

Broadside

A FEMINIST REVIEW

Volume 2, number 6

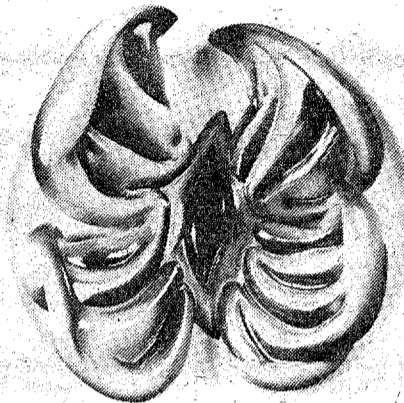
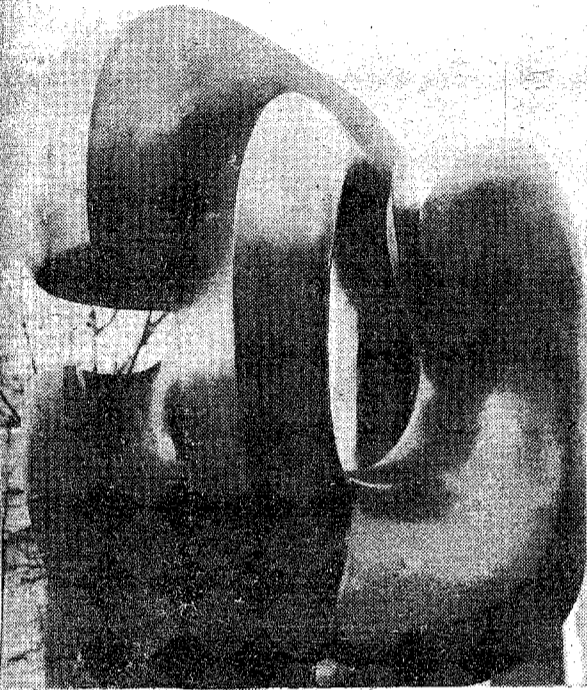
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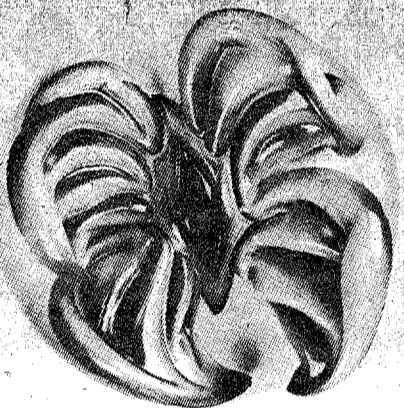
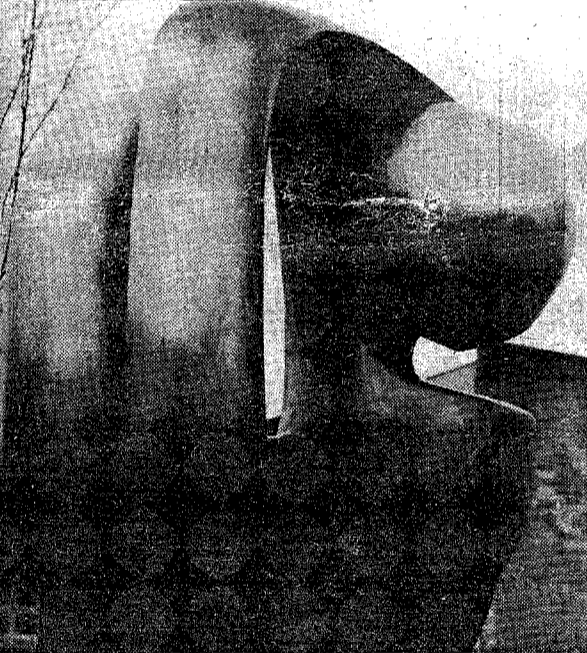
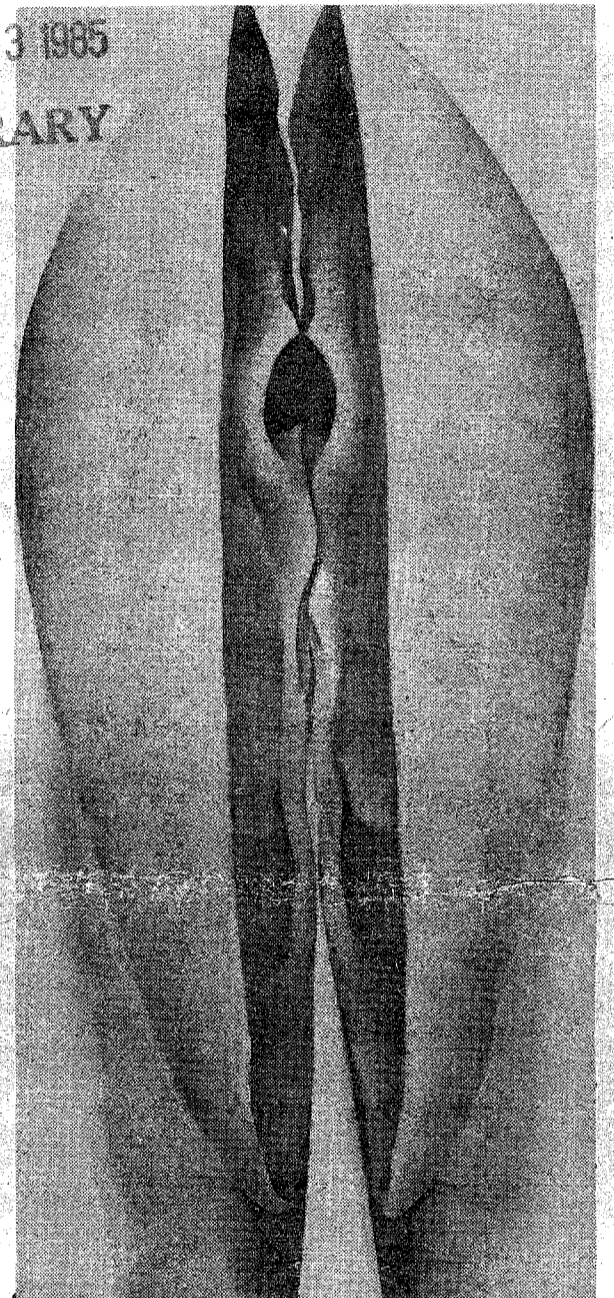
NEW COLLEGE

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Judy Chicago's
The Dinner Party



Women's art — its forms and symbolism: (l to r) Maryon Kantaroff sculpture; plate from Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party*. *Open Clam Shell* by Georgia O'Keeffe; See story page 10.

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WOMEN IN DIALOGUE: Barbara Godard writes about Québec poet and novelist Nicole Brossard and her use of language; Sherrill Cheda writes an

open letter to poet and essayist Adrienne Rich about Rich's effect on her life. Brossard and Rich will join forces at Toronto's 'Writers in Dialogue' series in May. Page 14.

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welcome to Branching Out readers

Now that *Branching Out* magazine has closed up shop we are pleased to be sending out complimentary copies to its recent subscribers. We hope to fill part of the gap left and that new readers will like us enough to subscribe to *Broadside*.

-The Broadside Collective

LETTERS

Broadside:

Anne Quigley's drawing of the Womens' Credit Union caught in the squeeze of the Mens' Bank of Montreal, TD, RBC, etc. was very moving, a real moment of truth. It was stark and said simply what usually is said only with pages of complicated verbiage, and then not said very well.

What did it say to me? That the Big Banks are towering over our lives, sleek and tall, their vaults bulging with our nation's wealth. In their busy offices transactions of loans, and interest, and dividends and profits, always profits. The top bosses shamelessly release news reports of the latest pro-

fits for us all to admire — 76%, 67%, 45% and a mere 23% higher than last year! Anne's simple little drawing is a cry of anguish, and the cry comes from all the poor and exploited. It screams for our attention. Because it is a statement of the profound and quiet resistance of our daily lives as women: The Credit Union is a woman! In El Salvador they are murdering the agricultural and credit union workers trained in the co-operative method. That is how threatening the female principle is. She is fighting for her life, for local support; she is co-operative, she is autonomous, she is rooted in the local community and its people.

And I thought about jobs. Where is the money to create the jobs that women need, to make us productive and self-reliant? The mega-money and mega-profits are in those sleek towers, in the offices of the banks, the corporations, the trust companies, lending their (our) money to mega-projects, hiding their names in consortiums while lending to South Africa, to Chile, to Argentina, to Latin America ... Flow sheets of dividends

and profits, all flowing out of our country. They are not flowing, they are haemorrhaging. Our life blood is haemorrhaging away.

If sisterhood is powerful, and I believe it is, we are capable of stopping this haemorrhage. We can remove our accounts, our money and our empowerment from the macho-Bank machine. The Credit Union can be the tool of our independence, and control over our own lives, and control of our Canadian economy. The people of Québec understand this principle well, as witness the success of their Caisses Populaires.

I like art that takes an everyday commonplace sight, and then illuminates it with the light of pure consciousness. Well Done, Anne Quigley!

Peggy Hope Simpson,
Halifax.

Broadside:

I never seem to have enough time to compose letters to the editor to meet publication deadlines. I will try anyway since I feel strongly enough about the issue.

I am responding to the Media Watch by Jean Wilson in the March issue, "Bent Coverage of Gay Demo". Basically, I would like to debate whether or not you, yourselves, are also distorting history.

In criticising the Toronto daily papers, you deny the anger of the February 6th event. Both Jean and myself were among many others at the demonstration as participants. I was so wound up in my euphoria created by feelings of power and anger and also a constant state of tension that I must have missed what Jean surely saw. Jean says we were vocal and angry but I say we were violently angry.

By being critical of the bourgeois press, you end up actually contributing to the diffusing of our anger. You see, the media was right. We were violent and we were angry. Or I suppose you have a different name to describe trying to break down the heavy doors of the legislature at Queen's Park and it is wrong of you to isolate these people making them look like a misguided few. All of us were thrilled at the sight of the doors giving way. We activists in the march were

Broadside

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EDITORIALS

Athletic Support in Court

Toronto. A man arrives at the house of his ex-fiancée, is invited inside and proceeds to carry her off bodily into his car. She is clad only in her pyjamas. He takes her to his apartment. At the door she repeatedly refuses to enter. Her protests grow noisy and he puts his hand over her mouth. Having forced her into his apartment he takes her to the bed where she slaps him. He slaps her back. He coerces her into having sexual intercourse. She charges him with rape.

Mr. Justice Thomas Callen finds the defendant, a Toronto athlete, not guilty.

His reasoning betokens the virulent sexism that has consistently set back rape victims in court. Defence lawyer David Humphrey did not have to invoke the pernicious argument used by the defence of Pappajohn (see *Broadside*, Vol. 2, No. 5), that of "honest though unreasonable belief" in the victim's consent. The accused in this instance had the "honest belief" that the victim wanted sex. The judge, using a convoluted logic that depends on an image of women as emotional hysterics, found his belief "reasonable" enough to acquit him. The complainant, according to the judge, was "unsure of her emotions at the time" and could not possibly have known whether she wanted to have sexual intercourse or not. Her verbal refusals were "not

genuine."

Furthermore, said the judge, the accused was justified in putting his hand over the woman's mouth: she was being abusive. It made sense to Judge Callen that inside the apartment, the accused would start to slap the victim around. After all, she slapped him first. In this breathtaking reversal, the victim has suddenly become the assailant, and the accused is reacting in self-defence.

According to the judge, "there was no general reluctance on her part to accompany the accused to the apartment." This will strike anyone who recalls that the woman had been carried bodily in her pyjamas and had to be "restrained" at the accused's door as something of a contradiction. But not according to the judge who was convinced that "the woman was at odds with her feelings."

The complainant's sexual history, often the nemesis of rape victims, came into play in this case as well. The accused had had sexual intercourse with the victim before the alleged rape, and even after she had broken off the engagement. This, given the verdict of the judge, denies her the right to say no in the future. Besides, their sex had often been rough in the past. This obviously gives carte blanche to the accused to rape in the future.

The accused, a Toronto athlete, emerged from this trial convinced that he had played a "romantic game" that required a "macho display" (and was subsequently charged with assaulting an East Indian man).

In the end, the judge determined that rape is a sexual crime and that the complainant did not know her own mind, except when it came to pressing charges in which case she was mindfully exacting revenge.

The case received a good deal of media coverage, in part because the accused was a professional football player and because the judge's verdict bordered on the sensational. Rape victims who doubtless read of the case are bound to report their crimes in fewer numbers and many whose cases are pending in court will quickly drop the charges. These last could find themselves slapped with a public mischief charge if they withdraw their complaints. (See *Movement Matters*, this issue.) It is not enough to submit those women who determine to press rape charges to the grueling judicial process. Now, if a woman, discouraged by the judiciary's record, decides not to go to court, the forces of the law will go after her.

The crisis surrounding rape grows more serious every day.

A Tory without End

The Ontario election is over and inevitably Good Old Bill Davis won himself a Conservative majority. It does little good to point out that he did it with the support of only one-quarter of the eligible voters. It is true that a 57% voter turn-out was the lowest documented in the history of Ontario. The fact is the Tories are in again.

Is voting seen as an exercise in futility, or do people just not give a damn? Nobody knows. Did the NDP get clobbered because Michael Cassidy has reverse charisma? Or was it because the PC party overwhelmed its opposition with millions of dollars of slick advertising? Or because working people are too scared to rock the boat? Or because Ontarians support Bill for supporting Pierre? Or because none of the parties were saying anything, only the PC said it better? Or what? Nobody knows and it's best to mistrust those who say they do.

What we do know is that the Big Blue Machine has confirmed its ownership of

Ontario for another four or more years. We know the trade union support doesn't seem to count for much in this province. We know that the NDP lost heavily in Metro Toronto and in union cities hard hit by unemployment. We know that only six women were elected, four of them Conservatives, and that neither newcomer Anne Johnson (Liberal) nor incumbent Evelyn Gigantes (NDP) made it to Queen's Park.

And now for the bad news. In at least two Toronto ridings, anti-abortion and anti-gay forces resorted to tactics similar to those used by their American counterparts in the US election last November. In at least one riding (Parkdale) they succeeded in replacing a progressive NDPer with a reactionary Liberal.

This is only a beginning, of course. Reproductive and sexual freedom is being increasingly fingered as a threat to the existing order and life-style of god-fearing, law-abiding, TV-watching Canadians. Anyone

identified with it is in for trouble. And not just in Ontario, either. Given the natural characteristics of most Canadian politicians of all parties, localities and levels of government — i.e., not only a lack of the courage of their convictions but a lack of convictions — from now on we must not expect support for reproductive or sexual freedom even from our erstwhile friends.

Having had our cry about the election results, let's not forget that the majority governments of this stripe are the rule rather than the exception throughout Canada. This is nothing new. Ontario is blessed with a government so entrenched that it might take a major cataclysm to get it out of office.

While we work together at developing an effective 'major cataclysm' we will continue to deal with the status quo, as we have done since time began. We've been around a long, long time. Even longer than the Ontario Tories.

aware of potential police infiltrators trying to provoke further violence but that will not let us deny our own violence — from the moment the first person at the rally stepped onto the road at Yonge and Wellesley, we were violently angry. Angry enough to fight police retaliation at the end when numbers had dwindled.

Demonstrators did indeed rampage. I know I did, as a lesbian which is a word I found disturbingly absent from your article. Certainly the point of the article was directed toward the media focus on violence caused by homosexuals but, please, lesbians as well as other "sympathetic women" were also there.

I suggest your readers read the current issue of the *Body Politic* for a better understanding of how movement media can report accurately on events.

Pat Leslie,
Toronto

Broadside:

Thank you very much for the piece on our film, (Vol. 2, nos. 1 & 2). We took great pleasure in reading it and appreciate the tone and direction Barbara Martineau chose. The words are so true to the conver-

sation we had with her in Toronto, and to the film.

Thank you for mentioning the work of the editor, and the music. The film is doing rather well, reactions continue to be very good and we found a distributor in the States. Cinema 5 has decided to take it on and to distribute it commercially and non-commercially as of early next year. Your article will help I think.

Myriam Abramowicz,
Esther Hoffenberg,
Brussels.

Broadside:

Your article (Vol. 2, No. 4) on John Lennon was excellent. It presented an entirely different view of him. Thank you for the movie reviews and also for the book reviews (Sizzlers from our Sisters). Now I know there are two books (Jong's and Fraser's) that I won't make the mistake of reading.

I enjoy your newspaper very much.

Ruth K. Tockstein,
Naples, Florida.

Broadside:

Congratulations on your wonderful newspaper! I have always believed in it, (if you recognize my name I used to volunteer my labour for production,) and now I am thoroughly enjoying it as well. Articles seem to be fuller and more varied, it's no longer a matter of giving it a cursory glance and saying "oh yeah, that again." Also the predominant use of photographs as opposed to graphics gives a much more professional touch. My only criticism at this point is of a technical nature — some of the long articles (eg. Mar/81 pg. 8-rape) could use a few well spaced breaks. There's just too much monotonous looking copy. One tends to skim past a page of that appearance with intentions of going back later ... but then one gets busy etc. etc. — and articles on violence against women should not risk being missed on a technicality. I'd even go for a little graphics to break up the copy, but please no more pages crammed full of words.

You got my renewal.
Susan A. Kelly,
Toronto

Broadside:

As I followed the Toronto *Star's* detailed coverage of the Gord Knowlton rape trial, I

grew more horrified with each day's proceedings. It became crystal clear that to the male judge and defence attorney, whether or not coercion was used, and whether the woman had any real freedom of choice, was a non-issue. No one denied that a great deal of coercion was used against the woman, and yet the man was acquitted and the woman scorned.

The way men joke about rape conveniently hides the fact that it is a very serious matter for one of their number to be convicted of this crime. But what concerns most men is not the issue of whether the woman was forced. Rather, a conviction for rape tells other men that a man had his way with a woman, *and failed to make her enjoy it*. Such failed masculinity brings out deep contempt from other men. And it brings acute embarrassment to the one convicted, even though he might *boast* of having 'taken' a woman under other circumstances.

Thus the most urgent question in rape trials, which are run by men, is whether the woman 'enjoyed it.' If it is decided she did enjoy it, she will be the object of scorn and hatred. (Witness defence lawyer Dave Humphrey saying he is indeed a male chauvinist pig, "when it come to people like the com-

• continued page 4

Fish-Eyed Stares and Teddy Bears

by Eve Zaremba

It's been an exciting few months. The world has watched as Americans inaugurated their new chief, a sort of second string John Wayne. The dull joke "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do" has become the basis for government action. And what action! An administration which claims to take the government off the backs of the people is having more direct impact on more people than any since Johnson's. And that was a bit different.

In foreign affairs the script is straight from "Shoot-out at the OK Corral," with the good guys all six-foot, white, macho Americans and the baddies a bunch of wog extras expected to drop dead on cue. What happens when they don't?

For all that, I am getting quite fond of Reagan. He's cute, isn't he? Like a freshly scrubbed, over-stuffed teddy bear. Permanent wave in his hair and smile on his face, enjoying himself. No wonder a nation whose favourite dramas are TV soaps chose him as their fearless leader. You just know that any show starring Ronald Reagan will have a happy ending.

The boy who makes me nervous is General Haig-of-the-fish-eyed-stare. He is playing for real, with real soldiers and real lives. Unlike his boss, Haig is a true imperialist. What is more, he believes that nuclear war can be won. Haig is a dangerous anachronism, not just a nostalgia doll.

