) is the pair of scales blocking out the model's breasts.

The woman herself is an accessory and the disappearance of the scales into the woman's crotch is just another presumably good-humoured ploy of a less than inspired designer. The woman's look of surprise, tinged with more than a hint of sexual come-on, rounds out a design that is essentially offensive.

Air brush techniques have never done much good for the image of women. Celebrated by soft porn aficionados as the niftiest method to idealize the female form, the air brush does the exact opposite, removing blemishes and flaws for the sake of those who really want nothing to do with flesh and blood women.

There is a subtle twist to the air brush game on the cover of Toronto Life. You'll notice that even the nipples have to go, brushed away in a symbolic act of violence against women. The result is almost ugly. Nevertheless this specimen is propped up at news stands, another highly visible indication of the state of the culture.

We present to you this item from the Toronto chic department. It isn't very chic actually, is it? In fact, it's almost a peculiar throwback to the kind of fifties coyness patented by Hugh Hefner. Call it what you



Since World War II, when the Vatican stayed secluded in its splendour while Hitler traipsed through Europe, representatives of the Church have been content to stay isolated from international politics. The

MEDIA WATCH

Lubricating the Saudis

Princess Mashall of Saudi Arabia was executed for having committed the sex crime of adultery. It was her grandfather, eldest son of a former King and obviously something of a heavy, who condemned her to death. She had fled the Royal household and a pre-arranged marriage and such actions do not sit well with members of the Royal court who consider their honour at stake any time a woman steps out of line.

The film about the event, produced by David Fanning and Antony Thomas, and aired on PBS on May 12th, has wreaked havoc with diplomatic relations between the United Kingdom and Saudi Arabia and has sent oil-starved American officials scrambling to assure the Saudis that the oil exporters are still in the American good books.

It's unfortunate that international politics have obscured the original intentions of the film-makers. The film has nothing to do with oil and everything to do with the position of women in Saudi Arabia. In fact, the princess' dilemma in this mystery-cum-romance is set up as a symbol of the status of women in Moslem countries generally. And so the viewer is compelled to consider the implications of pre-arranged marriages and the ties that bind women. We discover that if the

princess had been tried, she could have been convicted on the basis of testimony from four men who had caught her in the act — or by eight women; that women don't drive cars; that the conventional wisdom, as articulated by a female boutique owner, argues that women reap the rewards of strict laws against adultery and lasciviousness because such strictures keep the streets safe for women.

The clincher, of course, is the splendid scene in which the Royal princesses, briefly sprung from their palatial jails, cruise the desert in chauffeur-driven Cadillacs, selecting their next tricks. This exercise of Royal privilege may raise the hackles of the class conscious, but essentially it provided a rare view of women taking their sexuality into their own hands.

It is no coincidence that this was the scene to which Saudi officials objected most strenuously. It was not the depiction of Arab stereotypes (dark glasses in smoky rooms, Cadillacs and Mercedes) that sparked the protest, or that the most sympathetically portrayed Arabs were also the most Westernized, or that revolutionary Moslems condemned the perversion of Islamic values at the hand of the present ruling elite in the Middle East or even that 'Death of a Princess' was a specimen of

that most suspect of genres — the docudrama, complete with actors playing the roles of non-fictional persons.

No, it was the scene of women choosing sexual partners that rattled the Saudis. What a galling affront to the Islamic ideological framework. Cover up the women so that their sex becomes indistinguishable and they turn predator. Not good for the collective Saudi machismo. Take the scene out, insisted the Saudis. That's the bottom line.

With all of this — the indictment of Moslem practice as regards women, and the particular segment of the film that prompted diplomatic action — there was reason to believe that the film might inspire some discussion of the rights of women in Moslem countries. But the panel that followed the broadcast of 'Death of a Princess' provided ample evidence that hopes for sensible dialogue are slim indeed.

The panelists meandered through tedious apologies to the Saudis. One panelist blathered that one can't condemn a society on the basis of a single incident. He had obviously covered his eyes to the film's portrayal of the more subtle detail such as the shots of armed guards chaperoning women being interviewed by the film's reporter.

Another, speaking as if the Saudis were watching by Satellite, insisted that the film did not represent the view of the American government, or of PBS, for that matter, who by the way managed to garner a hefty viewing audience as a result of the controversy. After a half hour of variations on the "we don't mean it, please send us oil" theme, the single female panelist was asked to comment on the role of women in Moslem societies. She, taking a deep breath, seized the day and demurred, "You know, it's interesting that people forget it wasn't just the Princess who was executed, but her male lover too". Incisive comment from the token woman.

So there is good news and bad news. The good news is that Messrs. Thomas and Fanning have produced a film that makes a strong statement about one (of a multitude we must add) patriarchal society. The bad news is that as long as oil is in the picture, the abuses of patriarchy will be forgiven.

However, the temptation to name oil as the culprit should be avoided at all costs. There will always be obstacles to the recognition of the truth about women and it isn't very useful to wish that the film had been made about any country other than Saudi Arabia. Had the film been made in a remote area of the world that did not supply the UK and US with oil, patriarchal abuse would not have been forgiven, it would have been ignored.

Quebec: A Vie

In an effort to provide English-speaking Canadians with a rarely-reported view of the Québec situation in general and the referendum in particular, three Montréal feminists have presented their perspectives for *Broadside* readers.

Nicole Lacelle's article was endorsed by ten women's groups in Montreal: *La Centre de documentation féministe*; *Le comité de Lutte pour l'avortement libre et gratuit*; *Les Editions des Remue-Ménage*; *Le Théâtre des Cuisines*; *Le Théâtre Expérimental des femmes*; *Les Presses de la Santé de Montréal*; *la revue Des luttes et des rires de femmes*; *la revue La Vie en Rose*; and *la Librairie des femmes*. Following endorsement, the article was published in *Le*

Devoir, and a translated version is printed here.

Lise Moisan's article is a personal exploration of the implications of the vote for Québécoises and feminists. It was written in the form of a letter to *Broadside's* referendum report co-ordinator, Alex Maas.

Sylvie Dupont's article is reprinted, untranslated, from the new Montréal feminist journal *La Vie en Rose*. It's wit and relevancy would most likely have been lost in translation.

All three articles were written before the May 20th Referendum. The dilemmas faced by Québécois feminists go far beyond the results of that day. For actual reaction of these writers to the results of the vote, see page 1.



Minding Our PQ's

by Nicole Lacelle, translated by Lise Moisan

By the beginning of May no autonomous women's group had as yet officially taken a stance in the referendum. But after the meeting of the 14,000 "Yvettes", which took place at the Montreal Forum in April, we gave the issues more than serious consideration.

To our knowledge, the event was without precedent in Québec. Without going into detail about the blunder which triggered this massive rallying, let me remind you that it was Québec's Cabinet Minister Lise Payette's remarks in the Québec National Assembly which were sharply contemptuous of housewives and housework; she went as far as to say that Claude Ryan had married the 'Yvette' of our grade two reader. (Yvette was the prototype of the submissive little girl who would grow up to be just like her submissive mother, whose name I just happen to forget. Come to think of it I don't think she had a name of her own in the story.)

At any rate, the 'Yvette' phenomenon is very important. It demonstrates how the Right has successfully managed to make a No vote in the referendum tantamount to saying No to the contempt shown for women (by the PQ of course). The means by which this mental association has been created clearly indicate that a No vote is rapidly becoming based on a right-wing platform.

Madame Tisseyre, one of the grande dames of Québécois show-biz, told the 'Yvettes' (to whom I apologize for so referring to them) that: "women learnt a long time ago to say No to smooth talkers, and we all know what has happened to those who didn't learn. It is my duty and my right to pass on an 'intact' Canada to my children." 'Intact' is her exact word, as in 'a woman before her wedding'.

