

Broadside

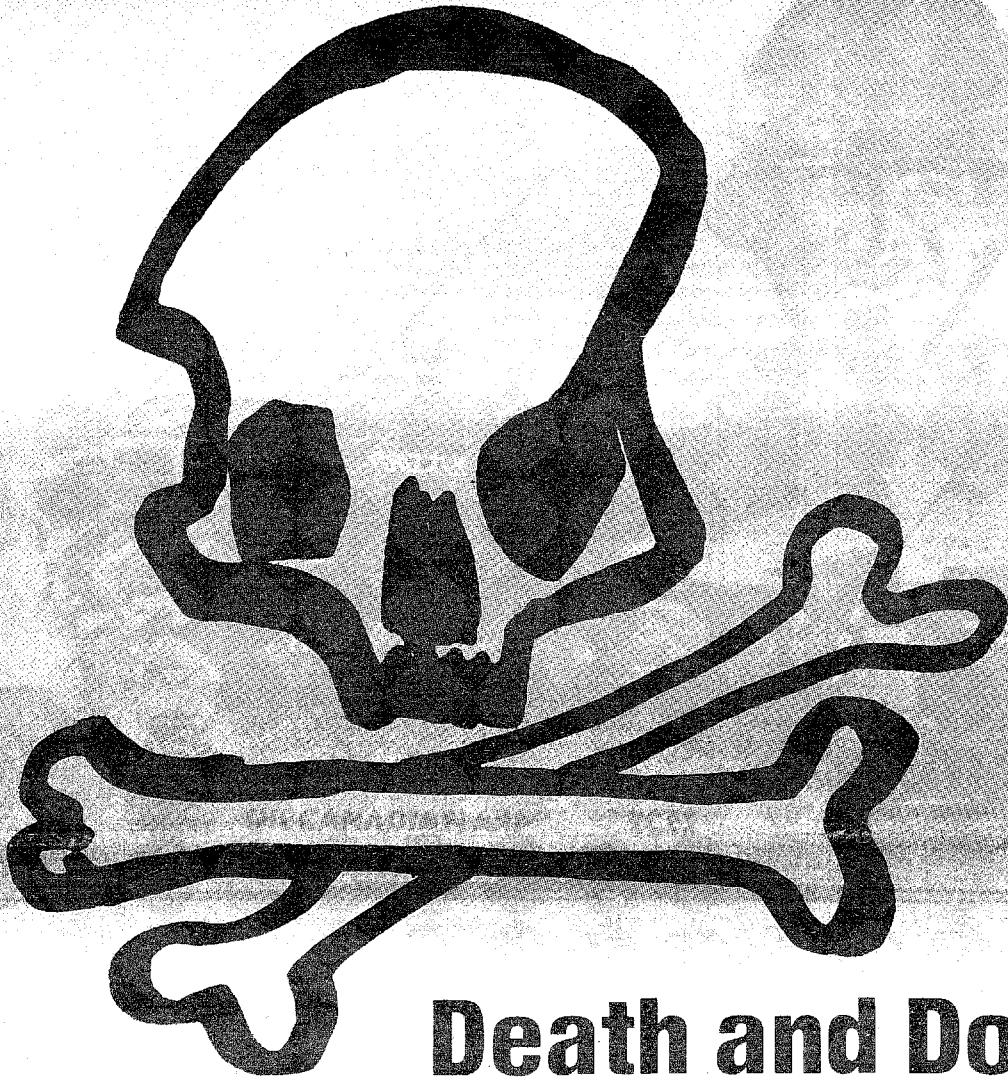
A FEMINIST REVIEW

Volume 3, number 1

October 1981

\$1

THERE'S NO LIFE



Death and Dollars: The Armaments Industry

SEE STORY PAGE 8

Beverley Allinson

INSIDE BROADSIDE

FEATURES

MILITARY MONEY MYTHS:

Is military spending good for the economy? Chris Lawrence debunks some myths, picks apart the logic of government justification for Canada's role in the armaments industry, clarifies our dependency on the US military-industrial complex, and asks where will it all end? Page 8.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE:

Dorothy Livesay visits the USSR, talks with women about living conditions, family life, pay, rape, vasectomies; finds that the differences between east and

west are not so great; and suggests that we concentrate on the common plight of women, not the ideological differences between countries. Page 4.

COMMENT

LETTER RIP:

Broadside readers respond to articles and to each other in the 'Letters' section: Linda Ackroyd on a *Globe and Mail* review of *Not a Love Story*; Lucie Pepin, president of the Advisory Council on the Status of Women, to Victoria's Status of Women Action Group; Gay Bell of *Pink Triangle Tears* to a July 1981 *Broadside* review; and more. Page 2.

ARTS

FEMINIST UNDERVIEW:

Barbara Halpern Martineau tells a tale of two films seen at Toronto's Festival of Festivals in September: *P4W: Prison for Women* by Holly Dale and Janis Cole, and the NFB's *Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography*, and draws a connection between the common isolation and imprisonment of women in both worlds. Page 12.

A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER FUN:

Housewives in Flin Flon, Manitoba tell it like it is; meanwhile feminists get on with the hard task of reconciling Marxist theory to the reality of housework. Mariana Valverde reviews two books: Meg Luxton's *More Than a Labour of Love* and Bonnie Fox's anthology *Hidden in the Household*, Page 14.



LETTERS

Broadside:

In case you'd like to know why I'm subscribing to *Broadside*, it was your June 1981 issue, specifically:

1) Finally, I've heard a woman (women) voice the truth about the Pope. Everyone seems to overlook the fact that his "kindness" is killing women, body/soul, all over this earth. Thank you for not being silenced.

2) I had tickets for Adrienne Rich and Nicole Brossard ('Writers in Dialogue' May, 1981) but missed the dialogue because I had to leave Toronto unexpectedly that week. I am glad you gave good coverage to their views.

3) I was one of the many who "dribbled" out of Cris Williamson's concert before the end. I was shocked by her sexist songs, lack of professionalism, and *unkindness* to the many women gathered who had found hope in her music. If Cris feels misunderstood I can sympathize. However, much trouble would have been saved if she had announced her views at the beginning of the concert. I, for one, would have politely asked for my money back and would have left quietly.

Thank you for allowing women the space to voice their feelings. For me, Cris Williamson's concert strengthened my own resolve as a feminist, and taught me a few more traps a strong woman should be careful to avoid.

Margaret Hecimovich
Toronto

Broadside:

Enclosed is a cheque for two gift subs. *Broadside* gets better and better! I particularly enjoyed the dialogue with Adrienne Rich (June, 1981). The question of women's issues as universal and how seriously we take our feminist politics is critical.

At our peril do we allow history to repeat itself by permitting the women's movement to be superseded or displaced or diluted by the "greater good," however defined by others. Women need to make feminism the priority — no one else will.

Helen Levine
School of Social Work, Carleton University
Ottawa

Broadside:

The following letter was sent to the *Globe & Mail* on September 15, but not published.

I saw the NFB movie *Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography* and hardly recognized it as the one Jay Scott reviewed last week (September 7, 1981) in the *Globe and Mail*. The film is a highly personal one, presenting mainly through interviews (with both women and men) the views of people involved in the pornographic magazine and film trades, and of those who have written and talked on the subject. Scott's review prepared me for an anti-male diatribe. What I got instead was people trying to figure out the effects of pornography on men and women and on their relationship with one another.

Some of the images used as examples in the film are sickening or frightening or both, but none of them are made up. They are the real thing, and you can find some of them in your local milk store (although you may, like me, have trained yourself not to look at them).

Your reviewer misrepresents the film to the point of absurdity. To cite just one example, we are invited to mock the squeamishness of the photographic model who is depressed after spending an afternoon merely "sitting on a table without wearing clothes". This euphemistic description makes the scene in question (where photographs for *Hustler* magazine were taken) sound like an art school class in life drawing. As a matter of fact, the model was wearing clothes the whole time (as the picture accompanying the review shows). Of

course, she was not wearing underwear and when the *Hustler* photos were taken, her skirt was raised above her waist. But more importantly, she was "sitting" spread-eagled, with the point of a four-foot sword at her genitals.

For questioning the role of this kind of material (and this is not the roughest, by far), the film is accused of a "whining naivete", "Puritan prejudice" and "bourgeois feminist fascism". It is only harmless "fantasy", which the film-makers are trying to "censor". In taking this view, Scott is typical of the so-called liberals who equate anti-female propaganda of the *Hustler* type with healthy openness about sexuality, and questioning of it with repression, lack of sophistication, and political conservatism. We are expected to support or at least ignore the humiliation of certain people (mostly women) because it allegedly provides an outlet or safety valve for the otherwise inexpressible desires of other people — including the desire to dominate (by violence if necessary) or be submitted to. Now just who is repressed here?

A final point. Scott scoffs at the "white middle-class women" who made the film. We know (from the U.S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography) that the consumers of pornography (a very lucrative business, by the way) are predominantly white middle-class men. So who has a better right, not to mention a greater responsibility, to react publicly to it than representatives of the very women who love and live with those men?

Linda Ackroyd
Toronto

Broadside

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EDITORIALS

Censored Across the Board

The Censor Board of Ontario should get its priorities straight. The National Film Board's movie entitled *Not a Love Story* sought to expose the pornography industry for what it is: an array of hate literature and propaganda that relentlessly campaigns for the ongoing putdown of women. The film-makers wanted to present the most compelling images, and did so using hard core footage and film shot on New York's infamous 42nd Street.

The Censor Board allowed only one special showing of the film and denied a request for a second showing, arguing that the film violated Ontario's censorship guidelines. And so it does. The violation in question is of a guideline saying that close-ups of genitalia and any footage of penetration cannot be viewed in a public theatre.

The Snuff movie, clipped only of its most

outrageous content, played Cinema 2000 in Toronto a few years ago, and still the entrepreneurs extracted their profits on the strength of advertisements that gleefully celebrated violence against women, only parts of which were censored from the movie. But *Not a Love Story*, without its crucial footage cannot make its point.

The events surrounding the NFB film, compared with the experience of the producers of Snuff show the bankruptcy of the Censor's values. The sight of genitalia *per se* is not the issue, but the way in which the image is used is. Is it being used to keep women down? Are women's genitalia being invaded by fire poker so that the viewer can get off? Is the image being used to lionize the power men have over women?

Or is the footage being used to tell us what is really going on in the fastest grow-

ing industry on the continent, to encourage women and men to cry out against the campaign and to express their rage at the debasement of women?

The Board of Censors doesn't seem to know the difference, and an important statement about pornography was seen by only a few hundred people. The decision is a typically liberal one: the application of a guideline across the board. At least no one can accuse the Censor of bias. We can accuse the Board of being hung up on its arbitrary guidelines while remaining heedless of the real malaise in our culture.

(Editor's note: *Broadside's* centrespread in the November issue will focus on the subject of pornography. Also, see Barbara Halpern Martineau's review of the Festival of Festivals in this issue.)

Post Haste

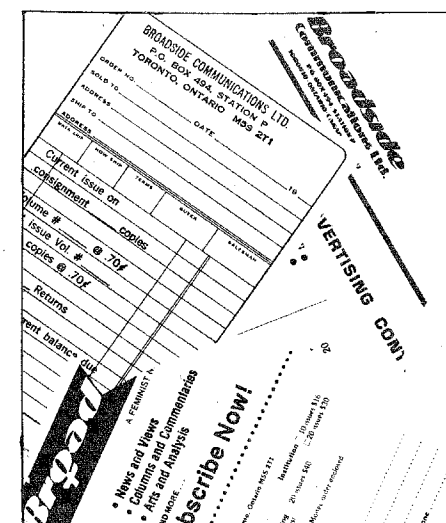
During the recent postal strike, *Broadside's* revenue was cut by more than 50 per cent. New subscriptions, renewals, store sales and advertising revenue were either lost or badly delayed. Altogether, our cash-flow sank to its lowest point ever: we had creditors baying at the door. Just as well that we planned not to publish in August; we could not have made it.

We are catching up with most of the advertising and store sales but subscriptions are another matter. It is unlikely that we will ever recoup the loss of new subs which would normally have come in during those weeks. As for renewals, we urge most strongly that everyone renew as soon as possible. Do not wait for reminders or for your subscription to run out. If the expiry date (look above your name on the label) is in 1981, please renew immediately — for two years if possible, at the Sustaining Rate if you can. It sure would help.

In the last issue (Vol. 2 number 10) our dauntless editor — and bookkeeper and bill-payer — Philinda Masters, spelled out some

of the facts of *Broadside's* financial life. (Did you earn your gold star?) *Broadside* operates at a deficit of approximately \$1,000 per month — even without a strike. This must be covered one way or another. We have been enormously fortunate that in the last two years a number of women have extended *Broadside* substantial financial support. That means at the end of 1981 we will probably be no worse off than we were at the end of 1980 — a triumph of sorts. It also means that donations and fundraising are continually required, in addition to the normal flow of subscriptions, advertising and sales revenue. Financially we have to run like hell to stay in place. This is unlikely to change, so we must learn to live with it. Any help you can offer *Broadside* is not only appreciated, it is necessary.

Meanwhile, this first issue of Volume 3 (our third year) will be kept small while we get ourselves back on an even keel financially. But next month you can expect bigger and better things: a feature on pornography and censorship, an interview with



a Polish feminist, a review of the politics of incest, a look at anti-homosexual hate literature, reviews of books by Michelle Cliffe and Margrit Eichler, and more.

Broadside:

Below is a copy of a letter we sent to the owner of Partners Restaurant in Toronto. This letter resulted from a complaint received from the women mentioned. These women were enraged by the treatment they received by both the management and the men in the restaurant and so decided to take further action.

Janet Rowe & Valerie Varah
Toronto Rape Crisis Centre

Mr. Greg Munn
Partners Restaurant
836 Danforth Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Mr. Munn

It has recently come to our attention that on the evening of August 12th, 1981 Sue Minns and Candice Chong were patrons in your restaurant. During the course of the evening they were continuously harassed by two men sitting adjacent to them. They were subjected to both verbal and physical abuse of a most reprehensible nature. When they complained to the management they received absolutely no response. Upon leaving they were told that they needn't come back if they were dissatisfied.

We believe that the treatment these women received in your establishment is intolerable. We as women, constantly experience this kind of harassment in our everyday lives. Your behaviour perpetuates the idea that men should have the right to abuse us with impunity. Your lack of action and responsibility has made it clear to us once again that we must take a strong stand to ensure that women have access to all public places without the fear or threat of violence.