Another bunch to watch out for are, of course, the Moral Morons. Generally, fundamentalism as such does not worry me. It's when it becomes totalitarian that I get goose-bumps. Moral terrorism which operates on the principle that those who are not with us are not merely different, they are evil and therefore forfeit all rights as human beings. They must be fought every step of the way or we are all goners.

How quickly one regrets the past: Amazing how one's perception changes. Oh, for the good old days of Jimmy Carter jaw-boning ineffectually about human rights! When will we hear the likes again! One longs even for the bygone times of Nixon and Kissinger, no less. At least Kissinger knew the world is a complex place. He was devious but not stupid.

Whom do we have to thank for the current pathetic state of affairs? How did this potential disaster get inflicted on a world with enough problems, already?

There is no point blaming those who voted for Reagan. They only did what comes naturally and can hardly be expected to have done otherwise. My impulse is to get mad at the millions who stayed away on Election Day. Not the cynical and uncommitted, but the others. All those who like to claim that it makes no difference who is in power because they are all bourgeois, capitalist pigs. If you cannot have a perfect

revolutionary — or at least a Kennedy — don't participate. It is these people who elected Reagan. For it turns out, again, that some pigs are more equal than others. Carter may have been no prize but Reagan and his ilk are a menace. So congratulations all you politically correct types in the good old USA. I hope you like your new Pres.

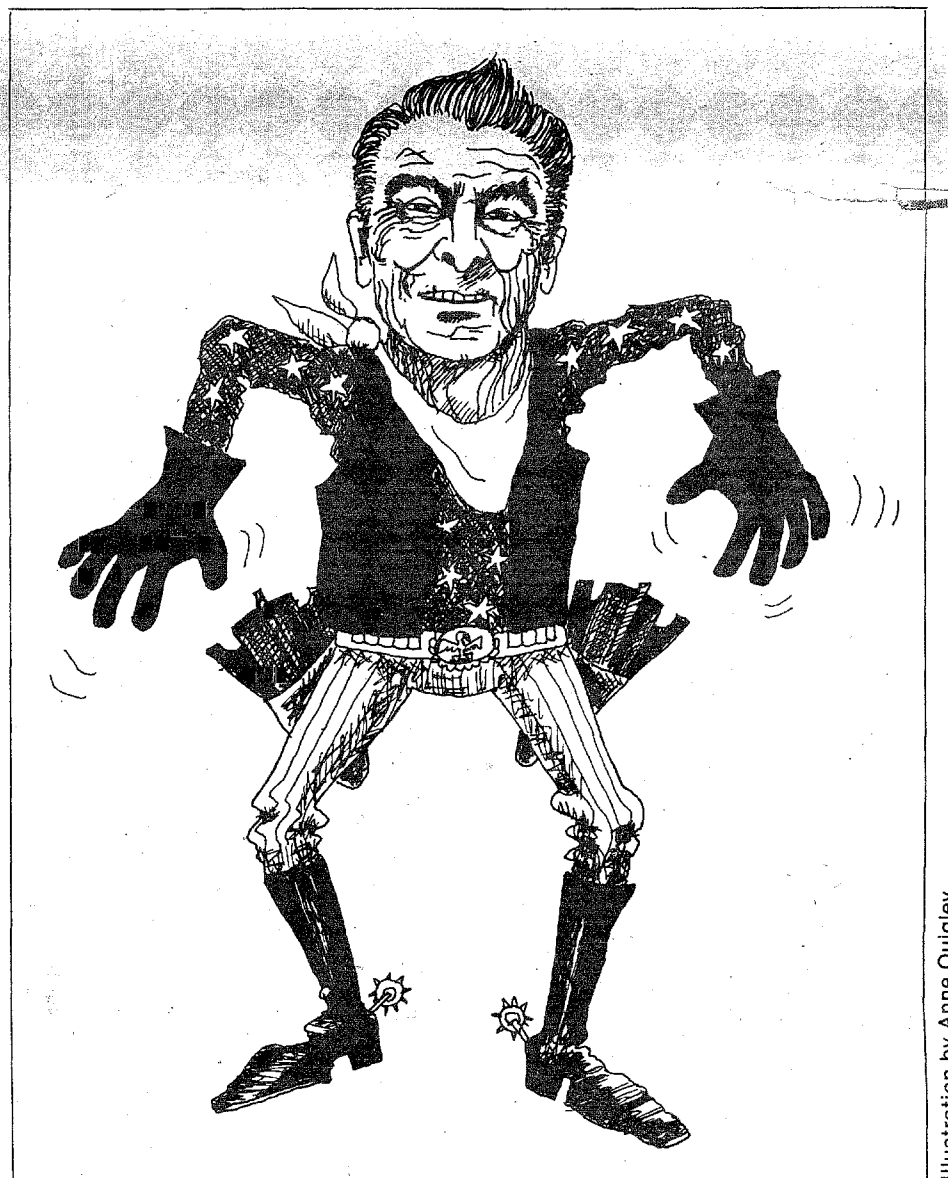
Across the Atlantic we are witnessing the results of a similar situation. Disillusionment with the Labour government — it sure wasn't perfect — led to withdrawal of support, which in turn allowed the ideologically rigid, right-wing Thatcher conservatives to get into power. As if that weren't bad enough, recently the Labour Party lost whatever sense of self-preservation it had and marched itself dogmatically into a corner.

As we watched Thatcher lecturing Reagan on the Right way to be Right, her opposition back home had taken up an ideological position directly opposite her. Just as rigid and out-to-lunch. So now the Conservatives prattle on about monitorism and glories of private property while the economy goes down and unemployment and inflation go up. At the same time Labour prattles on about nationalizing everything in sight and taking Britain out of the Common Market and NATO. In the unlikely event that the voters would allow this policy to take over, it would totally isolate Britain.

It is clear that neither left nor right cares to deal with reality. Apparently each side values its flavour of political orthodoxy above everything else, including the best interests of the people. The Brits seemed to have discarded their traditional pragmatism for a mess of mouldy dogma.

To add to the confusion, some prominent Labourites have fled the Foot-lead party and now want a game of their own. The platform of these Social Democrats appears to be constructed from odds and ends of everything which has been tried and found wanting over the past twenty years. All it has to recommend it is lack of ambition and no claim to being a panacea. Ex-cabinet minister Shirley Williams is one of these recycled Democrats. Wouldn't it be fun if, come the next election — Thatcher for the dogmatic right, Vanessa Redgrave for the dogmatic left and Williams for the wishy-washy middle — were to meet in a three-way race?

Facetiousness aside, surely it must be clear by now that waiting for the perfect party, policy, platform, ideology or candidate is utopian and ultimately suicidal. We must, like it or not, learn to choose the lesser of evils among available options. However much we may deplore it, this will inevitably turn out to be the reformist/liberal option since that leaves us more



room to manoeuvre and pursue our own ends. Extremes are not so accommodating.

What 'extremes' do is stimulate reaction. After all, backlash works both ways. Thus Reagan's chip-on-the-shoulder diplomacy is a boon to the moribund anti-war movement. It looks like it will revive and take over where anti-Nam activists left off. Bad news on the nuclear front is a shot in the arm to anti-nuke bomb and power lobbies. As the lulling effects of government lip service to environmental protection wears off, we can expect an increase in active concern among the citizenry in that area. Even the class split around environmental issues might heal, what with black lung disease and the results of acid rain.

Overt attacks on racial, social and sexual

minorities are here, and there are more on the way. Women are urged back to Kitchen, Kirk and Kinder. Pressure is building to turn back the clock of Women's Liberation and of social pluralism in our industrial societies. But judging by recent events it is not going to work. Activism is growing and with it a realization that it's all part of the same battle. There has been more co-operation, communication and mutual support between various political, racial, environmental and other groups than ever happened in the proverbial sixties. This is enormously encouraging.

Maybe we have learned something. In any case, it's an ill wind that nobody blows good.

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El Salvador: Cast of Characters

by Susan G. Cole

ARCHBISHOP OSCAR ROMERO

Romero, the Primate of the Salvadorean Church, appealed to then-President of the United States Jimmy Carter to halt all aid to El Salvador. The ruling military junta whose crimes against the people had fueled the Archbishop's plea recognized a subversive when they saw one. Romero had begun to break the silence that had protected the régime in El Salvador for decades and his appeal was now public. He was a shit-disturber. He was assassinated while saying mass in May 1980.

JEAN DONOVAN

"US Guns Kill Nuns." These words have appeared on placards carried by those protesting the American initiatives in El Salvador and refer to Donovan, an American lay worker who with three nuns was raped and slain in El Salvador. Originally from Ohio, Donovan had travelled to Latin America to work with the increasingly radical church. The work of the church brought her close to the Salvadorean peasantry whose refugee numbers increased as the régime grew more repressive and to whom church workers were giving assistance, driving them, as Donovan did, to sanctuaries where they received food and shelter. Donovan worked with Dorothy Kazel, an Ursuline nun, who was one of the three nuns murdered.

JIMMY CARTER

Former US President Jimmy Carter sounded the trumpet for human rights and found a way of supporting a number of blatant violators, among them the Shah of Iran and the members of the military régime in El Salvador. To a great extent, the startling array of contradictions in the Carter approach does not betoken malevolent intent, but rather the hazy thinking that rendered the Carter administration helpless in matters of international concern.

Carter's go-with-the-flow approach explains why the Oval Office sat idly by while the Nicaraguan Sandinistas ousted Somoza. The State Department, continually frustrated by Carter, the vaguest of Commanders-in-Chief, could only pray that the Nicaraguans would engage in a civil war that would restore military rule. If only the Sandinistas could round up Somoza supporters and start the bloodbath, then maybe there would be some action that could galvanize the army.

But it didn't turn out that way. Whether because the Sandinistas have popular support, even from the army, or because the natural disaster of an earthquake has distracted everyone from political terrorism or both, Nicaragua has set out on a course of peaceful reconstruction. While Nicaragua rebuilds, the State Department is having a breakdown.

Whereas the killing of the Salvadorean archbishop raised the odd eyebrow among diligent foreign correspondents, the death of the American Jean Donovan and her companions suddenly thrust El Salvador into a new limelight. Jimmy Carter, for a fleeting moment, came out of his daze and determined that some changes had to be made. He was, after all, beginning to look rather silly. The State Department scrambled to shuffle the Salvadorean cabinet in a way that would suggest change without effecting any at all. José Napoleon Duarte, a former dissident then in exile, and a civilian, was shunted back to his country at the American Embassy's behest, there to become nominal president of a régime the Americans hoped Duarte could dress up in progressive clothing.

JOSE NAPOLEON DUARTE

Duarte is perhaps the most interesting character in the scenario. Presently touted by apologists for US military intervention in El Salvador as a reformist, Duarte has the posture of the desperately and self-consciously corrupt. The two fingers from one of his hands were hacked off by torturers from the régime he now props up. He has an aura of the ultimate sell-out anxious to demonstrate with his vituperations against leftist guerrillas and his response to right-wing terrorism — a shrug — that he can be as tough even as those who have bought him.

He seems so haunted by the knowledge of what he is that he has resigned himself to the life of the ultra-Fascist. Once, when he was walking through a government building, he encountered the man who had tormented him in a prison cell, the man responsible for the two missing fingers. Duarte's response was not that of a head of state or even of a man who likes his power: he averted his gaze and walked on. This man will be consumed by guilt.

COLONEL JOSE GUILLERMO GARCIA

Garcia is a man, on the other hand, who likes his power. He is the Minister of Defence and National Security and part of the thieving brigade in the military régime. He is known for his exquisite taste in champagne which he sips while watching videotapes of political prisoners being interrogated by his charges. The videotapes have been recorded on a Betamax, a wonder of US technological know-how and which falls under the rubric of "non-lethal" American military assistance.

MAJOR ROBERTO D'AUBUISSON

D'Aubuisson heads up the right wing of the régime and is responsible for the strategy of the Junta's death squads. He is something of an embarrassment even to his colleagues in the reactionary élite on account of his known sadism. But in the same way as the junta prefers right-wing terrorists to handle

the messy task of assassination, and having given the nod to torture as a political tactic, the junta is content to allow D'Aubuisson to keep his job. Presumably the military cannot figure out a way to make torture tasteful.

RONALD REAGAN

Now President of the United States, he is convinced that Duarte, Garcia, D'Aubuisson and their band of merry henchmen are worthy of support. Cold War politics suit cowboys like Reagan who haven't the patience for complexity and who therefore see the world in terms of good guys and bad guys, i.e., American freedom riders vs. Commies. Simple ideas appeal to simple minds.

The State Department is relieved to have Reagan aboard.

So is big business, which has been watching with growing alarm as the domino theory proves true. Nicaragua first, then El Salvador. Doubtless the last two tiles, Honduras and Costa Rica, will fall next. As goes Central America, so goes Mexico. If there is any way to apply economic incentives to the American initiative in El Salvador, glance briefly at El Salvador's mountainous terrain and its chief resources of coffee and sugar, and take a longer look at Mexico. Mexico has oil.

Reagan has stepped up aid to the government in El Salvador, sending military advisers so that the killings can be more efficient. Meanwhile, he claims that the insurgent forces are being armed to the teeth by the USSR in Havana.

THE LEFTIST GUERRILLA

This is a Salvadorean peasant organized with others into small cadres, many of which carry a firm commitment to Christian values. He roams the countryside armed with a machete. He lives in the present tense. His knowledge of the outside world is limited at best and the island of Cuba, which is supposed to have infused him with guns and Marxist ideology, is a place somewhere over the rainbow he'd like to visit because he has been told that Cuba is supposed to be helping him out.

His politics are without rhetoric and his almost child-like notion of revolution includes the subversive assumption that if only the 14 families who own 60% of the land in El Salvador, and who give to petty tyrants in the junta power in exchange for protection, would capitulate to land reform maybe the peasants would get to eat meat. He is called a terrorist because he has adopted the tactic of kidnapping members of the 14 families and demanding ransom money used to buy weapons. His is the strategy of someone desperate for a means to fight back, not of a soldier systematically armed with sophisticated weapons flowing from Communist countries.

He has come to the countryside because his crops have been burned and he has escaped the gunfire of the Guardias who have killed the rest of his family. D'Aubuisson's death squads have a penchant for round-

ups and the wholesale slaughter of villages in which one person has been deemed suspicious. The ease with which these massacres have been expedited and the number of high profile dissidents that have been eliminated anticipates how effortlessly the US military could go on a successful genocidal binge if it chose to. The initiative would be similar to the Indochinese spree in intent, but otherwise it would be quite different. There are only four million people in El Salvador and they are without the protection of the jungle that stymied American troops in Viet Nam.

The Salvadorean guerilla is like the soldier in the National Liberation Front in one important way. He finds himself fighting alongside women who have witnessed the slaughter of their sons and brothers. These are women whose political perspective is very different from ours.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

He gets most of his news and information from television, and until just a few months ago could not have located El Salvador on a map. If he thought he knew anything about Latin America his information was rife with bigoted assumptions, such as the notion that peasants are incapable of self-government and that they would use an iron hand to steer the ship of state. Such smugness had helped to fashion for the average American the image of the Salvadorean régime as just one of many military juntas that come and go in a politically volatile Latin America. One moustachioed colonel resplendent in uniform looked much like the next.

But now the average American, spurred by Reagan's muscle-man rhetoric, has been led to believe that the military régime in El Salvador represents the interests of truth, justice and the American way. As befits someone imbued with the value of consumerism, the American assumes that the best way to guarantee El Salvador's allegiance is to buy the government. He assumes that money and guns will make the insurgents go away.

He doesn't like the idea that Communists may penetrate his very own western sphere of influence, and his gut loathing of anything Communist is the only connection he feels personally to the events in El Salvador. Otherwise, he is certain that none of it has much to do with him.

He will approve of the increase in the defence budget and smile when his tax money goes to purchase the instruments of death, but he would hit the roof if the price of coffee went up to ten dollars a pound and sugar saw a similar increase. An ardent isolationist at heart, he refuses to place himself in the world. If he did, he would be shocked to discover that it isn't Communism or a weakness in their culture that has caused instability in Latin America, but the average American himself, who with every sip of coffee and every bite of a candy bar, consigns the peasants of Latin America to a life of misery and want.

•LETTERS, from page 3

plainant.") If she did not enjoy it, then the man is the object of scorn and hatred (and the woman still is, often as not.)

Most men perceive "sex" as something in itself, independent of any emotional climate or environment. If a woman "enjoys it" once, they think, then she "wants it" all the time.

Thus in Knowlton's trial the men set about establishing that the woman enjoyed "sex" with Knowlton before. In fact, they said, she enjoyed "it" a great deal.

This being established, it didn't matter to any of them that on the night in question, she vigorously insisted she didn't even want to see the man, much less "make love" with him.

No one disputed that he had forcibly hauled her out of her apartment to his. Or that he put his hand over her mouth when

her protests became "loud and abusive." Or that he stripped her naked, which prompted her to say that she hated him.

None of this mattered to the court, though, because of what happened later. After he hauled her away, stripped her, and slapped her in the face, he started oral sex with her, and, he says, "she came around," got aroused, and then enjoyed it "as she always did." To the court, this result justified his previous actions retroactively!

In my opinion, whether or not she did finally "come around" is utterly irrelevant to whether or not she was raped. (Prisoners of war and hostages often make confessions while in captivity under threat of violence, but most people don't take that as proof of their true inner feelings.) By the time she "came around", he had long since robbed her of her freedom of choice. By his own

testimony, it seems obvious to me that an act of rape had begun as soon as he drove to her place and forced her to see him and go with him, right after she had told him she didn't wish to see him that night.

Mr. Justice Thomas Callon, saw it otherwise. He agreed that she "enjoyed it," and further that she "strongly desired" it. Thus Knowlton couldn't be convicted of rape, or confinement, or even assault.

I can only say that such a decision shows a lack of awareness of the relationship between "having sex" and "making love." The woman may have enjoyed sex with Knowlton greatly, during the time she was involved with and attracted to him. But later, when she didn't even want to see him, having sex with him would be repulsive to her, all the more so if she had been aroused against her will. She would probably tell

Knowlton she never wanted to do it again, which is just what Knowlton himself reported in court.

But such emotional subtleties, alas, are still lost on a great many men. This classic case shows how far we have to go, in ridding our courts and society of the absurd notion that some women are *always* lustful.

As long as men try to imagine themselves superior, or "chauvinist", they will not allow women to decide for themselves when and with whom they will enjoy sex, or whether they *did* enjoy sex. And as long as women are not allowed free choice, the men involved with them can never know the real satisfaction of "making love", and they will grow ever more insecure.

**Bart Kreps,
Men Against Legal Rape,
Toronto.**

cc: Toronto Star.

Mother Nature Through the Microscope

In January, Toronto's Royal York Hotel was the scene of the American Association for the Advancement of Science's annual conference.

The delegates and participants were, not surprisingly, mostly male. The few women speakers at the gathering were asked to present papers on "Women and Science: Two Cultures or One?" at a 9 am session.

Science Fiction writer Judith Merrill was on hand to talk to Elizabeth Fee, a professor of hygiene and public health at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, who spoke to AAAS members on feminism as a threat to scientific objectivity.

Broadside also presents the paper (slightly edited for space) of Hilde Hein, professor of philosophy at Holy Cross College in Massachusetts, entitled "Women and Science: Fitting Men to Think About Nature."

Interview by Judith Merrill

Merrill: You took part in the symposium at the AAAS on women in science, which I understand was devoted primarily to discussing the problems women find in the scientific community.

Fee: That's right. The theme of the panel was women in science — two cultures or one. The question asked: Is there something unfeminine about science or is there something unscientific about women? If so, is it women who should change, or science?

M: Did you arrive at any conclusions?