Renaude Lapointe, former speaker of the Senate, asked them if they wanted to lose their passport. There were probably very few women in the place, not counting those on stage, who could even afford a trip to Florida, but their applause shook the rafters. The Right managed to exploit these women's dream of travelling, of getting out of the house, of taking a break from their endless work and responsibilities. It put women from all over, on buses, to go to air all expense paid political rally and asked them if they wanted to lose their passports.

With this manoeuvre vis-a-vis women, the Right has finally become a mobilizing force. It's been years since the Right has enjoyed real popularity in Québec. Of course it has power, but it hasn't been 'popular'. So the Right is now

gaining extraordinary momentum.

The Yes vote, for feminists, is fraught with contradictions, but a No vote, as outlined that night at the Forum, is a tidy package indeed. It is 'Travail-Famille-Patrie', a longstanding rallying call and slogan, edifying the fundamental values of the Canadian Français 'Work-Family-Country'. That's the alternative which the Right offered women.

A No in the referendum is harder and harder to face because of this right wing definition it has acquired. The Right is playing on women's dreams. The longstanding contempt in which the Parti Québécois, as well as certain Left tendencies, hold housewives is a useful tool for the Right. The Right gives 'value' to women's subservience, to be 'valued' is better than nothing. That's what 14,000 women answered that night.

Who were those women? Largely speaking, they were women between the ages of 30 and 45, full-time housewives, many of whom were anglophone and immigrant women. They are women generally considered to be the least 'politicized', those who are the most isolated, but who listen to the radio and watch TV, those women always missing in the ranks of the PQ, and those on whom the PQ had virtually given up to in order to win the referendum. The Right counts on them.

The PQ, much like the Left, has preferred to court younger and older women than these, particularly the 39% of women who work outside the home. Women at home are seen as irredeemable or alienated. And yet, housework is at the very base of all women's exploitation.

The Yes as well as the No is a non-choice with respect to this exploitation. In each case it seems that housework is either overvalued, as in the No camp, or completely devalued. It is no accident that this emerges in all its splendour over the Québec national question.

Exactly the same logic is inherent in the process of overvaluing or devaluing the fact of being Québécois. The idea is to play on certain so-called natural attributes and thereby enhance the popular appeal of being abused. We don't need our roles and our work to be either put on a pedestal or totally devalued. The value of housework to Capital is already evident, and the reclaiming of the issue of housework through our autonomous struggles is another story which won't happen for a year or a day.

For many of us, our initial reaction to the referendum was a strong reluctance to being drawn into playing yet another game with a very stacked deck. The women's

movement has always run counter to the State in posing our own political questions, so why should we suddenly start to reckon with an issue from its point of view? But it doesn't take that long to realize, particularly since the meeting of the 'Yvettes', that we've never succeeded in defining the terrain. Witness the fact that the women's movement has never been able to bring together 14,000 women, be it in a hall, or in the streets. It is unreasonable to us to imagine, that we will be able to define the terrain overnight or even in three weeks! To pretend, among ourselves, particularly these days that the State doesn't direct our lives, leads straight to the Forum.

The speeches at the rally reveal quite clearly who is behind the No vote and whose interests it would serve. We must always scrutinize the speeches intended for women, intended for us; they are always the most transparent because we are the ones who have the least power. And we certainly know where the 'Work-Family-Country' line gets us.

Some of us will write WOMAN on our ballots, to nullify the vote, others won't vote at all. But that is probably a result of the same feeling of powerlessness that the Right creates and that the Left fosters. It would be dangerous to underestimate the reactionary force which nullifying one's vote accommodates.

The Yes I'm talking about is not a Yes to the PQ, which has no other social program than the status quo — in fact it has no social program at all. It aims to serve white men; more specifically, an insecure and petulant petit-bourgeoisie, those political kids who think they know what's best for everyone, who cherish power and love to play on their computers. Be assured that if the referendum is lost they'll be the first to blame it on "the women and the immigrants". Because to them women and immigrants are scabs by definition. They don't try to figure out how housework and strike breaking are integral and planned parts of capitalism, just as are unemployment, prison and school for life. The Right and too often the Left have used women and immigrants, only to drop us when the job is done. We intend, in our turn, to use the Parti Québécois in order to check at least the Right's plans for us.

I've often wondered why the PQ itself didn't adopt the 'Work-Family-Country' slogan. It would have been more normal, more logical, since the PQ is supposed to represent the strongest nationalism. But I know now that the answer is simple: the women of the PQ have been at their heels every inch of the way. It's thanks to them, and thanks to us too, for that matter, if we can vote Yes.

w from Inside



Yes, but . . .

Montreal
April 15, 1980

Dear Alex,

The government's program of sovereignty-association is a dismal political farce. The referendum is however a very serious event. What can I tell you, we're all on the edge of our seats. When you asked me how I was going to vote and why, it forced me to think about things that we all take for granted here and about things that are so specific to my particular context that they just don't come up much in conversation.

Being of mixed Irish and French Canadian parentage has endowed me with a rather complicated array of advantages and drawbacks. First of all, the timing of my birth was definitely the worst possible. Early 1950's. Both my parents, like their entire generation, had been amply thwarted and humiliated by the then far-reaching dominance of the minority anglophone elite. The road to success was paved with English, and anybody who could muster the means of educating their children in English was obviously doing the right thing. Who knew then what was afoot?

So I was sent to an Irish Catholic School where I spent grade one hanging out with three Chinese kids. We were the only ones who didn't speak any English, although our respective parents all spoke some, due to, of course, very different quirks of history. At any rate, by October, 1970, I had managed to get myself thoroughly engrossed in my freshman year at McGill. I had also managed to pick up a few political clues, as well.

What with the sixties, the Révolution tranquille, McGill français and burgeoning feminism, I found myself an avid listener in Marlene Dixon's sociology class. It strikes me now as truly ironic that it was through this renegade American Marxist-Leninist at McGill that I got involved in the spontaneous student movement supporting the FLQ. Marlene's attempt to get me on the right side of the issue against almost insurmountable odds, consisted in practically kidnapping any Québécois (the term had by then evolved politically) students in her huge Soc. 202 class, forcing us to take ourselves seriously, and calling us the McGill Liaison committee.

Our job consisted in writing inflammatory communiques in French, which most of us wrote poorly, and then delivering them in person to the headquarters of the student strike movement at the CEGEP du Vieux Montréal. Our Québécois group was relatively small but politically diverse: the reactionaries in it conveniently singled themselves out by chatting amicably with the soldiers who were also conveniently right on hand everywhere you went. I don't think I'd ever felt so proud to be Québécois. I know I'd never felt so ashamed of being at McGill and all that that implied.

Stirrings of feminist consciousness, followed shortly thereafter by involvement in women's groups, consolidated my quickening political and cultural identity, both as a Québécoise and as a woman. The Québec women's movement was very separatist before that became acceptable. In 1970 our slogan was "No liberation of Québec without the liberation of women, no liberation of women without the liberation of Québec." Over the last ten years women have had many a confrontation with governments, within political parties and unions, and we've taken a very critical look at our specific role in the history of this country. We've politicized our own issues.

cette fois-ci? Gavée d'Hydro-Québec, de cidre, d'amianté et d'uranium, de Manic, de Baie James, de caisses Desjardins et de bières, privée d'exercice, cette liberté rêvée, la belle Indépendance, a pris de la bédaine: *une patrie où nous pourrions vivre en majoritaires, avec l'incompatible sentiment de sécurité, de normalité qui en découle.* De toute beauté.

You asked me what my first reaction was to the referendum. It was a feeling of being trapped. In ten years the liberation has become independence, and independence has turned into sovereignty-association.

