



Startling Art:

"Shalamas" by Sharron Zenith Corne; graphite on paper, 1982

SEE STORY PAGE 14.

FEATURES

DALY BREAD: *Pure Lust*, Mary Daly's latest book of dis-coverings and reversals, again takes on patriarchal culture and religion, and comes up with what is, according to reviewer Carlyn Moulton, essentially a religious text. Page 10

OPEN TONGUES: Poets Betsy Warland and Daphne Marlatt talk of the process of writing poetry "with their bodies," of mother tongues, and of context, referring to their new works *open is broken* and *Touch to My Tongue*. They were interviewed for *Broadside* by Ellea Wright. Page 4.

NEWS

HELLENIC REFORM: Greek women were promised equality when the Papandreou government came to power, and now several years later there is evidence of change—mainly due to the hard work of the EGE, the Women's Union of Greece. Jacqueline Swartz reports. Page 6.

INSIDE BROADSIDE

SEPARATE OR EQUAL?

Girls wanting to play hockey in Ontario can't join the regular hockey leagues. The question is, should they form their own leagues, or change the law? Helen Lenskyj reports. Page 6.

COMMENT

TRIAL BY JURY: The Morgentaler *et al* acquittal in November reflected the will of the people, not the judge, or the law. We have cause to celebrate, says Lisa Freedman, but the hard struggle for real reproductive choice has just begun. Page 3.

BIRTH CHOICES: Kate Hughes comments on the precarious legal position of midwives in Ontario, and argues that for women to have real choice, midwives must be licensed under the Health Act. Page 7.

ARTS

FILM FEST: Three film festivals were held in Toronto this fall: Forbidden Films, a range of banned movies; Colour Positive, a collection of anti-racism films; and Through Her Eyes, an international festival of women's films. Reviewed by Donna Gollan and Randi Spires. Page 12.

MUSICAL FEMINISM: For a pop music superstar to use words like "women's herstory" at the Maple Leaf Gardens is a real breakthrough, says Gail Landau in her review of Cyndi Lauper's recent appearance in Toronto. Page 13.

TABOO IMAGES: The use of phallic images and "feminine" curves by Winnipeg artist Sharron Zenith Corne jars the viewer out of complacent stereotyped responses, says reviewer Marian Yeo. Page 14.

HOLIDAY READING: Settle back for a good read with our 3rd Annual Idiosyncratic Book List. Over 60 titles, covering fiction, non-fiction, science-fiction and poetry. Compiled by Carroll Klein, Gail Van Varseveld and Jean Wilson. Page 17.

MORE BOOKS: *Stepping Out of Line*, A Workbook of Lesbianism and Feminism, reviewed by CM Donald; *The Crisis in Sex Hormones* by Barbara and Gideon Seaman, reviewed by Anne Cameron; *Room of One's Own* special Marian Engel issue, reviewed by Gail van Varseveld; Marge Piercy's *Fly Away Home*, reviewed by Sarah Sheard; *open is broken* by Betsy Warland and *Touch to My Tongue* by Daphne Marlatt, reviewed by Betsy Nuse. Pages 15, 16.

.....
OUTSIDE BROADSIDE: Don't miss our calendar of Toronto's women's events for December 1984 and January 1985. Page 19.
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LETTERS

Pornography Projects

Broadside:

The October 1984 issue of *Broadside* contained a letter from Susan De Rosa questioning the purpose, criteria and conclusions of pornography research that is predominantly male oriented. Recently CRIAW, NS (Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women) received funding to conduct a pilot project on women's attitudes towards pornography. The project will involve interviewing women on a range of topics concerned with pornographic material, analysing that information and disseminating the results to interested groups.

We welcome any information, suggestions, bibliographies, etc., from women interested in the subject. Please write to: CRIAW Project, c/o 6170 Pepperell St., Halifax, NS, B3H 2N9

Adele McSorley
CRIAW
Halifax, NS

Broadside:

The Pornography Project Collective, Kingston, has been working throughout the summer months to produce a series of educational videotapes about pornography and the workings of the pornography industry in Canada. Material for the tapes is being edited from the videotaped proceedings of the Conference on Pornography held in Kingston last winter at Queen's University. Those of us involved in planning the Conference, and now producing the video series, include members of the Queen's University Women's Centre and the Kingston Action Group Against Pornography.