F: I think that all of us had the feeling that changes need to occur within science and that some of the problems within science can be traced to the whole masculine ideology of science. There are certain capacities that women have for an epistemological critique of science, of the way that it's done and the uses of science that may be very helpful.

by Hilde Hein

The fact that comparatively few women are now or have ever been actively engaged in the pursuit of acknowledged science, though uncontroversial, is nevertheless a source of controversy. A dilemma is commonly proposed in explanation of that fact: either women are unfit for science or science is unfit for women.

Is it true that women have not been engaged in the practice of science? Obvious counter-examples spring to mind — Marie Curie, Rosalyn Franklin, Dorothy Hodgkins, Barbara McClintock — to name only a few modern instances. These are recognized exceptions to the rule; but their mention is only a small concession. They can be admitted to the fraternity of "exceptional women" without serious challenge to the rule.

A more disturbing query might probe the concept of science itself. Has it been so narrowly defined as to exclude or ignore many activities commonly practised by women without honorific identification as "science." If "doing science" refers to the meticulous observation of the world, the careful ordering and recording of information so gathered, and the utilization of it both in practical life and in the drawing of further intellectual consequences, then women have surely always practised science. Activities such as these appear to be widespread throughout the human race, if not the entire animal kingdom. Surely they do not differentiate men from women. Evidently, then, more is entailed by the notion of science, but whose notion are we discussing? I believe that the doing of science is a matter of socially defined self-perception. To be a scientist, much like being an artist, is not reducible to the performance of certain physical and mental activities in accordance with specified patterns. At least it is not merely that; although such activities may be included in its denotative scope.

But more importantly it entails recognized and self-proclaimed inclusion in a socially defined group legitimated to perform those activities. This is the intellectual counterpart of certification procedures. (You can cure diseases successfully, but you are not a physician without the appropriate license.) Similarly, one is not a scientist unless one is perceived to be and also has a consciousness of oneself as being included in the extension which that term, properly applied, denotes. The articulation of that denotation has traditionally been and continues to be the provenance of men. It is male consciousness which fixes the concept

M: Let me ask you two questions: what is meant by the masculine ideology of science? and what is meant by epistemological?

F: We tend to think of science as a male endeavour. Most scientists are male so we find that a lot of the vocabulary of science is masculine. There is a hierarchy of science. The top of the hierarchy is the "hard" sciences and the bottom is the "soft" sciences. We think of the top as male and the bottom as female. These are cultural assumptions which act often to keep women out of science.

M: Are there, statistically, many more women in the social sciences, the soft ones, as opposed to the hard sciences?

F: Absolutely. This is a little distressing because the areas where we are likely to see a great deal of expansion in the future, such as engineering, have been traditionally regarded as more male. It is desirable to start questioning and encouraging women to go into the "hard" sciences.

M: When you mention the masculine ideology of science are you also referring to the methodologies that are used within science and the actual knowledge structures?

F: Yes. There has also been within modern science the notion of the scientist, the disembodied mind, investigating nature, the object of science. If you look at all our political philosophy, the idea of the disembodied man is one of man confronting nature. You could say that women can be the disembodied mind, and yet when you look fur-

ther at the philosophy you see that what's meant by *man* is men and not women. We've had a division in human capacities between things that are called male and female, objective and subjective, the mind and the body, thinking and notion. One half of human experience is said to be male, and the other half — the emotional, the relational — is female. Our definitions of the sciences are definitions that tend to exclude women.

M: I'm interested in your concept of man confronting nature, because this is not typically female. Women are attempting more to conjoin, rather than to conquer or confront.

F: It's very interesting that in the beginnings of modern science, around the 17th century, there was change in the idea of nature. Nature had been seen as alive, a living organism, and people had to be very careful not to anger Mother Nature. Before they went down into mines, people would say prayers to nature to excuse themselves for interfering in a natural process.

With the scientific revolution came a whole new philosophy which announced that nature was dead and could be manipulated. There is a lot of sexual language used — nature can be penetrated; the veils are stripped and nature is still seen as a woman but a woman to be conquered. This sexual language that has become part of the masculine ideology of science.

M: Actually, it's the transition from a mother to a whore.

F: Yes. In modern physics we're beginning to see a very different philosophy emerging again — a relationship with nature that understands that the scientist is not an abstract mind above and beyond nature, like a god. In every physical experiment there is a relationship between the person doing the experiment and the natural processes going on. The distinction has broken down in modern science, yet we continue to carry around an archaic 19th century view of the division.

M: I'm curious to know, in those fields where the change in the philosophic base has been most noticeable — for instance the holistic approach in general and in physics in particular — whether there is a relaxing of the barriers to the entrance of women, or does the social barrier hang on after the philosophic base has changed?

F: Well, yes, I think there are still the barriers but there is a connection. One reason for the relaxation of cultural notions about male and female and masculinity and objectivity and so on, is simply the ecological crisis. The fact that we cannot go on forever dominating nature, that we can't go on forever exploiting nature as we have in the last 300 years is beginning to be realized, I think by men quite as much as by women. That whole philosophy is bringing us to a tremendous crisis in our relationship with the natural world and it's an absolute necessity that we begin to think about it very differently, and in ways that are more traditionally associated with female approaches.



Illustration by Anne Quigley

WOMEN AND SCIENCE: FITTING NATURE TO SURVIVE MAN

of science and which determines who is and who is not to be considered a scientist. We might then reformulate the initial concern about the paucity of women scientists and pose the question as follows: "Why have so few women been perceived as or considered themselves to be scientists?"

The point to which this question is addressed does not concern what women do or do not do, or can or cannot do, or have or have not done. Rather, it concerns a conception, shaped and promulgated by men which represents women and defines science in such a manner as to make them mutually incompatible.

The term "science" has undergone a rich and varied history of usage. Its rootedness in the verb "scio" — to know — tells us a little of its sense; but not very much, for the concept of knowledge is similarly multi-valent, and the domains of science and knowledge have never been taken as wholly congruent. The prevalent post-17th century representation of science stresses not merely its general and systematic character, but also its quantitative and experimental features. These properties render it verifiable and communicable; and so reinforce its public and authoritative status.

THE MASCULINE MIND

These same features have also been historically associated with the "masculine" mind. (It has been pointed out by Keller and others that this identification, made largely by men, is not one with which women are likely to concur.) The presumption is that science, by its very nature, is inherently masculine, and that women can apprehend it only by an extreme effort of overcoming their own contradictory nature. The inaccessibility of science to women is therefore not due to the difficulty of the subject matter nor to the lack of education and opportunity afforded to women; but rather to the incongruity or lack of it between science and the female mind.

If such an analysis is correct then the very notion of a "genderless" science becomes meaningless; its masculinity is built into its definition. That would be a rather important consequence; for science has been held up as the paradigm of human rationality, uncoloured by subjective, personal or partisan qualification. That in fact is the claimed foundation of its normative value. Furthermore, if the proclaimed failure of women to

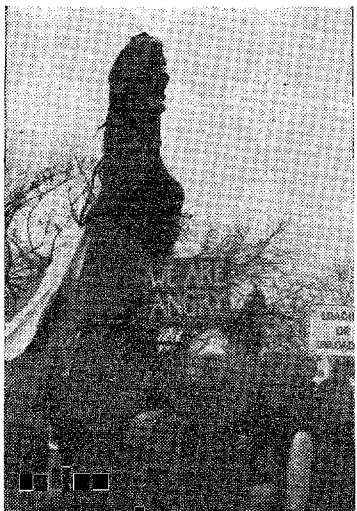
achieve in science amounts to no more than a declaration of the fact that they are not men, then no effort of education could be significant, nor would it be meaningful for women to aspire to the condition of alleged scientific objectivity. But since, at least in our society, that condition is assigned superior worth, it can hardly be surprising that women should seek some indication of the ground on which their exclusion is based.

The judgment is largely the product of male reflection; but it has been internalized and even propagated by women, and this is an observation to which serious attention must be given. Why are women seen, and why do women see themselves, as radically and rationally distinct from men? I pose this subjective question with a sense of premonitory risk; for the recrimination is invariably levelled against women that they are "too subjective," being constitutionally incapable of approaching an external and objective reality without reducing it to the personal and the subjective. At the cost of appearing guilty of that crime, I contend

• continued page 17.



"Feminist art is about connection. It is ecological, webs and quilts and networks are major feminist metaphors, our colleagues knit our role-fragmented lives together." -Lucy Lippard. "Heresies."



The Rundown on

Pentagon Action

by Harriet Schleiffer

"The women, united, will never be defeated," chanted the crowd of over 2,000 women who had come to Washington from diverse backgrounds all over the United States to protest the deadly policies of the Pentagon last November. It was one of many moments of intense solidarity and feeling which highlighted a long day of confrontation with the bastion of the American war machine.

The women's Pentagon Action, organized by ad hoc groups of feminists based in the northeastern United States, was intended to be a powerful statement of grief, anger, defiance and hope.

The protest began as a ten-foot high black papier mâché puppet, symbolizing mourning, came into prominent view. Its tragedy-stricken face and beseeching, outstretched arms released an outpouring of feeling. Women moaned, cried, wailed and otherwise expressed the depth of their sorrow at the destruction wrought by the American citadel of death. The mourning reached its climax when a number of black-clothed women came forward to plant gravestones on the lawn. Inscribed with the individual and collective names of women — Salem Witches, Rosie Jimenez, Missing Women — Brazil, Nuclear Test Victims — Nevada — the markers appropriately made a cemetery of the Pentagon's parade ground.

The next stage of the protest was rage, symbolized by a red puppet. The women stormed the building with noise, banging pots and drums, shouting and chanting. They shook their fists at the officials on the steps. "Take the toys away from the boys," they demanded, and, "Feed the people, not the Pentagon."

Rage escalated into an expression of power, as the women formed lines to encircle the building. Joined together with strips of brightly coloured cloth, they closed ranks and faced inward, the chanting and singing continuing uninterrupted all the while. A peak of excitement was reached when organizers ran by, declaring, "We are connected!" "Up your arsenal, Pentagon!" a few women yelled in response.

Finally, the time came for defiance. Trained civil disobedients moved forward to block the Pentagon's entrances. At one, the women wove a net with cloth strips, yarn and string; at another, they sat on the stairs, arms linked. The unity statement, written by veteran peace activist and author, Grace Paley, was read aloud: "We have come here to mourn and rage and defy the Pentagon because it is the workplace of the imperial power which threatens us all," it said in part. "Every day while we work, study, love, the colonels and generals who are planning our annihilation walk calmly in and out the doors of its five sides... We women are gathering because life on the precipice is intolerable. We want to know what anger in these men, what fear which can only be satisfied by destruction, what coldness of heart and ambition drives their days. We want to know because we do not want that dominance which is exploitative and murderous in international relations, and so dangerous to women and children at home — we do not want that sickness transferred by the violent society through the fathers to the sons... We will not allow these

violent games to continue... We know there is a healthy sensible loving way to live and we intend to live that way."

One hundred and fifteen arrested demonstrators were taken to a prison in West Virginia, where most received 10-day sentences. Organizers of the protest were aghast at the severity of the punishment, calling it "politically atrocious." A second women's action, spearheaded by Dr. Helen Caldicott's Women for Nuclear Disarmament, is scheduled to take place on May 10, 1981, Mothers' Day.

"There are earth-kind answers."
-Nancy Jack Todd, *New Alchemy Institute*

Canadian Independence?

by Dorothy Rosenberg

Canada's independence in military policy is a myth. We are tied into NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization), NORAD (North American Air Defence) agreements to such a degree that we have little or no control over our defence system. According to the document *Canada Treaty Series 1958 no. 9 — Notes for NORAD* (agreement which has recently been renewed), in time of war, our borders can be dissolved. Dissolution of our borders can allow a free flow of mineral resources and energy south and whatever is deemed necessary north. Canada may or may not be consulted.

Canada's Independence? Dissolution of the Border between Canada and the U.S.

If you look at a map of Canada-US borders you will see Interstate highways leading north. They were all built with Department of Defence funds, designed, as was the autobahn in Germany, to carry military tanks. These roads were not designed to carry civilian traffic, although they presently do. Canadian Air Space is under the command structure of the US. We just feed in information and accept decisions made by others.

Now NATO is talking about expanding to the Northern Rim countries (areas adjacent to the Canadian Arctic such as Greenland, Iceland, Northern UK and Norway) according to a study being done by a political scientist at Queen's University, (Marine Transportation and High Arctic Development: Policy Framework and Priorities — by Harriet Crichley, Canadian Arctic Resources Committee Bulletin, Ottawa 1979). What used to be called defence is now called offence. Now NATO is building its own surveillance plances — offensive electronics, and computers which see where everything is and tell the strike weapons where to go — rather than each country doing its bit — it's a NATO operation which means that Canada is tied into a first strike system, with no voice in the matter.

Canadians were not consulted at the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1963, nor is it expected that we will be in the future. But we shouldn't feel so smug about our military hands being clean. We are very much part of the global arms race. Canada is the ninth largest exporter of weapons in the world. We are actively pursuing further arms markets. Few people seem ashamed or alarmed.

There's More

Litton Industries in Rexdale, Ontario is building the computer brain of the cruise missile — thousands of them. Relatively few Canadians know about the glossy catalogue of military equipment our government aggressively promotes to the US — for destinations far and wide in which over \$600 million in "defence products" are marketed.

This arrangement is known as the Defence Production Sharing Agreement. *Newsweek* (Oct. 27, 1980) disclosed that a US administration supplemental budget request will bring the 1981 US defence budget to \$167.8 billion. (See the slideshow "Making a Killing" by Ernie Regher of Project Ploughshares, Conrad Grebel College for Peace Studies, Univ. of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario.

Canada's Nuclear Exports

Canada exports both nuclear reactors and uranium all over the world. India exploded an atomic bomb using Canadian technology — which proved to the world it could be done — against the claims of the men in the nuclear industry, some of whom still claim it can't be!

The illusion of safeguards and Non-Proliferation treaties in the face of past history is a myth. Canada exports reactors to countries notorious for their repression of human rights, such as Pakistan which is now overtly engaged in bomb development, Argentina, South Korea and India, and is actively pursuing more of such contracts. It is government policy to promote such "sales" through the Export Development Corporation which keeps the dying nuclear industry alive by channelling taxpayers' money into it. No one wants reactors anymore here in Canada, so the present Federal Internal Cabinet Review's policy is aimed at resuscitation of the industry at all costs. Billions of dollars, as much as 70% of the annual energy research and development budget, is poured in to subsidize research and development. This policy will certainly continue in the future.

The issues of reactor safety, high and low level waste management, and alternative energy fill volumes — read Helen Caldicott's *Nuclear Madness and What You Can Do. Soft Energy Paths — The Road Not Taken*, by Amory Lovins.

At the special session on Disarmament at the United Nations in 1978, Pierre Trudeau spoke eloquently about the "Suffocation of the arms race, yet he presides over a government policy which openly and aggressively promotes its growth at every opportunity.

The government keeps it a secret that the money used for military procurement and corporate subsidies could create far more jobs in civilian industry than in the production of military goods.

Canada as Peace Keeper

Canadians used to be proud of their global peace-keeping image and particularly their role in the Middle East. Peace keeping is not however, peace making which we do little of. Canada has not heeded UN Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim's appeal that national governments set aside .1% of their defence budgets for disarmament research and education. For Canadians, this could amount to almost five million dollars. 2.5% of the gross national product is allocated to the military, and Canada has agreed to increase military spending by 4% per annum in real dollars. World wide, the money spent on the military outnumbers aid to developing countries by 20-1.



ecofeminism

In November 1980, the Centre For Feminist Culture in Montréal presented a series of four workshops on Ecofeminism. Films and videotapes on the subjects of war, radiation, survival alternatives and wholeness were presented, followed by discussion of what feminists can do about these crucial issues of our times.

A small ecofeminist group has been meeting regularly in Montréal since the fall to explore the relationships as described by Françoise D'Aubonne the eminent French feminist-ecologist-activist whose books "La Féminisme ou La Morte," "L'Histoire de Féminisme" and "Ecologie et Féminisme" are widely read in Europe.

We would appreciate hearing from women across the country to find out what they are doing where they are.

Meltdown

...Anti-nuclear Update

survival calendar

April 13, 1981: **Patriarchy and the Nuclear Mentality Workshop** with Susan Koen and Nina Swaim, authors of *Ain't nowhere we can run: a handbook for women on the nuclear mentality*. 1-4 pm, 77 Charles Street West, Toronto.

Panel with Pat Schulz (Action Daycare), Laura Rowe (Rape Crisis Centre), Sue Gange (CUPE Local 1582 and IWDC) and a fourth spokesperson for Lesbian Feminism. 7:30-9:30 pm, 519 Church Street, Toronto.

Daycare will be provided for both events. For information call Ginny, 361-0761 or 466-5415 or Jenny, 534-3165.

May 10, 1981: **Women for Survival Mother's Day March for Peace** 1:00 pm Queen's Park, Toronto.

"Feminism is developing a social theory and strategy. Feminism is a revolutionary movement working to overthrow society. We carry a vision of a new, just human order. 'Feminism is not simply for equal rights, it is not fighting for a piece of decaying, carcinogenic pie which, rotten as it is, has been denied us. It is not even about eating separately. It is about a healthful nutritious pie we can all bake together.'" -Amy Swerdlow, Jeannette Rankin Brigade and Women Strike for Peace.

Inside Broadside

Introductory issue, May 79: *Heads they win, tails we lose*. Three Mile Island and its implications. Dr. U. Franklin et al.

Vol. 1 no. 1: *Women who know say no!* Canadian women organize against nuclear technology.

Vol. 1, no. 2: *Candu: cheap at twice the price*. Juliet Huntly.

Vol. 1, no. 4: *World without end, amen*. Judith Quinlan on Dr. Helen Caldicott. *In Flanders Fields*. Anti-nuke NATO demo, Brussels.

Vol. 1, no. 7: *Nuclear power; child of the patriarchy*. Judith Liefshultz covers the Darlington occupation and protest. *Feminist Fall Out*. Debra Curties on anti-nuclear activity a feminist concern.

Vol. 1, no. 10: *Ain't nowhere we can run*. Book review: anti-nuclear handbook for feminists.

Vol. 2, no. 1&2: *Green River inquiry, how long do we have?* by Judith Liefshultz. *Science/Fiction*. Barbara Martineau on the mainstream press on nuclear energy.

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"The earth is more than a rape victim. She has spirit and power and being akin to the primordial female ... There is a parallel between the sun's energy and women's energy. 'We have a pas-

"Women remind men of all they have repressed or wish to dominate. We must connect our domination with that of nature. We have symbolic power. We must learn the power of our consciousness and of our numbers. We do have power. We can be threatening. We must take direct action as women, and allow no false dichotomies between thinking and feeling, between 'the paralysis of analysis and the actions faction.' We don't want 'our share' of the rotten pie. We want eco-feminism." -Ynestra King, *Feminist Ecology Program, Goddard Collard College*.

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- The Progressive*. 408 West Gorham St., Madison Wisconsin 53703.