One night this winter about thirty of us who have been in women's groups for years got together for informal discussion. These were the women with whom I most wanted to discuss how to vote. We started out by holding a secret ballot to see what our first impulse would be before any discussion occurred: 25 Yes, 2 No, 3 abstentions.

The 25 Yes voters said that it was almost a matter of pride, that even though we all knew that it was a far cry from what had fired us in the past we couldn't bring ourselves to vote No. Despite our strong identification as feminists and our total mistrust of the PQ, we're all nationalists. We went on to touch several bases in the debate, naming the many reasons for voting No, the strongest being our dislike of the PQ and disaffection with their whole program. We considered their record on women's issues and were incensed that they dared even to try to win a specifically women's vote.

They did best in comparison to the No forces. Claude Ryan may be in direct communication with God, but come to think of it, feminists have never been in too good with Him. We stand to lose a lot of our already precarious freedom if the referendum is lost. The general opinion is that the Liberals will probably win the next election if the referendum turns out a No vote. We even wasted two minutes, out of sheer bitterness, fantasizing about how wonderfully radicalizing it would be to lose the referendum and to have Ryan as Premier.

We also talked about nationalism itself, and what we've always had to fear. We've too often been tied down, refused jobs, tied to men, refused the vote and cajoled into making endless babies in the name of our national interest. Were we setting ourselves up for a larger dose of more of the same? We talked about right-wing nationalism and "the seed of fascism". We know very well that fascism exists, as much in one camp as in another. The "seed" can be found anywhere, even in our feminist camp. To me, talking about fascism can sometimes have effects akin to watching a horror movie late at night. At any rate you should have been there. We had a fine discussion and it really helped clear up my thinking. By the way, the second polling taken at the end of the evening was 26 yes, 3 no, 1 abstention.

May 1, 1980

We're really caught up in Referendum fever now. It has acquired a heightened sense of urgency in the last month, as the No speeches have become more and more vehement and right-wing. I've never seen people talking so animatedly about politics. The polls feed the excitement and worry.

There are flags everywhere: Yes buttons, No posters, No buttons. Going into Montreal's predominantly English downtown streets is quite an experience these days. The other night I saw three men in their twenties pushing a woman around at a bus stop. They were English speaking. She was wearing a Yes button. Walking up St Denis Street on a Friday night the revellers are out: there are Yes booths selling the buttons, membership cards and other paraphernalia. Young men come up to you and with a jovial clap on the back ask you how you'll vote. I'd hate to say No.

The general sense among feminists in these last weeks has been of coming together on a Yes vote, and of sitting very tight, waiting like everyone else to see what will happen. To all of us here, May 20th is important. In fact, it's paramount. Women's issues won't be settled, nor will they go away. We'll all grow old fighting.

□Lise Moisan

Un livre si blanc

by Sylvie Dupont

Mariné étape par étape dans l'eau de Javel de la prudence la bleu a détient. Le livre est blanc, aseptique, pussilanime et grandiloquent. Qui aurait cru en '70 qu'il porterait le sceau d'un gouvernement majoritaire et qu'on s'ennuyerait à lire? En '70, on parlait d'Indépendance et le mot avait de la gueule. On le conjuguait avec action et subversion, à l'exemple des noirs américains; on se prenait pour des panthères, des nègres blancs.

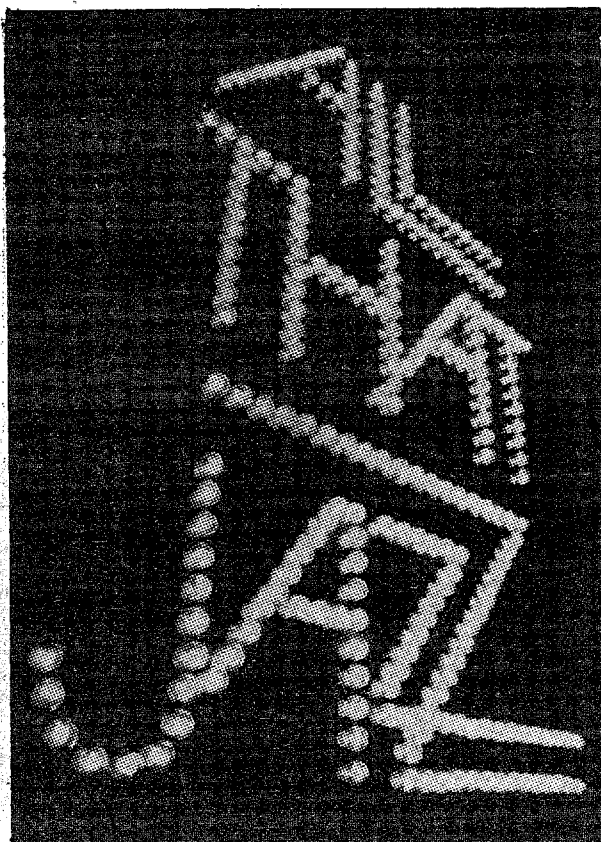
Vague réminiscence, le livre est blanc. Très blanc. Blanc de mémoire. 200 siècles d'histoire oubliée. Minorités de la page 61, ce n'est pas vous le peuple élu. À bon entendre, salut! Mais rassurez-vous *Rien d'humain ne nous est plus étranger comme collectivité.* Alors, en toute humanité les communautés Amérindiennes et Inuits qui le désirent jouiront, sur leur territoire, d'institutions (...) Désirer jouir d'institutions, ça prenait des technocrates pour y penser! Louis Riel a blanchi, lui aussi, sous la plume omissive des auteurs du livre. Mieux vaut oublier les métissages historiques et redonner bon teint à ceux qui ont lutté pour la survie des communautés Francophones de l'ouest.

En '70, on disait «pas de libération des femmes sans libération du Québec, pas de libération du Québec sans libération des femmes.»

Le livre est blanc. Blanc-becs: *Ils se donnèrent le nombre qui leur manquait en 1760.* Voilà, maintenant on peut écrire fièrement la nation Québécoise, c'est une famille qui aura bientôt 400 ans. En effet, ça fait 400 ans que les femmes de ce pays bercent une revanche jamais prise. Le livre nous promet *La participation des femmes à la croissance économique (...) au coeur même du progrès social, du devenir collectif* comme s'ils venaient de l'inventer. Et des réformes, et des mesures. *Égalité et Indépendance*, l'oeuf à deux jaunes pour faire passer le blanc du mandat et il risque de pourrir sur une tablette.

Mais le livre est aussi blanc de peur. *Que diraient-ils et que penseraient-ils de nous, d'il fallait que nous reculions*

ARTS



After All, That Jazz

by Barbara Halpern Martineau

All that Jazz was the second biggest film at the Academy Awards this year. Like the biggest, *Kramer vs. Kramer*, it's a film which is entirely male-centered and which claims a humane perspective for itself. That is, the hero is "sensitive", not a swaggering macho bully. Nothing new — he's the tormented artist we've seen several times before, the old red herring about art vs. life as in Joyce, Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman, etc.

What is new is the skill and polish of the stream-of-consciousness presentation, which is well-developed but not so deftly done in film. Even Fellini has trouble with memories and inner dialogue; Bob Fosse, who directed *All that Jazz*, doesn't out-Fellini Fellini, but he does manage, mainly through comedy, some brilliant touches. The hero, a workaholic, chain-smoking virtuoso of film and theatre, lies waiting for his open-heart operation and hallucinates a Busby Berkeley-style chorus line of beautiful women with feather fans who sing, "I'm so glad that you're sorry now," intercut with three grim surgically-clad creatures (his wife, daughter, and mistress) holding a clapper board (*Hospital Hallucinations*, take 3).