Production of the educational series is now underway, with the long woman-hours of research backed by grants from the Secretary of State and the Canada Council Explorations Programme. The series will draw upon the audio-visual presentations and discussions led by the variety of guest speakers from the Conference. We hope to extend the dynamic woman-identified energy of the Conference through a general one hour videotape which will include sections on the problems of defining pornography within the interlocking systems of patriarchy and capitalism; the use of pornography as propaganda and commodity; the effect of pornography on how men see women, and how we see ourselves. Further tapes will be devoted to discussions of strategies for change: going the legal route, and/or direct action through education, feminist and alternative media, lobbying and non-violent political protest.

The educational series will also include more recent information pertaining to the CRTC's response to Rock Videos and Cableporn, and current discussion about the Dworkin-MacKinnon Minneapolis Ordinance.

The educational series will be ready for distribution in January 1985, at which time the videotapes and supplementary literature will be made available on an ability-to-pay basis. For further information please contact: Pornography Project Collective, 51 Queen's Crescent, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 3N6, (613)

Jennifer Stephen
Angela Smailes
Kingston

Stop Electroshock

Broadside:

A year ago, the Ontario Coalition To Stop Electroshock launched a major campaign to end the use of electroshock. Our publicity and educational campaigns have led to something unique. A provincial health ministry has become concerned enough that an investigation into this psychiatric procedure has been ordered.

In approximately six months, Charles Clark, QC, Chairman of the Electro-Convulsive Therapy Review Committee will report to the health minister on the medical, legal and ethical issues raised by shock treatment. The Review Committee has now solicited submissions from organizations on the use and effectiveness of electroshock. Unfortunately, the vast majority of advisors are advocates of the medical model. What is still more unfortunate, there will be no public hearings, and it is in public hearings that the voice of the psychiatricized is most keenly heard.

We are attempting to make up for what is missing by actively soliciting submissions from consumers and consumer-sensitive

organizations. And what is most important, we will be conducting public hearings ourselves, transcribing them, and sending transcriptions to the Clark panel.

This adds a lot of work to an already David-and-Goliath situation. We have received two small grants, which allow us to have office equipment, a telephone, and postage. But, we have no money for paid staff, or demonstration and public hearings materials.

Please consider making a contribution toward the work of the Coalition. Write to: Ontario Coalition To Stop Electroshock, Box 7251, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9 (416) 864-1940.

Ontario Coalition To Stop Electroshock
Toronto

Our Mistake

In the October 1984 issue of *Broadside*, Judith Johnson's article "Feminism and Science: Dissecting the Bias" should have credited Kate Krug for help with typing and editing the manuscript.

Broadside

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

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EDITORIALS

Morgentaler Decision: Who Controls What?

It was a clear victory, no doubt. As Drs. Scott, Smoling and Morgentaler left the Toronto courtroom after having been acquitted on charges of conspiring to procure a miscarriage, they and pro-choice supporters across the country were jubilant. Dr. Morgentaler himself never doubted for a moment that a jury would acquit him. But to many others the acquittal was a surprise, and certainly cause to celebrate.

Now that the clouds of dust swept up by all the dancing have settled, it is time for some sobering thoughts. What the acquittal does is call the abortion law into question and encourages us to continue to lobby for the law's repeal. This will not be easy to do. Justice Minister John Crosbie is already talking about deep divisions in the country and is wondering why anyone considers the court's decision so important. His, and his party's, resistance to change in abortion policy will be fueled by the anti-choice lobby, which though depressed by the decision, shows no signs of letting it weaken their resolve.

Even as we proceed, there are some other factors to consider. The doctors charged were male; the judge, male; the lawyers, male; and the decision rendered in a male-defined court system. Even taking into account the doctors' bravery, the quality medical care they provided to women who desperately needed it, and the fact that these doctors probably would have worked with women doctors who at the time were not prepared to break the law so visibly, the issue remains. While access to abortion is crucial to women's health, and the court decision augers well for increased access to abortion in the future, feminists must continue to stress the issue of women's control over our own bodies.

Look at it this way: if Henry Morgentaler were to operate an abortion clinic free of legal harassment, would we say that the goal of women's control over our own reproduction had been achieved?