We are sending copies of this letter to the below mentioned asking that they boycott your restaurant. In addition we will be handing out leaflets asking individuals not to patronize your establishment.

Should you wish to formulate a policy that ensures women will be free from future harassment in your restaurant, we would be willing to discuss the details of such a policy with you.

Yours truly,

Janet Rowe & Valerie Varah
for the TRCC collective

The following letter was sent to Shirley Avril of the Status of Women Action Group, Victoria, by federal Advisory Council President Lucie Pépin, in response to Avril's letter (*Broadside*, July 1981):

Dear Ms. Avril:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter of June 10.

Needless to say, I was very sorry to hear that you were disappointed with the Council's conference on women and the constitution. I was surprised too, because all of our information back on the conference, while containing suggestions, has been very positive. Our impression is that women managed to garner a great deal of information in the one day session — information that is absolutely necessary if we are to bring our concerns forcefully to the attention of governments.

I would like to comment on several of the points you made in your letter. On the con-

tent of the conference, I agree with you, of course, that the information was vital. The reason it made more impact in May than it would have last February is that we were able to concentrate on constitutional issues — family law, custody, social services and other areas of day-to-day concern to women — other than the Charter. The February conference, although very effective, was, as I am sure you will agree, almost completely on the proposed new Charter of Rights and Freedoms. We felt, and still feel, that the Council has worked very hard, at great expense and with a high degree of success on pressing for changes in the Charter and that we ought to move on to other aspects of constitutional reform. I believe that the May conference got us off to a good start. The Council has already taken action on some of the concerns expressed by the women at the conference. We will, for example, be presenting a brief — prepared by Mary Eberts, a lawyer in Toronto and Audrey Doerr of Simon Fraser University — to the Parliamentary Task Force on Federal-Provincial Fiscal Arrangements, early next week. We plan to have a paper prepared on how to proceed with a legal defence fund for women, (I imagine you have already heard from Mary Eberts on this), and we are now preparing a kit to cover all of the issues raised at the conference which will be extremely useful for women in lobbying federal and provincial government for change.

The format of the conference remained the same as that planned in the beginning. The conference was designed to be informational and in this regard we believe it worked very well. I agree with you, though, on the participation and, in retrospect, I would perhaps say that the agenda was too packed. We tried to do too much in one day. I would, again in retrospect, (much the best way to plan conferences) have had a lighter program. The conference was controlled only to the extent that the agenda was tight and not because of any lack of interest in discussion of the issues by the Council. Most of the Council members attended and there were also a large number of former Council members there. I know that most of the members and former members had discussions with the women present from their region. I am sorry that you did not talk to the members but in a crowd of over 750 people it is difficult to organize discussions between individual persons.

The conference was planned to provide information to women on constitutional reform and its effects on women and was not planned in any way as information on the Council itself. With regard to the representation of Canadian women by the CACSW, I can only say that while it is true that no one organization can represent all women in Canada (life would be simpler if that were so), I think that the Council is representative of a large segment of women. Having said this, I think it is well to remember that all of our groups and organizations together *do* represent all or most of the women in Canada. That is why it is very important that we work together. We need all of us. You very likely know the CACSW members in your area. Norrie Preston has been active in her community and on behalf of women for many years. Edith Nee, a business woman in Vancouver, is very active on the Council's Pension Committee and works closely with immigrant women, and Rhoda Witherly, a broadcaster in Prince

Rupert works on women and employment and is involved in all aspects of the women's movement. We believe these women to be hard-working and dedicated and to represent, during their term, the interests of women in that region.

It is always difficult to comment on the social part of conferences. We receive, in all of our public events, two different criticisms. Some women feel that we are not treated in the same way as a male group in Ottawa on similar business would be treated and some feel that our arrangements are too lavish. It is all good to know in planning future meetings.

I have sent a copy of your letter to all of our members, so no doubt you will be hearing from some of them as well.

Again, I regret that you did not find the conference valuable, but I would like to thank you for troubling to give us your views. We appreciate this.

Lucie Pépin
President
CACSW

Broadside:

I am writing in response to Ruth Dworin & Keltie Creed's critical overview of some plays in "Onstage '81: In Search of Feminist Content" in the July 1981 *Broadside*, particularly in reference to the *Pink Triangle Tears* paragraph.

I want to call these critics on what they write. Most of what Keltie and Ruth say may be true but it is the condescending and patronizing tone of the review — all in the name of feminism — to which I object. I am also angry at what the review did not say, what useful information that paragraph could have given to readers.

I do not believe that women critics have a feminist obligation to be supportive or nice to women artists: such an unquestioning attitude would not advance our art at all. However, we deprecate male critics for prioritizing the professionalism of the theatre piece, rather than the content and purpose of it. My objective as a feminist is not the same as that of either traditional or non-traditional patriarchal theatre: an analysis from this point of view would have brought out the valuable qualities in *Pink Triangle Tears*. In fact, Dworin and Creed succeeded in ignoring any of the useful points of the play by concentrating on what was wrong with it.

The reviewers said "the set was, for the most part, ugly and amateur-looking". Although aesthetics are partly personal and barely defensible, it seems to me that the success of a set can also be measured by whether it achieved its purpose or not. This set was designed to adapt a guerilla play that was done in a meeting hall to a proscenium stage where we had to perform in a black hole at one end of a block of immovable seats and where the lights could not illuminate us elsewhere than on the stage. The object of the stage design was to make a warm space where we were as little as possible alienated from the audience, to maintain the guerilla atmosphere as per the political intention of the play and, because the set couldn't be changed seven times during the performance, to have a design which looked like a cop's apartment, Gay's apart-

ment, Yonge St., 52 Division, Queen's Park, a restaurant and a TV. The design is abstract and fragmentary. In my eyes the set looked cohesive in the way a modern painting looks cohesive — colours and elements were balanced in the frame. As a proscenium stage is supposed to be like a picture frame for the play, so this design was intended to be a modern picture, rather than a traditional naturalistic picture.

"The major fault of the script was its attempt to cover a wide range of topics in a short piece: gay rights, nuclear power, police brutality, provincial politics, racism. Focus on one of these issues would have given the play more impact." (The reviewers forgot to mention feminism). The Ontario government is using us to divert attention from other repressive and dangerous measures which it is taking. The raids on the gay steam-baths is not just one issue. Indeed the other topics could've been more subtly woven into the script — but this is agitprop theatre, political theatre — not psychological internal, nor naturalistic external, drama.

Picnic in the Drift (also reviewed) is, in comparison, non-political theatre because, although it illustrates the nuclear mentality from a number of points of view, it does not take a stand. It is basically avant-garde theatre which can be co-opted by the government/art establishment because it does not incorporate a refusal to participate in nukes, nor a criticism of our here and now government which is here and now using nukes from one day to the next to cream us. *Picnic* is indeed a very good piece; although I am surprised Keltie and Ruth reviewed it given that the program stated that it was a work in progress and not to be reviewed. I suspect that the "fabulous lighting effects, slides and taped narration" — all quite beyond PTT's budget and capacity — had something to do with Keltie and Ruth's comparative infatuation. I'm mildly surprised, in fact, that Keltie's own lighting of PTT wasn't mentioned in her review as one of the piece's redeeming features.

As for the "need for stronger direction" in *Pink Triangle Tears* — indeed there was *no* direction. And I agree, now, with Keltie and Ruth. However, let me explain why there was no direction, apart from the difficulties of getting a director for free who is lesbian (or hip to us), sympathetic about the bath raids, available for rehearsals and compatible with the actors. I have been doubtful of the director position. I find it hard to allow anyone between my writing and my acting. Egotism? Maybe, but the reader may see from this letter just how delicate the matter is.

So, what do I think the review could have said? It could have described the play as a feminist criticism of patriarchal behaviour which causes the bath raids, it could have brought out the significance of the bath raids to lesbians. It could have discussed the fact that we have a community theatre which is trying to act out what happens to us in order to help us see it as fictionally real, as discussable, as a usable myth. Or it could have even — in opposition to the thesis of the play — asked "what do the bath raids have to do with lesbians"? — at least that would have been useful, rather than just professional criticism.

Gay Bell
Toronto

Broadside:

As a member of a women's anti-nuke group (Women Against Nuclear Technology, Vancouver), I read with interest Adrienne Rich's comments on coalition politics (*Broadside* June 1981). Although the question Rich raises are real ones for us and not ones for which we have easy answers, our experience as a women's anti-nuke group has not been the same as she describes it for some American feminists in the anti-nuke movement. We are first and foremost a feminist group. Feminism is the issue, the struggle, and anti-nuke is the particular front around which we are organizing against the patriarchy.

We are not dropping "women's" issues for some "larger" or "universal" issue; we would agree entirely with Rich that

women's issues are universal issues, and it is our feminism which has prompted us to investigate and make the connections between the destruction of the environment, the misuse of technology, the madness of the nuclear war game and other excesses of the patriarchy in action, and the systematic oppression of women by men with the same patriarchal mentality. The abuses by nuclear technology to our bodies, our children's bodies, the food we eat, the water we drink, the environment we live in are all forms of violence against us, and some of us focus on this aspect of the struggle, just as others of us work to end rape or the violence of poverty.

In the past year we have been very visible in this area as an active anti-nuke group, our feminist perspective giving us a distinct presence in a community where there has been various kinds of anti-nuke activity for

years. Recently six of our members were part of a coalition of about 30 people who organized the April 25 anti-nuke march and rally and an educational the next day. It was not easy but there were enough of us there to support each other and the whole group gave further support to those who went to the coalition meetings. In that group we were a significant force: it was WANT members who confronted sexism and classism when these issues came up; it was WANT who made sure that native people were represented at the rally; it was WANT who made clear the connection between the violence of nuclear technology and other forms of violence to women when some members of the coalition objected to the local rape crisis centre bringing its banner to the march (the banner was there). The process was draining but we came out of that coalition without sacrificing our principles

or abandoning our analysis, even as we made the compromises necessary in coalition work.

The question of coalitions keeps coming up — who with? when? why? — and is dealt with as each situation arises. We do care what the politics are of any group we consider working with and we intend to be visible as feminists in any coalitions we work in. It is our analysis as feminists that gives our work its base; it is our experience as feminists that gives us the tools for organizing; it is our anger and our vision as feminists that give us the impetus and the energy to move "about our own destruction and our refusal to go on being destroyed".

Annette Clough
Women Against Nuclear Technology
Vancouver

Dorothy Livesay Talks with Soviet Women

Far, Foreign and Familiar

Dorothy Livesay is a well-known Canadian writer with a longtime interest in socialism. Her work has been widely published abroad, particularly in such countries as Poland, Russia, and the Ukraine. Recently she made her first visit to the USSR in order to see old friends there and to meet writers and editors. *Broadside* invited her to record her impressions from this trip, especially with respect to women in the USSR.

by Dorothy Livesay

As a visitor to the Soviet Union for the month of May, I had paid my way via a University of British Columbia Extension Tour. But once in Moscow I met Canadian and English friends married to Russian women and through that connection visited their homes as well as those of women poets and that of a young interpreter. The first thing that struck me was their willingness to discuss all manner of topics. Like the characters in three recent Russian films, *Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears*, *Autumn Marathon*, and *Oblomov*, people discuss their living problems quite freely, and they also reveal their happiness, friendships, devotion to family, and ability to satirize their society. One taxi driver I met did nothing but tell joke after joke, poking sly fun at queues (often women line up for luxury goods such as out-of-fashion French spiked shoes). There are humorous anecdotes about the black market or "spiv" types who harass tourists and give a bad impression. "Gom, gom" I was asked for under the walls of the Kremlin by two youths. And waiters in a fashionable hotel in Kiev were chewing gum as they served us! Status!

An unusual aspect of this society is visible in the traffic regulations. At important intersections in Moscow, there is a man on a high glassed-in platform with a microphone. Traffic violators are hailed through a megaphone. And indeed, a taxi man who was driving me had to stop his car when he entered a one-way street the wrong way, and climb the steps to receive (shamefacedly) his ticket. You see, the space-soaring Russians do not have radar, and instead of computers, the abacus is everywhere visible in the markets and stores. "It's faster," I was told. I could believe it.

Since my return I have been following the reports, interviews, and comments in *Broadside*, *Kinesis*, and *The Canadian Forum* concerning the position of women in the Soviet Union. There are also reports readily available in our daily press and the rest of the women's press concerning the plight of women in Canada. I suggest that one could easily find dissident Canadian women who might well feel happier in a society where there is work for all, regardless of age and where a pregnant woman may take a year's leave with pay. In Canada the postal workers went on strike largely because they wanted 17 weeks of maternity leave with pay! And events of such horrifying violence against children as seen in B.C. this past summer simply could not take place in the Soviet Union. Surely it is time to look at the common plight of women the world over instead of raising ideological and overemotional reactions to one system or the other!

In the 15 Soviet republics there are as many variations in the lives of women as there are in our 10 provinces. The difference is that, over there, legislation is on the

area of study or may mean digging potatoes. Although equal pay for equal work has been the law for many years, women still tend to go into the "caring professions" — teaching, nursing, secretarial — and although 80 per cent of the medical profession is female, I believe that very few of these are surgeons or administrators. Not many women are taking law courses, but a large proportion is entering the humanities and scientific research. Of course, there have always been, since the Second World War (called "The Great Patriotic War" in Russia), a great number of women in heavy industry. Why then is this direction being de-emphasized today? The answer I was given is that women had to take the places of men killed in the war, even in jobs dangerous to their health. That era is now over, especially in coal mining. "Dangerous to her health" may also carry the meaning "We must increase the birthrate from 1.5 children per family." (In France and in the east European countries the same problem of low birthrate exists.)

But rather than record statistics I'd like to discuss the lives of four women with whom I talked for several days.

Emma is the daughter of a Canadian journalist whom I knew before the war. She is a mining engineer, aged 50. After living in Moscow with her Russian mother during the war she graduated from the Academy of Sciences as an "economic engineer" in machine construction. Her job since then has been as an inspector of mining machinery. She loves her work and is free to choose whether the tasks be heavy or light. It takes her 45 minutes by metro to get to the job, which is from 9 to 6 for a five-day week. There is a one-hour break for lunch; and at 11 and 4, a 20-minute break where "we do gymnastics to radio music." Emma earns 170 roubles per month (about \$310.00) and when a job is satisfactorily completed receives a bonus. She is divorced, with only herself to look after. Her daughter is married and working full-time, as is her husband. They have a five-year-old girl who has always gone to nursery school. When she is six she will learn to read and write in kindergarten. A family of this size is entitled to a 4-roomed, heated apartment (plus kitchen and bathroom). The rent is subsidized at 14 roubles a month. The telephone costs 2 roubles a month and the gas for cooking is 16 kopecks (25 cents). All these low-cost utilities make incomes stretch much further than would be the case in our inflationary system. Holidays and travel are very reasonable, at excursion rates. Emma's winter vacation of 2 weeks cost her only 10 roubles because her trade union subsidizes the remainder.