FILMS

- The Last Slide Show*. (slides & cassette) and *Making a Killing: The Arms Industry in Canada*. Project Ploughshares or Coalition for World Disarmament, 1811 W. 16th, Vancouver, V6J 2M3 ph. 733-9018.
- Boom!* (11 min. animated film); *Nuclear Countdown* (28 min. color film) *Child's Eye View*. All produced by the United Nations; distr. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road, E., Port Credit, Ont. L5C 1C9.
- War Without Winners*. U.S. film, available from Project Ploughshares, 321 Chapel St. Ottawa, Ont. K1N 7Z2.
- No Act of God*, (on nuclear power) National Film Board
- Nuclear Reaction at Wyhl*. German film about citizen opposition to a nuclear plant.
- The Great Debate*. T.V. debate between Dr. Edward Teller & Dr. Gordon Edwards, on nuclear power. Videotape.
- No Nuke Women*. video-tape presentations by Drs. Helen Caldicott & Rosalee Bertell. Metro-Media Assoc. 3255 Heather St., Vancouver.
- John, Mary, Mirv and Marv*. Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, 2685 Kingston Road, Scarborough, Ont. M1N 1M4.
- Remember Me*. Vision Habitat, 975 Westbrook Mall, UBC. ph. 228-4415.

sion for the planet, and we must rise to the challenge — like the sun, we must continue to burn and to exhibit activity." -Pat Hynes, *Environmental engineer, Bread and Roses*.

Organizations

Project Ploughshares,
321 Chapel St.,
Ottawa, Ont. K1N 7Z2.

Christian Movement for Peace,
427 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto M5S 1X7, Ont.

Operation Dismantle,
Box 3887, Station C,
Ottawa, Ont. K1Y 4M5.

Canadian Peace Research Institute,
119 Thomas St.,
Oakville, Ont. L6J 3A7.

World Council on Religion for Peace,
11 Madison Ave.,
Toronto M5R 2S2, Ont.

Committee for Justice and Liberty,
229 College St.,
Toronto, Ont. M5T 1R4

Canadian Catholic Organization for
Development and Peace
67 Bond St., Toronto, Ont. M5B 1X4.

People's Assembly on Canadian
Foreign Policy,
109 Wilton St.,
Toronto, Ont M5A 4A3.

Physicians for Social Responsibility,
360 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Coalition for Nuclear
Responsibility,
2010 Mackay St.,
Montréal, Qué. H3G 2J1.

Voice of Women and No Candu
for Argentina Committee,
175 Carlton St.,
Toronto, Ont. M5A 2K3.

Vancouver Coalition for World
Disarmament,
210A, 1811 West 16th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C. V6J 2M3.

Women for Survival
427 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.
M5R 1X7

The Cancer Crusade



Illustration by Gail Gelfiner

by Judith Quinlan

Cancer is the only major killing disease on the increase. It claims over a thousand human lives daily. At the present death rate, a child born this year has a twenty-seven percent chance of getting cancer. Within two generations, if the acceleration continues, cancer will become an inevitable part of 'life' for everyone.

As the cancer epidemic grows, government agencies and chemical and nuclear industries continue to reassure us that there is nothing to worry about. They are still waiting for "conclusive evidence" on whether hundreds of environmental carcinogens are dangerous to humans. Presumably 50,000 deaths a year in the asbestos industry alone are not conclusive evidence.

Although smoking is a factor in most lung cancers, it is not implicated in the rise of other cancers. Yet the main thrust of the government/industrial anti-cancer program is against smoking, shifting the blame inevitably towards the cancer victim.

In fact, seventy to ninety percent of all cancers are caused by environmental factors — pollution of the air, food and water by petrochemical and radioactive materials. Cancer death rates in areas with petrochemical or nuclear plants nearby are from four to ten times higher than the average rate, which itself is on the increase. Waste from these industries constitutes another major risk. The American Environmental Protection Agency estimates that ninety percent of hazardous chemical wastes are being unsafely discarded. And there is no safe way to discard nuclear wastes. The annual dumping figures for these industries are in the billions of tons!

Cancer is no longer the medical rarity it was before World War I. Behind the statistics lie the facts of pain, of slow, agonizing death, of immense financial burdens, and of the useless waste of human lives. Everyone knows someone who has cancer. The reality of the cancer epidemic touches all of us — generating a very real state of fear.

It is early morning on a lonely stretch of the Trans-Canada Highway. The heat of the newly-risen sun has barely dissipated the mist which hovers in ditches and low places. Far down the road a solitary figure comes into view, cresting a hill. There is only this mighty highway and the repetitive hop-skip, hop-skip of the one-legged runner. As he approaches we also see behind him a small caravan of vans and cars, his silent, ghostly escort. Terry Fox has arrived!

World asbestos production is 4.3 million tons. 1.7 million tons are mined in Canada. Asbestos workers suffer ten times more lung cancer deaths than the general population. In Scarborough, Ontario, at the Johns-Manville insulation plant, twenty-seven workers have died of lung cancer, and fifty more are disabled with chronic lung disease. Asbestos is being dumped into Lake Superior by the Reserve Mining Company at the rate of 67,000 tons a day. We are exposed to it in building insulation, in crushed stone used to build roads, in fireproofing in our schools, in air ducts, cement water pipes, filtered into beer and wine, in hair dryers and in talcum powder.

The asbestos industry has known the risks since the 1920's. The facts have been actively suppressed since then. Now that public concern is forcing stricter (but still inadequate) controls, the industry is re-locating in Mexico and Taiwan. Cancer will soon be America's largest export.

Vinyl chloride is a gas that is the starting point in the manufacture of polyvinyl chlorides — plastics. It is produced at the rate of seven billion pounds a year. It causes mainly liver cancer, but also cancer of the kidney, brain and lung. Near plants that produce and process vinyl chloride and PVCs, such as the one in Shawinigan, Québec, there is an increase in the rate of birth defects and adult brain tumours.

PVCs reach us in the form of dust and gases when plastic products are manufactured or incinerated. They are leached into foods stored in plastic containers, or wrap-

ped in plastic wrap, and they are present in practically everything we use daily, including children's toys.

"Ideas in Progress" is a series of books devoted to 're-orienting the goals of modern society.' One is a nifty little book on cancer which states lightheartedly, almost gleefully: "Were cancer to have ears and a tongue, it would listen to all our wailings and then apologetically declare its helplessness because of its being rooted in the very thing called life." And: "Can it not occur to us...that cancer is not a problem, but a solution to the problem of dying?" Or: "Cancer will be with us till eternity; let it be." "Cancer is a manifestation of aging, like hardening of the arteries." The eminent authors, Drs. Kothari and Mehta, state that there is no cause for cancer — it just happens, and that the only real cure is death. What they propose in the rest of the book is a cure for Cancerophobia — "the state of panic, fear, irrationality and paranoia gripping us all." That cure is summed up at the end of the book: 1. adopt a 'que sera sera' attitude if you have cancer; 2. don't hate it, it is a part of your own self; 3. decide to live with your cancer until it chooses to die with you; 4. do not deny yourself the dignity of dying.

What is it about cancer that promotes such moralistic ravings, such a state of almost spiritual heatedness, such an emotion-laden controversy? Why do our cancer societies resist the obvious facts of environmental cause and insist on searching for a 'cure' for a hypothetical virus? Why do so many cancer victims describe feelings of guilt, of shame, while their families announce their condition in hushed whispers? What is it about cancer that makes it akin to a mortal sin?

The Terry Fox phenomenon reveals some clues to the politics of cancer. Terry Fox became a national hero overnight. Thousands of Canadians watched him on his abortive journey, his odyssey of hope. People poured millions of dollars into the coffers of the Canadian Cancer Society. School children wrote poems to him, housewives tightened their budgets and sent the extra dollars pinned to greeting cards. Thousands cheered him at rallies that were more like Baptist revival meetings than charity events, they wore 'I love Terry' buttons and read Terry Fox photo-magazines.

With tears in their eyes, his followers described him as "inspirational." He is Saint George, who will slay the dragon that is cancer. He is the Christ of Cancer, who will crush the serpent. So that we all may be saved, Terry Fox, already scourged by the devil cancer, will die for our sins.

Christian terminology is rampant in the discussion of cancer. The fight against it is called a crusade. And Terry Fox is the necessary scapegoat of Christian mythology — the sacrificial victim. Cancer is characterized as a cross to be borne. One-legged Terry Fox is the ultimate crucifixion symbol. Just as suffering is viewed by the priesthood as a necessary part of life, so doctors like Kothari and Mehta advise us to embrace cancer. Modern approaches to cancer therapy focus on 'coping with cancer' rather than seeking complete absolution. Possible folk remedies are actively repressed by cancer agencies and government researchers — the control of cancer must be kept in the hands of the high priests of medicine. Cancer, like sin, is big business after all.

And all the nickels and dimes that flooded from the faithful are being eaten up by Johnny Wayne commercials that tell us not to expect a cure, after all. Meanwhile the carnage of man's ultimate industrial disease continues, a litany of the damned:

...Benzene in gasoline, paints, varnishes, tire and steel-making, nylons, rubber cement. Leukemia and lymphosarcoma. Soar-

ing tobacco sales, now being pushed at the very young and the Third World. All the warning on the packet has done is protect the industry from legal responsibility. Lung cancer and throat cancer. Saccharin in diet foods to keep us skinny. Cancer of the bladder, uterus and ovaries are the only way that saccharin can make you skinny. Oral contraceptives, estrogen replacement therapy, DES in cattle and poultry feeds to promote growth. Cancer of the breast, uterus and cervix, and second generation cancers from fetal exposure. Shell, Hooker, Dow and Allied push a \$4-billion pesticide business. Of the twenty-five organochloride pesticides in use, nineteen are proven carcinogens and the remaining six haven't been fully tested. Chlordane and Heptachlor remain in the soil ten years after use and are concentrated in root crops, meat and dairy products. Nitrosamines, formed from herbicides, over-the-counter tranquilizers, rubber, car exhausts, cured meats and incinerator fumes. Cancer of the liver, bowels, leukemias and stomach cancer, brought to you from the laboratories of DuPont and Lilly. Thousands of unnecessary X-rays, mammograms, medical-legal X-rays to protect the doctor, fully chiropractic X-rays to detect mythical misalignments, X-rays for job screening. DDT, PCBs, Benzidine, cyclamates, Red Dye No.2, Red Dye No.40, Yellow Dye No.1, Violet Dye No.1, Flectol H, phenacetin, cadmium, nickel, arsenic compounds, carbon tetrachloride, gamma rays, alpha particles, uranium tailings...

The government boys call it alarmist. The money boys cry that the economy can't absorb the cost of eradicating carcinogens. They're right. A cure for cancer would mean a complete dismantling of the industrial complex, a radical rethinking of the reasons for our technological choices, a massive reversal of our social goals from profit-making to life-making. It would require a redefinition of all our attitudes to life. And no amount of money sent to the Cancer Society can do that, any more than pinning our hopes on the divine intervention of a one-legged runner. No wonder the doctors counsel us to accept our cancer deaths as inevitable, and the industrial pontiffs deny any responsibility.

We have been told that cancer is our own fault for coveting all those lovely arborite counter tops and demanding high-octane fuel for phallic-extending automobiles. We smoke too much. We want our steaks red and juicy. We demand soda pop and colour television sets for our kids. We insist on pills to ease the discomfort of menopause. Cancer is our fault because we created the world that causes it. And we have believed this lie of original sin. We have accepted culpability and allowed the corporate killers to continue.

In the last few years we started to open our eyes to the lies. Love Canal, Three Mile Island, the anti-nuclear movement, the fight to save the Black Hills of Dakota, and with it all a growing radical awareness that we did not choose the non-life we are being offered. The women's movement, with its focus on the quality of life, and the ecology movement, with its focus on the quantity of life have started to join hands.

Enter Terry Fox, the saviour. Don't worry, folks, we'll find a cure. All you need is a little hope and a lot of faith. Like the church selling indulgences during the Burning Years, we are asked to buy our little piece of hope. Our guilt will be erased, our fears calmed, and nothing needs to change.

It worked before and the powers of patriarchy have never been big on imagination. We have been primed on the symbolism of Christianity and all it takes to subdue us is a virgin son, a ritual journey, and a sacrificial death. And the cancer 'problem' then rests in the hands of God.

The only question that remains, then, is whose god?

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MOVEMENT MATTERS

Movement Matters compiled by Judy Stanleigh

Re: Callen's decision

Mr. Justice Thomas Callen's decision in March to exculpate athlete Gordon Knowlton from a charge of rape illustrates how inadequate the courts are in dealing with this social problem. Knowlton's lawyer argued that his client believed it was a "romantic game" and "macho display" to abduct his ex-fiancée from her home, take her to his apartment, slap her and rip her clothing off. The defence lawyer stated that "she was presenting facts of the case deliberately to get revenge on the man she hates". Mr. Justice Callen easily accepted Knowlton's view of the events, for in handing down his decision he stated that the woman's refusals were "not genuine," that she was "at odds with her feelings" and that "there was never any attempt on her part to escape the situation."

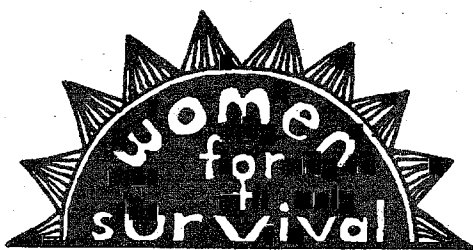
The decision in this case is a microcosm of how rape is viewed generally. The key issue is one of credibility; who is the judge to believe, the complainant or the accused? An accused cannot be convicted of rape if he believed that the woman consented even if it was quite apparent that she did not. In order to support the honesty of his belief, the accused may question the woman's sexual history to show that although she said no he thought she meant yes. It is here that the rape myths come into play, myth articulated by the defence lawyer in the Knowlton case, and accepted by Callen: if a woman ever says yes to sexual intercourse she has lost her right to say no in the future; the woman's words are not to be trusted for she may not know her own mind or be at "odds with her feelings."

When a woman goes on to report the attack, an action which can be seen as supporting her claim that she did not consent, another myth comes in to discredit her: women report rape to get revenge, not to right an injustice. This myth is accepted even though the false report rate for rape is no higher than for any other violent crimes. The absurdity of this myth is apparent once it is examined. First, the conviction rate for rape is very low compared with other crimes, and given the elaborate filtering system which brings very few cases to court, the number of convictions for rape represents only a tiny fraction of the number of rapes committed. Secondly, the rape trial is exceptionally traumatic to the woman. She must prove she did not consent and she may

be called upon to testify to her sexual past if the accused tries to discredit her proof. Why would a woman who desired revenge attempt to achieve it through such inadequate and humiliating means?

Justice Minister Chrétien recently tabled amendments to those sections in the Criminal Code which concern rape. The purpose of the amendments was to stress the assaultive nature of the crime. However, it is highly unlikely that any amendments will solve the problem, so long as society in general and the judiciary in particular view rape as a sexual crime and women who report it as revenge-seekers who do not know their own mind. Perhaps this attitude explains both why so many women are unwilling to report and why there are so few convictions. This will only change when the myths are destroyed.

□Judy Fudge
Toronto Rape Crisis Centre



Women for survival and disarmament

On April 12-17, a coalition of Social Change Groups in Toronto will be holding a week of events on the theme of Survival and Disarmament in an attempt to emphasize the threat to all life on this planet due to the escalating nuclear arms race.

Monday, April 13 will be a day devoted to women's particular concerns around this issue.

We believe the bomb is the end result of a patriarchal society that begins its warmaking in the way it treats women. We want to bring together women working in different areas of concern to us in order to show how all women are up against the common enemy of patriarchy, be its face that of corpor-

ate capitalism, rape, unjust government policies, lack of tolerance and rights for minorities. We want to show that the bomb is not an isolated phenomenon, but that those of us working on nuclear disarmament are intimately connected with our sisters working in the areas of more immediate concern to women in our everyday lives. In the interest of this connectedness, we will be holding a daytime workshop and an evening panel, on Monday, April 13.

The workshop, for women only, entitled "Women's Survival — Patriarchy and the Nuclear Mentality" will be held at the Centre for Christian Studies at 77 Charles St., from 1 pm to 4 pm. It will examine the various ways our society makes war on women, connecting the threat to women's immediate survival needs with the ultimate threat to all posed by nuclear war. We will also look at what can be done.

The workshop will be given by members of WAND, Women Against Nuclear Development, who are authors of the book, *A Handbook for Women on the Nuclear Mentality*, available at the Toronto Women's Bookstore. Daycare will be provided.

A parallel workshop for men will be held at the same time at the Centre. It will deal with the topic of "Men Against Violence Against Women." Contact Ken Hancock, 534-2714 or Ned Littleton at 979-9624 for further details.

The evening panel, open to men and women, will take place at 519 Church St. Community Centre, from 7:30 to 9:30, again with daycare provided. We will look at the economic, social and political effects of the nuclear mentality on women. Speakers will be Pat Schulz of Action Daycare, Laura Rowe of the Rape Crisis Centre, Sue Gange, member of CUPE Local 1582 and the International Women's Day Committee to speak on women's labour struggles, and a fourth woman who will speak on Lesbian Feminism.

The panel will open with music from Marie-Lynn Hammond of Stringband.

For further information, or to register for the workshop, call Jenny Lowell at 534-3165, Ginny Macevicius at 466-5415, or leave a message with Anne Marie or Rosina at 368-3425.

Donations will be requested, but we need you more than your money, so please come!

Public mischief

It has come to our attention that a number of women who report sexual assault to the police are being charged with public mischief. The police use this charge when they doubt the woman's credibility. Victims of other types of violent attacks are not subjected to this doubt.

The Metropolitan Toronto Police Department has expressed concern that only a small percentage of women who have been sexually assaulted report to them. The conservative estimate is that only one in ten women who have been sexually assaulted report to the police; however, the more realistic estimate is that only one in 25 women do so. Women fear they will not be believed and are aware that the conviction rate is very low. The police categorize reports as either founded or unfounded. Cases are 'founded' if the police feel that there is a good chance the attacker will be convicted. Charges are often not laid because of the lack of corroborating evidence and, given the low conviction rate (2%), police hesitate to lay charges. However, the police are laying public mischief charges against some women who report.

Reporting sexual assault has always been a contentious issue between the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre and the police, because of our recognition of the woman's right to decide whether or not to report. At the Centre the woman's credibility is not doubted and she receives non-judgemental support throughout her crisis. We believe there is a correlation between the number of calls the Centre receives (approximately 600 in 1979) and the type of support offered. The number of rapes reported to the police (approximately 200 in 1979) is indicative of the lack of trust women have in police procedures. Furthermore, there was a 17% drop in the number of sexual assaults reported to the police from 1978 to 1979, while the number of reports to the TRCC increased 23% over the same period of time. The incidence of reporting sexual assaults to the police will continue to be low until women are granted the respect, credibility and support they deserve.

□Laura Rowe,
TRCC

•continued page 18

Give Us a Break

by Cynthia Hastings Zinck

The federal government has proposed that jurisdiction over divorce be transferred to the provinces as part of its constitutional reform package. Two related reasons are given for the proposal.

The main argument is that federal retention of divorce is an anomaly. Provincial governments make laws regarding all aspects of family law except divorce. They deal with the immediate consequences of a marriage breakdown including the laws governing custody of children, support payments and the division of family assets. It would seem logical to extend to this level of government the right to deal with this final aspect of family breakdown. The second argument advanced to support transfer is that family law ought to be responsive to local social and cultural values.

Persuasive though these arguments may seem initially, they do not deal with the real problems that the transfer of divorce jurisdiction will create. The fundamental fact to be kept in mind is that each province will be free to set its own standards regarding divorce. It will be free to set whatever grounds it chooses for divorce, to select any criteria regarding custody and support. A province could even go to the extreme of deciding that it will not allow divorce or that the spouse leaving the matrimonial home will not be entitled to any support regardless of her circumstances.

While it is extremely unlikely that any province will take so extreme a position, it

is certain that the laws across the country will no longer be uniform.