When the Minister of Health in Ontario was first petitioned by women's groups in 1977 to set up free-standing clinics, the clinics proposed were not abortion clinics only. They were designed as women's health clinics providing services which would include abor-

tion, birthing alternatives and a preventative approach to health care usually eschewed by the medical establishment. Now that we have found out that a jury will refuse to condemn doctors for delivering the medical services women require, we can get to work to repeal the law. But we should never lose sight of the larger vision: women's health clinics, controlled by women, in a spirit of collectivity, with no media stars, just good medical care in a feminist context. ●

This is Broadside

Item: Hurry and get your ticket to *Broadside's* 5th Birthday celebration. It's Monday, December 17 at the Bam Boo Club (312 Queen St. West, Toronto). The evening starts off at 8 pm with jazz from Kye Marshall and her jazz trio, carries on with an hour of humour, and ends—for the real party-goers—with music to dance to. Tickets are \$10, available at *Broadside*, the Toronto Women's Bookstore and Pelican Books. Don't be the only one on your block to miss this fabulous evening's entertainment.

Item: Give *Broadside* to your friends this year—especially those friends who live in rural areas or small towns, without access to bookstores. Often, a feminist publication is the lifeblood of isolated women; and subscriptions are the lifeblood of feminist publications. So, do everyone a good deed. See the back page for our special holiday subscription deal.

Item: While you're at it, renew your own subscription. The date on your address label is, in fact, your sub's expiry date (you didn't

think it could be that simple?): ie. DEC 84 means December 1984, nothing more complicated. If your sub is expiring, renew today before you miss a single issue of *Broadside* (and why not save money and trouble by renewing for two years?).

Item: *Broadside* welcomes letters from readers. They're often the first thing people read when they pick up the paper. And they reflect an energetic and involved community. But remember, keep them short (otherwise we may have to edit for space considerations) and, if possible, type them, double-spaced, on white paper. Address them to: "Letters," *Broadside*, PO Box 494, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1.

Item: The second thing people look at, when they pick up the paper, is the "Classifieds." It's a very cheap way to tell other feminists if you have something to sell, a room to rent, need information, are planning a conference, want a job or a penpal. Classified ads are only 25¢ a word (\$3 minimum, pre-paid). See this issue's "Classifieds" for details. ●

Necessity of Defence

by Lisa Freedman

We won—or so went the wild exhortations of glee that I heard from all of my friends when I told them about the acquittal on November 8, of Drs. Henry Morgentaler, Robert Scott and Leslie Smolling on charges of conspiring to procure miscarriages.

It was a decision we had all been waiting for, and we had reason to celebrate. After over a year of legal battles, the jury had spoken, and spoken definitively. We will never know whether they chose to accept lawyer Morris Manning's defence of necessity—that the doctors illegally opened their clinic to avert a greater and immediate harm to women trying to get abortions—or whether they simply decided that enough was enough, that the continued persecution and prosecution of these doctors and the continued efforts of the government to enforce an unenforceable law had to stop.

As feminists, we often define our goals in terms of all or nothing, with the result that we rarely have reason to celebrate. The oppression of one woman is the oppression of us all. We have no reason to celebrate if one less woman gets raped. We won't celebrate until no women get raped or until violence against women becomes a myth instead of the harsh reality that it is. We don't celebrate when we get funding to set up battered women's shelters. We won't celebrate until there is no longer a need for these shelters. And we don't celebrate when women's earning potential vis-à-vis men increases. We won't celebrate until women are earning at least as much as men and doing the same job.

So the celebration over the doctors' victory was unique, it was fun, and it was rewarding: to those who had dedicated their time and energy and money to the pro-choice movement rejoicing; to those who, over the years, had had political differences but come together to celebrate a victory that for the moment is devoid of feminist divisions. Whatever our individual difference have been over the years, we all won. And we all need victories.

What exactly did we win?

For one thing we won a point, something we already knew: when you get a group of twelve "ordinary" Canadians together who for the most part have not heard or been part of either the pro-choice or pro-life struggle, and objectively place before them the evidence that outlines the inequities of the system, they will unanimously conclude, again and again, that the law does not work.

We won the acquittal of three doctors who faced the possibility of life terms in prison. If it were not for these three we would not have any clinics. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for them to decide not to flout the law, for them to have performed abortions in the safe province of Québec, away from government persecution. But they had the courage to challenge the law and for this we must be grateful.

We won personal and political victories, be they a renewed vision of the probable, or a realization of the possible. We got our

message through to the people of Canada. We helped support a clinic that was set up to aid women. We educated Canadians about the abortion situation. This was a feat itself.