Because there is still a housing shortage it is true that many newly married couples have to live with their parents. One young woman whom I saw frequently is just starting her career as translator and interpreter. Nina lives with her parents because her husband is finishing his PhD degree in science at an institute in another city. There he has an apartment where she can visit on weekends, or he comes to Moscow. He expects to get a job in Moscow and will then trade his apartment with one which his brother now occupies in Moscow. Nina clearly yearns for such a change, but she would not dream of giving up her work. To be a translator she has spent five years at Moscow University.

Nina, like every Soviet woman, is held responsible for birth control and she can easily arrange an abortion if desired. Naturally this is a delicate subject, and I did not explore it further with her. Nor with Marsha, a single woman interpreter. However, in a more objective way I brought up the subject of birth control, and of new methods being used in Canada, such as vasectomy. Neither Marsha nor an older woman friend who was with us, drinking tea, had ever heard of vasectomy. They were sure that no male doctors would ever perform that operation, since there'd be no men willing to have it done. On the question of rape, both these women assured me that "the man goes to jail."

Marsha is singularly beautiful in the Nefertiti style. Being an interpreter she speaks English fluently and has a passionate interest in modern literature. She found *The Tin Drum* fascinating and had just discovered contemporary Greek poetry. Marsha lives with her mother, who is retired at 50 because of heart trouble. With them also is the 90-year old grandmother, bedridden, suffering from an incurable disease. "But shouldn't she be in a hospital for chronic cases?" I asked, thinking of our Canadian pattern. "Oh no, never!" said Marsha. "My grandmother is still mentally alert, she loves to read, and she would be most unhappy in an institution; we want her with us."

I found the same attitude toward family solidarity when I met a new friend in Kiev. Bella is a schoolteacher who was only a small child during the war and does not remember it. Her first marriage ended in divorce (due to alcoholism). She lives now with her second husband, her daughter of 15, her son of 7, and "of course" her mother.

Although suffering from varicose veins, the grandmother does the cooking and teaches that art to her grandson. They eat in the kitchen. Father does the shopping. The "babushka" shares a bedroom with her grandchildren and the living room is also the husband's study. "Why couldn't you have placed your little boy in a day care centre?" I asked Bella. "Pre-school is not compulsory; we prefer to have my mother teach him. The standards for kindergarten are not all as high as you see on tours," she said, "and working mothers find it hard to travel to the day care centres and then on to their jobs." Bella believes it would be impossible to make ends meet unless both parents are working. But is this not equally true of western society today?

Problems facing the young seem to be much the same as they are all over the world. Educationists said that it is becoming difficult to motivate youth brought up on the subsidies "from the cradle to the grave." Such youths tend to become the "spivs" who harass tourists. They will not wear Russian-made blue jeans, but will pay 100 roubles for what a young American wears. As a result, I was told, an American Levi's factory is in the process of being built in Moscow! At the same time the contrasts exist: there is always a job for everyone. As soon as a boy or girl has completed the 10 years compulsory free schooling, he or she is guided into post-secondary courses suitable to their interests and capacities; and on graduation the student is assigned to a job where he or she must stay for two years. I do not know what happens to girls, but if a boy refuses that work he is on his own and is free to answer the many newspaper advertisements for "help wanted." So besides social security there is a degree of mobility. For instance, a year's military service is compulsory for men, but students going on into graduate studies may have it postponed (indefinitely?). Women apparently are not subject to compulsory military service.

Soviet living provides many such contrasts. Thus, villagers continue to live on small holdings in the traditional designs, as well as in government collectives. And alongside the clusters of 16-storey highrises seen on the outskirts of every town and city there are green belts — mile after mile of parks with birch, poplar and maple trees which will not be cut down. On the other hand there's a shortage of wood and wood products — there's a lack of paper! And besides the tremendous energy that has been put into renovating and rebuilding the historic houses and churches of the past, there is great emphasis in the schools and pioneer recreation centres on painting, music, dance, and reading. On television I watched the evening program for children, "Good Night," from 8:15 to 9:00. Children do not see overt sex or violence, but ironically, they do see the annual parades and mass gatherings where the army and all its accoutrements reign supreme. Children are not taught religion, but there is a strong



Dorothy Livesay

Eleanor Wachtel

My purpose was to visit Russia and the Ukraine for the first time so as to meet people — particularly writers and editors — because my own poetry had already been translated and published in the *Literary Gazette*, published by the Writers' Union, Moscow. I had a most happy, relaxed time, staying only briefly at the Cosmos (built for the Olympics by French architects) and for a full week at the Peking Hotel in downtown Moscow, which is frequented by Russian and eastern European tourists. The question first asked me by Canadians when I got back — "Were there soldiers everywhere?" — was really upsetting. I could only tell the truth: "The only soldiers I saw were young recruits in lorries, on their way to or from their military service training. These one can see in all European cities, east or west!"

books to protect women in all areas of their living; abortion, birth control, legal support against rapè, and equal pay for equal work are all guaranteed in the constitution. Whereas women in Canada are seeking to get such laws on the books, the Soviet women are struggling to make theirs work. That is the real problem that women in capitalist countries have to face; improving the law is not enough.

An area where there is considerable disagreement concerns the differences between Soviet education and our own, especially as regards the education of women. In the Soviet Union higher education is certainly available to women to a much greater degree than in Canada. Students are not given loans, but stipends. In the summer months they do a spell of "social work," which may mean an apprenticeship in their

ethical pressure to behave in a way that is socially acceptable. Watching them in the schools, in the parks, on holiday parades, and in the Pioneer Palaces (recreational and cultural centres for children) they seemed to be glowing with good health and high spirits; to be experiencing their own traditional custom, languages, and arts, yet actively curious about the rest of the world. They want to make friends.

As regards women writers, I had the opportunity to talk with two poets and to hear about two others who had interested me for some time. Were they free to write and publish? If I remember correctly it was Bella Akhmadulina (b. 1937) a very gifted poet (a classmate of Yevgeni Yevtushenko and Robert Rozhdstvensky at the Gorki Literary Institute), who allowed new poems to be printed in an unofficial journal, *Metropole*, without the sanction of her union. She was severely reprimanded, although I was assured that she is still a member of the Writers' Union. She gave readings in France in 1979, and this summer in Moscow she appeared on a 2-hour TV show and was one of a number of writers officially commended for participating in one-man/one-woman poetry seminars with student audiences.

If I had stayed longer I might have been able to visit Akhmadulina, who lives outside Moscow; and Novella Matveena, another extraordinary young woman who has recorded 12 of her own songs. As it was, I was fortunate in being invited to have tea with Margarita Aligher (b. 1915) in her comfortable old-fashioned apartment in the heart of old Moscow, where she has lived for many years. Like Anna Akhmatova, the poet of world renown who died in 1966, Aligher lived through the terror of war and then the terror of the Stalin regime. Her poetry is personal and psychological, carried forward by a great desire for honesty in human relationships. She is still writing and publishing, and giving readings in Europe. Many of her poems are now translated into English, which she reads aloud. Although she spoke of the struggle women have had to get published and accepted as writers, she said: "It is better today. More and more

young women are writing and publishing, but there is still a long way to go." Not a feminist in the western sense, she is a celebrant. A verse from one of her own poems could be a description of herself:

*I know a woman — she's a river bright
Where peacefulness and radiance
forgather
And nothing tokens haste. Although
not wide,
The river's depth your full arm cannot
fathom.
(translation by Peter Tempest)*

In conclusion, and in support of my contention that women in different societies may view parallel problems similarly, I would like to quote from an article in *The Canadian Forum* (February, 1981) in which Marlene Kadar is reporting on the *Almanach* group (see May 1981 *Broadside*) in and outside the USSR. She has been discussing the views being taken by Soviet women on "feminine culture:"

Like many radical feminists in America they focus their attention on the oppression of women as women, and not as workers or students. They also concentrate their attention on love, marriage, sex, masculinity, femininity and child-rearing, at least in the publications I have seen. Soviet women believe in the difference of female experience, and also have faith that the experience could be used to the advantage of society as a whole. Women, they say, are more "humanitarian" than men, innately less aggressive, and, hence, more socially conscious human beings. Part of this ideology includes concepts like "recapturing femininity," an area in which they feel we in the west have shortchanged ourselves. Nechayeva has said that "Western women have come to deny their femininity. We reclaim ours — we have had equality in law but we have been denied the right to basic emotions."

From my own long experience of living in Canada I feel happily able to relate to such a philosophy.

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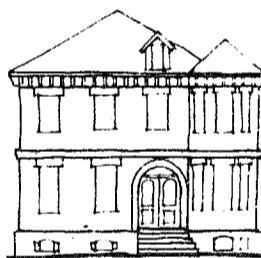


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LESBIAN POWER You know how good it feels to be a strong, independent woman. When we share this strength with other lesbians, we *know* our collective power. We are here, and we have a right to be here.

Being 'discreet' will not protect us. The police have been arresting gay men, even in their own homes. Lesbian harassment is on the increase. Will your lesbian co-op house be charged as a common bawdy house?

Right-wing bigots like Renaissance and Positive Parents are carrying on a witch-hunt against us. They think we're criminal and depraved; they want to take away our jobs, our children, our freedom. They won't leave us alone. We can't ignore them.

LESBIAN PRIDE We're told we're not fit to be mothers or teachers. We're told we're not fit to be in a family or in a neighbourhood. We can't be in the streets, in the schools, in the parks, on the TTC, in bars, in donut shops, even in laundromats. So where should we be?

Lesbians are everywhere. And we have a right to be everywhere.

LESBIAN VISIBILITY Do you feel invisible when someone tells a queer joke — and expects you to laugh? Do you feel invisible when your family asks, "when are you getting married"? Or when they expect you to park your lover outside for family celebrations? Do you feel invisible when kids yell "LEZZIE!" at anyone they don't like?

Don't let them tell us who we are.

Let's get together and be ourselves! Lesbians who are powerful, proud and visible!

March: Saturday, October 17, at 2 p.m., starting at 519 Church St., Toronto.

Dance: Saturday, October 17, at 8 p.m., Bathurst St. United Church, Toronto.

(text of LAR flyer)

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Incest Handbook

This summer the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre acquired a grant to create a handbook on incest which will present a detailed feminist analysis of why incest happens. They take a look at the present schools of thought, and explain where these schools fail to address particular issues connected to this political perspective.

The handbook attempts a critique on the current attitudes prevalent within the 'helping' professions, which see incest as the last great secret to 'come out of the family closets'. The Toronto Rape Crisis Centre hopes to have this handbook available to the public, free, by October 15th. For more information phone the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. •



Judy Stanleigh

Judith Gregory

Working Women and the New Technology

"We'll charge people extra if they insist on seeing a human." This statement was made by a member of a company converting to computers. It illustrates only too clearly how depersonalized service-oriented companies are becoming when it comes to dealing with the public.

However, a look behind the scenes reveals that the work environment for women operating computers is becoming depersonalized as well. Judith Gregory, an associate of The Working Women organization in Cleveland, Ohio addressed this and other issues at OISE in Toronto on September 1.

Initially, Gregory discussed the new work problems that the computer technology has created. One major problem is the new approach to productivity used by companies or corporations. Since computers can be programmed to monitor all of your work, your errors, your time on and off the computer, this instant access to information means the quality and quantity of your work has never before been scrutinized as carefully. As a result, this causes greater stress, and higher expectations from the employer. In reality, it forces you to work harder and faster. In one insurance company, a wall screen projects all the office employees accomplishments at the end of each day for office viewing. The purpose is to instill active competition expecting day-to-day higher achievements.

Another problem with the new technology is health hazards and their effects on the computer user. Sex segregation is perpetuated and intensified in offices where computers are installed. The devaluing of the job occurs in some areas where computer employees are required to work harder and faster without being paid better for the task, even though productivity may increase from 5% to 50%. Since computers do more work in less time, naturally job loss is also a hazard we face, particularly as women in service and secretarial job areas.

Basically, according to Gregory, managers tend to abuse the computer technology. This abuse results in rigid rules, strict expectations, confinement to one spot doing key entry at a great pace and little personal contact with other employees.

Gregory also focussed on how women can collectively, in unions, take control over the installation and use of computers in your work environment. If you are in a company on the verge of computer conversion, now is the best time to demand input and some control. Insisting on no monitoring program as a part of the system or having input into the type of monitoring the company does through the computer is important. The office lighting and type of video display terminal purchased are items for discussion. Expecting only 50% of your workday to be on the computer and wanting reasonable breaks while operating the VDT can be negotiated (this 50% work time is legislated in Norway). Protecting the jobs of existing employees and ensuring adequate training in the new technology are important issues as well. Where computers already exist in your work environment many of these issues can be negotiated, particularly since computer upgrading and improvements are always on the corporate agendas, affecting us all.

Judith Gregory's strongest message was that working women have a right to be informed and to have a say in the new technology they must work with daily. She could not stress enough the importance for women to exercise these rights now while the technology is still in its introductory stages in many companies.

Note: Judith Gregory has written two papers: *Race Against Time: Automation of the Office*; and *Warning: Health Hazards for Office Workers*. These are available at DEC in Toronto.

— Judy Stanleigh

Trainees for Non-Traditional Work

Opportunity for Advancement, a Metro Toronto service for sole support mothers on government assistance is sponsoring a feasibility study funded by LEAP (a branch of Canada Employment and Immigration Centres).

The project will assess the possibility of developing a training programme for women who wish to become general machinists. The rationale behind this is to provide women who lack job skills and/or have dead end jobs with skills in a field which is high paying and has a shortage of labour. Due to the immense sexism in the trades and the sex-role socialization of women, which creates a narrow streaming into "women's work", it is felt that there is a need for a programme which will directly deal with these barriers to women, i.e. encouraging not only the skills training but also components such as consciousness raising, assertiveness training, and help with problems such as day care, housing, etc. One idea is to create a training programme which is also a small business, where trainees will make parts for companies on a sub-contract basis.