All the women in the film are attracted to Joe — many are jealous, none indifferent. His anima (blond fantasy woman) punctures his balloon fleetly just once, when he has been telling her of the time he lived with two women until one left a note saying "I don't want to share you." Joe says he was flattered; anima asks: "How do you know the note was for you?"

Juxtaposition of unlikely elements, excellent dance editing, outrageously irreverent wit, and a Hollywood reverence for storyline which makes the narrative leaps comprehensible and interesting combine to make *All that Jazz* a film buff's favourite. The story, the coming to terms with his own imminent death by a successful, womanizing film/stage/dance director who fantasizes conversations with a beautiful woman in bridal white, is ripe for all sorts of analysis. Jung would probably say that the beautiful woman is Joe's anima, or female archetype, with whom he has never come to terms. He has sacrificed his "humanity" (read: female side) for his work (read: male side), which is brilliant, everyone agrees. Now, to die in peace, he must at last acknowledge what he has denied. He has been fickle and unreliable to the women in his life, who nonetheless continue to languish for him — fortunately, they are all present to be reconciled as his end approaches.

All that Jazz is very carefully structured, with care taken to incorporate most smart-alec criticisms into the text of the film. At one point a woman critic on TV pans the film Joe has just finished, which is playing to sell-out houses everywhere (just like *All that Jazz*) — she attacks it for being superficial razzle-dazzle and gives it a half-balloon rating, a whole balloon which she sadistically deflates. Joe, surrounded by family and friends in his hospital bed, is immediately blanketed by sympathy and righteous indignation at the supercilious critic.

Joe is straight, white, very upper-middle-class, but tribute is paid to gays, blacks, poor actors and bright female children, namely his daughter. Women are entirely stereotyped: dancers who'll sleep with him without thinking once, jealous ex-wife, jealous mistress — her great line is "I wish you weren't so generous with your cock," cute dumb assistants, cute dumb nurses, and finally, a sweet white-haired woman in great distress whom Joe kisses in the

hospital, saying, "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen and I love you." Presumably she dies happy after that. He does, anyway.

Well, I was left wondering when such razzle-dazzle will be available to the expression of a woman-centred vision, a vision which will be not simply that of one privileged creative genius aloof from the suffering masses, but rather the sort of vision Virginia Woolf describe as "the outcome of many years of thinking in common, of thinking by the body of the people, so that the experience of the mass is behind the single voice (*Room of One's Own*, 1928)."

There was very little razzle-dazzle at the recent Feminist Film Festival in Toronto (April 19-20 at the Funnel — see *Broadside*, no. 7, for the program). Hoping to attract a wide range of independently-made films, the organizers decided to advertise in advance and accept films by submission, rather than soliciting work, except in the case of Québec where a special effort was made, resulting in the screening of the two of the best films of the festival.

Les servantes du bon dieu by Diane Letourneau, is a quite, deeply subjective contemplation of the lives of the Little Sisters of the Holy Family, who devote themselves to serving priests, cooking, cleaning, doing laundry (one sister spends all her working hours folding handkerchiefs). Speaking for themselves, the Little Sisters are very happy — of course, I realized. Their menial work is dignified, surrounded with ritual and they have none of the personal strain of the nuclear family. The film has the great virtue of looking closely and respectfully from many different angles at the lives of these women, without either exploiting or judging them.

Anastasia oh ma chérie, by Paule Baillargeon is a beautifully wrought low-budget dramatic film, made with La Grande Cirque Panique, a Montréal theatre group. *Anastasia* is a modest antidote to *All that Jazz* and makes me look forward to seeing the director's newly completed feature film. In *Anastasia* she challenges one stereotype after another, in a mimed grotesquerie about a woman who leaves her husband, disguises herself as a man, lives a secret life of creativity and fulfillment until taken forcibly by the police, shoved and tugged into a red party dress, high-heeled shoes and makeup and deposited in the office of an alienated psychiatrist, whom she consoles and abandons. The film uses setting, decor, theatrical technique, wit, humour, fantasy, and lacks only a few million dollars worth of gloss to knock *All that Jazz* off the charts.

The films from English Canada were mainly from the Toronto area, which is a pity — it would have taken much more experience, advertising, and a larger budget to have secured a fair representation from the Prairies, B.C., and the Maritimes. The festival was unusual for the dominance of independent films over National Film Board products — the three NFB films shown all fit the Extraordinary Portrait Syndrome common to our national factory of blandness of these, *Pretend You're Wearing a Barrel* by Jan-Marie



All that Jazz: Intensive Care razz-ma-tazz

Photos Courtesy 20th Century-Fox



All that Jazz: Dying to get there

Martell is archetypical of the Superwoman strain of the EP Syndrome. A welfare mother of four decides at age 35 to become a welder, goes to the midnight shift of welding school, never misses a night, secures a job as a welder, and proves that you too — if you can do without sleep or support, are white and determined and have a sense of humour — can succeed in earning a living in Canada.

There were three "workshops" at the festival, which were really informal talks given by local film makers followed by questions and discussion. Kay Armatage showed her group of experimental films, of which *Speakbody* received the most favourable response, and she spoke briefly about the need for a feminist avant-garde. Laura Sky showed *Shutdown*, a disappointing documentary on the shutdown of a factory owned by an American multinational — the film starts with shots of women trudging dispiritedly towards the camera as they leave the factory, and we hear the voice of a man explaining how "we" were shut down. Later in the film, another man complains, ten years after the fact and now that he has lost his job, that during the Vietnam war he and other workers were put to work manufacturing shells for American weapons. There is no clear analysis of the problematic relationship of women's issues and the union — a lot is taken for granted. Finally, the film ends with the printed information that the factory has subsequently been reopened by the workers, a tantalizing and frustrating clue about the film which might have been made. Laura Sky spoke about the difficulties of working for the National Film Board, which apparently is unwilling to release *Shutdown*.

I showed *Good Day Care: One Out of Ten* (reviewed in *Broadside*, no. 6), and spoke on some strategies for analyzing documentary film from a feminist perspective. I was heartened to see so many young women attending, to whom the whole subject of feminist film was obviously new and exciting; I was discouraged to see very few old faces from previous women's film festivals who could have brought some continuity and even valuable experience to bear on the generally animated discussion. It seems that most of the women involved in the hugely successful Toronto Women & Film Festival in 1973 have either gone on to other things or been assimilated into the mainstream of commercial production and distribution without maintaining feminist ties.