And we won a victory on behalf of all of the women of Canada. The reality is that most people in the pro-choice movement are working on behalf of women who, for whatever reason, would never come out to a demonstration, women who need a service and who are not prepared or able to fight for it. People in the movement know how the system works, know what hospitals will perform abortions, have friends who are experts at winning the "telephone lottery" to book an abortion, know where the clinics are outside Canada, have friends and family who would be supportive of the choice to either have a child or to get an abortion. The reality is also that many of us, if all of the above were to fail, could probably find the money for a private abortion. But we are in a distinct minority. The vast, overwhelming majority of Canadian women are at the mercy of the system that is not, as Judge William Parker said during the recent trial, "a lottery where everyone wins" (referring to therapeutic abortion committees which rarely turn women down), but rather a system where no one wins. And it is because of this fact that we all continue to fight.

We won a strategic advantage: the message now being sent to politicians says the law does not work; doctors performing abortions are not criminals; women seeking abortions are not criminals. Both the *Toronto Star* and the *Globe and Mail* had strong editorials demanding that Parliament finally listen to the people and change the abortion law. Even the *Toronto Sun* begrudgingly admitted that Canadians had spoken and the law should be changed. Our message is now being echoed by those who were at one time or another unwilling to speak.

And we won an ideological victory. Even with the implications of Brian Mulroney's federal election victory and Ronald Reagan's resounding presidential victory still fresh in our minds, we need not totally despair. The electoral swing to the right may not be as monolithic, on social and economic issues, as it has been made to appear. Yes, even here in true blue Ontario, the jury chose to ignore the conservatism in the air.

But, unfortunately, the celebration stops here. Perhaps we won the battle, for acquittal of the doctors, but have we made any advances in the ongoing struggle?

The stark reality of the situation must be faced. Women have not yet won the right to choose. Women do not have access to abortion facilities. The law remains. The clinic is still illegal. The doctors still have outstanding charges against them in Winnipeg. The idyllic picture of a woman being able to walk into the Toronto clinic and get an abortion, unhassled, is just a vision. What is going to stop the government from prosecuting again, from raiding the clinic again, from charging the doctors again, and perhaps from charging women? What is going to stop the right-to-life



DAVID SMILEY

groups from carrying through their threats to close the clinics? How many raids, how many prosecutions, how many legal bills can we be expected to endure?

It would be nice if we could be complacent, if we could sit back and philosophize about the movement, philosophize about past mistakes, and fantasize about future dreams. But as long as women are being denied access to abortion facilities we have to keep working.

We have to get the abortion law repealed: no other medical procedure is proscribed in the criminal code, nor should abortion be. We must support and defend the existing clinics: these clinics are a symbol that we, together, can fight the system. We have to get the province to approve free standing abortion clinics and ultimately to provide the funding for these clinics. And perhaps it is time to convince the hospitals that if three individual doctors can fight the system, it is time that they examined their own procedures and policies. What could the government do if hospitals decided to perform abortions without subjecting women to the therapeutic abortion committee's approval?

Our goals may not all be the same: for some it is simply the repeal of existing law; for others it is the establishment of a network of free standing abortion clinics; and for some it is the dream of a comprehensive women's health centre. But what we all have in common is a renewed commitment to fight for our goals. It is a time to celebrate and a time to acknowledge our collective strength, but it is also a time for all of us to ask what we can do to help win the war. It is time for all of us to do our part, whether that means getting involved with groups like the Canadian Abortion Rights Action League (CARAL) or the Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics (OCAC), or more personal actions and soul searching. We must acknowledge that all of our goals can be met, none of them are mutually exclusive. While the rules may be different, the fight is the same and the war is yet to be won.

Lisa Freedman is a long time activist in the pro-choice movement.

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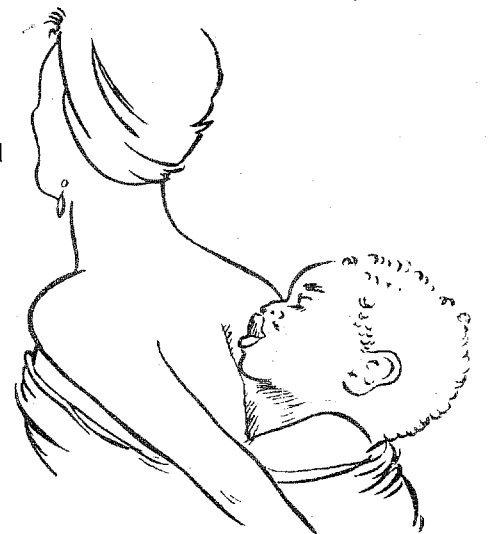
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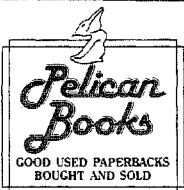
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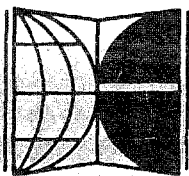
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Text and Tissue:

Betsy Warland and Daphne Marlatt recently gave a reading of their new works at A Space in Toronto. Ellea Wright interviewed them for Broadside. (Touch to My Tongue and open is broken are reviewed in this issue, page 16.)