If you have had experience in the machining field, or know of women who might be interested in such training, please contact us at (416) 245-4241. Also, we would appreciate any input into the programme development. •

Florida Boycott

The Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) is now an issue well known to feminists in North America. The struggle has gone on for many years to ratify this amendment which would state: 'equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex'. Thirty-five states have ratified the ERA amendment but this is not enough for complete ratification. Florida is one of the States that has not yet ratified, although for seven years the polls have consistently indicated that a majority of Florida citizens favor ERA. In 1979, the House of Representatives voted for ratification and the Senate said 'no' by a close 21 to 19 margin.

As Canadians we can wage an economic campaign for ERA. By boycotting Florida as a tourist we can affect their tourism industry. Since the tourist industry is one of the largest sources of income (over \$13 billion per year), choosing to travel somewhere else will have quite an impact. By lending our support and writing to the Chamber of Commerce or Governor of Florida about your choice, your voice will be heard. Time is running out on the ERA amendment and any way you can help may bring the state closer to final ratification.

— Judy Stanleigh





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CLOW Conference, Regina

by Milnor Alexander

The Canadian Congress on Learning Opportunities for Women, Regina Chapter, held a conference on "Women Organizing for Action" at the Westwater Inn, Regina, Saskatchewan, June 6 & 7, 1981. The conference attendance was held to 100 participants, and there were 10 resource people. The CLOW Annual General Meeting was held in connection with the conference, with Mairi St. John Macdonald of Halifax, the retiring National President, and Board members from all the provinces and Yukon & Northwest Territories also present. Lenore Rogers, the Co-Chairperson of Regina CLOW, who was recently elected the new National President, chaired the Annual Meeting.

The kick-off address was given on Saturday, June 6, by Alison Hayford, who teaches Sociology at the University of Regina. She spoke on "Feminist Perspectives: A Basis for Strategy", outlining the three major groupings within the women's movement, the Liberal Reformists, the Marxist Feminists, and the Radical Feminists, and indicating why they have difficulties getting together on strategies for action.

Workshops followed: on "Form Reform to Revolution — A Feminist's Perspective on Making Changes", led by Susan Wismer, from Prince Albert: "Life Stages of Organization", led by Sue Smee, of the Secretary of State's office (women's program) in Regina; and "Setting Goals and Getting There", led by Lenore Rogers and Milnor Alexander, who teaches political science at the University of Regina.

Greta Nemiroff, Director of the New School, Dawson College, gave the second

major address, on "The Empowerment of Women: Where and How", wherein she discussed the fact that historically, women have been powerless in Canadian society, but that now, women's culture and feminist objectives regarding women's equity in Canadian life are beginning to "empower" women to take their rightful place in society.

An informal session on "Women Organizing Through Song", with Jan Knowles, Jan Stoody, Noele Hall, Gloria Ronahan, and Mandy Kujawa, wound up the Saturday evening session.

Sunday morning, Mary Corkery, the national CLOW administrative officer, from Toronto, led off, "Organizing Models for Women". She talks about specific ways women have grouped in order to take action, namely, through networks, organizations, and coalitions; she also discussed the influence of feminist ideology on women's ways of organizing.

Workshops followed: on "Women as Political Candidates: Learning Gleaned from Personal Experience", led by Lynn Fogwill and Cathy Blauer, both of whom have had extensive experience in political campaigns; "effective Lobbying," led by Milnor Alexander, who worked as a lobbyist for the Women's International League for Peace & Freedom in Washington, D.C., from 1964 to 1966; and "Fund Raising", led by Merran Twigg, who is now Director of the Women's Division, Sask. Dept. of Labour.

"Strategies for the Future" was the idea for the final session, and the participants broke up into small groups around the issues of political campaigns, affirmative action, health, education, pensions, child care, and native women, where specific plans were laid. The conference ended with a barbecue on Willow Island, in the middle of Wascana Lake, in Regina. ●



TAKE BACK THE NIGHT: Women march around Toronto's Cabagetown streets in a 'Reclaim the Night' demonstration organized by the Rape Crisis Centre on September 18, 1981.

Molira Armour

Equal Time in Equal Space

"Equal Time in Equal Space" is designed as a multiple-system, video installation and interactive experience. It is the first public presentation about incest created by women about women. By creating images of women that are self-generated and multi-dimensional, this production is not about victims but about women having power over our own lives.

This feminist video presentation will be held at the University College Theatre in Toronto, from Oct. 13 to Oct. 17, 1981. The presentation was created by Ariadne and the Los Angeles Women's Video Centre. Four of the women who produced this will be involved in the Toronto presenta-

tions. Each presentation will be followed up by a facilitated discussion.

There are ten showings, each showing allocated to a particular group (eg. women only, professionals, mothers and children).

Sandra Butler, author of *Conspiracy of Silence: The Trauma of Incest*, best explained her experience when she said, "I celebrate the coming together of the women who are in front of and behind these cameras, for they make it impossible not to know ... not to see ... not to feel the pain, the strength, the clarity and the vision that emerges from our coming together to continue the acts of creation that are our lives and the lives of those who will follow after us."

For more information and reservations phone (416) 978-6307 or 978-6638 after 5, weekdays. ●

Abortion Setback

The right to safe legal abortion has suffered a setback in Victoria, B.C. On Thursday, September 10, 1981, a hospital board election took place at the Victoria General Hospital. The three new board members who were elected are anti-choice on abortion and will attempt to stop all abortions from taking place at the hospital. Since seven of the thirteen board members are now anti-abortion, the right to obtain this essential and legal medical service appears to have been lost at the hospital. CARAL (the Canadian Abortion Rights Action League) is alarmed at the consequences of the interference in medical activities of "single issue" lobby groups who would make pregnancy compulsory and thereby endanger the physical and emotional health of Canadian women.

At the election, 3,000 people voted. 1350 people voted pro-choice. 1650 voted anti-choice. Reportedly, anti-choice voters were bussed in by Pentacostal and Roman Catholic churches.

Anti-choice spokesperson Michael Hall-Patch says that his group will press Victoria General doctors to allow therapeutic abortions only when the woman's life is endangered. This would not include pregnant victims of rape or incest.

This hospital board takeover threatens the health of Victoria women. Few if any applications for abortions will now be referred to Victoria General. If the anti-abortionists have their way, most abortions will have to be performed at Royal Jubilee Hospital, where 4 of the 13 board members are reported to be anti-choice.

Since Royal Jubilee has a rotating Therapeutic Abortion Committee, in a given month, safe legal abortion could be impossible to obtain in the Victoria area.

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Arms and

by Christine Lawrence

The Canadian military industrial complex has come to have increasing significance in the economy of Canada. It is one of our major export industries and employs a relatively large sector of the labour force. Like so many other Canadian industries, it is heavily dependent on, and influenced by US policies and spending.

It is important for Canadians to understand what this degree of military dependency does to our economy, how it grew to this degree of prominence, and what the political and economic consequences of its continued growth are.

Canada is not, relatively speaking, a heavy consumer of defence equipment, purchasing only an average of 2% of Gross National Product (GNP) as compared to the NATO average of 3.6% and US expenditures of 10%. The Canadian defence budget had been shrinking: in 1963-64 the defence budget was 22.5% of the total federal budget and 3.9% of GNP; in 1973-74 it was 11% of the total budget and 1.8% of GNP. But there has recently been a change in this trend and pressure to increase the defence budget is mounting.

The Trudeau government is committed to expenditures of \$2.4 billion on fighter planes between 1978 and 1988. Still, Canada cannot be seen as a big spender, nor has it been keeping pace with the rate of increase in world military expenditures. In 1978 world military spending reached a record of \$425 billion. The rate of increase in world military purchases is greater than the rate of inflation. There has been a 400% rise in military purchases in underdeveloped countries since 1960 and a 44% rise in developed countries.

Generally Canadians have a certain smugness around their peace keeping role, their small military power and their lack of nuclear weapons. We focus on the super powers, the US and the USSR as the villains in the arms race. But, despite its record as a non-purchaser of arms, Canada has become a major exporter. While we regard with horror the US dropping the first atomic bomb, we hide from ourselves the fact that we supplied the uranium that made the bomb possible. While we claim to be selling nuclear power generators for peaceful purposes, we look on helplessly as India uses our technology for a bomb and spreads nuclear proliferation one country further.

The contradiction between Canada's view of itself in the world and the reality of its export policy, is, to say the least, hypocritical.

On May 26, 1978 Prime Minister Trudeau addressed a special session on disarmament at the United Nations outlining "a strategy for suffocation, by depriving the arms race of the oxygen on which it feeds." According to Dick Beddoes in the *Globe and Mail* (March 29, 1979), Trudeau "described conventional weapons as the 'germs of a highly contagious disease.'" But while Trudeau makes impassioned speeches internationally, Canada continues to be a major carrier of the disease. In 1978, Canadian exports of specified defence goods amounted to \$500 million, \$300 million to the US and in 1979, \$600 million. These figures do not include exports to the US and other countries of raw materials that will be used in defence industries.

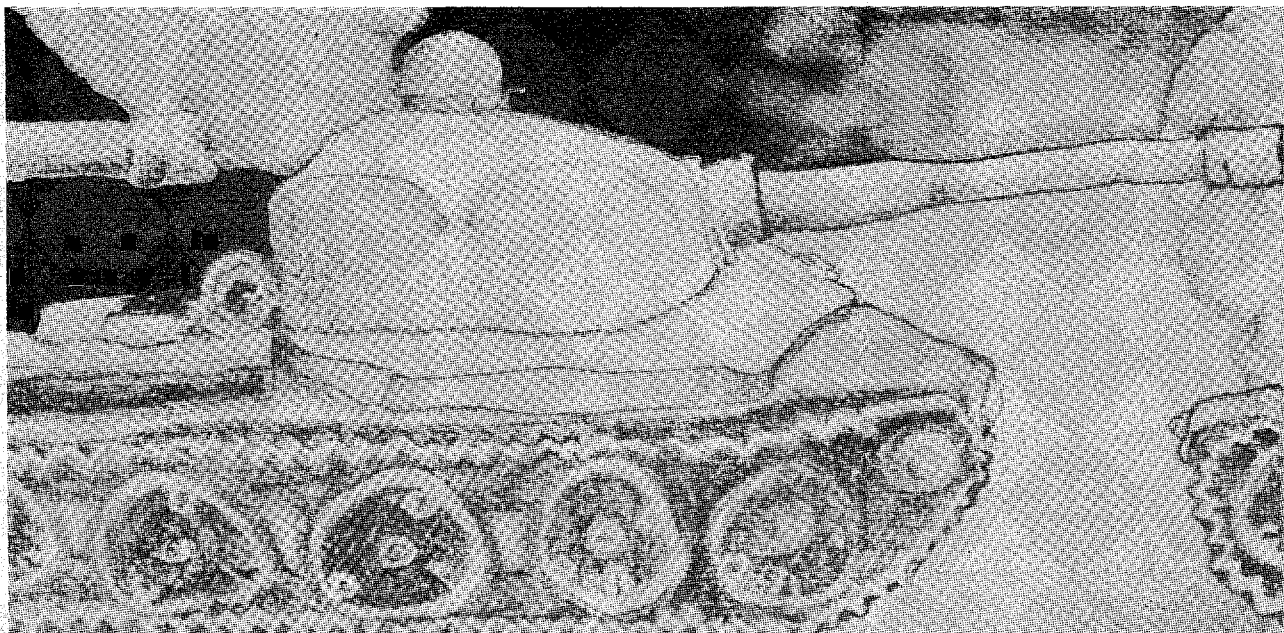
Canadians must take responsibility for both its government purchases and exports of military goods. There is no doubt that Canada is a major participant in the new arms build up, both as a consumer and a seller, but why are we participating?

It has been generally accepted for some years now that it is the role of government to control or at least minimize the effects of depression and/or recession via government spending. In capitalist countries, military spending has always been a convenient focus for these expenditures.

The excuses that the government usually uses for increasing military spending relate to increasing employment and the development of new technologies which can be used in the private sector. While government expenditures in defence industries can easily be explained by the reasons previously suggested, it is much more difficult to find evidence to support the explanations offered by the government.

Why Military Spending?

- Military spending can easily be increased or decreased. As weapons become obsolete there is always an excuse for expenditures. As well, there is no standard yard stick of what is an appropriate defence budget.
- Military spending does not compete with the private sector as social expenditures do. For example, the building of public housing competes directly with private developers.
- Military spending does not challenge the status quo. The defence industries generally employ highly skilled and well paid workers, so that spending in this area does not inflate the cost of labour generally.
- Military spending does not make the average taxpayer feel that he/she is supporting someone else at his/her expense. The feeling is that the military is there for the protection of everyone.
- Because military expenditures put dollars back into the pockets of the corporate sector and do not affect income distribution generally, the corporate sector is always willing to support government defence spending while continuing to deplore government spending in general.



In these times of recession/depression and the resulting high levels of unemployment, the Canadian populace may well look at this new trend to increase military spending as at least providing relief from the high unemployment rate we are now experiencing. There is, however, ample evidence that the government could make much better use of its money if one of its objectives is to increase employment. A study done in 1976 by the US Bureau of Statistics came up with some interesting data. (See accompanying Table 1.)

More recently, the Chase Econometrics Associates did a study on the impact of the B-1 Bomber program on the US economy. (See Table 2.)



Table 1

Mean number of jobs generated per billion dollars of final demand

Military: includes aircraft, electronics, ordinance, missiles, petroleum products, shipbuilding and repairs	76,000 jobs
Machinery: includes farm, metal-working and general industrial machinery	86,000 jobs
Government: includes state, local and federal	87,000 jobs
Transportation: includes railroad, local and intercity transit and transportation equipment	92,000 jobs
Construction: includes new residential, public utility and highway construction as well as maintenance and repairs	100,000 jobs
Personal Consumption: resulting from a \$1 billion tax cut, includes retail and wholesale trade, food products, motor vehicles, clothing, petroleum products, communications and personal service sectors	112,000 jobs
Health: includes services, hospitals, and instruments	139,000 jobs
Education: includes educational services	187,000 jobs

Table 2

Employment Effects of Alternative Expenditures as Compared to B-1 Generated Employment

(difference in number of persons employed as compared to B-1)

	1976	1977	1980
Tax cut	+ 10,000	+ 10,000	+ 30,000
Housing	+ 20,000	+ 30,000	+ 70,000
Welfare & Public Works	+ 20,000	+ 20,000	+ 60,000

The effect is the result of the very high percentage of capital expenditures relative to salary expenditures in the defence industries. As well, the higher cost of salaries in the defence industries also contributes to this effect.