Lack of uniformity means that there will be advantages to seeking a divorce in one province as opposed to another. What is likely to result is forum shopping — seeking out the most favourable climate for divorce. The use of a residency requirement to prevent this activity would not be an adequate bar to the person who found the legal grounds of a particular province attractive — that person would simply wait it out if the benefits were substantial. It is also important to remember that the person most likely to engage in forum shopping is the most mobile spouse. The financially independent spouse is in a better position to select a favourable jurisdiction and the dependent spouse may find it difficult to defend the action or counterpetition for corollary relief such as custody of children or support because of the costs involved.

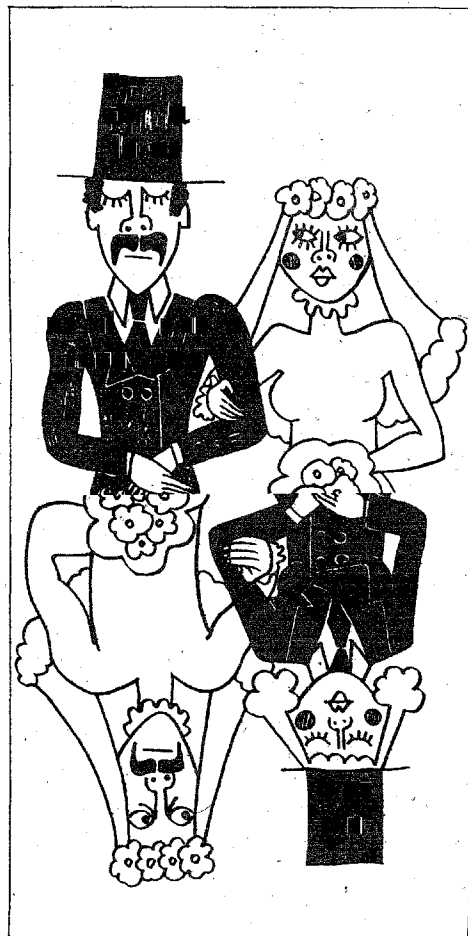
The transfer of divorce jurisdiction is also problematic in the area of enforcement. Even if all provinces agree that divorces granted in one jurisdiction will be enforced in all others, it is naive — in light of the serious discrepancies in the recognition and enforcement of *current* reciprocal maintenance and custody legislation — to expect effective enforcement of the terms of a divorce obtained in another jurisdiction.

So the transfer of divorce has the potential to create serious hardships and injustices: it is certain to make divorce more complex and expensive and it is likely to

have the effect of enabling the more mobile spouse to obtain a divorce on more favourable terms. There appears to me to be no significant benefits to the proposal beyond creating a certain 'neatness' in family law.

It is important that opposition to the proposed transfer mobilize now. There is little significant opposition in the governments concerned. Ontario is supportive of the transfer, as are most other provinces — with the exception of Manitoba and Nova Scotia. The federal government appears to view divorce as a 'give-away.' Once the Charter of Rights discussion is over, this proposal is likely to be accepted with little public discussion or understanding of its significance. If the transfer of divorce becomes embodied in a new constitution, it will be very difficult, if not impossible to change. In view of the impact that this change will have, and because women tend to be the disadvantaged partner when a marriage ends, it is vital that women make their opposition known.

There are several methods of opposing the transfer. Write to local MPs at both the provincial and federal levels. Write to Justice Minister Cretien, the Prime Minister and the leaders of the Opposition. Address mail simply to the House of Commons, Ottawa (it doesn't need a stamp). Watch for a conference on the issue. We may need another display like the February Ad Hoc Committee conference on the constitution (see *Broadside*, March 1981) to make our government listen to us.



Creative Cooking: Artists

Maryon Kantaroff is a sculptor, and Johanna Stuckey teaches Women's Studies courses at York University in Toronto. They are long-time friends, and they both identify themselves as radical feminists. Recently they went to New York City to see Judy Chicago's show, *The Dinner Party*, and talked with *Broadside* about their impressions.

by Judith Lawrence and Jane Hastings

Broadside: What is the significance of *The Dinner Party* for women?

Maryon: It states quite clearly that there is such a thing as women's art and what women's art is. It is a consciousness of women historically. There are a lot of women producing male art; the fact that you're a woman doesn't necessarily make you produce women's art. Clearly women's art is an awareness of historical culture.

Johanna: I have a problem with that — even the question. It seems to me that the most exciting thing about this show is that it made the statement that stuff which has not been called art before, but has been called craft, is truly and always has been art. Of course it's an art which is really anybody's art.

M: This is precisely what the women's movement has been doing for over 10 or 15 years now. It has been making the point that the basis of all art is craft, and craft is the domain of women. What Judy Chicago has done is to take almost every aspect of crafts, except perhaps basketwork, and used them as art.

M: This is a statement that is so strong: this is a craft show and yet it has no other function than an art function — it has an emotional, intellectual directive. You're not meant to sit down and eat off those plates; it has a symbolic function.

J: That's the main reason Judy Chicago had trouble getting galleries to present the show and that the show had such dreadful reviews. The reviewers, male for the most part, said that it was craft and therefore shouldn't be in art galleries. The hidden agenda was of course that it was feminist and it couldn't be art if it was feminist. We had a terrible experience when we were in New York to see the show. We went to the opening night of a musical called *Onward Victoria*, based on the life of Victoria Woodhull, who ran for president of the US on a free love feminist ticket in 1874, and in every election after that for as long as she lived. It was great fun, very alive, written and done by women, and had good feminist content. It got a standing ovation at the end. And the next morning it was panned in every newspaper — they said it was boring and that the audience was bored; I didn't see one bored person. It was a complete lie. One of my friends who lived across from the theatre said, "It's a dreadful play and is going to get panned, why are you going to that?" It had obviously been slated for getting panned long before it opened, because of the subject matter. I think the same thing happened to Judy Chicago.

M: But look what would happen if this work were accepted in the art world as a proper piece of art that has something very pertinent to say. If this were accepted as art, what happens to the collections of the major museums throughout North America? Whole collections would become total nonsense if this is accepted.

J: Not only does it have something to say, but technique is very important. Everything in the *Dinner Party* has been thought out, planned, and executed with the highest technique. It's not like that garbary stuff that welds together a bit of rusted metal.

M: Rusted metal? Do you know how old-fashioned that is now? That hasn't been done in the major art fields for years. Now all they do is write on slips of paper. You can try and give a rationale for why that kind of work exists — I've read our major art magazines; I've listened to the mind-fucking language they use to try to inject some kind of idea into the bullshit that is being offered.

J: It seems to me that it's another form of manipulation. To accept that stuff as art is to say that art is nothing, that anybody can do it — not everybody gets to do it, but anybody could. The only difference between my putting a bunch of black blobs on a canvas and whoever the guy is who got it displayed at the Art Gallery of Ontario is that he has the art establishment support and I don't. But I could

do it just as easily as he.

M: I think it's a form of masculine élitism. Remember its name: "conceptual art" — taking the left brain to its total logical conclusion, which is absurdity. It is taking mind to the point where it no longer has any reference to feelings, to emotions, to reality. It is concept. It is so male, it's a form of élitism. It is saying if you have any connection to materials, feelings, or to anything that could be vaguely considered female or feminine or right brain, then you are not the finest of artists. The finest of artists don't bother with materials any more; all they have to do is "conceive."

J: In the final analysis I don't think we disagree with each other. What I'm saying is that because conceptual art looks so simple, people say "Oh this is art. Isn't that wonderful?" They can relate to it, or they pretend they do — all kinds of people stand around it looking absolutely entranced.

M: I agree. I've seen "works of art" which are just little mounds of sand. Or paper cups. Or another one which was a hugh ashtray with ashes and smoked-out whatever in it. And people can come by and say "Isn't that fun?" They think it is so silly they don't have to be awed by it. It's not as if they're looking at an incredible, magnificent, huge, superbly executed painting or something where they have to say "Wow! How did they ever do that? I can't imagine."



Johanna Stuckey

What that element of "isn't it fun" ultimately does is to trivialize art. The male mentality has got to the point where it's bankrupt and has become trivialized. So you might as well do something silly — you might as well do something like *that* (ed. note: see photo on this page of Kantaroff's major new work featuring two coffee mugs) and then leave the dregs in it. It makes it even sillier. I'd probably be bought by the art gallery if I did that!

J: That is a kind of ploy to hide the fact that there are all sorts of corporate and institutional manipulation going on behind it. I find the whole thing political.

M: Yes, it's totally political because one of the essences of contemporary art is anti-craft and anti-technique. The essence of contemporary education is not to give young artists any knowledge of materials, techniques, or human form. They are totally, absolutely untrained. The only things they know about are certain kinds of modern techniques of photography or something.

J: Now wait a minute. That's not entirely true. Our art classes at York University have arranged with the medical school at U of T to go there and do anatomy.

M: Oh, do they now? I've been to your art school when they didn't know anything about anatomy.

J: There's been a class now for two or three years, where the students can go down and actually look at anatomy dissections.

M: A lot of people have come to me and asked if they could apprentice with me. They're totally fed up with the art schools because they're not getting any kind of training.

B: One of the ways people try to trivialize *The Dinner Party* is by saying Judy Chicago didn't do it all herself — she only did a bit of it and employed all those other people.

M: Oh, you mean like da Vinci? What total nonsense! Henry Moore hasn't built one of these great big sculptures; everything you see by Henry Moore except the little tiny maquette is not done by Henry Moore. So what? There's no way it can be otherwise.

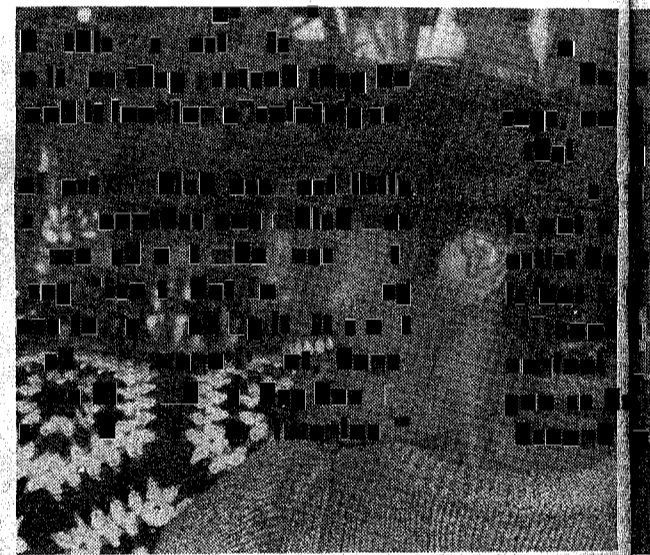
B: One of the many points Chicago was trying to make was that women work together in that kind of way; traditionally the whole idea of working together is a very female kind of

thing. But critics tried to say it just proved she couldn't have done it all herself.

M: Yes, women did work together, and many males used female structures in Renaissance workshops because it was a way of interacting and training and using other people's talents and educating themselves, since they didn't have art colleges. This was started by women historically because they worked together and lived together, so there were communities that were truly communal. What Judy Chicago is doing now has a male tradition — the Renaissance workshops. This is all rationalization — you can find any criticism to put it down if you want to. You can use the very thing that gives it its strength to put it down.

B: What about the image of the butterfly? Everybody else says, no, it's labia, but she says it's a butterfly. Except for Ethel Smythe, who is obviously a piano.

M: As we all know, what an artist says her imagery is about is not necessarily what it's about. The unconscious of the artist has to be operative at full blast, so naturally the artist is not the one to interpret what her unconscious is doing. Of course Chicago said no when asked if the imagery was vaginal: if you're going to mount an exhibition like this and you're hopefully going to get it into all the major galleries throughout the world, are you going to go around talking



Maryon Kantaroff

about vagina images on your dinner plates? Naturally you're going to talk about butterflies, or cocoons, or anything else.

J: But the thing you were talking about, Judith, was the influence of Georgia O'Keeffe. And there's a great argument going on about her art among feminist critics. They say there are big open spaces in it and it's very womblike, but I think it's very androgynous. I have real difficulty seeing it as either feminine or masculine; I think it really picks up all the images, and I think that's one of the reasons why it's so very powerful. And it strikes me that if you look at *The Dinner Party* plates you'll find that they do incorporate symbols from both sexes.

B: Certainly the Georgia O'Keeffe plate doesn't.

M: (gales of laughter) You...uh...find that very...uh...cunt-like, do you?

B: Yes. Don't you?

M: You don't think you're reading something into it?

B: Well, if you took this down to the anatomy class at the university and put it next to a real one you couldn't tell the difference.

M: You don't think it's just your personal interpretation? To me that is a butterfly!

B: OK, now explain to me about the piano on the tailor's suit pattern.

J: That's because Ethel Smythe went around dressed as a man, didn't she?

B: But she didn't go around dressed up as a piano.

J: Obviously there is a problem, in that I think Ethel Smythe was a very mannish woman who probably wasn't very sexual at all, and that's probably what they're trying to say about her. What happened to her was that the music took over. And the other interesting thing about her is that she wrote marches — "Shoulder to Shoulder," for example. I think that's definitely a combined symbol.

M: Maybe the piano one and the Sojourner Truth one were intentional, just as a visual break, like a diagonal line that stops you and makes you rethink.

B: How do you know whether any of these other people were sexy or not, if we're talking about Ethel Smythe not

...s and The Dinner Party

ing very sexual?
 Let's just examine what "sexy" means. In essence what talking about is energy — life energy — our universal connection to energy. That's what sexiness is. It may or not express itself specifically through the genital connection; it can be diffused through the psyche, through emotions, the intellect or through the eyes. Ultimately sexiness in anyone is life energy, and it's a particularly pertinent symbol through the vagina, but it's a life energy that radiates through the eyes, through the whole body, radiates where you choose to focus it. The more creative energy have flowing through you the more life you have. And that's sexy. That's all sexiness is.

Then by your definition Ethel Smythe was sexy, because she was highly energetic, creative, and so on, but Judy Chicago made a value judgement of her by turning her into an ano.

Well, perhaps her sexiness is projected through this piece — after all, it's a very sensual, sexy shape. She didn't pose an upright piano, she used a very sexy grand piano. It's the one for Caroline Herschel the astronomer — that's why it's a perfect symbol for observing; that's where her energy was focussed. It's another kind of sexuality.

Were you surprised when you found that nearly all the men depicted in the modern era were American?



Photos by Jane Hastings

Kantaroff demonstrating coffee cup art.

We were not ecstatically delighted by it, but at the same time it seemed perfectly natural.

I didn't disagree with most of the choices, but I did with one: I would have used Emmeline Pankhurst. I would have chosen her for the influence she had worldwide. But overall, Judy Chicago is American and the women working with her were American, and they would naturally think of their own country.

They didn't say it was a North American view of men's history; they said this is how the world was.

Yes, but you have to keep in mind that there must have been incredible women in the Orient, in Arab countries, in African countries, and all over — and we just don't have access to knowledge of their existence. If you came from China or Russia you would be aware historically of women you would never have heard of in North America. I have to accept that this is a concept that has been filled through the consciousness of an American feminist and you have to accept that limitation and the limitation of the Western view.

I must admit that one of the reasons the Judy Chicago was so welcomed by so many people who are involved in art, whether they are feminists or not, was that it is such a relief just to want to go to an exhibition and know that when you're there you're seeing something you want to see, want to examine, want to get involved in the details of, you want to be aware of the craft and the industry that went into the making of it. You don't have these experiences unless you are in Europe or are looking at collections of older artwork. I don't go to contemporary art exhibitions any more — I just get too depressed by it. Technically in The Dinner Party there was so much expertise and so much love and detail I wanted to get into that detail. I know this was true of other people there.

It wasn't true of me. I tend to be very influenced by art. I went there because I felt it was my feminist duty to go and see this thing. I expected it to be garbage, because I had read the reviews. I expected it to be embarrassing. When I walked in it was just stunning. And then I began to feel really upset. At the back of my mind I knew that

male critics were not particularly good to feminist stuff or to women generally, but still, they wouldn't universally pan something that was good. There must be something wrong; there's something there that's not good. And I think that weekend in New York was an eye-opener for me, better than anything I've ever dealt with before. It really did change my mind about the male establishment. I was always partially male-identified because of my training, and I've always felt that nobody, no matter how politically twisted, could twist the truth. That weekend was probably the most important political experience for me because it really changed my mind. Added to that was what happened to *Onward, Victoria*. Now I just dismiss a critic when I read him in the paper.

B: Male and female critics?

J: No, I have not felt like that about women. I think it's a grave mistake for any newspaper or any TV station to send men to review anything that's by women or about women, including political conferences. I think they should send women; even if they're male-identified, they're going to have a better attitude and be more positive about their own sex.

B: We hope! But of course this is a moot point. At any rate, what could a man identify with in this exhibit?

J: If he's the kind of man who's been supporting this garbage art Maryon has been criticizing then maybe he isn't even capable of appreciating the technique.

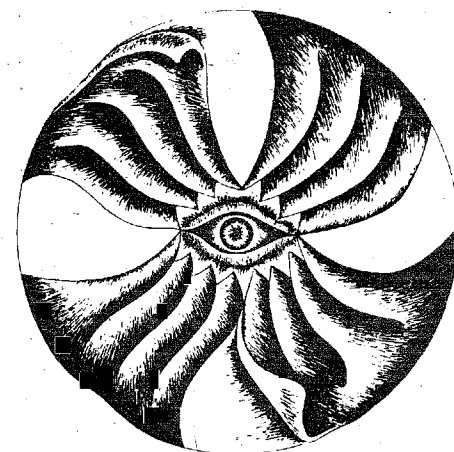
B: He'd be so threatened by the technique and by the skill of the artist, for one thing.

J: That's true, and that's a whole other part of what I think is happening. We were talking earlier about why this awful art is accepted as art — the truth is, all sort of stuff is accepted — writing is another example.

M: It's consistent across the board. Central to the male culture is the notion of being superior. We know the psychology behind it and the kind of ego problems men have to live with because they have this superiority concept thrust upon them, and it can be very destructive. When it's not being destructive, you see it coming out in the most unbelievable arrogance. The art aspect of this is just one part of it. If they feel like shitting on the floor, they give it a label and a title because after all "it's my shit and I am a superior being and why shouldn't the rest of the world be forced to look at my superiority." It's really as bad as that, and to give you an example of it, I had a painter come to my foundry to talk about casting a piece of sculpture. He sat and talked for half an hour going around in circles, and I couldn't understand what he wanted to do. Finally I started questioning him about what he had done and what materials he had worked in. Do you know this man had never touched clay or wood or steel, had never modelled, had no idea of wax or plastic or anything? And he wanted me to cast a piece of sculpture that didn't exist and that couldn't be cast! He came to my foundry to waste an hour of my time because he had an idea, and with the most unbelievable arrogance that because he had painted a few paintings he was an artist. No drawings, nothing — he just had an idea, and he wanted me to find a technical way of executing it! He happened to be the most extreme case I have come across, but it's not that unusual.

J: So when you get something like The Dinner Party, which has so clearly taken a long, long time to produce, and it's not kitsch but is in fact a very high quality artistic, even religious, experience, then it's very threatening. Male critics don't know what to do with it. They're not used to looking at this kind of work and this kind of material as art, unless it's from the Middle Ages and they can say, "It's an artistically embroidered altar cloth," and "It's old, therefore it must be art." It must be a horrible shock for them, and the way they get around it is to put it down. They use something to put it down that avoids the fact of its existence — they say "it's crafts" or "it's full of vaginal symbols" or "it's really narrow in concept," and so on.