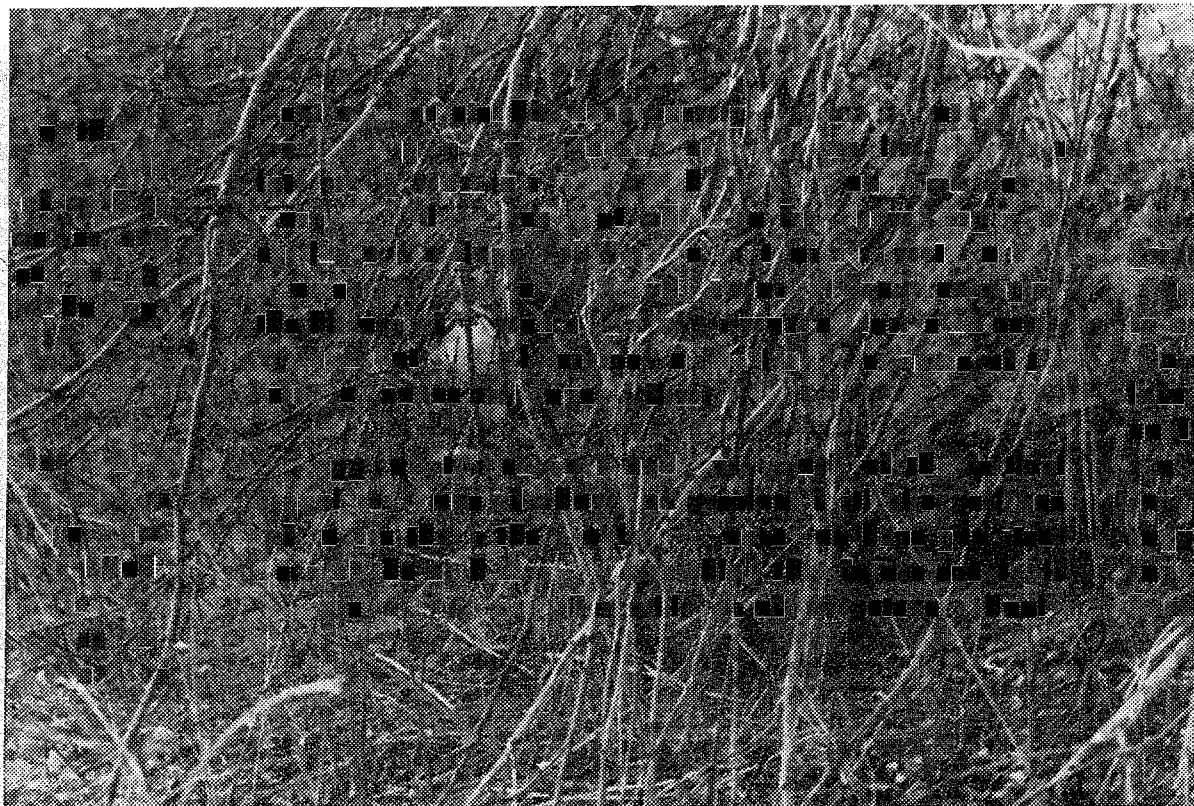
The audience response tended, therefore, to be more enthusiastic than discriminating — it was good to hear that Patricia Gruben's finely-crafted experimental film *The*

Central Character had been warmly applauded, but then so was *Ironing* by Lynne Conroy, an American film which has interesting moments and which is based on a wonderful story by Tillie Olsen, but which suffers from very poor casting and acting. Well-deserved enthusiasm met *Queen's Women*, an extremely low-budget musical documentary on the history of women at Canada's most exclusive university; and not so well-deserved enthusiasm met some of the less well-conceived Super-8 films.

I applaud the courage and hard work of the festival organizers, none of whom had previous festival experience (of course that's the problem — once you have you steer clear of the nightmare). I also think that future events, if they are to include work at all levels of competence, should

be organized entirely on the workshop principle, with the film makers present to discuss their work.

One very positive result of the festival was that a woman present at my workshop responded to my remark that there is no women's distribution network in Canada by offering to organize a collective to approach that problem. She is Vivien Muir, and she can be reached at 921-5853. (Note: for information about where to get films shown at the Festival, contact Jacqueline Geering at 964-8196.) Of course the *most* positive result is that up to two hundred women enjoyed the experience of watching films made by women in a supportive context. Learning the subtle art of continuing to support while offering constructive criticism is one task at hand.



Untitled: A scene from Nancy Nicol's experimental film

Jane Jacobs: Insights, No Answers

by Eve Zaremba

I have been a long-time admirer of Jane Jacobs. My bookshelf testifies to this. *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, subtitled 'The Failure of Town Planning', I got in London in 1966. *The Economy of Cities* bought fresh off the press in New York in 1969. Now a third volume joins them on my shelf. *Canadian Cities and Sovereignty Association: 'The XVIIth Massey Lecture Series'* is a slim 63-page paperback book published by the CBC for \$3.95.

Jacobs' latest work is lesser in scope and different in subject from her two major books on cities — in spite of its title, it's not about cities. Many of the admirable qualities are there, however. Jane Jacobs has one of the clearest, least pretentious writing styles around. Anyone who can read, can profitably read her work. She has the ability to present complex and subtle ideas simply, not simplistically. She doesn't appear to purposely avoid either jargon or technical language; she thinks the way she writes. It seems there is little distance between the idea and its expression, and I cannot think of anyone I have read recently who gave that impression. So-called serious writing tends to be either stuffy-academic or smart-ass indulgent. Sometimes both.

The latest book on the topical subject of Quebec shows Jacobs' unusual understanding of human emotions and their importance in politics. Unlike virtually all men who write about Quebec, (even the knowledgeable ones) she is perceptive on national feeling, patriotism and chauvinistic self-identification, without being sentimental or judgemental. She points out that the emotions which govern ardent federalists and convinced separatists are basically the same. Both identify strongly with a nation which for one group is Quebec and for the other a Canada which includes Quebec. For both, Quebec is vital. It is the "indifferent" who are truly different in this respect. How perversely misleading is the way in which this polarity has been presented. The issue cannot be viewed as conflict between federalists and separatists: the labels obfuscate reality.

This is especially evident through Jacobs' clear-eyed analysis of the rational inconsistency inherent in separatism:

"If and when they win their way they always promptly forget their championship of self-determination and oppose any further separation at home."

She mentions a string of examples including the US and notes that deGaulle, who said "Vive la Quebec Libre", wasn't about to say the same for any province of France.

Jacobs sees this pattern as universal and perfectly ordinary.

"That is the way nations behave, no matter how old or young, how powerful or weak, how developed or undeveloped or how they themselves came into being. But this inconsistency is inconsistent only in the light of reason. The behaviour and attitudes are really quite remarkably consistent. The consistency is emotional and unreasonable."

Could a convinced, self-identified feminist have said it better?

Jacobs' begins her exploration of the sovereignty-association debate with a few words about the cities of Toronto and Montreal. Perhaps she or the CBC saw this as necessary to add credibility to her discussion on Quebec, (the Massey lectures are broadcast over CBC's Ideas series on FM radio.) Certainly her credentials as an expert on cities are unquestionable. However this book adds nothing to them. In fact, pages on the two cities, while interesting, contain nothing particularly new or central to the arguments that follow.



In them Jacobs points out that over the years Toronto overtook Montreal as Canada's chief economic centre and thus became the focus of anglophone migration and immigration to the detriment of Montreal. As Montreal lost its role as Canada's pre-eminent metropolis it took more and more the character of a regional Quebec-centered city. But it cannot afford to continue in this role if it is to sustain its vibrant economic and cultural life.

"The chances are small that Montreal will be able to transcend the usual inertia of Canadian regional cities if Quebec remains a province of Canada."

(Jacobs' critiques of Canadian economic characteristics are often worthwhile and pungent but I suspect that the implication inherent in the above statement could give rise to some heated arguments.)

According to Jacobs, that is why "the issue of sovereignty, now that it has been raised, is not going to evaporate. The changes underlying that issue are irreversible and they are not going to evaporate . . . thus it seems to me that we'd better think about it, emotionally painful though it may be."

Jacobs then proceeds to help us 'think about it' by describing in some detail the example of Norway's separation from Sweden. As a general analogy this has its limitations. For a start, Norway and Sweden are compact, European countries of very similar cultural heritage, each with a largely homogeneous population. This just ain't so about Canada and Quebec. However, if Jacobs set out to make three points —

- that peaceful, gradual movement toward sovereignty is possible;
- that such a change can release immense, hitherto unexploited creative energies; and
- that a relatively small population is no impediment to prosperity and progress

— then she has made her case quite adequately. The most intriguing aspect is her exploration of what she calls the 'paradox of size', a topic which Jacobs has dealt with in her other books.