There seems to be no similar analysis of the Canadian economy, but there is no reason to assume that the effects of military expenditures produce different results in Canada. It seems clear from the tables that generating employment is certainly not the main goal or even a goal of military expenditures.

Gideon Rosenbluth in his book *The Canadian Economy and Disarmament* states: "Our review suggests that there are no economic obstacles to the maintenance of an adequate level of demand through worthwhile public expenditures, tax reductions, and transfer payments. There is no consistency in the position of those who fear that disarmament may lead to unemployment, and, at the same time, maintain that we cannot afford increased public expenditures on education, health, and welfare."

It is precisely the reason that generates such a small re-

the Men

in jobs per dollar spent that make this type of government expenditure so acceptable to the establishment. Defence spending generates jobs in areas of high demand where cost of salaries and resources are already high. A 52 study by the US department of labour study found that 59% of employees in civilian market oriented electronics firms held these positions. Therefore, military spending does not undermine the labour market or produce any income redistribution. The profits and the high salaries remain in the hands of the present establishment.

An interesting side effect, considering that inflation is now public enemy No. 1, is that additional military expenditures put inflationary pressures on the markets that are most heavily in demand already. So that while government is using inflation as an excuse for the present high level of unemployment and for pursuing monetary and fiscal policies that are likely to create even higher rates of unemployment, it continues to spend in a highly, if not the most highly, inflationary industry. Another aside — the spending is in the industry that creates the fewest number of jobs for every dollar spent.

The federal government appears to have attempted to redistribute income regionally by military expenditures in the Atlantic provinces with some interesting results. A study done by the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council in 1965 shows that defence activities are one of the largest single sources of employment in the Atlantic provinces. In 1961, 14% of the labour force of the Atlantic region was involved in defence related industries, as compared to 2.7% at the national level. Obviously, a region experiencing high levels of unemployment will be thankful for the jobs from defence industries. However, this leaves an already vulnerable area heavily dependent on a highly undependable industry. Cancellations of defence contracts are not unusual. (The US had \$12.6 billion in defence contracts pending when the Shah of Iran fell.) The whole area of defence changes its nature overnight from submarines, to airplanes, to satellites. Halifax which has 50% of its population directly or indirectly dependent on defence activities could be wiped out by changes in the defence policy. Further, despite the heavy military expenditures in the Atlantic provinces they continue to experience the highest rates of unemployment in the country.

\$

Although it can be easily argued that the Atlantic provinces would experience greater degrees of unemployment without federal military expenditures, the evidence would at least suggest that it is not a very effective way of dealing with regional disparities. The evidence also suggests that federal expenditures in at least a more diversified form could do more to reduce unemployment and, perhaps even more importantly, keep the vulnerable Atlantic region from being so dependent on the whims of federal defence policy. The other most frequently used excuse for government defence spending, particularly in the area of research and

development, is that these two elements produce technological spin-offs which can be used in private industry. Canada has always experienced difficulty keeping technologically competitive with the world market, particularly with the US, so any assistance from the government should be much appreciated. However, as with unemployment, the facts do not support the argument.

\$

Norman Alcock, in his article *Defence in the 70's*, suggests that "in fact, scientists from around the world have concluded that the spillover effect is largely illusionary."

It is estimated that over 50% of all federal funds spent on research and development are used for military, not civilian, purposes. Canada is the sixth largest spender for military R & D with an average expenditure of \$89 million between 1967-1970, despite the fact that Canada is not a big spender in the area of R & D: "If the whole of Canada's defence were devoted to civilian R & D, the proportion of civilian R & D to GNP would still be lower than in the United Kingdom, United States, West Germany and Japan (Rosenbuth)."

Surely if the intention of the Canadian government is to make Canadian industry technologically competitive, direct investment in civilian R & D would do the job more effectively.

Federal government support of the defence industry goes far beyond the actual dollar purchases of defence goods. As mentioned before, the government invested an average of \$89 million in defence related to R & D between 1967-1970. In 1969 the Pentagon spent \$14 million minimum on defence research in Canadian institutions. The real dollar figure for defence related R & D is considered by many to be well beyond the range of both these figures combined. Yet, even if these were accurate figures, they would represent a very significant amount of assistance to the defence industries.

The Canadian government offers further support to the defence industries by assisting in marketing their products abroad. The Canadian Commercial Corporation carries on a \$3 million business internationally for Canadian manufacturers, and by far the majority are defence producers. It even ensures that our defence industries will not have to cope with the confusion of dealing in foreign currency and reduces all figures to Canadian dollars for their convenience.

The Federal Department of Industry, Trade, and Commerce carrying on in the Canadian historical tradition of Eaton's, publishes a catalogue of 500 pages of colourful detail about defence equipment and goods available in Canada. Further, the federal government gives aid to defence industries through the International Defence Programs Branch whose two major functions are: (1) to station Canadian representative at strategic locations around the world to keep Canadian industry informed on new trends in, or requests for arms from foreign countries; and (2) to assist Canadian suppliers in bidding on defence contracts, com-

prehending and meeting the terms of the Production Sharing Agreement with the US, and, in general coping with administrative and diplomatic red tape. In 1972-73 administrative services alone to the defence industries cost the Canadian taxpayer more than \$5.5 million.

The government is also involved in direct financial assistance to the defence industries. The Federal Department of Industry, Trade, and Commerce spends 40% of its annual budget for industrial development on defence industries. In 1973-74, 40% amounted to \$43,759,039. In 1967-68, ninety-five defence companies received \$10,581,000 in industrial modernization grants. One might well ask why this degree of support for such a highly controversial industry exists?

Typically the big winners in all this government support are not all Canadians. The story of the defence industry is the same as the story of all Canadian manufacturing. Many of the corporations involved in the defence industry are American owned subsidiaries, and what a deal they get! There are virtually no disadvantages to producing in Canada since a free trade market exists between the US and Canada and there are all the advantages of the Canadian subsidies to the defence industries. Ironically, the Canadian government's administrative assistance may actually make it easier for American owned subsidiaries to do business with their own government.

\$

Between 1967-1971 the federal government awarded \$458,643,906 to 154 contractors. Forty-five of these companies were found to be American owned; the ownership of fifty-two was not traceable. The identified American companies received 47% of the total grants. A report by Project Anti-War in 1972 traced 654 defence manufacturers in Canada. They were able to trace ownership of only 377 of them, but of these 54.6% were American and 34.4% Canadian. Not only do Canadian taxpayers support the war industry with their own tax dollars but they also watch many of the profits cross the border to the US. This causes the usual balance of payment problem in the capital accounts.

But Canada's armaments industries are tied into the US in more ways than just ownership. The US is by far our biggest trading partner in armaments. Since the 1950's both countries have accepted the principals of a Defence Production Sharing Agreement, which was formally ratified by the Diefenbaker government, and allows for termination by mutual agreement at any time or with six months written notice by one of the parties. The result of this agreement was to drop all tariff protection for defence industries by both governments and to exempt the Canadian defence industries from the Buy American Act for goods delivered to a US military department or to a US defence program.

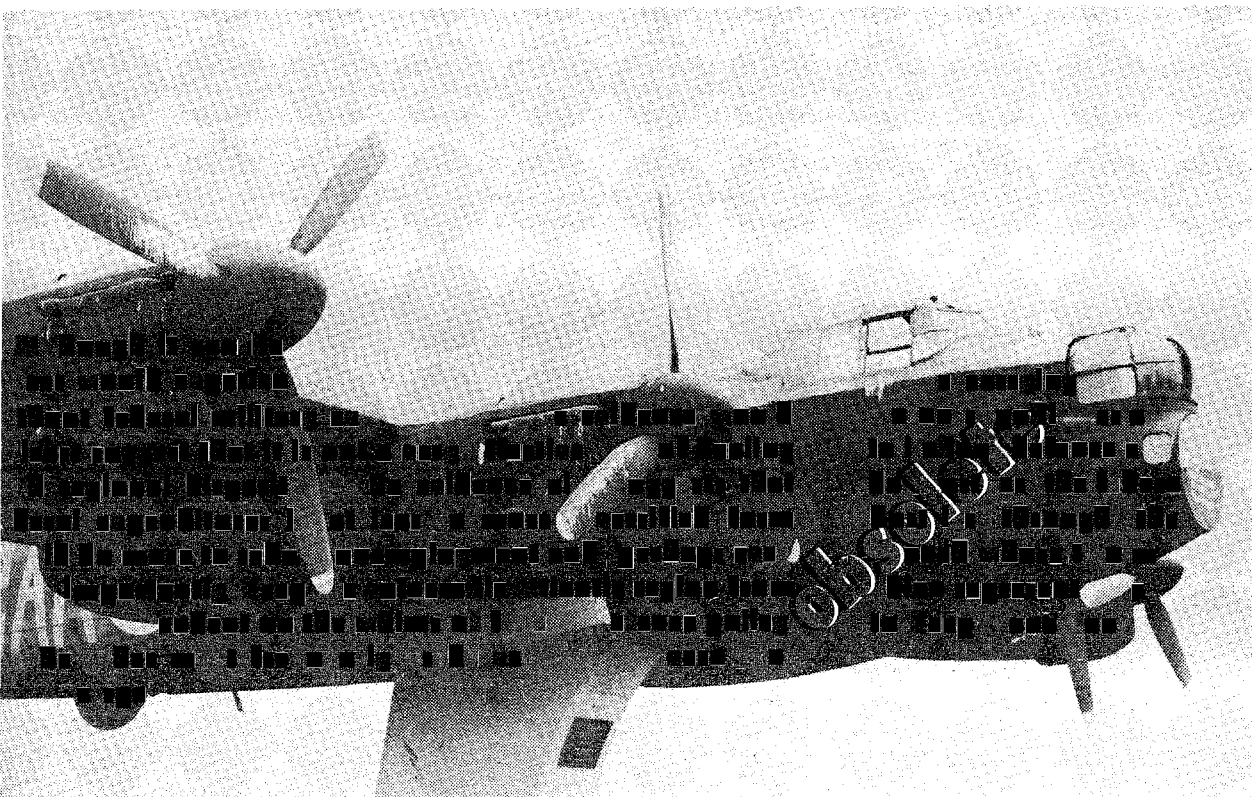
By 1967, Canada had netted \$190,900,000 in her favour under the Defence Production Sharing Agreement. Although it is understood that the intention of the agreement is that the level of purchases should remain about equal, Canada appears to be the dollar winner in defence exports. We may, however, easily lose this lead on the balance of payments once the transfer of capital from profits is accounted for. Further, it is the conscious policy of the agreement that Canada produce component parts for American equipment. The result is that defence equipment produced in Canada is useless without American weapon systems. This certainly limits Canada's freedom of action in pursuing its own foreign policies.

The Defence Production Sharing Agreement puts additional pressure on Canada for a common market in raw materials which are essential to the US defence industry. The Canadian industry is heavily reliant on US procurement policies and, therefore, directly vulnerable to decisions made in the Pentagon. Canada is forced to submerge Canadian economic interests in favour of continental interests.

In order to reduce this heavy dependence on the US, Canada has begun to look for new purchasers of Canadian defence equipment. However, since Canada generally follows American models and is a producer of mostly component parts for American equipment, she must look to US markets to expand her exports. This puts us in the bind of having to sell to countries like Brazil and no doubt now El Salvador.

None the less, the Canadian government estimates "that for every dollar's worth of sophisticated, high technology defence equipment sold to the United States under Defence Production Sharing about another fifty cents' worth of the same product is sold to another military." (Ernie Regehr, *Making a Killing*.) Many of these fifty cents are sold in the

● continued page 15



Moira Armour

ARTS

Mary Meigs: A



David Robinson

An excerpt from *LILY BRISCOE: A SELF-PORTRAIT* by Mary Meigs

In her autobiography, painter Mary Meigs writes about her life as an artist; her early life in a New England atmosphere of "ladies" and "gentlemen" and "authentic manners;" the exploring and understanding of her love for women; her friendships with literary critic Edmund Wilson, writer, civil rights activist and feminist Barbara Deming, and Quebecoise novelist Marie-Claire Blais. She writes of the difficulty of painting her own self-portrait: "I feel my identity with Lily Briscoe, the painter in *TO THE LIGHTHOUSE*, who is the artist in me and who knew, too, the loss—of the power of seeing—who suffered cycles of sight and blindness (p. 94)." Printed below is Chapter 16 of Mary Meigs' *Lily Briscoe: A Self-Portrait* which will be published by Talonbooks this fall.

... Solitude induces contemplation of one's life, nostalgia and creeping melancholy. I reflect on the millions of things I have seen, heard, smelled, tasted and touched that are unrecorded in this book, for it is not a book about my life's events, of which I hardly speak, but an attempt, rather, to define myself through its inscape. I look at myself in the mirror and see a cap of pale hair, neither grey nor white, but greenish-blue, falling from the crown of my head over my grey eyebrows, with two wrinkles like long vertical commas that rise at each inner end. I see eyes the colour of faded blue jeans, close-fitting eyelids descending at a wide angle toward the nose instead of forming a classical crescent. Something like a stain in the corner of each eye seems to set them further behind a smallish straight nose with prominent nostrils; the mouth, a broad turned-down bow with wrinkles at the corners leading from the nose; erstwhile dimples; good strong teeth apparently, but much mended on the inside; a wide smile, a potential grim look when the mouth turns down; a square jaw; two folds leading into a skinny neck. My sunburned face makes me look younger than I am. My wrists are thin and brown; my hands almost square in their broadness, veined, with long tapering fingers, the knuckles expanded by arthritis; the index finger of my right hand, humped and thick, the result of a basketball that landed directly on it years ago. They are artistic and serviceable hands that can draw, paint, carve, saw, hammer, sew, garden, type, etc.; in winter, when the sunburn has faded, they are covered with freckles, as my mother's hands used to be, the freckles of age. My thin body with square shoulders, bony shoulder blades, small virginal breasts, narrow hips and straight legs with thickish ankles and well-preserved, high-arched feet, is dressed in jeans and a green turtleneck. I have shrunk to a little under five feet eight inches. I wear horn-rimmed glasses for reading, but I can see a bird at a great distance without glasses. I look unmistakably Anglo-Saxon, so that, in foreign countries, people always answer me in English, even when I speak their language, and I remember myself and Barbara in Japan, two tall thin women with brown bangs, towering above the sea of black heads, whose strangeness provoked giggles or fixed stares wherever we went. In photographs, my hair looks silvery and my face very pink; one gets the impression of a woman sweeter, younger and more graceful than I feel inside. Sometimes Marie-Claire and I look alike in photographs because of our high foreheads which we keep hidden, nervously patting into place hair that is blown back by the wind; and because of our strong jaws. Her hands and feet are like narrowed reductions of mine, but pale, almost bloodless, whereas my blood seems to lie just under the surface, ready to rush to my extremities and to turn my face peony-red.