M: I also think a woman journalist/critic, even if she is against feminism, has a better chance of tuning in, and ultimately of becoming a feminist. Furthermore, she has a chance of relating not only to the symbolism, but she may have embroidered a table cloth herself when she was young. She is probably setting dinner tables all the time, and understands that this is a statement about women's lives. And men feed off women. The act of sitting down at a dinner table and eating is a communal, cohesive act, and the statement that The Dinner Party is making is that women have made it possible, not just in terms of any dinner table in any house, but even though they may not be allowed to sit at that dinner table with the men, they have made that table possible. The men are really supported and sustained by the women. What Judy Chicago is saying is that at the dinner party of the world, this is what all the women have been doing, the 999 on the floor and the 239 at the table.



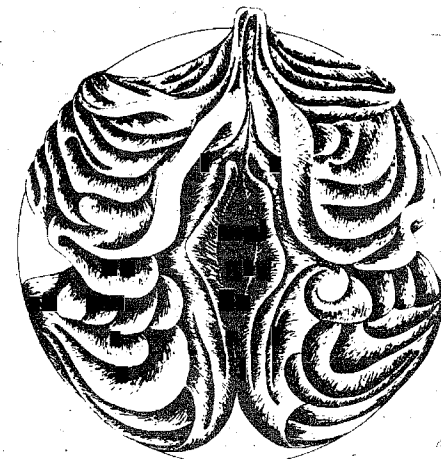
Caroline Herschel

1750-1848



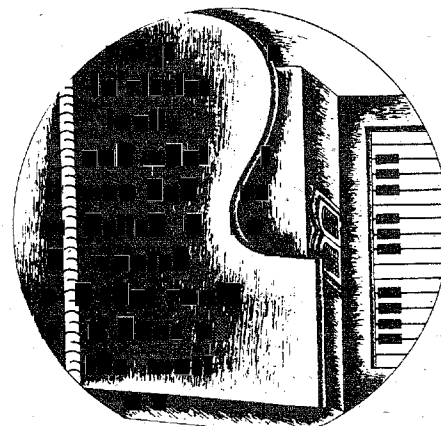
Sojourner Truth

1797-1883



Georgia O'Keeffe

b. 1887



Ethel Smyth

1858-1944

Independent Images

by Barbara Halpern Martineau

One of the main problems of Canadian independent film makers is that their films are not shown to the general public. I suffer, as a film maker, from not seeing Canadian independent films. This event is a celebration — I think the public should be involved in a celebration like this — they should be aware of what's being produced in Canada.

—Joan Scott, Winnipeg film maker

Peterborough, Ontario. The fourth annual Canadian Images film festival. Canadian images, leafless trees, ice on the river and grey skies in March. A moviehouse on main street, photographs in an old brick house surrounded by fields and greying wood fences. A campus of concrete buildings like imitation Aztec temples, five or six miles of highway between the campus and the town. The festival, flung in fragments around the town and campus, is enormously complex, screening 360 films in four days, with seminars, panel discussions, forums, covering the entire spectrum of recent and classic Canadian films as well as a tribute to Australian cinema. There is a great sense of frustration among festival goers, missing more than one could see, bewildered by the logistical problems of time/space and an occasional need for food.

When will there be another chance to see these films, independent features and documentaries from Québec, a surprising number of them by women, or independent films from all over Canada. People from less film-saturated places than Toronto, filmmakers like Elise Swerhone and Joan Scott from Winnipeg, Lulu Keating from Halifax, Peg Campbell from Vancouver, and Elizabeth Garsonin from Calgary, have even less likelihood of finding another chance to see independent Canadian films other than their own. The local cinema, owned by a US chain, certainly won't show them, and most other screenings, locally organized, depend heavily on the free distribution of slickly produced National Film Board and CBC films. Canadian television is not renowned for its support of independents, although planners for CBC 2, the much-touted "alternative" channel of the future, claim that showcasing independents will be a priority. We'll see.

Everybody here is accepting and nobody is really fighting. We had an opportunity to face two of the members of the Applebert commission, and it sounded like, either we were unprepared, or we'd decided that it's all been said. Truly it hasn't all been said. That was an opportunity we all passed up. I sat there and I had my private thoughts, oh, this is real shit, this is ridiculous, why are we putting up with this?

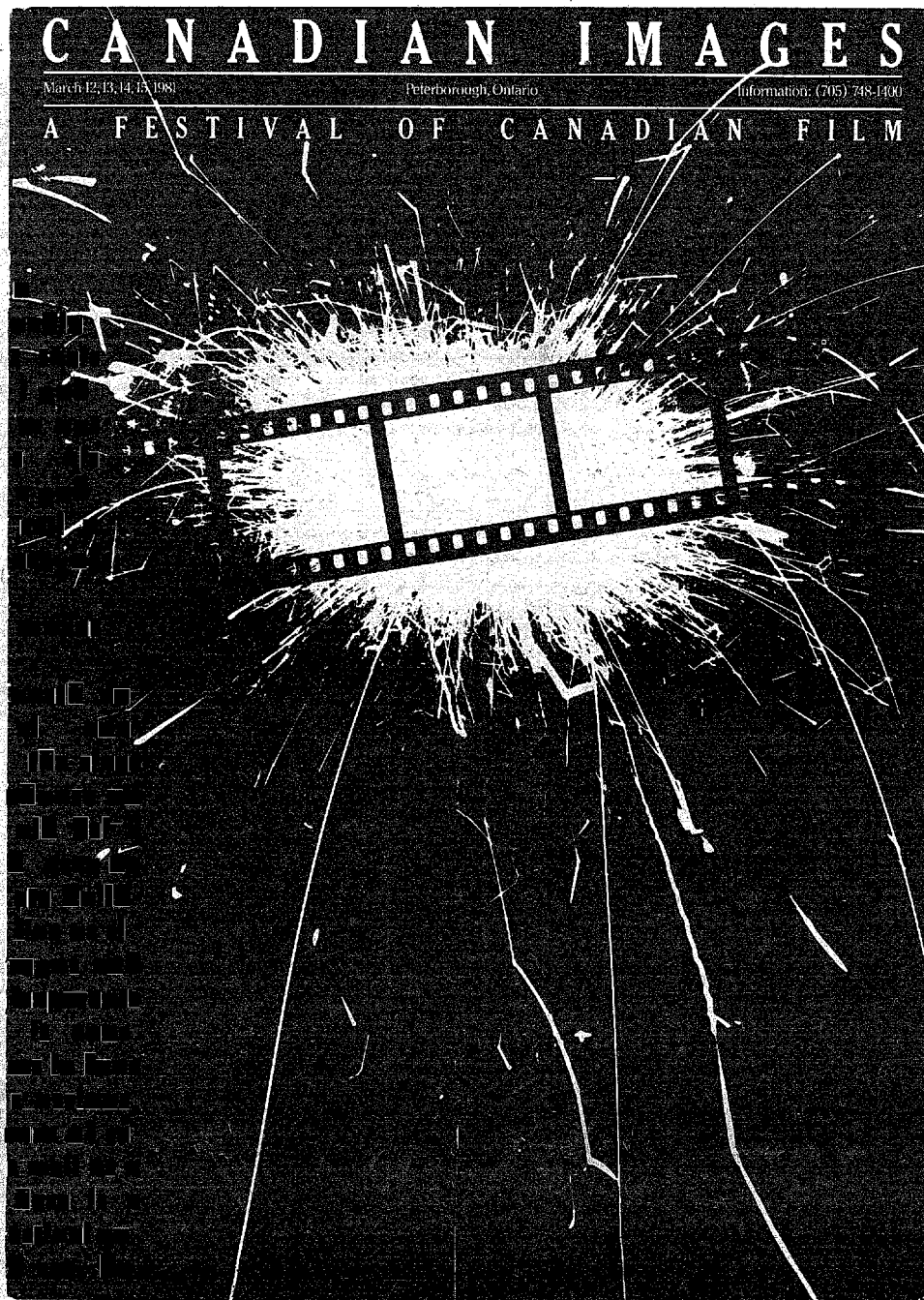
But I'm not sure what I would have said. We're grappling for some kind of cultural identity, and we haven't had to fight, so the strong points of our character haven't come out. But what I don't understand is why there haven't been any fighting films from women in English Canada.

—Joan Scott, Winnipeg

I've seen a number of very exciting films here, the most exciting being the Québec films. And coming from what is called a "region" in English Canada, I find I can identify with Québec. The films coming from English Canadians don't represent me as a film maker, as a woman, and also don't represent the people I know in Winnipeg...I think that it's very important for us to be able to see films about areas we are familiar with, Regina, Saskatoon, Eriksdale.

My film, *Havakeen Lunch*, is about a truck stop on a highway that leads north in Manitoba, and the people who come in and out, and the woman who has run the truck stop for eighteen years and is leaving. The thing that makes it different from NFB portrait films is that it's not so polished.

—Elise Swerhone, Winnipeg



Note on a fighting film from Québec:

Les Voleurs de Job/Where Money Grows on Trees, 1980, 16mm. Tahani Rached. 68 minutes. "A film I made when I understood that I'm no longer entirely here, nor there. My identity...immigrant." A young Greek woman speaks, in halting but shockingly clear French, of her feelings of estrangement from the Québec workers at her job. She eats with the other Greeks, talks only with them, "because it's easier to speak our own language." This isolation is accentuated by the competitive conditions of work in her factory — piece work. The employers understand well the advantages of having workers estranged from each other.

Another woman, older, overweight, frumpy, works as a thread cutter. We see her working, riding the bus, like thousands of women each of us sees every day, we hear her voice-over, speaking of her loneliness, her worries about her children, her marriage, speaking of madness as a place she wills herself not to go, as a flower, as a broken glass. The force of her poetic monologue, heard over images of her, silent and drab in her daily life, is shocking.

In a crowded courtroom a woman judge swears in a motley assemblage of immigrants as new Canadians, assuring them that now they are free. She leads these East and West Indians, Greeks, Orientals, people from thirty-odd countries, in singing O Canada — most of them are silent. Then they all file out, and the immigrant women come in with their vacuums, brooms and mops, to clean. "These jobs are always reserved for us..." As an independent film maker, working with very little money, Tahani Rached shot her sound and picture separately. In her case necessity mothered great strength of invention.

Canadian Images is the only festival in Canada that emphasizes Canadian inde-

pendent films. It's had a lot of problems getting any financial backing from the government.

—Janis Lundman, Toronto

Peterborough has had the same sort of problems establishing its validity as we have in Halifax. It's hard to get media coverage if you're not right in Toronto. I think it's great that something this important is happening in a place like Peterborough, rather than Toronto or Montreal or Vancouver.

People were coming here from different parts of the country to see films that they had worked on but hadn't been able to see, because of problems of distribution in this country. We have a hard time selling Canadian films to theatres that are predominantly American-owned. And we have to nurture and develop our audience. Most people haven't seen independent work, and they don't know what to expect. They're scared that they're going to go into a theatre and see a screen flashing with dots of light, that it'll be extremely experimental. They're not aware that they can go see a short independent film that'll be a drama, that'll be sequential, or a documentary about someone like Diane Hetherington, or that it might be a very exciting and innovative approach to making films.

I've got one film finished, a two-minute animation film called *Lulu's Back in Town*. I'm working on one now about funny things people do to themselves. It's got a sound track of a guy who plays tunes on his teeth, and it's got about twenty things people can do that are really strange. I just got a grant to do a film about urban migration, which will be a comedy/documentary/drama.

Lulu Keating, Halifax

A confrontation:

On Friday night of the festival there was a panel discussion on popular media criticism. Film critics from the *Toronto Star* and *Globe & Mail*, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and *Le Devoir* in Montréal complained about the mediocrity and lack of political content in Canadian films. Tom Waugh, from Concordia University, noted that the film industry is based on the exploitation, rape, murder and mutilation of women, and asked what obligation the critics considered they had to deal with issues of sexual politics in films. The panel evaded the question. A film columnist from *Broadside* rephrased the question, pointing out that all of the panelists had concurred in praising the award-winning film *Les Bons Débarras*. None had remarked on the discrepancy between the film's depiction of a young girl who lies about being sexually assaulted by her mother's boyfriend and the brutal reality that one woman in four is sexually assaulted before the age of eighteen, usually by a relative or close friend. The panelists rose in phallic unison to assert the inviolable rights of film critics to remain neutral observers of individual films. The columnist pointed out that the critics could hardly complain about the lack of political content in Canadian films while refusing to take political stands themselves. She also remarked that it was not coincidental that all the panelists were men. The audience applauded. The critics were nonplussed.

A strange conversation:

Before leaving for Peterborough the columnist from *Broadside* phoned Arts National (CBC-FM) to see if they were covering Canadian Images. Oh yes, the woman in charge of film coverage assured her, we'll be there. We're focussing on the Australian retrospective. Indeed, said the columnist, well, it would be interesting to compare the situation of women film makers in Canada with the Australian context in which *My Brilliant Career* and *The Getting of Wisdom* were made. Oh no, said the producer, we're a national programme. We can't cover special issues, like women.

A difficult encounter:

A week after Peterborough there was a symposium on the National Film Board at the University of Toronto. The columnist from *Broadside* was asked to take part in a panel discussion about women at the NFB. Two of the other women on the panel were staff NFBers, the fourth woman had worked at the NFB in the early years. The columnist was the only independent film maker/critic speaking. She therefore considered it her duty to speak on behalf of independents, praising the good work of women at the NFB and also pointing out that ultimately there are employees of a government institution, and as such cannot claim fully to represent the interests of Canadian women. Also, that because of the monopolistic practices of the NFB, independent women, like independent men, have almost nowhere to go for funding of alternative films.

Rather than reaching out in dialogue to discuss how women within the NFB could act as allies of women outside, all three of the other panelists reacted with defensive hostility, and a naivete about conditions of independent production which surprised most of the audience. For instance, the representative from Studio D (often considered the "women's studio" in English production) argued against the point that independents cannot make a film if the NFB has made or is planning to make one on the same subject. With liberal generosity she held that there is always room for another film on the same subject. Yes, said Janis Lundman, from the Liaison of Independent Film Makers in Toronto, but hardly anyone in Canada will pay rental or purchase fees for a film when they can get one free from the NFB on the same subject. The representative from Studio D conceded she knew nothing about distribution. That is a luxury no independent film maker can afford.

• continued page 16

SIDELINES

Frontline

In April, *Fuse* magazine, a politically aware arts magazine, will be taking the Ontario Censorship Board to court. The battle began in January 1981 when *Fuse* wrote to Mary Brown, Director of the Ontario Board of Censors, informing her of their series of video documentaries called "Less Medium, More Message". Those people involved with the series felt confident that there would be no problem since documentaries are not of a censorable nature. Moreover, the screenings were for a select audience — members of women's organizations, labour and human rights groups and gay activists. The series was a non-commercial venture: only a nominal admission fee was to be charged.

Three days before "Less Medium, More Message" was to have been presented in Toronto, Mary Brown phoned *Fuse* to say that the screenings constituted a public exhibition and were under the Ontario Board of Censors' jurisdiction. At least, the Board might have waived the \$800 screening fee. *Fuse* had no choice but to cancel the screenings. The tapes went directly to Vancouver, Halifax and New York as scheduled. These cities have no Censorship Board to concern themselves with. If *Fuse* had shown the tapes, the Criminal Code could have been enforced by Toronto's finest Morality Squad. The material had been lent to *Fuse* by the artists and they didn't want either the tapes or the video equipment seized. The Censorship Board can levy fines up to \$2,000 if a group or person contravenes the Theatres Act.

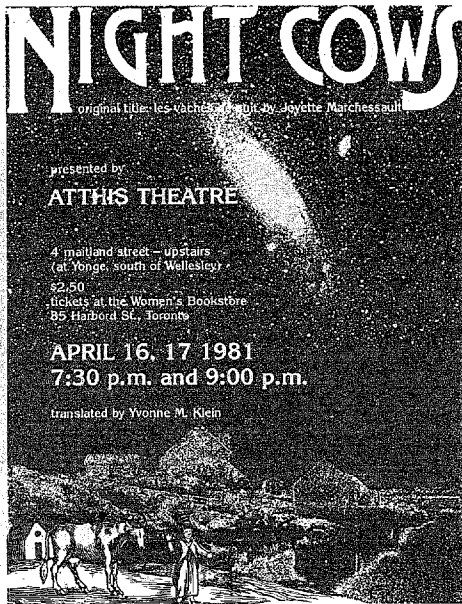
Lisa Steele, co-editor of *Fuse* magazine, told *Broadside* that the main problem is that the Theatres Act does not define "public" and there have been no attempts either in the Act or by the Board to make this word clear. Also, co-operating with the Censorship board and telling them of the screening was a mistake. Many illegal tapes exist and have been shown, only the Board doesn't know about it.

Steele stated that it is an issue of principal and emphasized that the word public will be better defined in the future. *Fuse* would like some support at Old City Hall, County Court, 10 a.m. on Tuesday, April 7th, 1981.

Deena Rasky

Salad and Circuses

Opening April 7 at Adelaide Court, Toronto: *Bobby Kettlewell's* 'Salads and Circuses', from 5 to 7 pm. Her full-sized canvases will be on display till May 3.



Atthis Theatre, a lesbian-feminist theatre, will be presenting *Night Cows* by Jovette Marchessault (translation by Yvonne M. Klein) on April 16, 17, 1981, at 7:30 and 9 pm., at Homemade Theatre, 4 Maitland St. Upstairs. Tickets (\$2.50) will be available at the Toronto Women's Bookstore, 85 Harbord St. or at the door. For further information, call 532-7963.

Night Cows is an eloquent, expressive exploration of female energy and strength in which daily oppression is surpassed by reclaiming of identity. "The hierarchy goes off to look around somewhere else when the cows of the night gather." (*Night Cows*)

a first for women filmmakers

There will be an international feminist film and video conference in Amsterdam, May 26-31, 1981.

A meeting of filmmakers in Toronto will be held Tuesday, April 14, 7:30 pm, at the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre, 144 Front Street West, Ste. 430, Toronto. For information, telephone: (416) 593-1808.

no frills

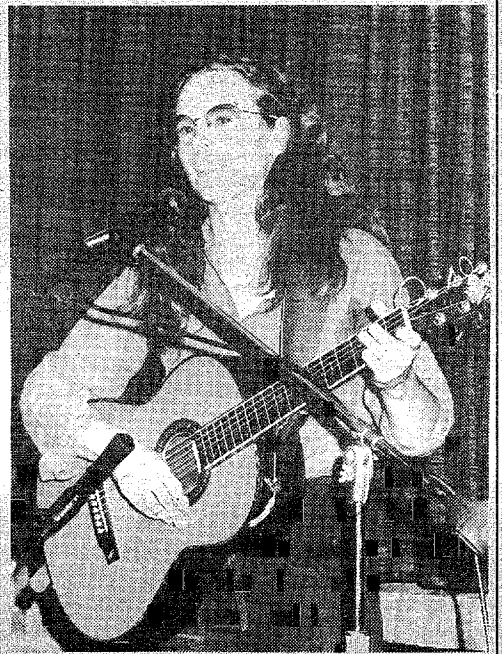
The No Frills Band will play the Maple Leaf Ballroom, 665 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, April 10. Those of you who have heard these four women play rock & roll before and have been frustrated by the lack of dancing space will be glad to know that the Maple Leaf Ballroom provides plenty of room to move. Tickets are \$5 in advance at the Women's Bookstore and \$6 at the door. Refreshments of course.

heather bishop

HEATHER BISHOP at Innis College Town Hall, April 23 and 24, 1981. Concerts start at 8:00 P.M. Tickets are \$5.00 advance, \$5.50 at the door, and are available at the Toronto Women's Bookstore, 85 Harbord St., 922-8744; and at Glad Day Books, 648A Yonge St. The concert will be interpreted for the hearing impaired on Friday, April 24. Childcare will be available both nights, and the hall is fully wheelchair accessible.