While the glorification of large size for its own sake seems to have peaked, we are still controlled by the importance of quantity. At the personal level we may drive small(er) cars, have small(er) families and sing that "Small is Beautiful" but at the political level we accept uncritically arguments about economics of size, the limitations imposed upon Canada by a small internal market and generally the inherent advantages and superiority of large numbers,

As a people we are so prone to view ourselves in relation to the States that it comes as a shock to realize that Norway has a population of four million to Quebec's six million and Sweden's eight million equals Ontario. Yet both Sweden and Norway must be counted as successful modern states economically and socially. Certainly better places to live than most countries in this imperfect world. Most significantly, they invent, produce and export more *diversely* than we do with our population of 24 million even though (perhaps because?) they lack our abundant natural resources. It is clear that, whatever the optimal size for a modern country, sovereign nations of (relatively) small size are perfectly viable.

Having proven that the usual economic arguments against Quebec independence do not hold water, Jacobs turns to the actual concept of sovereignty-association. I have problems with the uncritical way in which she accepts the term itself and René Lévesque's definition of it. Her position, far from being based on realistic assessment of the present situation, is naive.

First of all, Jacobs copes with the dilemma posed by the term 'sovereignty-association' by viewing it as merely acknowledging the reality in all human condition. That is, we are simultaneously alone and social creatures. Nations are both independent from and connected to other nations. If this seems like semantic quibbling, that's exactly what it is, in my opinion. It's not very useful to deny the very specific implications of the term and the questionable political purpose which it was designed to serve.

Then again, throughout this book the author avoids as much as possible using the term 'Parti Quebecois'. Yet she deals with sovereignty-association as created and proposed by René Lévesque whom she quotes and who is surely indistinguishable from the PQ as a political power. The reason for these manoeuvres escapes me.

Jacobs analyses Lévesque's proposals under the heading of 'connectors' and 'separateness.' The former addresses the nitty-gritty of how travel, trade, defence, the St. Lawrence Seaway and currency would be handled between a sovereign Quebec and Canada. Jacobs has no trouble with most of it but in Lévesque's proposal for a common currency she identifies a major snag.

"The trouble is that governmental powers which affect a currency are the very core of sovereignty."

Of course she is quite right. As she points out, the two governments could cooperate on matters affecting currency. But "there goes independence."

One currency — which means a common fiscal and monetary policy — is consistent with 'renewed federalism' but never with true sovereignty. Which raises the question of just how serious the PQ really is. This is a question which Jacobs doesn't ask. Rather she proceeds to the 'separateness' aspect.

The 'separateness' chapter in many ways the heart of this uneven, idiosyncratic little book, is a grab-bag of insights, aphorisms, commonsense, wishful thinking and quotations from Virginia Woolf, A.O. Lovejoy, René Lévesque and Letters to the Editor of the Globe and Mail:

On the second to last page Jane Jacobs sums up her position like this:

"One of the hang-overs of the Enlightenment is the notion that immutability is natural. Of course it isn't; everything changes. No government arrangements last forever. The best we can hope for is that changes be constructive and flexible."

This statement is not about our present arrangements, i.e. the Canadian confederation. It's made with reference to sovereignty-association.

This book restates Jane Jacobs' life-long commitment to change and diversity. She has an instinctive grasp of the primacy of ambiguity in all human endeavours for which many of us strive and would be happy to match. Whether she is aware of this or not, Jacobs' insights are remarkably feminist in the most profound sense of that much misused and misunderstood word. I recommend this book to anyone interested in a unique mind, not political answers.

(An enlarged version of Jacobs' book entitled *Question of Separatism: Quebec and The Struggle Over Sovereignty* is scheduled for publication by Random House in the fall of 1980. For other views of this question I suggest: *My Quebec* by René Lévesque, Methuen; and *The Impossible Quebec: Illusions of Sovereignty-Association* by Pierre Vallières, Black Rose Books.)

Anti-nuke Benefit



Maira Armour

Acts of Folly

by Anne Cameron

A number of months ago I attended a Holly Near concert and an anti-nuclear workshop in Toronto and was aghast there were women who wouldn't participate in anti-nuclear work because of radical feminist politics. Coming from Vancouver Island, where for twenty-plus years a broad based and vital anti-nuke movement has kept reactors and their waste from being forced on us, I couldn't imagine anybody in her right mind not supporting anti-nuke.

I made some smartass crack like "Well, I hope their feminist ovaries protect them from radiation", and shrugged. A friend told me then that my "PI sense of humour" sometimes made it impossible for her to understand where I was coming from or what I thought was funny.

Whatever I thought was funny wasn't working at the benefit concert in support of anti-nuclear work in Ontario at University of Toronto's Convocation Hall on April 26th. I am still livid with rage and choked with frustration.

Without women, particularly politically aware women, the anti-nuke movement will fall flat on its face and never get up off the ground again. You'd think someone would keep that fact in mind and realize if they want our energy, our money, our support and our commitment, they have to make us feel welcome. And make us feel we aren't working with a pack of insensitive assholes.

The program started with Dianne Hetherington, a young woman with an incredible voice. Maybe if I had only heard the voice I wouldn't have been quite so hard-nosed, but I also watched her perform. She pranced, she postured, she posed. But the depths were reached for me when she introduced "Mack The Knife" by saying it was a song "with balls". Apart from the obvious fact Mack The Knife is a somewhat inappropriate song for an anti-nuclear

benefit, the woman seemed unaware she was singing a song of praise and admiration for a pimp. "Sukey Tawdry, Lotte Lenya and Miss Lucy Brown" are working girls "and the line forms on the right, babe, now that Mack-y's back in town". I feel if a woman chooses to exploit the sexist exploiters and be a prostitute, that's her choice and she doesn't need to be called "tawdry" for making it any more than any other woman working in a male-dominated economy.

So, the song makes me angry to start with, but to say it "has balls" was a bit much. As if only those "with balls" can have courage, or bravery, or whatever you want to call it.

The audience began hissing. Dianne Hetherington was astounded. She seemed to feel we were objecting to the dirty language; the point missed her completely. Then a person I wish I could say was a female impersonator launched into an introduction of "Over The Rainbow", dedicating it to all little girls who like balls. More hisses and boos. Then out came Mendelsohn Joe, accompanied by Bruce Cockburn and "Nurse Annie". So help me God I thought "Nurse Annie" was going to be used at some point in the act to personify the pro-nuclear mentality, and I was feeling miffed that the dumbness was going to be coming from a woman's voice.

Nothing that simple. She sat, posing like something out of an old Esquire magazine, shoving her chest around like it mattered or any of us cared, simpering wittlessly until it was time for the musicians to take their bows; then she turned her back to the audience, flipped her skirt, wiggled her rump, mooned the crowd, did some more wiggling and scampered off to a chorus of boos and hisses.

I still didn't have my jaw up off the floor when an extremely brave and extremely angry young woman from the audience went on stage, grabbed a mike and said that she felt every woman in the audience had every right in the world to be absolutely outraged.

A foot-stomping, cheering roar of support greeted her words. Women were on their feet, firing power fists and roaring "Right On!" And the uproar did not quickly die down or subside. A woman went on stage to say that she, as one of the organizers, apologized and disassociated herself from what had happened. Another roar of support from both men and women in the audience.

Stringband came out and saved the first half of the meeting with good music, decent politics, and fine songs, including a woman's song that did much toward making me feel I could still support the event, in spite of the stupidity of the first two acts.

The ten minute intermission was exciting. I've never before been to an event where the intermission had more political validity than the event itself. The women's washroom was a hotbed of angry, inspired and unsatisfied women, all of whom felt that the apology so far offered was not enough. Women in the aisles and hallways were sounding off to each other and to a number of very puzzled looking and probably well-meaning young men who were trying to calm down women who were in no mood to be calmed down or appeased, thank you.

An official apology was given. We were reassured that feminism and feminist issues were an important part of the lives of the people who organized the concert, we were told care would be taken that nothing like this would ever happen again.