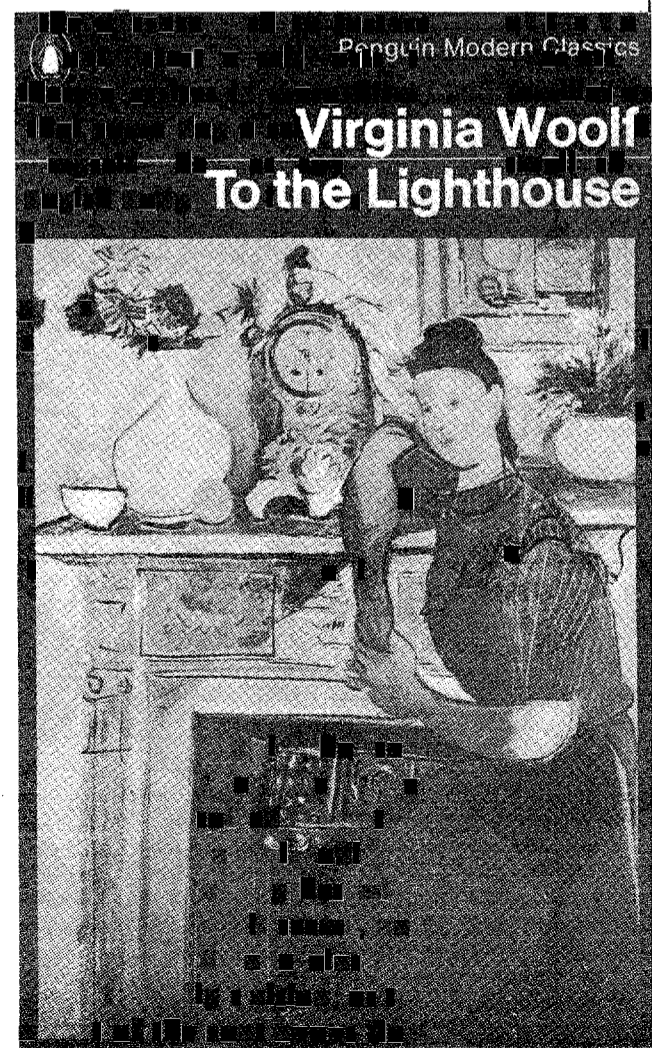
I do not wish to pronounce judgement on this person I see in the mirror who at least has the virtue of being more visually interesting as she grows older. For years I have fought in self-portraits with the intractable facts of my face, wanting to show something profound and succeeding only in painting a face either too pretty or too severe. Looking in a mirror at my painted image (a way of seeing everything one has done wrong), I would see that one eye was

perhaps higher than the other, or that the mouth had a Calvinist dourness. If I had the obscure wish to torture myself on a certain day, I would start a self-portrait. Almost nothing remains of these exercises in masochism, and yet, I continue to hope that some day a self-portrait will appear that will seem to be myself. The lines around my mouth, my anxious eyes, my boyish body with its muscular arms and powerful hands—these are the elements of a portrait of a Lesbian; my life with its mixture of shame and pride must be visible in my face like those ambiguous features that are neither masculine nor feminine.

"I have had my vision," thinks Lily Briscoe at the end of *To the Lighthouse*. All through the book, she has been working on a landscape, with alternations of hope and despair. When she draws the line "there, in the centre," she has the sense that the picture, an "attempt at something," whose fate, she thinks, is to be hung in the attic or destroyed, is finished. A moment before, she and old Mr. Carmichael somehow know that Mr. Ramsay and the children, Cam and James (now grown-up), have landed at the lighthouse, "'He has landed,' she said aloud. 'It is finished.'" It is as though Lily Briscoe, the artist, has succeeded in arresting time, as though only art can arrest time, the continuum which, in the book, has dissolved insubstantial memory, grief and love; and the substantial bodies of Mrs. Ramsay, Prue and Andrew. Mr. Ramsay has withstood time almost by the exercise of his ego, it seems, and so has James, by the force of his rebellion against his father. These are held in the present by Lily's vision, as the book makes an eternal present out of the continuous flow of time—and death. Lily is the channel through which time flows and she suffers throughout the book from her inability to arrest it long enough even to speak the words of love that she wants to speak. She longs to speak of Mrs. Ramsay, about her death, and can only feel the unexpressed want of her heart, and, at the centre of what she sees with her eyes, "complete emptiness."

In the course of *To the Lighthouse*, Lily Briscoe becomes middle-aged. Writing this book, I have become four years older. A life is so enormous, a single day so infinitely long! The inexorable flow of time is braked by visions like Lily Briscoe's, by any effort to make time yield the fullness of its meaning. To write about one's life is an attempt to arrest time, as art does; to order it, just as Lily Briscoe ordered the elements: light, colour and form, of her landscape; to see it rather than just submit to the flow of dissolving minutes. Already, today has its composition and is filling with details: the hummingbird inspected my head as I picked snowpeas; the sparrow the cat caught and I managed to set free; the gentle rain in my face as I walked down the hill with the three dogs, saw a female marsh hawk cruising over the field, heard the twittering of a goldfinch rising and falling, saw a new wildflower growing on the other side of the ditch that runs the length of the road. I slid into the ditch in order to cut a spray of the flower and had a hard time getting out, saw myself, grey-headed, clambering up the bank under the barbed wire, bearing home the flower and making it into one of my instant images. It was Everlasting Pea (*Lathyrus Latifolius*), "Alien," it says in the flower guide.

What is it doing here? Life in Canada has reduced the size of the flower and elongated its leaves. I, an alien, like the Everlasting Pea, have also jumped to Canada. I feel the familiar ache induced by the sweetness of my life here, the sight of the grand and subtle landscape and the feel of its small rhythms; and those other terrible images of the "real" world superimposed on my peaceful ones. I hear the monotonous voice of a friend who lives on the West Side in New York City, where gratuitous acts of violence, beatings, rape, murder, theft are committed every day by people who have nothing better to do. She has seen three teenagers set upon an old man and beat him senseless. She rushed to her apartment to get her dog, but it was too late, they had disappeared. "There is nothing to do but round them up and exterminate them," she said. This was the mood of people on the West Side who had been beaten and robbed and who were watching the city go slowly to rot. I thought of Edmund. "Exterminate them," were his words, too, though he had not suffered like my friend in New York. Barbara would have something to say to this woman who



Self-Portrait



wanted to take a gun and exact a life for a life, who could see no reason not to, and to whom I could give no good reason that would change her mind. After all, what do I know about it? Don't I grow savage when people abuse my precious property rights, kill birds, ride motorcycles on my land?

What would I be like if my landscape were a hot street littered with garbage and broken glass, if I had never received nor given love in my life, and if the future held only the prospect of more of the same? Wouldn't I turn on people, the more helpless the better, with murderous rage or with careless indifference, and punish them for the way I'd been punished? As it is, living my privileged life, I punish in my mind what hurts me and struggle with the inexplicable anguish beating dully at the heart of every second, existential anguish, my small share of the pain and fear that is the heartbeat of life. Even as I fix my eyes on the glimmering green back of the hummingbird below me as she hovers over a flower, as I admire the delicate scimitar of her beak, I feel anguish squeezing my heart. Is it the accumulation of great remembered tragedies or those too tiny even to be recorded that scatter their mute evidence like the scattered feathers of the cat's victims on the garage floor? Or is it the thought of friends, each bound like Lazarus in his shroud, to whom one wants to say, "Yes, in this, we are identical twins, all of us, our identical caged selves, beating our wings and crying for help or huddled in miserable silence."

It is 10:30 a.m. I am thinking of Barbara and her pain, which she fears is cancer. I close my eyes and touch her long body in imagination, under her ribs where the pain is, and my hands draw it out, finer and finer, until it has all flowed from her body and she says, "It has gone!" One can only share the physical suffering of others by the transfusion of love which flows from life to life, despite the barriers that our pain and our selves erect. A letter has come from Sylvia Marlowe, who speaks of a "Job-like suffering." She has been chosen by the usual obscure forces to be tortured with burning scars on her face, eyes, neck; she is drugged and miserable, her eyebrows and eyelashes gone, her eyes half-closed; she is tormented by loneliness, by the fear of death and by unremitting pain. Barbara, who felt peace entering her body and steadying her soul when we all thought about her, agreed with me to think of Sylvia in the same way; Barbara and Marie-Claire and I intend to concentrate together. Again, I close my eyes, hold Sylvia's hand and stroke her face. I tell her repeatedly in my mind that she is not alone, that we are there with her, that the scars will fall off and her skin be smooth again, that she will feel the peace of our love entering into her, will sleep, and feel better when she wakes up. A series of pictures of our long friendship crowd into my head, like dreams. I hear her practising her harpsichord in the house in Newport. The notes fly out from under her strong fingers, her artist's hands, rain, like sunlit drops in a fountain, or are compressed in emphatic chords. She is practising Bach's Italian concerto with its ringing two-chord opening followed by notes tumbling over each other in their ardent haste, bound by the decisive rhythm. I hear this beginning repeated and then rushing like a waterfall along its course. And I see her magnificent self, clad in

a full white satin dress, like a queen, her blonde hair piled high on her head, at a concert, bent over the harpsichord, plucking out the shimmering or quick-beating notes with the marvellous machinery of her hands. Sylvia, brusque, tough and tender, with her deep laugh, and abrupt, sometimes biting response, whom I feared in my hopeless timidity—and loved. She was capable of knocking me flat with some verbal swipe and then picking me up anxiously like a mother bear. Tough and tender, even with the gentle Leonid, who sulked a little, but who was never outwardly angry. She has a passionate respect for everything great in art and a profound knowledge of music, the mysteries of which I would be unable to grasp in several lifetimes. She is a vessel for the mystery of art and holds in her brain and hands: Bach, Rameau, Vivaldi, Mozart, Handel, Rietti, de Falla—all those millions of notes with their hundreds of precise structures. All this, I think about now, willing her to know that she is not alone, wishing that the body that has betrayed her artist's mind will again become the sun-loving, sensual body I used to see stretched out in a black bathing suit on the Newport rocks, that her voice on the telephone, heavy with pain, will have the old playful brusqueness. "It didn't do any good, but thank you," she tells me when I ask about our concentration on her. She is suffering as much as ever from the aftermath of shingles, but her voice on the telephone sounds better and she says she has at least begun to believe she may get well.

In our isolation, out only hope is to try to be "members, one of another." I try to tune out my doubts, the knowledge that we can look so often on our fellow human beings as members of an alien race. We are so sure that we could never behave like the murderers, the torturers, the human monsters who seem to have multiplied in the world. We scarcely know the dark places of ourselves and cannot foresee the *reductios ad absurdum* that old age is preparing for us. Each of my annual visits to Wellfleet is an ordeal of acceptance of the changes in old friends, the ghostly maps that age seems suddenly to have made of unlined faces, the departures and disappearances: the senile to rest homes; the dead to their graves.

We like to think that death, the brutal metamorphosis that takes life's matter and makes it unrecognizable and stills the wild music in the brain and heart once and for all, is powerless to kill the energy of all those impulses that have been emitted from the living individual, have entered into the air, and into other minds. The death of friends has only this comfort to give us. I think of all the friends to whom I never said goodbye: Edmund, Miss Horti and Wyncie, Henry, Bessie, Leonid. Indeed, I have only said goodbye in a literal sense to one person, my mother, as she slipped from sleep to death. Whatever our closeness or distance from the dead, from the almost careless way in which our brains register the megadeaths of our time, to the burning reproaches we make ourselves after the death of someone we love, the thought of death, with its certain and imminent coming, should be a call to shake off the fetters that keep us from being alive; a call to refuse to accept those pernicious and recurrent deaths of our most living selves that kill as surely as any disease. Among these deaths is the refusal to

"thoroughly live" in the presence of others, really to greet, really to say goodbye, which is a long process of simultaneous attention and letting-go. Growing old does not always make people better at this; reason can speak its words of wisdom and make its resolves, which the body then betrays. But as I grow older in the body that keeps me ignorant of my own future, I draw up a defiant master plan — promises to myself that will require many years to fulfill—and I propose to keep as many as possible. ●

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Festival of Festivals

Reeling from the Festival

by Barbara Halpern Martineau

A feminist takes the standpoint of women. That is, we begin from this place and it is the place where we are ... we begin with ourselves, with our sense of what we are, our own experience.

— Dorothy Smith,

Feminism and Marxism, 1977

Toronto's mighty film festival struck me more than ever this year as a microcosm of our society, based on the principles of big business, willing therefore to accommodate anything at all, provided it serves the ends of the festival: i.e., to attract wealthy and/or influential persons, sell tickets, increase festival prestige, harboring, therefore, an infinity of contradictions. At the gala presentation of *Man of Iron*, the Polish film by Andrzej Wajda which documents the struggle for workers' rights in a "workers' state," the balcony of the Elgin cinema was ostentatiously reserved for "VIP passes and the Press," solely, I gathered, so that those who Mattered could distinguish each other from the Mass. The contradictions, as always, come in layers — Wajda's film, strong and uncompromising in its solidarity with the workers, is equally strong in its defense of the Catholic Church and the institution of the nuclear family, and the character used to make this point is a young woman film maker, who finds happiness and fulfillment (after she has been fired from her job) in marriage to the film's hero and in motherhood. (Hey Maria, I think we've been shafted again!)

A story of two films:

1) On Friday, September 11, at 1:30 pm *P4W: Prison for Women*, a 75-minute documentary by Toronto film makers Janis Cole and Holly Dale, camera Nesya Shapiro, sound Aerlyn Weissman, shot in the Kingston Prison for Women and produced for a total cost of \$43,000, had its "World Premiere" at the Towne Cinema. Present in the audience were several of the women who appear in the film, either released since then or out on day passes.