Heather Bishop has toured extensively across Canada, establishing a reputation as a powerful performer with the ability to move easily between a variety of musical styles — from blues standards to contemporary songs. *Celebration*, Heather's impressive second album, has just been released.

Lauri Conger is one of Canada's most exciting new keyboard players. Heather and Lauri, both strong, spirited performers in their own right, have combined talents for the first time on this tour. Toronto is one of eighteen Canadian cities where Heather Bishop will be in concert with Lauri Conger on this spring tour.



The concert is being sponsored by Womynly Way Productions.

Books to Note

These books are for sale at the Toronto Women's Bookstore, 85 Harbord St., and on loan from the YWCA Women's Resource Centre, 15 Birch Ave., Toronto.

Atkinson, Dorothy, ed.; *Women in Russia*; Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif., 1977.

Writings on the position of women in Russian society from historical, social and political perspectives.

Bell, Ruth et al.; *Changing bodies, changing lives; a book for teens on sex and relationships*; Random House, NY, 1980.

New from the people who produced *Our Bodies, Ourselves* and *Ourselves and Our Children*.

Ettorre, E.M.; *Lesbians, women and society*; Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1980.

An analysis of lesbianism as a social movement with political ambitions that challenges the structure of power in society.

Gordon, Mary; *The company of women*; Random House, NY, 1980.

New novel by the author of *Final Payments*.

Henderson, James D.; *Ten notable women of Latin America*; Nelson-Hall, Chicago, Ill., 1978.

An account of ten women who are drawn from varied classes and races and five centuries of Latin American history.

Hollander, Nicole; *Ma, can I be a feminist and still like men?* St. Martin's Press, NY, 1980.

Feminist cartoons that are hilarious and very perceptive.

Luxton, Meg; *More than a labour of love; three generations of women's work in the home*; The Women's Press, Toronto, 1980.

A detailed account of what life is like as a housewife, within the context of capitalistic society.

□ Elaine Berns, Co-ordinator
YWCA Women's Resource Centre

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Nicole Brossard: Amantes and La Mer

by Barbara Godard

As the days lengthen and the grass greens, memories stir of rites of spring. A major one for Toronto women is the May international poetry reading sponsored by the Toronto Women's Bookstore, and the Women's Writing Collective. When Québec poet, novelist, playwright, and editor Nicole Brossard joins Adrienne Rich, her American counterpart, for a reading, Toronto will be privileged to overhear another exchange in an ongoing Montreal-New York dialogue.

The conversation began in the mid-seventies with the film *Some American Feminists*. With Luce Guilbault, her co-director, Brossard visited New York, interviewing such well-known figures in the feminist resurgence of the sixties as Ti-Grace Atkinson, Betty Friedan, and Kate Millett. Interviews with these and other women are informal, giving insight into their personal lives under the impact of feminism as well as providing factual information on issues and events. More recently, in her book of poetry *Amantes* (1980), Brossard has written a "mémoire of love" to an American woman and a celebration of New York's Barbizon Hotel, where their passionate encounter occurred. This poem in its symbolism reaches out towards Mary Daly, articulating the spiral, spinning a web in a common imaginative realm with American sisters.

If Brossard and Rich are well known to each other and their poetry likely to establish an intimate conversational interchange, the audience is apt to be less familiar with Brossard's writing. Though she is known internationally (she has just returned from a European reading tour through France, Belgium, and Italy) and this is by no means her first reading in Toronto (habituees of the Women's Poetry Salon will remember her appearance there in August several years ago), Brossard's work currently available in English is scattered among periodicals and anthologies (some of it published by Coach House Press of Toronto in its Coach House Québec Translations series). Most of it predates her involvement with feminism in the mid-seventies.

This political engagement introduced new dimensions to her writing. Always elliptic and demanding, her recent work reveals greater concreteness and lyricism stemming from the "excitement of writing the emotion of the body in the text," a process that "involves a game of moving, of being moved and straining toward all openings of the senses" (*Strategies of Reality*, 1979). "Meaning becomes apparent," "the senses are in evidence," one might roughly

paraphrase the title of her most recent fiction, *Un sens apparent* (1980). The procedure is one of "simulation" (*Strategies of Reality*):

here stop the effects of simulation for I want plausible intervention, emotion, questioning. Facing prose like history, able to bring forth the number and secretions of the body, of the structure, an entire rhythm in the passage from spoken words to echo: the music of scents at a time when the woman close to me arouses in me the text, another form of resistance and capitulation. thus at the very moment when the transformation (writing) is being attained the ritual is always there like a simulation each time more precisely of its reality

This articulation of a new language of the body is the culmination of a course charted over some fifteen years and fourteen books, as well as in texts and manifestos from the pages of *La barre du jour* and *Les têtes de pioche*, Québec periodicals of which Brossard was a founding editor. Since her association with the former in 1965, Brossard has been a leading force in the Québec avant-garde. Her writing has consistently reflected its experimentalism. To disrupt our sense of a well-made world, *La Barre du jour* writers disturb our expectations of mimesis through an excess of form, underlining the artificiality of literature. Aware of the crisis of language for a people whose civil space is threatened, they illustrate Mallarmé's statement that "to speak has no relation to the reality of things." They turn their backs on the development of joul as a literary language, which with the lyrical nationalism of the poetry of the land dominated the Québec literary scene in the sixties. Language becomes a subject: writing turns back on itself, writing "zero degree." Brossard's is a poetry of process that comes from what she calls "le centre blanc," the centre of consciousness. This title was given to her collected poetry (1978), underlining Brossard's preoccupation with perception and her key images: the eye, I, the circle, blanks, white.

It documents a shift from "the written to the audio-visual, from mechanics to technology, from electronics to cybernetics" and a parallel movement "from the blood stream, vertical vertigo (desire, red, aggression, progress) to the neurological system (ecstasy, white, consciousness, condition)" ("E muet mutant," *Ellipse* 23). Evident in this quotation is the way in which

Brossard's work subverts conventional notions of genre. Best called "texts," these are highly theoretical, reducing emotional core or narrative frame to a minimum. Dismissing rambling logic and linear prose, they are epistemological.

While these traits are evident in all Brossard's work, they constitute the "theme" of *un livre* (1970, translated as *a book* 1976), her first "fiction." "Characters" are named in the text and accorded minimal attributes: O.R. is female, her companion Dominique, male, while Dominique C. is female. Their actions are brief, continually undercut by the author's reminders that characters are mere word-beings. Words can act only on the surface, yet they function to give form to hidden difference. Consequently they are sparingly used, framed by large areas of white space for the reader's active participation. The only reality is the act of reading: "sorting out the dark mass of words, reading as though you were writing another's words as you move through your vision." Fiction becomes the free creation of one's own images. Meaning emerges from this present moment of textual creation in the active sabotage of expected clichés.



The graphic dimensions of the text are extended in *Sold-out: étreinte/illustration* (1973, translated as *Turn of a Pang*, 1976), where sections called "Chapters" are surrounded by black frames, the basic syntactic unit of the comic strip. As in that medium, we experience many elements simultaneously, both reading and seeing. The power of the words is further subverted through other visual signs, pictures on which the text is superimposed, pictures that link 1940 wartime Montréal with Montréal during the civil disorder of 1970. In both, words of freedom and dignity are used to impose order. Language has ceased to function, becoming mere slogans uttered between chapped lips. By refusing linear discourse, Brossard hopes to affirm the transforming power of language; thus stopping the procedure of recuperation and manipulation on which the dominant and male society has embarked.

The 1970 October crisis was important in the radicalization of Québec feminists, in making them aware of the centralizing powers that attempt to deny difference. In a society in which the official statements are those of the holders of power, men, sexual difference is especially threatened by that singular signifier, the phallus. Feminists aim to overthrow this dominant, phallogocentric society, a project that involves asserting the concept of difference as opposed to that of identity. This may take the form of asserting the right to speak an already existing language whose use has been forbidden or restricted; or it may take the form of linguistic subversion (such as the extensive use of puns), or the desire to create a parallel opposing language (in the invention of new words), of a repossession of the Word (a woman's body and bodily functions expressed by women). The female orgasm is different, multiple, diffuse, digressive, circular, and could constitute the basis of a new symbolism. But in contemporary western society it is experienced as an object. It must be assumed as subject if one is to write, if one is to enter into history. The most radical of feminists believe with Brossard that this can occur only in a separate, Amazonian world.

Brossard's feminist writing centres on the development of this theory as it proceeds to overthrow the phallic order. Grammatical rules are subverted. In French, where masculine includes feminine when both are referred to, feminizing the language may mean replacing "ils" with "elles" or inventing new words such as "amantes" for

lesbian lovers instead of using the conventional "amants." It also means sounding out the silent "e," an indication of the feminine in many adjectives, as Brossard does in the poem "Masculin grammaticale" in her book that won the Governor-General's Award in 1975. In *L'Amèr* (1977), the name of "la mère" is transformed, dropping the silent "e" of subordination, associating itself with the primordial strength of the sea and language. From the rich word play around the five letters emerge new associations (la mère, la mer, l'amère, l'amour, la mort, larme, la matière, l'imaginaire — mother, sea, bitterness, love, death, matter, imagination) evoking new dimensions for women's experience and providing the scaffolding for this work of fiction.

In repossessing the Word, theoretical and political activities go hand in hand. Brossard's active involvement has led her to join the collective of *Les Têtes de Pioche* (pickaxe heads), a monthly feminist newspaper founded in Montréal in 1976, to the transformation of *La barre du jour* into a forum for feminist theory, and to the position of editor of the series "Réelles" (published by Les Editions Quinze, about women/real). Her stimulation of women's writing has resulted in an unprecedented flow of creative activity in Québec as women seek to express their experience to repossess it. The excitement of this effort was revealed in the Montréal Festival of Women's Creativity in June 1980, which demonstrated both the quality and quantity of current writing by women in Québec.

Transgressing the established order, writing about her experiences as a woman, Brossard first names the details of her life. She must first speak out from the gaps and blanks in discourse to which she has been assigned, from her woman's hole, the centre of desire, of consciousness. "The Writer," her contribution to the collective theatrical production *La nef des sorcières* ("a ship of witches," translated as *A Clash of Symbols*, 1979), articulates this process of naming.

Bitterness, anger, want, fatigue, love, desire, paper, word, orgasm, cunt, baby, nocturnal polluters, anguish. That's what this is all about. And I'm hot. I'm in heat.

I'm running off at the mouth in my posture as a poet, femme fatale, fallen angel, harlot, society lady, char lady, menopausal lady, calendar, diaphragm.

I'm running off at the mouth over the rumour that makes me a sideshow, a good time. An animal out of the ordinary and well worth the ride.

I'm closing shop.

Merry-go-round. Round and round in my hole as a woman.

I'm learning, I'm learning. I'm speaking.

In "simulation," she has begun to write, the ink flowing like the secretions from this woman's hole.

Brossard's most positive assertion of the new language, of female desire and power, is her fiction *L'Amèr*, a deconstruction of maternity myths. Under the sign of the statue known as the Venus of Willendorf, this fiction proclaims the death of the biological mother. The statue is mute, its featureless face contrasting with its full breasts, ample womb, and the protruding lips of her sex. But no longer will female experience be defined in terms of this mythical figure, which is no more than a sex object and fertility symbol. Women are freeing themselves from the eye that stops at their external appearance. Women have minds, they have lips, they can speak. Producing, not reproducing. "I have killed the womb and I am writing it." Gone is the silence that lies between patriarchal mothers. Sexual pleasure articulates a new syntax. "Then will be evoked the skill of the amazons breaking their arrows on the white page." Challenging the dominant system of representing women, this fiction actively explores the means by which women are writing themselves out of their millennial silence into history. As subjects.

Recital

Friday, April 3rd, 8:30 pm

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lesbian images in photography 1850-1980



A SLIDE PRESENTATION

BY JEB

MAY 9 - 8 PM

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and the Women's Counselling Referral & Education Centre.

Circling around itself, each of Brossard's works adds a new twist to the spiral of this demanding intellectual and spiritual adventure. Her challenge to grammatical and symbolic systems, in opening up the hidden spaces below the surface of language, has created new imaginative possibilities for women. A spinner, a powerful speller, Nicole Brossard.

Barbard Godard teaches Canadian and Québec literature at York University and is one of the translators for the Coach House Québec Translations series.

The following list of Nicole Brossard's published work is provided for the benefit of readers unfamiliar with her writing.

Aube à la saison, poems, 1965
Mordre en sa chair, poems, 1966
L'Echo bouge beau, poems, 1968
Suite logique, poems, 1970
Le Centre blanc, poems, 1970
Un Livre, novel, 1970 (translated as *A Book*, 1976)
Sold-out. Etreinte/illustration, novel, 1973 (translated as *Turn of a Pang*, 1976)
Mécanique jongleuse and *Masculin grammaticale*, poems, 1974 (translated as *Daydream Mechanics*, 1980)
French Kiss. Etreinte/exploration, novel, 1974
La Partie pour le tout, poems, 1975
L'écrivain in *La Nef des sorcières*, theatre, 1976 (translated as *A Clash of Symbols*, 1979)
L'Amèr, novel, 1977
Le Centre blanc, poèmes, 1965-1975, 1978 editor, *Les Stratégies du réel/the story so far 6*, 1979
Le Sens apparent, novel, 1980
Amantes, poems, 1980

Selections of Brossard's writing can also be found in such journals as the 1978 special issue of *Room of One's Own* on feminist writing in Québec, *Ellipse* (No.23, 1980), *Exile* (IV, 1), *Fireweed* (5/6, 1980), and *Les Têtes de Pioche*.



"The work that I want to do in my maturity could not be done without the existence of the growing women's culture, or without the support of a women's movement. We need courage, and we draw on each other for courage, but we have to remember that there have been women who did not have the kind of networks, the kind of culture, the kind of politics surrounding them, that we have. And this in itself is an immense step forward, and it's something we have to protect, we have to further, we have to defend, in order for all of us to do the kind of work we want to do, and that the world needs us to do." -Adrienne Rich, University of Pittsburgh, October 15th, 1976.

RICH/BROSSARD

On May 1, at OISE in Toronto, Adrienne Rich and Nicole Brossard will appear to read and discuss their works, in the 'Writers in Dialogue' series. And look for interviews with both Rich and Brossard in future issues of *Broadside*.

Lesbian Photography: Neck and Neck

Women working in their kitchens; a softball pitcher releasing a sizzling pitch; a woman stepping into a bathtub: everyday photographs of lesbian women.

"A photographer's work is to see things," writes JEB in *Eye to Eye: Portraits of Lesbians*. "We are professional seers. Usually we see what we look for and so our seeing is actually selecting." In *Eye to Eye*, JEB's selection of images reveals an emphasis on how we experience the world as women and lesbians. Her photographs remind us of the intense moments of our lives and let us understand these moments in a new way.

Photographs are powerful records of human experience, and for women this is especially true of photographs of women taken by women. JEB is one of a long line of lesbian photographers. Recently, she has prepared a remarkable slide show entitled *Lesbian Images in Photography, 1850-1980*. Her 2½-hour presentation, which will open in Toronto on May 9 at Bathurst Street United Church, focuses in part on the work of early women photographers, and in part on how lesbian photographers see themselves and other women.

The photographers include Lady Hawarden (1822-65) of the Royal Photographic Society in London; Emma Jane Gay (1830-1919), an American suffragette and architect who accompanied Indian rights activist Alice Fletcher on a trip whose purpose was, among other things, to photograph the Nez Percé tribe in Idaho; Alice Austin (1866-1952), whose photographs "include many playful lesbian images," according to Judith Schwarz in her introduction to the book; and Bernice Abbott (born 1898), who photographed dozens of lesbians and homosexual men. The presentation also features contemporary photographers.

Bernice Abbott once wrote: "I agree that all good photographs are good documents, but a good photographer does not merely document" but rather "probes the subject" and "explores and discovers the world she lives in." What does the work of early British and American women photo-

graphers tell us about their lesbian peers? And what do their pictures say about the photographers themselves?

Describing her slide show, JEB asks: "How have lesbians been represented by photographers who are not woman-identified?" and "Is there a lesbian sensibility in art?" The latter question is rhetorical; the very fact that she has assembled this collection of slides and entitled it *Lesbian Images in Photography* implies that JEB assumes the existence of a "lesbian sensibility." Is that assumption valid? If a lesbian sensibility exists in the 1980s, is it fair to project it backwards in time onto women some of whom, for all we know, weren't lesbians?

JEB will narrate the slide presentation and discuss these and other themes. While many of the photographs are of historical interest, some are comic and others erotic. I find the idea of lesbian erotica fascinating and I'm anxious to see in what sense JEB's selection of erotica reflects a lesbian sensibility in art.

As an example, consider three hypothetical photographs. The subjects, two lesbians making love, are the same in both. One was shot by a man, another by a heterosexual woman, and a third by a lesbian. Would it make a difference if the woman was straight or lesbian? What about the man's photograph. Might we want to label it pornographic? And would that element necessarily be missing in the photograph shot by a lesbian? Or a lesbian feminist? Can (or should) these questions be answered without knowing who stood behind the camera?

JEB's talk and photography workshop will explore the nature of a lesbian perspective in photography. Lesbian 'culture' is an elusive concept: any attempt to document it is also an attempt to define it. *Lesbian Images in Photography 1850-1980* has been well received in lesbian communities across the United States. The slide presentation is thought-provoking at the very least, and is important viewing for lesbians interested in discovering their past, and understanding their present.

Open Letter to Adrienne Rich

Dear Adrienne Rich,

I have been writing to you for years, in my head, at crucial moments in my life, or having imaginary conversations. Often, as I ran up and down the stairs performing some household chore, I'd be discussing feminist philosophy or politics with you. And in so many ways, knowing that you existed, were struggling and writing, kept me going. But most of all your vision, your thinking and your feminist analysis challenged and stimulated my thinking.

I came across your poetry first: "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-law" was a marvelous book. In those early days of the 60s, I understood nothing, all seemed confusion, and I was sure I was crazy for not enjoying my role as wife and mother.

And then, just in time, in 1969, a wave of feminism took hold in Toronto and I was able to discuss your poetry, your essays and your ideas with other women — a heady experience. You have always been there when I needed you. I read you in *Aphra*, *Moving Out*, *College English*, *Ms*, *Amazon Quarterly*, *Sinister Wisdom*, *Chrysalis* and *Heresies*. When I first began teaching Women's Studies in a community college in 1972 you were there with: "When we dead awaken, writing as re-vision?" which spoke about the woman writer and yourself as a woman writer.

When I began graduate school in English in 1973 you were in *Ms* with "Jane Eyre: the temptations of a motherless woman." *Jane Eyre* had always felt like the most passionate of feminist novels to me, but I had never understood why.

Everything came together for me in your book *Of Woman Born: motherhood as experience and institution*: your vision, your understanding, your experience, your beautiful way of expressing yourself, your politics, your philosophy, your life ... and mine. It changed the way I thought about my mother, my role as a mother and my children.

It is with "Women and Honour: Some notes on lying" (1975) that I find myself arguing most. I agree with many of your points but my hackles go up when you say, "There are phrases which help us not to admit we are lying: 'my privacy,' 'nobody's business but my own'." I have fought so long and so hard for my privacy: I was first my father's daughter in his


• continued page 18

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•IMAGES, from page 12

I'm involved with the Atlantic Film Makers' Co-op in Halifax. We have about 35 members, an equipment pool of 16mm film production equipment, we teach workshops to school groups and community groups about film making and about media in general, and we have our own distribution programme to distribute the thirty films or so that have been made by co-op members. We're surviving quite happily in Halifax, solving problems as they come up, and generally muddling along making films.