Interviewed by Ellea Wright

Broadside: Tell us about your new work. There are so many similarities and you two seem to overlap...

Daphne Marlatt: Thinking of the sequence of *Touch to My Tongue* and *open is broken*, they really got started as a conversation, an intimate love conversation for which the letters were a matrix, when Betsy was in Vancouver and I was in Winnipeg. We were writing them simultaneously and sending the latest poem or the latest section to each other, and responded critically to each other about them. There was a lot of discussion back and forth. Many of the images and some of the wordplays are similar because we were reading the same books and talking to each other about them.

Broadside: What were you reading?
DM: We were reading *The Moon and the Virgin* by Nor Hall, a wonderful weaving of various mythic strands into a discussion of the cocoon stage of the creative psyche, and how you have to go into it in order to come out. She looks at myth and pulls lines and images from contemporary poetry, and American poetry and describes that process.

Betsy Warland: And Audrey Lorde's essay, "The Uses of the Erotic" and books on metaphysics and the new physics.

Actually we started writing this before we were lovers. I was working on a poem about the concept of mother tongue, and fatherland: you never talk about speaking your father tongue, you talk about speaking your mother tongue, and that was the first concept that triggered my whole process, realizing that tongue was referred to as female or mother, and I thought, here I can do some reclaiming. I was working on a poem that I showed Daphne a number of months before we became lovers. I was talking about mother tongue and she said, "oh yes, fatherland." I almost fell off my chair and I said, "That's it." It was an amazing connection with little light bulb going off in our heads.

DM: And I said, "I don't think this is really a poem. I think this is an underpinning for other works."

BW: Which, in fact, turned out to be true. I never really finished the poem. But a lot of the work that came out of it is in this book. Daphne then wrote a beautiful poetic essay on the use of the mother tongue.

We actually met at the Dialogue conference organized at York by Barbara Godard, the first conference that brought Québécoise women and anglophone women together to talk about feminist theory.

them together, the flip side of each other.

If you look at the word 'text,' which is used a lot when you talk about writing these days, it shares the same etymological root as the word tissue, body tissue. So there it was. When I started following etymology, I realized I could reclaim words and the way words and sensations fit together in my body.

DM: The question of etymology is really important to me, too. I probably began to work on it overtly in the sequence of prose poems I had written several years earlier called "Here and There." It was very tentative there and so it was very exciting to find in Betsy someone who shared that archeological curiosity.

My rhythms, I think, have changed the most. That's been the most dramatic change. I've always wanted to write with a kind of flow. *Steveston* was a book I wrote in which I was trying to imitate the flow of the rhythm in long, long extended sentences. But this is different, *Touch* is different. There's a way in which the rhythms keep dancing around, and the jumps from word to word and image to image cover a lot more ground. I'm not nearly as constrained to a discursive form of thinking, or a rational, logical development of a sentence. That's something I had a sense of for a long time, but could never feel. I could never get into it.

Obviously, our sexual relationship released a lot in my body. I love Betsy's work, her word fluency, in which she takes it right back to its original sexual connotation. And we come right back to the thing both of us keep working with, the connection between the language and the sexuality, between the two mouths.

Broadside: What is that interpretation of fluency?

BW: Getting back to this feeling—to what I refer to, in my book as "tongue-tied"—when I looked up fluency, I found that it goes back to "soft, wet, naked, exposed" and also to "swell up and overflow."

DM: So it's a perfect word for women's sexuality, women coming.

BW: And it fit right into my reclaiming the language, so I refer to Daphne in that particular piece as "the code broken by your fluency." Not only do we become fluent in language in that concrete way, we're also fluent in the relationship, with what is happening between our bodies. It's all one thing. And that's how it feels.

We as feminists, women and lesbians, are creating and evolving a new feminine culture. We don't have a choice. We have to affect the world.

When I started following etymology, I realized I could reclaim words and the way words and sensations fit together in my body.