"This is no ordinary 'prison film' or 'women's film'. *P4W* is a dramatic, very touching portrait of five women you're not likely to forget." — Festival program

Audience enthusiasm and rave reviews from Toronto critics led to Pan Canadian picking up the film for distribution in Cineplex theatres across Canada. *P4W* is a strong film, designed to bring the audience closer to the lives of the women, to establish first their humanity, strength, humour, and grace, and then the inhumanity of their incarceration, an inhumanity which is not immediately apparent from surface observation of their lives. They wear their own clothes, eat cafeteria-style, argue wittily and with energy about prison politics, decorate their narrow cells with cushions, dolls, photographs. Only as the women talk, tell their lives, why they are in, what being in means to each of them, only then does the true narrowness of prison life sink in. The photographs change meaning as we learn of children not seen for years, of husbands, lovers, family. The picture on the wall behind Janis is of Janis' lover, Debbie, who is there in prison with Debbie, but soon will leave, and Janis will be left to serve years and years more, for a crime she never committed, that no one imagines she committed, for having been present when her husband committed a crime and then died, and she was the only one left to take the rap. Another woman makes a video tape for her daughter, and we watch first her, then her on the monitor, as the child would see her, a lined, fuzzy picture of Mummy smiling, playing her guitar, singing for the daughter she can't see or hug.



A still from *P4W*: June Campbell (l) and Beverley Whitney. June: "She's very intelligent but she doesn't have an ounce of common sense."

I talked with Holly Dale about the unexpected success of the film, asking what she hoped might come of it for the women in the Kingston pen. She is trying to get a review of Janis' parole situation, and will get back to anyone who calls her at 416-964-2892, and would like to help in this attempt. She believes that a successful review would establish an important legal precedent.

The only serious shortcoming I see in *P4W* is the absence of discussion about what the Kingston pen means to women prisoners in Canada — closing that pen down, which has been frequently proposed, would mean that women would serve their sentences in much worse provincial facilities, isolated from other women, without any of the programs (woefully inadequate as they are) available to them in Kingston. It would be a shame if the film were to encourage that reaction in viewers.

One very heartening audience response to the film so far has been the sympathy and warmth expressed towards Janis' relationship with Debbie, probably the first time a lesbian relationship has been shown in Canadian film to be positive, nurturing, based on mutual need and caring. It is clearly a tragedy for Janis that she is losing Debbie, and the audience takes it that way. *P4W* is a strong example of the evolution of an objectifying cinema-verité into cinema-intimacy, cinema-respect, cinema-compassion.

The true subject of pornography is not sex or eros but objectification, which increasingly includes cruelty, violence against women and children ... The intensification and proliferation of pornography in our time can be associated with deeply repressive patterns of political violence, such as witch burning, lynching, pogroms, fascism. — Adrienne Rich, Afterword, *Take Back the Night*, 1980.

"I find the use of human beings as objects pornographic," replied producer Dorothy Todd Henaut, thus throwing into question the whole idea of having movie stars, or, for that matter, movies. — Ron Base, *Toronto Star*, Sept. 14, 1981.

Not a Love Story ... it's an example of bourgeois, feminist fascism. — Jay Scott, *Globe & Mail*, Sept. 7, 1981.

"Male bile sullies film about porn" — headline for Michele Landsberg's column, *Toronto Star*, Sept. 15, 1981.

2) On Friday, September 11, at 1:30 pm *Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography*, has its sole festival screening at the Festival cinema. A 70-minute documentary from Studio D of the National Film Board of Canada, produced by Dorothy Todd Henaut, directed by Bonnie Sherr Klein and Anne Henderson, camera Pierre Letart, sound Yves Gendron (with a crew of many more), for a budget not publicly released, *Not a Love Story* was received enthusiastically by a packed house and panned, dumped on, bitterly attacked by the little boys who pretend to be film critics in Trona the Good.

Because the festival had cautiously asked for only one screening of *Not a Love Story* the Censor Board held them to it; the film was not re-screened, although hundreds had been turned away. It is not (at press time) known whether the Board will approve further Ontario screenings of the film, which is certainly not, contrary to the hysterical accusations of the reviewers, pro-censorship. The film in fact suffers from its



A scene from *Not a Love Story*: "I'm tired of sitting all day."

lack of a clear stance with regard to censorship, but the use of porn within the film and the inclusion of several comments by feminists about the need to see and talk about what we would condemn seems to me to make the anti-censorship position of the film makers apparent, if not strongly so.

I was most impressed by the film's presentation of Susan Griffin's point, elaborated in her book *Pornography and Silence*, that pornography itself acts as a censor, silencing women, showing women bound, gagged, voiceless, impotent. This is the analysis of and response to pornography I have heard. No confusion, ban the censor board, abolish censorship, ban pornography. Pornography censors women. Pornography can be defined as the portrayal of human beings in physical subjugation for the purpose of titillation, and banned. Using such material for educational or artistic purposes, as in *Not a Love Story*, is fine. The sole criteria for prosecution would be intent — to titillate with violence is unacceptable. Any sane society, surely would see and agree with this.

We do not live in a sane society.

I wish *Not a Love Story* were a better film. I wish those women from Studio D of the National Film Board of Canada had included some Canadian feminists in their film, instead of relying entirely on Americans, wonderful as those Americans are. What a golden opportunity to validate the contributions of Canadian women to feminist thought, women such as Mary O'Brien, Dorothy Smith, Nicole Brossard, Edna Maniowabi, Rosemary Brown ... And they blew it. Better still, I wished they had skipped the on-camera interviews and focussed more steadily on the porn industry and its effects, using the perceptions of feminists as a guide rather than as an element within the film. There is no suggestion within the film of possible constructive action to take; and the porn shown is mild, deceptively mild, whereas violent, sadistic pornography accounts for more than half of the market. I wish it were a better film, as it is; *Not a Love Story* should be seen widely, discussed in depth, certainly not censored.

Certainly not censored.

On October 6 *Not a Love Story* is scheduled for another Toronto screening at Town Hall, followed by a panel discussion on pornography. This is the proper context for the film — it would be an outrage if such an event were blocked by the Censor Board.

Other scheduled screenings in Canada: Montreal, October 9; Calgary, October 20; Edmonton, October 22; Saskatoon, October 26; Winnipeg, October 28, 29; Halifax, November 15; Vancouver, to be confirmed. Local NFB offices will have details of place and time.

(Janis Cole and Holly Dale) produced a documentary so honest it makes the National Film Board's *Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography* look even sicker than it is. — Adele Freedman, *Globe & Mail*, Sept. 10, 1981.

It was unfortunate that the festival scheduled *P4W* and *Not a Love Story* opposite each other, unforgivable that the press used that error of judgement to play one film against the other, praising *P4W* at the expense of *Not a Love Story*, with not a shred of recognition that the subject matters interrelate, that it is the same system which imprisons and isolates women unjustly, which objectifies and degrades us for profit. We need many films about the issues which concern us, many films expressing our different viewpoints.

Within a feminist context, there are some valuable lessons to be learned from a comparison of the two films. The women in *P4W* clearly knew and trusted the film makers (all women, minimal crew), but the film makers are never shown on camera — their experience is not central to the film. Had neither film makers nor theorists been shown in *Not a Love Story*, and had their perspective been more clearly conveyed by the film, I think much of the critics' ammu-

munition for derision would have been defused.

The filmmakers give us ... Robin Morgan bawling (literally) about how hard it is for her — a thinking, sensitive, radicalized woman — to get along in society. — Jay Scott, *Globe & Mail*

If it was contemptible of Jay Scott to sneer at Robin Morgan's tears, and I think it was contemptible, it was not wise of the film makers to include her tears in their film, not that emotion in unacceptable, but that the grounds for her emotion haven't been built filmically. Robin Morgan cries for an idea, and her husband and son hold her hands for support. The image is at variance with the mood necessary to sustain the rest of the film; it can be accepted only by those of us who have shared her experience of battle, and that experience has not been shown by the film. Women cry in *P4W*, and the audience cries too — the women cry for their lost children, their lost lovers, their imprisoned lives, and we, having just seen how they live their lives, having witnessed their courage and grace, willingly share their grief.

I was angry at the end of *Not a Love Story*, and while the true focus of my anger should have been directed at the patriarchal makers of porn, somehow lacking a clear channel, lacking a sense from the film of how to direct my anger, I found myself turning it back onto the film makers — why didn't you make a better film, why no Canadians, why why? No wonder the little boys exploded. Anger is a dangerous weapon — like most weapons it can be turned against its owner. •

Censorship in Ontario

Film and Video Against Censorship (FAVAC) is a group of independent producers of film and video and representatives from community access centres, public galleries, artists' organizations and distribution centres.

Under the Ontario Theatres Act, all film and videotape must be approved by the Ontario Censor Board which has the authority to cut or ban any film or tape. We maintain that the Ontario Theatres Act was never meant to regulate cultural and non-commercial screenings of film and video and is inappropriate because:

- such screenings are non-commercial;
- they are not "public" in the usual sense of the word; and
- film and video are the only forms of art and communication subject to such regulation.

FAVAC suggests two changes to the Theatres Act:

1. that the Censor Board be replaced with a Classification Board similar to those in Québec and Manitoba which does not have the power to cut or ban material;
2. that the screening of all cultural, non-commercial film and video work should be considered to be outside the jurisdiction of any Theatres Act in Ontario.

We urge you to support us in the fight to change this undemocratic piece of legislation. The Theatres Act will be before the legislature this fall for amendment. Now is the time to act.

You can help us by contacting your local MPP, writing to The Honourable Gordon Walker, Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations, 9th floor, 555 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 1Y5; and signing our petition.

For further information please contact: Anna Gronau or Lisa Steele at (416) 364-7003.

Passages

Passages, a one-woman play written by Patricia White, will be showing at Actor's Lab, October 6 — November 1 in Toronto.

Passages was reviewed while still a "work in progress" by Keltie Creed and Ruth Dworin in *Broadside's* July 1981 issue. Said Creed and Dworin: "It uses dance, song

fragments and fabric to evoke White's memories of her family and childhood ... There was throughout a strong sense of woman's identity."

For more information call Stephen Dale, Actor's Lab (416) 363-2853.

Joining a Union: Paths and Pitfalls

by Sandra Fox

GETTING ORGANIZED: Building a Union, by Mary Cornish and Laurell Ritchie; Toronto; Women's Press, 1980.

"Hey, lady, do ya wanna join a union? All you have to do is sign here on the bottom of the card. Just sign here and that's all there is to it."

Wouldn't it be wonderful if that was all there was to it. Just sign your name on the card and sit back and relax and presto you have a union with a new contract that gives you job security and decent wages.

As we know, nothing could be further from the truth. The process of fighting for union certification is complicated and time consuming. You think that a union in your factory or office would make all the difference in your working conditions, salary,

pension plan. But, where do you start? After you have contacted a union how do you go about getting union cards signed? Can everyone in your office sign a union card? Did you know that you have 6 months to get 55% of the bargaining unit for automatic certification? If you get 45% of the bargaining unit you can proceed to a vote. But, if the cards are more than 6 months old the Labour Board will not use them to establish membership support for automatic certification. That means that you have to get those cards signed again. Then there's the boss, who threatens layoffs, loss of privilege and in some cases even fires union activists.

Millions of workers over the past few years have become members of the trade union movement. Many did so through months of struggles as in the case of workers at Fleck, Radio Shack and Fotomat. How were these organizing drives

started? Usually they began with one or two workers talking about unionizing and then contacting a union about the possibility of organizing in their place of work. But is it just left there for these one or two workers to control the process and do all the leg work? Mary Cornish and Laurell Ritchie, authors of *Getting Organized, Building a Union*, see it as absolutely essential that all those active in an organizing drive have as much information at their disposal as possible.

The information Cornish and Ritchie supply is not just how to fill out the forms, what you can expect from the employer and the Labour Board. While this information is vital and one small mistake can set your organizing drive back months, they also see more directly political aspects of union organizing as crucial. Their chapter on building unity is excellent. It covers the particular problems of women, immigrant women and workers from different racial or national communities. Workers involved in organizing drives must take into account that women work a double day and for many it is difficult to attend evening union meetings. For some women it may be that their husband is hostile to them attending union meetings. *Getting Organized* does not just outline the problems but gives some practical solutions to overcoming the problems:

"Home visits are especially important for organizing immigrant women workers who have responsibilities in the home that keeps them from attending nighttime meetings. Home visits also provide the worker's family with an opportunity to discuss the union. You can explain the reasons for the meetings, the progress of the campaign, and what you expect to achieve. Once reassured, the family may offer support rather than opposition."

It goes without saying that *Getting Organized* provides an extremely valuable function. It is clear, easy to read and takes you step by step through an organizing drive. It, in fact, does not stop there, but proceeds to the negotiating of a first contract, the next step and believe it or not even more difficult than getting certified.

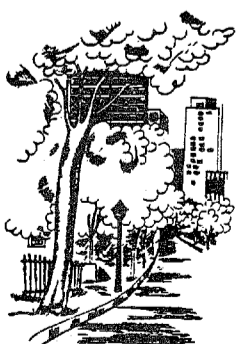
The book deals mainly with the situation facing Ontario workers in dealing with the Ontario Labour Relations Board. Unions in Ontario should purchase copies of *Getting Organized* and distribute them to their new members. It should go hand in hand with the signing of the first union card.

But it shouldn't stop there. Those of us interested in the growing number of trade union battles for certification and strikes during the first contract negotiating should be sure to read *Getting Organized*. It allows us to have a sense of what it means to organize a union and fight for a first contract.

HILDA PAZ

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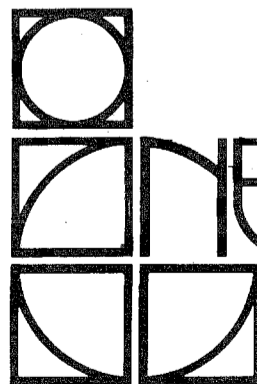


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Who Did Marx's Laundry?

by Mariana Valverde

Meg Luxton, *More than a Labour of Love: Three Generations of Women's Work in The Home*. Toronto: Women's Press, 1980. Bonnie Fox, ed. *Hidden in the Household: Women's Domestic Labour under Capitalism*. Toronto: Women's Press, 1980.

Housewives are — so the television tells us — by nature stupid and gullible creatures, endlessly worrying about the whiteness of their sheets or the flakiness of their pastry, and always ready to consume whatever product promises to solve these worries. Even in the literature of the women's movement, they have often been portrayed purely as passive victims (of domestic violence, of the advertisers' ploys). Other people have spoken about their problems, but they have seldom been encouraged to speak for themselves. Meg Luxton's recent book, *More than a Labour of Love*, does an excellent job of debunking these myths and stereotypes.