—Lulu Keating, Halifax

I'm coordinating LIFT, a group of independent film makers in Toronto. We were established about a year ago — we don't have production facilities, but we're setting up a resource centre, job files, information boards, director's seminars, and we are also surviving quite well, in spite of the industrial film complex we find ourselves immersed in, which is trying to suffocate us. But we shall carry on.

—Janis Lundman, Toronto

I'm the representative of the Independent Film Alliance du Cinéma Indépendant, a national coalition of co-ops. I'm also president of a film co-operative in Vancouver called Cineworks which has a

package of films put together by the Canadian Film Makers' Distribution Centre and presented here at Canadian Images.

My films? I do work on family violence, wife-battering, tapes and films that suggest there's got to be a lot of change in the social and political structure of this country. Right now I'm making a film on native women. It deals with the discrimination in the law right now, particularly Statute 12-1b of the Indian Act, which states that if a native woman marries someone not a status Indian, even a non-status Indian, she loses her status and all her rights as an Indian. Any woman who marries a status Indian gains status rights...It is practically impossible to get your work shown on the CBC because they don't have any format that suits it. They have one programme run in the summertime which is made up of films they have bought as filler material during the year. Their criteria too means that there's no sex or politics, no comment or substance in the films they buy.

Who will see my film? We'll show it to the bands, and I'm hoping to sell it to the CBC. (Laughter)

—Peg Campbell, Vancouver

This is a biased film column, with definite political prejudices.



Holly Near, in performance at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, March 20, 1981.

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•AAAS, from page 5

that there is no choice. Insofar as the question of the compatibility of women and science makes sense at all, it must be taken as a question about subjective consciousness — though essentially that of men.

WOMEN ARE NATURE

One of the predominant historic representations which that consciousness has made of women has been as identical with Nature. Obviously, everything which exists is connected with nature, but men (especially in post-Renaissance western society) have made an exception of themselves. They have distinguished themselves as subject — the not quite all-seeing eye of consciousness — which observes and thereby detaches itself from its object. Even the self itself may become the object of subjective scrutiny, as self, divided from self, is transcendent over its object. This subject-object distinction is declared to be the essential condition of scientific knowledge. Since the pre-eminent object of scientific study is Nature, men as scientists necessarily distinguish themselves as transcendent over Nature.

The identification of women with Nature appears to stem in part from their reproductive role, but also to a considerable extent simply from the fact that men view women as differing from themselves (the human norm) and therefore as requiring scrutiny. Therefore, women may be objects of scientific study, but only under unusual conditions can they be the knowing scientists.

Few concepts are more ambiguous and more subject to contradictory definition and conflicting appraisal than Nature. It is noteworthy that, as applied to women, the term "nature" never has the normatively positive connotations associated with it by Plato or Aristotle. For Plato the nature of a thing was the ideal and eternal essence which is its model, and for Aristotle it was the mature and perfect state to which an object aspires developmentally. Generally the sense of "nature" which is assimilated to women is a primitive, disorderly state of affairs which must be overcome (by reason) and "civilized." Its spontaneity and irrationality are somewhat fearsome and so its control and subordination is regarded not only as an epistemological accomplishment, but as a spiritual mission and ethical imperative. That is why scientists are applauded as rather heroic.

SCIENTIFIC STATUS OF WOMEN

There is considerable investment in the denial of the status of scientist to women. It will take more than cosmetic rehabilitation or remedial courses in mechanical and quantitative skills to convince men or women that women and science are not mutually ill-adapted. This is because the problem really is not reducible to lack of competence.

If enriching the educational environment of women will not solve the problem, neither is it sufficient to make minor modifications in the nature and practise of science. Some adaptations in the direction

Moving?

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of more self-referential consciousness and holistic integration have already been introduced. There is a growing concern in nearly every branch of science about the impact made by the interventionist observer; and everywhere there is increasing sensitivity to the complex and multilayered interactions between systems and parts of systems. But all this is only to say that the world is thicker than it was once thought to be and its relations more profuse. Such contextualization is gratifying, but still far from the rich intricacy of women's experience.

It is in the dimension of relational thinking that I believe women have most to offer science. Partly as a consequence of the status of immanence (as opposed to transcendence) which has been imposed upon them, and partly through their own internalization of that status, women have learned to live more contextually than men. Indeed they are more situationally defined than men, deriving their identity from their environment rather than by distinguishing themselves from it. Women are taught to regard themselves relationally from their earliest childhood. The great drama of ego-separation from the undifferentiated, maternal background, as described in psychological literature is largely a male struggle. Little girls are not required to repudiate their parents with the same intensity that little boys are. Women's self-characterization, unlike that of men, often is couched in terms of relationships with significant others — fathers, husbands, children.

WOMEN FORM SOCIETY'S BONDS

Furthermore, the social roles for which women are customarily prepared are relational and frequently instrumental. Women are given in marriage to create bonds of peace, to guarantee political accords and unite family fortunes. They create heirs for the orderly succession of property. They assure (without partaking of) family name and lineage. They are commonly treated as a national (and natural) resource whose issue belongs to and composes the society of tomorrow. Women, thus, are not taken to be autonomous persons, but rather derive their identity from their relatedness with others.

In many ways, as dictated by law, custom, legend, and training, women's lives are ligational. They bind together individuals, generations, social groups and cultures. This pervasive and ultimate cast of women's being — inescapable, no matter how rebellious or unconventional a given woman might be — strikes me as far more shaping and determinant of women's experience and character than their much-touted and dubious condition of passivity and dependency.

Since everyone is sometimes passive and all men are for some time dependent upon women, it does not seem likely that these could be gender-differentiating conditions of moral and cognitive experience. But the relational identity and self-concept which I have described would have the significant effect of undermining that priority of transcendence which has been characterized as central to science.

The insistence that "objective" research be detached, disinterested, impartial and egoless is directed to a subject which might equally be described as transcending the object which it confronts. The language of dominance and mastery is not uncommon in this context. It is in making the separation of self from other than the subject triumphs over the other, defining it as object, and triumphing over it.

It is just this demarcating transcendence which is held to be absent in women, rendering them unfit for science, if not for any form of objective undertaking or judgment.

In describing women's self-experience and experience as relational, I am obviously using borrowed language, which may be misleading. I do not mean to imply that men are not aware of relationships or lack consciousness of their own relatedness. They have, however, throughout the tradition of western thought, preferred to focus attention upon the termini which are related rather than upon the relationships themselves. Relationships are understood as a sometimes necessary if regrettable means of transition from one pole to another; but it is the stages, the plateaus, the levels which are of primary interest. Subjectivity remains pre-eminent.

Women are more attuned to the fluidity of life, which changes, fuses, stores, multiplies and transforms things and is in turn

altered by them. From that perspective, selfhood is a term of art, a heuristic device useful for the hierarchical ordering of experience from a putative center. But it has neither metaphysical primacy nor any particular claim to moral supremacy.

SCIENTIFIC DETACHMENT IS PATHOLOGICAL

On the contrary, if the contextual relatedness which I am ascribing to women as normal were in fact to become universal, then the ego-detachment now seen as necessary for the very possibility of science and morality would be regarded as pathological. Such disorders as ego-obstructionism, intrusiveness of ego and alienation would assume a new character: they would be deviations from an ideal of integration. Ego-involvement would be a symptom of immaturity or incomplete organic development. Those who aspired to understand the world more fully would be admonished to become more fully integrated with it; not to separate themselves and stand apart from it.

So why are women perceived as not doing science at all? My answer is that men mistakenly and dogmatically regard their own experience of self and of nature as constituting a human norm. Perceiving any deviation from that norm as humanly defective, they fail to acknowledge that women's experience, largely as a consequence of the role that has been assigned to them by men, places women in a framework relative to self and nature that differs from men's own framework.

One might expect that, given the pretensions of men to a universal and genderless science, they would welcome an articulation of women's experience and the elaboration of alternative cognitive frameworks. If science were truly concerned with the fullest possible appreciation of the world and thoughtful interaction with it, then the elimination of parochial fixations and short-term expediencies should be applauded. And the expansion of science to embrace women's experience should be an obvious enhancement. The fact that it is viewed with such mistrust and derision suggests that the motivation for its exclusion is largely self-serving and political.

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MOVEMENT MATTERS

•MOVEMENT MATTERS, continued from page 9

Ripple effect

In the late '70s women from the Riverdale area of Toronto working in the youth department at Woodgreen Community Centre noticed a puzzling pattern: adolescent women participating in their programs were dropping out at an unusual rate. Research on this phenomenon elicited some startling information — the primary cause of the adolescent dropout rate was pregnancy.

Statistically, teenagers form the majority of unmarried women who become pregnant. It is estimated by Planned Parenthood that 1,050 teenagers become pregnant every week in Canada. The increase in adolescent sexual activity and the fact that eight out of ten teenagers don't use birth control are factors contributing to teenage pregnancy. Half of all sexually active teenage women become pregnant within six months of initiating sexual activities. It appears that close to 80% of all teenagers who carry their babies to term will try to raise them themselves.

In August 1979, the women from Riverdale called a small group of interested people together to discuss teenage women, pregnancy, existing support systems available to them and gaps in service. This small group became acutely aware of the lack of services for teen mothers and babies. They saw the major problems of adolescent mothers as isolation, low income, interruption of education and lack of child care services. The importance of this issue and the determination of this group to act on their concerns has had a 'ripple effect.' It generated more and more interest from the community, the group grew and grew and

as a result the members began to define themselves and their goals in concrete terms.

Through research and skill sharing, the Teenage Pregnancy Task Force evolved. This Task Force developed a major proposal to be used for fund-raising and as a formulation of how best to meet the needs they had identified. Their proposal is directed at establishing a centre for teenagers. This centre will in fact comprise a three-component unit: The first of these will be a residence for teenage mothers under 16 and their babies providing a safe, healthy environment for both mother and baby as well as training for the mother towards self-sufficiency; the second will be an Infant Care Unit for mothers in day programs providing protection for infants, infant care and infant care training; the third will be a Community Resource Unit to serve 50 teenage mothers in direct service programs.

This centre will be both unique and innovative, providing shelter, 24-hour child care, babysitting services, education, counselling support and medical care to teenage women and infants. Its objective is to address the physical, social, psychological and intellectual needs of the teenagers and their infants.

The Teenage Pregnancy Task Force is now supported by a broad community, inter-agency base, including Nellie's, Children's Aid, the Birth Control and VD Centre, the Department of Public Health, Delcrest and Humewood (maternity homes), and YWCA. Over \$400,000 seed money is required, but members have already met with Keith Norton, Minister of Community and Social Services, and Dennis Timbrell, Minister of Health, and so far they have a promise of \$100,000 earmarked for 1982.

In Metropolitan Toronto there are a number of different services available for teenagers but none can meet the needs of the teenage mother under one roof, or provide the diversity of services and support this centre could.

If you are interested in getting involved or wish more information contact Selma Savage — 466-1118, or Joyce Brown — 461-1084.

□Judy Stanleigh

Why Movement Matters

'Movement Matters' is a section of *Broadside* to act as an informational forum for the women's community: new and on-going services, programs and activities for women. Since *Broadside* is distributed throughout Canada, we would like this page to reflect the many communities it now reaches, and more. We encourage readers to send us information and/or photos or projects, programs and services in your local community, c/o Judy Stanleigh at *Broadside*, PO Box 494, Stn. P, Toronto M5S 2T1.

trades and industry

On the weekend of April 24-26, 1981, there will be a conference on "Women in Trades and Industry" in Hamilton, Ontario.

In the last several years, a growing number of women have entered, or tried to enter, a variety of skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled "blue collar" occupations, occupations where traditionally only males have been trained and employed.

In other industries, ranging from textiles to telephones, which employ large numbers of women in lower-paying jobs, women workers are increasingly conscious and vocal about their special problems on the job, in the union, and in the economy and society as a whole.

One of the expressions of all this was the first National Conference of Women in Trades, held in Winnipeg in September, 1980. Following this conference, a caucus of Ontario women decided to form the Ontario Women in Trades and Industry Conference Committee.

The purpose of the April conference is to draw together women from across the province; working women in trades and industry, women who are pursuing vocational training for such jobs, and women who have been denied access to such jobs and training. We need to develop an action per-

spective for long overdue change and to establish an effective network of communication. We believe that such an exchange of information and ideas can help lead to more action to provide equal conditions for women in the economy.

The tentative agenda includes speakers, panels and workshops on:

- past victories in getting women into non-traditional jobs
- affirmative action, establishing minimum hiring, training and promotion quotas for women, and access to better jobs
- sexual harassment on the job
- workplace health and safety
- daycare, and
- fighting for change.

Special emphasis will be devoted to the questions of affirmative action and how to organize women workers to fight for change. A social evening of dancing and entertainment is planned for Saturday evening at the Hamilton Labour Temple.

For information, please contact: Women in Trades and Industry Conference Committee, c/o 932 Bathurst St., Toronto M5R 3G5.

—Nancy Bayly
WITAI

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•RICH, from page 15

house with no space to call my own, then I was a wife and mother. Only recently, with my children almost grown, have I had the luxury of privacy: private space and private thoughts. Not to share all my private thoughts is not lying: it feels joyful. No one, in the name of truth, has a right to invade that privacy.

And I argued with each page of your recent article entitled "Compulsory heterosexuality and lesbian experience" (*Signs*: 1980: Vol. 5, no. 4, I wanted to say: "You can't have it both ways: lesbianism is innate and also as a form of resistance. By "compulsive heterosexuality", you really mean patriarchy. Lesbianism as an answer to patriarchy is absurd. As bad as the enforcement of heterosexual "couples" (or the "Noah's Ark syndrome" as I call it) is, the enforcement of lesbianism is just as bad. In itself lesbianism (or Jewishness) cannot be seen as a form of resistance."

Then on each subsequent page, you answered all my arguments so that by the time you began discussing *lesbian existence* and likened it to motherhood as a profoundly *female* experience, I could no longer disagree with you. *Lesbian continuum* is a concept and a reality many of us as feminists have felt in literature and in life without having the word to describe it.

I've been wanting to hear you read your poetry and speak for years so it is with great pleasure that I anticipate hearing you in Toronto.

Till then,

Sherrill Cheda

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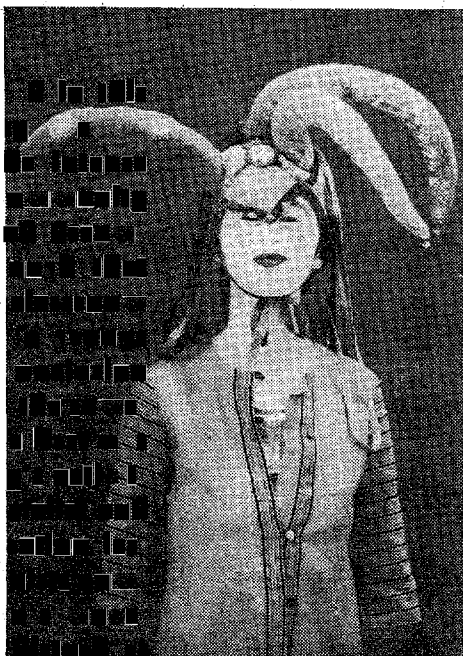
Fair's Fair

To many of us who participated in this year's International Women's Day celebration in Toronto on March 7, the intense conflict that beset the women's community three years ago seemed like a bad dream. But I remember shuddering through that nightmare in an art college classroom where, at a planning meeting, two groups of feminists thundered to the conclusion that our priorities simply were not the same.

Two issues split us asunder. The first was the involvement of men in the day's activities, involvement welcomed by socialist and moderate feminists and gay liberation lesbians but rejected by radical feminists committed to an autonomous women's movement. Critics, cynics and shit-disturbers have hammered away at this issue as the ultimate *numero uno* but equally important was the radical feminists' insistence that International Women's Day not look like May Day in moderate drag. A tiresome demonstration, with banners and slogans, and the ubiquitous CP/RWL/ Marxist-Leninist leaflets that would underscore the predictable (read: economy-oriented) demands, we thought did not constitute the strongest statement women could make.

Those of us in the radical feminist contingent believed that the celebration of women was in itself an act of defiance, that we were not the women's auxiliary of the left and that if we were to make change we had best think of creative, even outrageous ways of making our presence felt. International Women's Day seemed to be the perfect time for that kind of initiative.

Factionalism in progressive movements is always hard to bear. Factionalism among women is particularly painful. But in this instance it seemed to me that we had to face the tough facts of political life. Anyone who believed that there was de facto solidarity among women who called themselves feminists was either sadly myopic or given



Gay Bell

to sheer pretence, a pretence which had been cultivated assiduously by the leftists, who have a thing for makeshift coalitions. Either way, it has proved useful for feminists of both stripes to identify our bottom lines.

But it has been useful only because the members of the International Women's Day Committee (IWDC) never took their marbles and went home. To their everlasting credit, they hung in, for the most part with only casual support from radical feminists, who were convinced that the contradictions between socialism and feminism would get the better of the IWDC.

The first IWD action was just as we feared it would be — a socialist-style rally but with more female faces than usual. The next year the Committee made a point of highlighting lesbian demands. It was in part a conciliatory gesture but it was interpreted by wary feminists as a smart political move, a means for the left to rope in yet another well-organized political group. The presentation of the lesbian issues, alas, did not contribute much to the left's credibility. Referred to as a "touchy issue," by the chair, the lesbian cause was espoused by a woman with a paper bag over her head — not exactly how the lesbian movement has chosen to represent itself.

By the time the action of 1980 took place, my political differences with the IWD committee began to succumb to my astonishment at the stamina of the Committee's members. Having weathered stormy relations with a large segment of the women's community, having committed some tacky faux pas at the expense of the lesbian community, and having suffered the appropriate recriminations for their questionable judgement — all this after exhaustive organizing and planning — the IWDC women kept forging on. And they came to some vital realizations. They determined that maybe there could be a march *and* a celebration: in 1980 they organized a fair which essentially gave to the progressive community a crash course on the state of the women's movement — newspapers, services, the Credit Union, the Bookstore, Gay Bell in a clown suit. There we were in force — celebrating.

This year it was much the same, only bigger. To be sure, the myriad socialist organizations, including the NDP, were there for the free ride, the march was dreary and a high school is not the best venue for festivities of any kind. But one got a sense of growth and of commitment among a large number of women. Even the *Globe &*

Mail, hardly a house organ for feminism, gushed that the march seemed "endless."

The women's movement can't grow without give and take among feminists and flexibility is something the women on the IWDC have demonstrated. Clinging to their political priorities they have carried on, but never blindly and without thought for their political constituency. They made gaffes but they were never too closed to rule out the possibility of innovative action. The women's fair attests to that.

The women's movement is also not a one-shot deal and the IWDC women know this too. It takes time to build a movement. If this year's events were successful, it was because they were the product not of two weeks' planning but of three years of organization. The IWDC has developed a knack for maintaining a high profile, and sponsoring political workshops and seminars so that policy can be developed openly. The IWDC members have kept themselves sane at their weekly meetings by holding them over dinner, by winding up over a beer and by veering off into what "pure" socialists would call the trivial discussion of their emotional priorities. They have come to the sensible conclusion that trust does not depend on a good political line only. While some feminists predicted that the IWDC would never be able to reconcile a commitment to feminism with a commitment to socialism, the IWDC has stubbornly insisted on trying to work out a way to do it.

I still have my quarrel with the political priorities of the IWDC. There is room yet for an all-women's political action for the day's events. The insistence that women congregate together only at party-time is a trivialization of women's political potential. The dialogue will continue. Whatever the case, the contribution of the IWDC to the political life of Toronto has been enormously valuable.

□ Susan G. Cole



Photos by Deena Rasky

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