DM: It ties in with that very important theoretical push from France and Québec. Women writing with their bodies. Women writing out of their bodies. Women's bodies have been a lack, a negative space in our language, and have had no real presence. And writing is seen as male, rational, logical, the domination of spirit and thought over the material body. This is a way of breaking that and allowing another form of writing, women's writing, female writing, or as they say in Québec, writing in the feminine, to emerge in the language.

Broadside: How did you find a publisher for these books?

DM: We just submitted the work to Longspoon Press (at the University of Alberta in Edmonton) which has been set up to facilitate the publication of experiments with language and women's writing. Longspoon wants to do both. They feel that there's been a gap in the landscape of English Canadian letters. They actually asked to see the texts.

Broadside: The new work focusses on eroticism and language. I think it's important that this kind of work is being published now,

Body Language



Daphne Marlatt (left) and Betsy Warland in Toronto, October 1984.

ELLEA WRIGHT

Impressions

Two women who put their life on the line. Where does poetry come from? the far shores of the imagination? daily lives? On Saturday, October 20, at A-Space in Toronto, we were privileged to catch a glimpse of the sources of two poets—catalyzed by a deep and tender love, a sensuous passion, a necessary absence, an ongoing friendship between two women that simply flew over the miles that separated them, back and forth, back and forth.

In the form of letters, read to us by Betsy Warland and Daphne Marlatt, a dialogue over the miles, everyday chatter, exploration of language, feminist reflection, and a profound longing to be together again. Letters such as you and I might write, yet profoundly moving. Letters with a sense of place—Vancouver, the Fraser Valley, the Badlands, Winnipeg—yet soaring over the miles, demolishing the distances. Letters with a sense of humour. Letters with a sense of self. Letters that set the context, the matrix, for their poetry.

And then, in the second half of the evening, Betsy and Daphne read the poems they wrote during that period, and just afterwards. Poems of love and trust, longing and desire. Yet poems that explore the world of life and language. Poems that play and poems that soar. Gorgeous erotic poems that form a sensuous language we all need to hear. Again, they read their poems in the form of a dialogue, contrapuntal music of the senses, of the heart. Two women wonderfully conscious of their lives in this world, and of each other. A lesbian celebration.

—Dorothy Héault

and that you've started to present the work publicly and together, as a couple. It's quite extraordinary.

DM: You're right. It is important because it's two women talking to each other. When you have one woman and she's talking to the world, it's impersonal. But when you have two women in a dialogue about eroticism...

BW: ...about each other, it doubles the vulnerability. I don't think I could have gone this far without that kind of mutuality, because we provoke each other to go places we have often found frightening and dangerous. To be speaking of these things or to be changing the language in this way, to be reading these poems in the Atlantic provinces, say, where you just don't know what's going to happen: it's a lot of unknown territory.

It feels good. If we were a couple and trying to keep that a closeted thing, not only in our work but in public, sometimes I imagine what it would feel like in comparison to who we are and it really terrifies me. I'd much rather name who I am, which I've done in this book. I'd much rather say it publicly to people and say together who we are than to have people say behind our backs who they think we are, in reviews like, "Oh, there's something fishy about these two books, they must be connected." I'd rather take that into my own hands and shape it.

Broadside: That's what I liked about it. There was no way anything that was said at your reading (at A Space in Toronto) could be distorted.

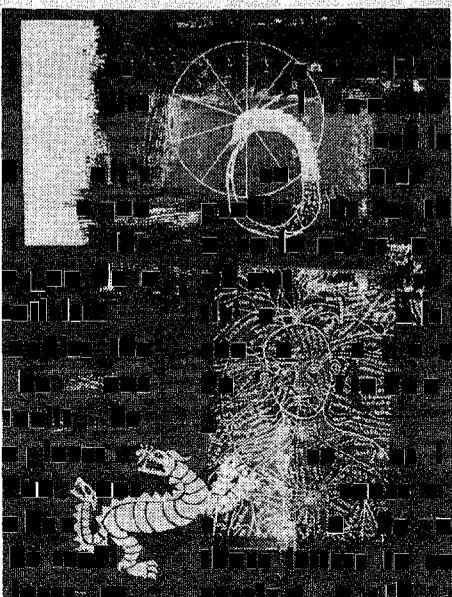
DM: It also frees up energy to continue the work. If we were closeted, so much energy would go into maintaining that cover. What would we have left to work with?

It would be much harder for Betsy and I to do this as one. We formed our own community, and hopefully there will be other women who join us so that the dialogue can grow.