The reader quickly becomes absorbed in the stories told by these housewives from Flin Flon. Luxton gives us the necessary statistics and tables, but only the strictly necessary; mostly, she just lets us enjoy the anecdotes and the half-finished thoughts. And, although her own prose is rather colourless, she has a brilliant way with quotes. For example, here's a woman explaining how she manages to obtain the money she needs from her husband:

Men are such sucks. They have this big fat ego and it needs feeding. When I need money I have to go through this whole song and dance about how wonderful he is and how big and strong and how I'd be lost without him. And it works. He coughs up.

Luxton's book is a work of sociology, but it actually shows caring and concern, and even a great deal of respect, for the people whose lives are being dissected. The women speak in what sound like unconstrained voices: the researcher is clearly not just an academic, but also a neighbour and friend. Even the last chapter, consisting of political conclusions and strategies, relies as much on these women's opinions as on the perspectives of the author herself. For example, when considering the failings of the Wages for Housework movement, Luxton simply refers us to the views expressed by these women:

Well, whenever they want us to make more babies, they increase the baby bonus or change the family tax laws. So the government could decide to pay women according to how good a wife and mother they are. Then we'd all have to have dozens of kids and keep spotless houses and do home baking and never complain.

The book deals with such topics as a quick history of the town of Flin Flon, changing relationships among family members, and of course, detailed analyses of how these women spend their hours at home. Such topics as the impact of technology on housework, the various methods of managing the family's finances, and the relationship between the husband's work and his attitude to the home are explored in minute detail, but without boring repetitions or pedantic elaborations of the obvious.

This book, then, is an important contribution to the small but growing literature of the Canadian women's movement. Despite its value both as a work of empirical sociology and as an analysis of housework under capitalism, however, there are some problems concerning its theoretical framework. First, Luxton happily tells us that the experiences of these Flin Flon housewives are "typical". Now, these women live in an isolated, one-industry town where there is virtually no paid work for women. In larger urban centres, however, nearly all single women and about 60% of married women work for wages: the full-time housewife is increasingly not typical. Also, Flin Flon is the kind of place where doctors won't give birth control to unmarried women, where abortions are simply unavailable, and where everyone knows your business. Under such repressive social conditions, women are bound to be less independent than they might be in other places: it's very difficult to leave your husband, it's nearly impossible to be gay, etc.

This does not in any way invalidate the thoughts and experiences of these women, but their situation in a town where it's extremely difficult to be independent of men does have some bearing on their approach to housework, men, and life in general.

Secondly, Luxton is not very precise about how her analysis of domestic labour affects the Marxist concepts of labour and value, which she uses in an ambiguous way. Her approach is to legitimize women's work in the home by giving it the status of "production", a word which Marx would never apply to what feminist theoreticians call 'tension management', or to women's sexual services to men. Such an extension of Marxist categories requires more justification than Luxton provides. But she is, it seems to be, relying not only on her own rather brief arguments: she is part of a major current within Marxist-feminism, and is implicitly relying on a whole series of arguments devised by others. It is thus appropriate to now turn to an evaluation of this current by examining another book on domestic labour also published by Women's Press, *Hidden in the Household: Women's Domestic Labour Under Capitalism*.

In the mid-seventies, Marxists in Europe and North America began to develop an analysis of women's oppression that, among other things, provided an understanding of women's work in the home from the point of view of Marxist economics. It was recognized that this seemingly private, non-economic activity was really work; and feminist historians pointed out that capitalism greatly affected women's work in the home. Marxists then set out to analyze housework in its relationship to the capitalist economy. Many different views emerged on this debate, an early one being that proposed by Wages for Housework; and there is as yet no consensus on what the 'correct' socialist-feminist theory of domestic labour is.

Wally Secombe, an early Canadian contributor to this debate, has two important articles in the anthology under review, and the other writers make a point of either agreeing or disagreeing with his position, so it is to his contribution that we now turn. Also, Secombe and Luxton have worked together very closely, and the theoretical problems which I see in her work are by and large problems she shares with him.

Secombe is by no means a vulgar Marxist. He recognizes the importance of the autonomous women's movement, and is willing to reconsider the validity of certain tenets of orthodox Marxism in the light of feminist theory. But his theoretical framework, it seems to me, has not advanced at the same pace as his political ideas; he tends to validate the experience of women in the home by describing it in Marxist terms. Sometimes this is indeed useful, but at other times it amounts to a stretching of the old wineskins of Marxism to contain the new feminist wine.

Secombe wants to vindicate housewives by proving that their work is crucial for the capitalist economy, in that it produces the strange, intangible commodity which workers sell on the labour market, i.e. 'labour-power'. (Marx defined labour-power as a person's ability to create and do things, an ability which takes the form of a commodity — something which is bought and sold — only under capitalism.) Women take care of their husbands and they bring up their children, hence producing and reproducing labour-power. Women's work is thus validated as 'productive' because it produces a certain saleable commodity — labour-power — which is then exchanged in the market as the worker goes to work. The price of this commodity is then obtained in the form of wages, which then have to be transformed by the housewife into cooked food, clean clothes, etc. The food and the clothes help to reproduce the wage-earner's labour-power, thus setting the cycle in motion once more.

This explanation shows that women are tied into capitalist production even when they do not work for wages, but it goes a little too far in seeing *everything* that women do in the home through the eyes of abstract economic theory. First of all, the housewife performs an endless series of tasks in her daily routine, including such activities as playing with the kids or making love with her husband, which can only be seen as economically productive by stretching the

meaning of these words quite considerably. Even if it is true that both her husband and her children will likely proceed to the labour market, there is no direct and immediate connection between her activities and their selling of labour-power. The concrete housewife does not directly produce labour-power, which, as Marx pointed out, is an abstract economic category. The concrete activities of domestic labour — activities which bourgeois housewives also carry out — cannot be reduced to a simple abstraction like 'reproduction of labour power'.

This emphasis on the housewife's services to the capitalist economy tends to ignore the ideological and cultural components of women's oppression in the family. Luxton tends to explain male miners' domination of their wives in terms of the men's exploitation at work; and similarly, Secombe tends to explain sex stereotypes in terms of the needs of the capitalist system of production. (They of course allow that there is such a thing as sexism in the working class, but they tend to explain it away with economic theory). Now, even if it is true that domestic labour fulfills an essential function for capitalism, there is nothing in the nature of capital that determines that it shall be *women* who perform this work, or that there will be certain expectations about cleanliness or privacy, or that a married couple is expected to have children.

Finally, the Secombe-Luxton analysis does not deal with women's oppression *as women* in the labour-force, and how discrimination and job-stereotyping relate to their role as mothers and housekeepers. Marxist economic theory can explain how workers in general are exploited, but it does not explain the concrete ways in which workers are divided according to gender, race, and so on; again, it is necessary to take into account political, ideological, and cultural factors when doing concrete analyses.

In an original contribution to the debate, Linda Briskin's article "Domestic Labour: A Methodological Discussion" also provides a critique of the Secombe framework. She shows why the categories of "labour", "value", "production", and so on cannot be directly applied to the sphere of domestic labour; and in general, she argues that the oppression of women under capitalism cannot be studied with the tools of political economy alone. At the same time, she recognizes that the abstract dynamic of capital and labour — a dynamic which, as she puts it, is "sex-blind" — does influence and shape all areas of capitalist society, including the home.

This perspective, which recognizes that domestic labour is tied to, but at the same time remains outside of, the "inner dynamic" of capital and labour, is a fruitful one. (A similar, much more systematic analysis is provided by Michèle Barrett in her recent book *Women's Oppression Today*, published by New Left Books). The inner dynamic of capitalist production, i.e. the extraction of surplus-value and subsequent reproduction of capital, is a central one in our society, but it is not a magic solution to all questions of social theory.

In order to concretely understand women's oppression today, analyses of the ideology of domesticity and of gender-stereotyping are as important as abstract economic explanations. Feminism is not simply an addition or revision of Marxism, it is an independent component. A socialist feminism that is not unduly weighted toward socialism would recognize that there are more things in Heaven and on Earth than fit in Marxist economics, while recognizing that this economic theory can indeed provide the key to *some* aspects of women's oppression both on the job and in the family.

Book Shorts

by Elaine Berns

Auel, Jean M., *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, Bantam, N.Y., 1981.

- novel set in pre-history, about the life of a lost girl, adopted into a tribe of hunter-gatherers.

Lorde, Audre, *The Cancer Journals*; Spinsters Ink; Argyle, N.Y., 1980.

- a courageous personal and political book about breast cancer. Lorde writes eloquently about her feelings about prosthesis, the pain of amputation, her confrontation with mortality, and the strength, love and support she received from other women.

Moraga, Cherrie & Anzaldúa, Gloria, eds., *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings By Radical Women of Color*; Persephone Press, Watertown, Mass., 1981.

- prose, poetry, personal narrative and political analysis by women of color in the US, includes sections on Racism in the Women's Movement, on Culture, Class and Homophobia as well as Audre Lorde's controversial open letter to Mary Daly.

Raymond, Janice C. *The Transsexual Empire*; Beacon Press, Boston, Mass., 1979.

- brilliant examination and exposé of the politics of transsexualism. Raymond writes about the implications for women and men of transsexuality, analyzes the power of the medical establishment, and suggests changes from a radical feminist perspective.

Roberts, J.R., comp., *Black Lesbians*; Naiad Press, 1981.

- annotated bibliography of works by and about Black Lesbians.

Salmonson, Jessica Amanda, ed., *Amazons*; Daw Books, N.Y., 1979.

- an anthology of fantasy which includes stories by André Norton, Tanith Lee, Joanna Russ, and Elizabeth Lynn.

Warner, Marina: *Joan of Arc*; Knopf, N.Y., 1981.

- excellent biography of Joan of Arc that emphasizes how she fit into an intellectual and emotional tradition of thought concerning women.

These books are all available from the Toronto Women's Bookstore.



Betsy Lippitt (l) and Therese Edell hit a resonant chord with the audience at a recent Womynly Way concert at Harbourfront, Toronto.

Martha Keener

• from page 9.

Third World. The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute claims that Canadian exports of weapons to the Third World have averaged \$23 million per year since 1950. In 1967 Canadian arms exports reached an all time high of \$441.2 million; in 1973 the figure was \$308.2 million. The Canadian government has a publicly stated policy of not supplying arms to countries in conflict, yet we continued to supply, and made enormous profits doing so, arms to the US throughout the Vietnam war. We sold to Malaysia while she was fighting with Indonesia, to India following the war with China and to both Turkey and Greece while they were fighting with each other. Certainly not a record to be proud of!

One of the most frightening developments in the arms build up is the rapid increase in arms purchased by the Third World. Between 1960 and 1978 arms purchases by the Third World increased 400%. This is upsetting just in terms of the additional arms available for war, but what is even more distressing is the vast sums of money being used on arms while the population of these countries goes hungry. It is also worth noting that since 1945 all wars have been fought in the Third World with weapons designed and usually produced in the industrial nations.

Reforms to the US military aid program emphasized that military aid *should* help promote future military sales. The US has a deliberate policy of offsetting the cost of military production by selling to the Third World. The net result is to cause still further distribution of income away from the Third World to the developed countries.

The US is the largest supplier of arms to the Third World.

Canadian components and raw materials are part of US exports as well as our own direct sales to the Third World. Despite the US's recurring excuse of supplying arms because of USSR involvement, the US has twice as many clients as the USSR.

The extent of the effect these transfers have on the arms economy is made clear in the following figures: in 1963 the Third World absorbed 50% of the world arms transfers; in 1973, 66%; in 1975, 75%. Meanwhile the Third World accounts for only 25% of the civilian market. It's an old story, the rich get richer, the poor get poorer. This time we may all be the losers, rich and poor alike.

The question that remains unanswered is: What can be done to stop it? This time the preachers of doom are probably right, and we have very little time left. Part of the difficulty in tackling the problem is that there is no sense to the problem — no understanding the problem in rational, humanitarian terms. Why would anyone steer such a deliberate course to self destruction as the western world and the USSR are now charting?

Anthony Sampson, in his book *The Arms Bazaar*, suggests the problem lies in the nature of the male ego: "No politician can altogether afford to ignore the atavistic appeal of arms to the male psyche. The word 'weapon' was up till the fourteenth century synonymous with penis; the missiles and machine-guns, and the sexy roar of the tigers, still hold their phallic spell whether in Iran or Los Angeles. It is no accident that many of the most effective crusaders against arms have been women, who are not vulnerable to this primitive thrill, from Berthe von Suttner to Alva Myrdal and the many active young women now involved in the movement for arms control; there are even some men who

insist that only women can really be trusted with diplomacy. But until that time, the *machismo* factor cannot be completely excluded."

Certainly many women would agree with him, and women have been active in Canada for many years in the peace movement, particularly the Voice of Women. We are presently experiencing the growth of new grass roots organizations generating from the women's movement, such as WANT — Women Against Nuclear Technology.

We must pressure our government to get out of the arms trade and out of nuclear power. Many people feel that our alliance with the US is what protects us from the threat of Soviet aggression; yet, Norman Alcock finds that "What little empirical evidence there is suggests that alliances, rather than minimizing the likelihood of war, make war more probable." We *can* afford to break our alliance with US imperialism; in fact we cannot afford not to.

As the pressure of poverty, hunger and disease increases in the Third World, the threat of World War III must also necessarily increase. Many of these countries have at this point nothing to lose and the continued sale of arms must increase the chances of a major war being fought in or with the Third World. It stands to reason then that a major peace thrust must include a proposal for income redistribution from the industrialized nations to the Third World.

Finally, we must mobilize internationally for peace. Grass roots peace alliances must be formed which include large numbers of people in both east and west. It is important to get the message out that no one has anything to gain by another world war. If we are to have a future at all, peace must become a major concern in all countries of the world and it must happen fast. •

TWO CONFERENCES ON GENDER

"The Political Economy of Gender Relations in Education" will be held at The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, 252 Bloor St. W. on October 29 and 30, 1981. Admission is free. For further details contact Paul Olson or Alison Griffith at (416) 923-6641 ext. 287.

"Women, Power and Consciousness" at New College, University of Toronto, 20 Willcocks St., Toronto. Sheila Rowbotham will be the keynote speaker. Registration is \$15 (\$5 for students); a banquet is also planned (\$10), October 30 and November 1. For details write M. Wilson at New College or phone 978-5404.

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