Then a woman from the audience, obviously upset and terrified of speaking on stage to a crowd, expressed something that had been widely discussed in the women's washroom. Coming to the concert she had been given a paper asking women to support the May 6 march to Take Back the Night in Toronto and protest increasing in-

cidence of violence against women. What she had to say, and what she read to us, was very apt and very much to the point.

Beverly Glenn-Copeland, accompanied by Bruce Cockburn on guitar, thrilled us all with incredible vocal and piano stylings, and I don't think I've ever heard Cockburn play any better than he did. I was sorry when they left the stage.

I was even sorer they left the stage when the next bunch came on. Louise Lambert and the White Boys. When the boys finally got their electrofic toybox plugged in and working, and the feedback and screeching had stopped, one of them said he'd be glad to do a strip if it would make everything all right again. Boos, hisses, and the outrage at full flower again.

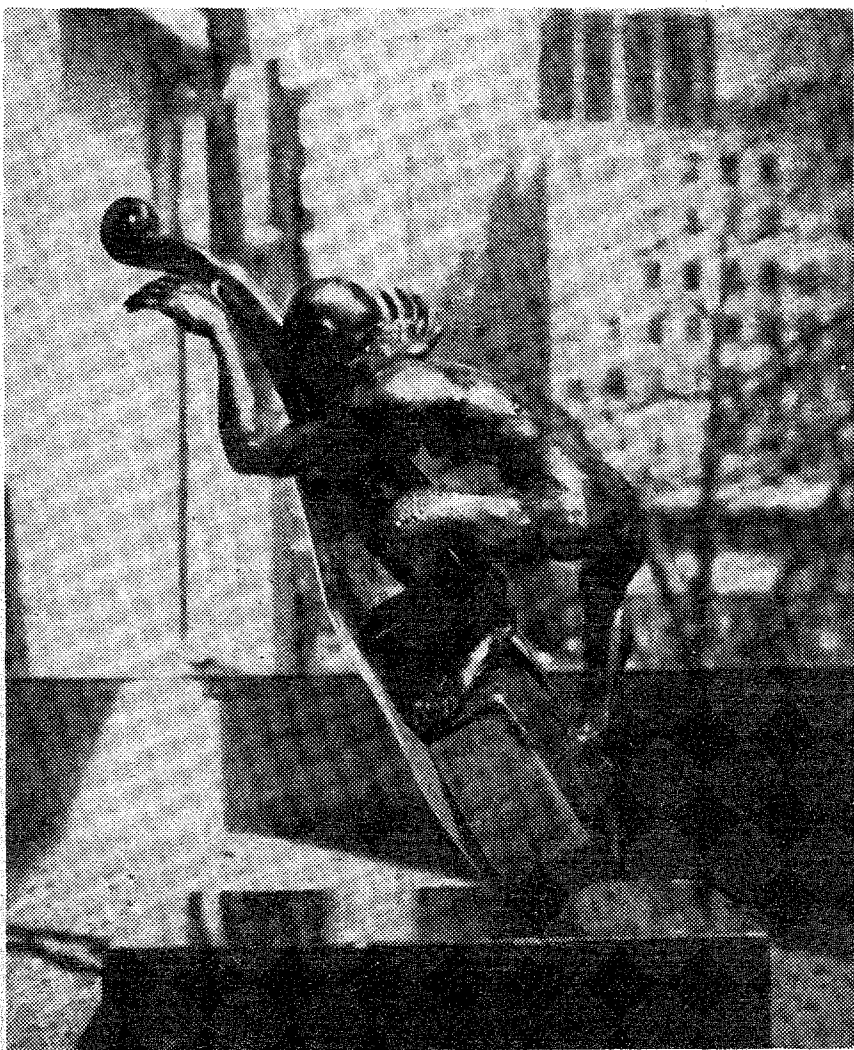
All right, so the organizers apologized. I'm sorry, but my reaction to their apology is Big Deal. Three of the five acts offended me. Three of the five acts were an insult to my daughter, myself, my mother, and every other woman in the world, including the women who participated in their own degradation. And I just do not believe that kind of choice is accidental.

But just walking out isn't enough. I can't personally boycott all future anti-nuclear demonstrations or concerts because three acts out of five were disgusting. The threat of extinction is too big and the pro-nukes would like nothing better than to have us split, splinter, separate and become ineffectual.

I intend to boycott Dianne Hetherington's act, Mendelsohn Joe's act, and Louise Lambert and the White Boys' act, but I do not intend to boycott the anti-nuke movement, or their benefit concerts. It's just that every time some piece of insulting crap starts to go down, I am going to be on my feet, powerfist in the air, making a lot of noise.

All they can do is throw me out. I've been thrown out of better places in the past. For a lot less reason!

Laura Duthie: Women in Bronze



The above pieces of bronze sculpture are the work of Laura Duthie, 22-year-old Toronto sculptor. They were shown recently at Gallery 76, on McCaul Street in Toronto.



Duthie is a graduate of the Ontario College of Art, plays viola with the North York Symphony as a hobby and drives for a courier service to support herself.

Beverly Glenn-Copeland: Music Transcends



Deena Rasky

Despite the rushed planning, approximately 100 women attended the Beverly Glenn-Copeland concert at St. Paul's Centre in Toronto on May 18th. The proceeds of the event went to the Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT) as the organization's house on Jarvis Street is closing down this month.

Sadness was in the air as women sat in the dilapidated church in the Centre. LOOT has been the political and social gathering place for all women: gay, straight, celibate and undecided, for many years. It looks as though St. Paul's Centre will be closing down soon too. The building is in a sorry state of repair.

But Beverly Glenn-Copeland was cheerful and positive throughout her performance. Even though the Centre's piano should have been replaced years ago, or at least completely overhauled, and most performers would have refused to use it, Beverly lovingly patted it and diplomatically mentioned to the audience that the instrument had seen greener pastures.

After a few songs, our problems and complaints were far away as we swayed to the music, transcending into Copeland's musical world of loving one another and the knowledge that there are dreams and hope in store for us. An added treat was an opera spoof by Copeland's talented vocal coach — Maggie Hollis, with interpretive dancing by Margaret Atkinson.



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 183 in 1980. But the number of women who won seats in those 59 years rose only from one to 14. 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.

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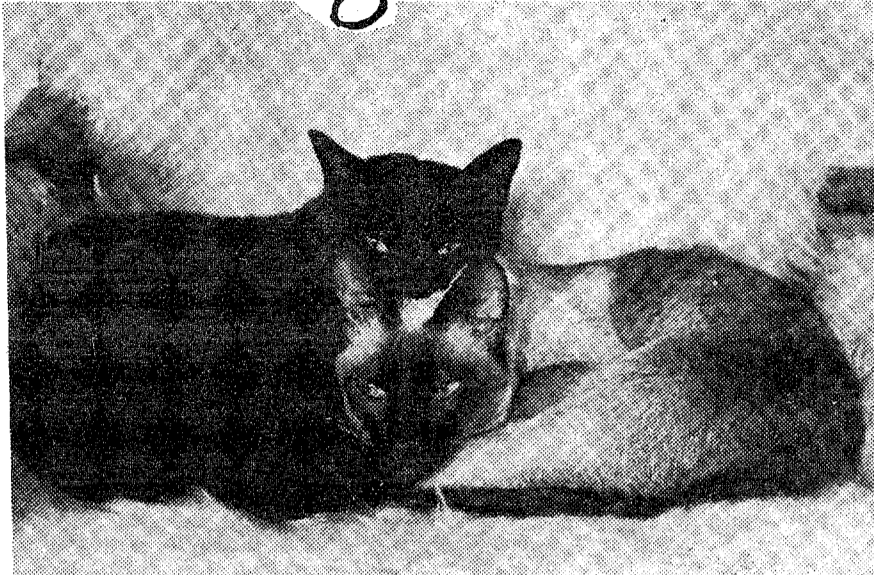
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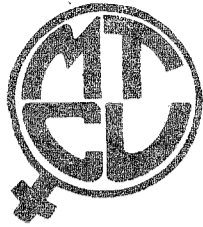
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● Referendum, from page 1

representation they can offer through having Trudeau in Ottawa. Yet they pulled the reins in on Lévesque when he asked for the mandate to do what he thought he had been elected to do.