Broadside: What you're doing is taking your private life and becoming public with it, not only in your writing or publishing of it, but in your reading of it. Why didn't you keep your letters to yourselves?

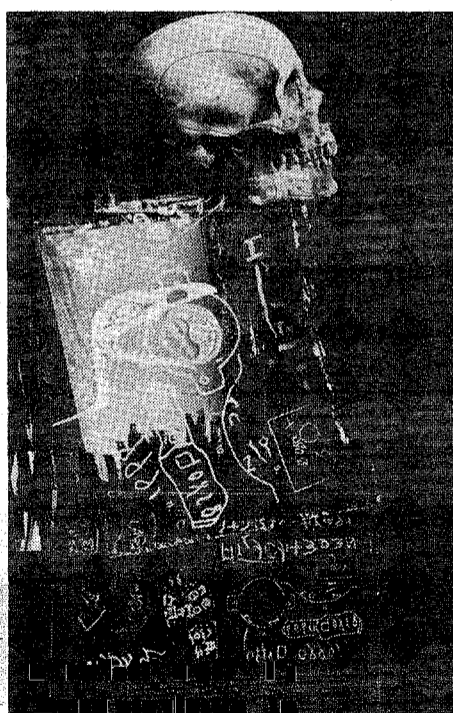
DM: Because it's a kind of collective act. It's something a number of women are starting to do in the French language, a language that is so gender-biased. It was more immediately problematic for them. They had to break it open in order to speak. It's much more insidious in English. It feels as if we are participating in a collective exploration. How else can you speak except from your body? We don't want to do another abstract, theoretical project.

We read our letters before we did the reading because much of the imagery and the concerns of the poems were first sounded in those letters to each other. We wanted to create a space that led into the poems. There's also a difference in the language level. Poetic language is highly charged and it works on many levels at once, whereas language in letters is different. It participates very much in the ordinary every day. The letters are full of clichés, and that's part of the despair when



Fantasmata and Mythemes

FROM "TOUCH TO MY TONGUE" BY CHERYL SOKRES



Occulis Imaginationis

you're in love. You wind up using the same old worn-out language.

BW: It's really nice that we as feminists, women and lesbians, are creating and evolving a new feminine culture. We don't have a choice. We have to affect the world, if we want to be around in the next ten years. We have to create this culture and get it out to the world. The presence of the female has to be much more profound. One of the things that comes up over and over again among women trying to create culture is that they are still held back by trying to do it in male ways, linear ways. They don't trust that wandering creativity, where they don't know exactly where they're going and they're stuck in paths that seem to be tangential. And they think, "oh, I shouldn't go there because that's not the project I'm doing, or the piece I'm

doing," and they go back to ABCDE. You have to risk not making sense at first. Because you won't. Because when you start producing these kinds of things and talking these ways, it won't make sense right away.

DM: We can't stop protesting. But to only do that is to constantly set ourselves in the negative space where we are seeing only what we don't have and how far away we are from where we'd like to be. It's equally important to celebrate, and to celebrate what we do have as women, to invent it, to fantasize where we would like everything to be. The feeling of celebration is so important, the delight in celebrating our own sensuality.



Langston Press

Girls Caught Offside

by Helen Lenskyj

Last October, six girls who played on a boy's hockey team in Toronto found themselves, and the rest of their league, suspended from the Metro Toronto Hockey League on the grounds that the girls' presence on the team contravened the rules of the national association. These events focused public attention once again on the issue of integration versus separate-but-equal as strategies for achieving sex equality in sport.

At their national conference last June, members of the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Women and Sport grappled with these questions in a discussion of human rights issues and sport policies. The right to equal access to programs and facilities is upheld by provincial anti-discrimination statutes, except in Ontario, where sporting activities and organizations are exempt from the Human Rights Code. The question remains: is it in the best interests of girls and women to lobby for integrated or for separate-but-equal (SBE) sporting programs?

Success in most sports, as presently constituted, depends on speed, strength and endurance — not coincidentally, the same dimensions on which men as a group tend to outperform women. This is not so much a male conspiracy as a product of a patriarchal system: men have defined these as sports. What women excel at — activities requiring grace, flexibility and balance — tend to be termed aesthetic rather than athletic.