To be honest there were reasons. The No vote was a no political option, a non-project. But what were they voting Yes to? Many people felt that the question had been as vague as it could possibly be and still be a question. This left room for endless speculation about sovereignty association and that all that phrase might mean.

If the No vote was homogeneous, the Yes was even more diversified. To vote Yes was to vote no to Ryan, no to the right wing and no to the Québec bourgeoisie. It was felt that the ideology promoted by the No side was a joint effort of the Québec elite in collaboration with a Canadian elite.

The feminists felt some justification in taking a critical stance in the debate. They quite rightly understood that the interests of women would be marginal to the "larger issues" even if the Yes vote won, but it is the women who will suffer directly from a vote for the ideology of the Old Québec.

During the last weeks of the campaign, after Lise Payette's unfortunate remarks in the legislature referring to women who supported the no side as 'Yvettes', the obedient little girl in the primary school readers, the polls showed that 10% of the female population changed their voting intentions from Yes to No in an angry backlash at the insult to their place in Québec society.

Payette's remarks were played for all they were worth by the No campaign. The glorious role of women as mothers, guardians of societal values and stability was trotted out as it has always been whenever it is useful. It will rest with the female membership of the PQ to be quick to point out the female membership of the PQ failed to garner the women's vote, it was their own fault for having nothing to offer but insults.

Finally, they do not seriously believe that the family, church and state ideology or the fear used by the right to sway the vote has anybody permanently convinced.

● Maternity, from page 5

gone down. The infant mortality death rate has gone down and the peri-natal mortality rate has gone down. The figures are changing year by year, and I think it's a mistake to over-supply facilities for high-technology care. I think we should prepare to deal with the high-risk situations. But, in fact the birth rate in the Province of Ontario has now dropped to about 48,000 babies per year. I'm very frightened of the use of computer to monitor high risk pregnancies. I'm frightened of it from the point of confidentiality. I'm also frightened because if women are being treated as numbers now, we will increase it by something which may or may not be of use. There's a great deal of information available now in the hospital records that is not really necessary. When a woman chooses to go to a doctor when she's pregnant, if she chooses to go when she's 6 months pregnant instead of 2 weeks, the computer isn't going to make her come to the doctor any earlier. Unless we have some way of reaching out to and making this woman want to come in, I see no way in which the proposed network or computer is going to help us.

The vision that I see is two independent networks: one which is community based and one hospital based. We need funding. We need to fight for this sort of thing. I don't want to see control of either one group or the other. There should be interaction, and I propose it should be an amicable interaction. I would like to see specialists available to other non-specialists. They should interact as equals. We have to remember one really important point: obstetricians now say: "We don't just want a baby, we want a good baby, a healthy baby." We ought to go further than that — we don't only want healthy babies, because if they are battered and abused one month later that's really no good at all. What we want are healthy children, healthy parenting, and healthy families, and I don't think you get that when the orientation is hospital-based. I think you get that from community based care which has a longer and a wider vision.

□ Cynthia Carver



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MOVEMENT COMMENT

Christianity — the Controversy Rages On

I am cognizant of the fact that the Maritimes suffers from regional disparity; however I am shocked to witness it also suffers from intellectual myopia. I refer to the letter from Bernadette Maxwell regarding your newspaper's change of attitude (Vol. 1 no. 6) on (anti-)religious matters. Let me state quite clearly that only in the minds of the feeble, the brainwashed and the fascist does the notion of a male-god have any significance! Margaret Sanger writes: "In the Judeo-Christian creed the male body is the temple of God, the female body is an object made for man's exploitation . . . sex morals have been fixed by male agencies which have sought to keep women enslaved."

There may well be a higher (?) source of enlightened energy which makes order and integrity out of the human (male) chaos and exiguousness, but to reduce that source to a male-fantasy is ludicrous and nauseating. "To those who have accepted the myth that the church improved the status of women, it will come as a startling revelation to learn that, on the contrary, it was the Christian Church itself which initiated and carried forward the bitter campaign to debase and enslave the women of Europe. The status of Western woman has steadily declined since the advent of Christianity (E. Gould Davis. *The First Sex*, Penguin Books, p. 229)."

St. Paul has vehemently stated: "Suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over a man." The misogyny continues through these words of St Clement: "Every woman should be overwhelmed with shame at the very thought that she is a woman."

The Jews today still have as part of their thanksgiving prayer: "Blessed art thou, Lord, that thou hast not made me a woman." And so on, ad nauseum.

The church (the male-god church) established firmly the concept that "might is right" and "wealth makes the man", leading thusly to the terrible materialism that mars our present civilization. It branded all the finer sentiments with the worst of epithets, "womanlike" and turned woman's very virtues against her. It glorified "manly" aggressiveness in the cause of the church and surpassed even the Nazis in contrived cruelty and organized terror.

And, when not satisfied with brutalizing the souls and hardening the hearts, the Church set about, systematically and methodically, burning all information which did not emanate from the church itself: it has been recorded that when the great library at Alexandria was closed and the building burned, the burning books provided six months' fuel for Alexandria's four thousand public baths.

Wherever Christianity went, the crimson blood stains were carried with it. Between the years 1293 and 1595, according to Matilda Joslyn Gage (*Women, Church and State*, 1893, reprint 1972, Dino Press New York, p 243) 9 million witches were murdered by rapings, "witch-pricking" and burnings. If we dare substitute

'women' for witches (witches were/are women "without patriarchal control" H.C. Midfort, *Witch Burning in Southwestern Germany, 1562-1624*) then the evidence that the Church hates women is blatantly clear.

Bernadette Maxwell states that the church is against all "isms" — indeed it is, particularly feminism and lesbianism. For to speak of either is to speak of anarchism, and to speak of anarchism is to speak of witchcraft — the craft of witches — the ability to prescribe for one's self.

Maxwell continues with ". . . all the exposure of the institutionalized sexism within the Church can't change that fact. It is a truth which transcends institutions and systems and sustains Kane and others in their faith." Of what "truth" does she speak? The misogynist-truth of the all-male deity? The narcissistic truth of an emotional and intellectually-myopic patriarchy? Surely it can't be that feminism can co-exist with christianity?

Unless exigent and indefatigable efforts are made to expose the inherently corrupt "isms," then feminism is undeniably (and unmercifully) murdered. Such "truth" as perpetuated by the church is bombastic: Maxwell's arguments are pusillanimous, at best. More decisively however, they represent the egregious public-mental-masturbations of the power-elite, and I for one am sick to death of gagging on patriarchy's fatuous ejaculations.

Without an acute political analysis of society and its institutions; without the ideals and practicalities of feminism; without a political movement, we all become accomplices, and there is no hope then, whatsoever, of integrated reality politics.

Feminism encourages — yea, is synonymous with — an active intellectual skepticism, grounded in an ongoing analysis of experience as the most valid mode of dealing with social reality. Feminism has intellectual and ethical obligations to integrity and we are all responsible for our own opinions and thoughts, formed from fact not fantasy. We should never allow ourselves to lose those opinions by default. Being a "feminist" and a "Christian" at one and the same time are mutually exclusive. Christian ideology is savagely anti-feminist and must, therefore, be brought to its knees (no pun intended).

□ Kris Furlought

(Note: Next month *Broadside* will continue to explore various views on organized religion, and ramifications of feminism and Christianity. We welcome further views and comments on the subject.)

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