The integration/SBE issue is complicated by such variables as the nature of the sport (contact, combat, team, individual), the age of the participants (pre-puberty, adolescent, adult), the level of play (recreational, competitive) and the context (community, school, university). The evolution of a particular sport, too, is an important consideration: while it may make sense to work towards opening up a traditionally male sport to females, it is not necessarily desirable to make traditionally female sports available to males in a system already heavily weighted in men's favour. Other targets for this kind of affir-

mative action are the new female sports like rhythmic gymnastics and synchronized swimming, which, it could be argued, should continue to be developed by and for women.

Amid this complexity, one point is quite clear: sport is a last bastion of male supremacy, and its gates are carefully guarded against the 'invasion' of girls and women. Against this backdrop, separate-but-equal in a sport like hockey looks remarkably like separate-and-second-class. Male arguments against integration tend to confirm this suspicion. Otherwise rational men are prone to unparalleled emotional outbursts when it is suggested that girls play on boys' teams: they know "in their hearts," they tell us, that this is a crime against god and nature.

The recent hockey issue evoked similar gut reactions: the president of the Metro Toronto League was quoted in Toronto's weekly cultural newspaper, *Now*, as saying, "There are liability factors — there would be a far greater emotional impetus (sic) if a young girl got hurt." The liability issue is not exactly an argument against mixed hockey, but rather against female participation in any contact sport. The sight of a girl with a bloodied nose, so the argument goes, makes grown men shiver. Curiously, child abusers, wife beaters and rapists do not appear to suffer from this kind of sensitivity.



FROM 'SHE SHOOTS, SHE SCORES': WOMEN'S PRESS

It is important to distinguish between the male arguments *against integration* and the feminist rationales *for SBE*, since apparent similarities are only superficial. Feminists are certainly not promoting the female frailty myth as grounds for separate teams, nor are we suggesting that women are morally superior and therefore have no interest in nasty, brutish, contact sports. As in other areas of women's lives, there is a case to be made against uncritically adopting the male model in an effort to achieve equality. Given the chance, feminists might work towards transforming the brutishness and reviving the spirit of playfulness, not because we are frail or virtuous, but because we have different priorities and goals at this point in our history.

The presence of a separate female hockey association in Ontario ensures, at the very least, that there is a structure into which female players, coaches, officials and administrators may fit: there are programs for girls and women, role models for young players, career paths for athletes in coaching, and channels for government funding. Moreover, there is not the danger of unfair and demoralizing comparisons with male players, who have the advantage of years of socialization into sport and a long sporting tradition.

Experience has shown, too, that cooperation with girls isn't exactly the forte of young male players, who frequently direct as much energy against their female teammates as against the opposing side. This is not, of course, a reason for quitting the fight for equality, but it may take at least another generation before this particular problem is resolved.

In the short term, there are arguments on both sides, and, in a province with hundreds of hockey teams and thousands of players, it is obviously possible to provide girls and women with both options. Integrated teams serve the interests of the most talented female players, but not without cost. When the best players join an integrated team, they are moving into a male-defined world of sport, which they then help to perpetuate. Meanwhile, the girls' league has lost its top players, the level of competition is diluted, and prospective players are quite justified in perceiving the boys' league as superior. This perception is unlikely to be changed by the preceding arguments, especially when the players are young and determined: the politics do not concern them — they "just want to play hockey."

Helen Lenskyj is currently writing a book on women and sports.

Greek Women: Rights, not Roles

by Jacqueline Swartz

Athens. A recent anti-littering commercial on Greece's government-controlled television, which showed a close-up of a bikini-clad woman and announced that, "It is in your hands," was quickly taken off the air when the Women's Council for Equality complained.

The Council, which drafts equal rights legislation and monitors abuses, has become the symbol in Greece that equality for women amounts to more than rhetoric. Formed last year, the Council has helped escalate legislation and keep women's issues on the political agenda.

"Women's rights are now part of the political climate," said anthropologist Eleni Stamiris, director of the Mediterranean Women's Institute in Athens. "Before this government, equality just wasn't discussed." From 1967 to 1974, the military dictatorship banned women's organizations. Afterwards, women remained politically marginal.

But since the election of the socialist government in 1981, new legislation and programs have surprised many Greeks who expected that Prime Minister Papandreu's campaign promises would translate mainly into limited changes in the outdated family law. Reflecting the country's strong patriarchal tradition, the family law gave men the right to decide on all matters concerning their wives and children.

A new law, passed last year, represents a radical change. It spells out full equality for women in the home and at work, and provides for no-fault divorce and communal property. This has real meaning for Greek women, most of whom do not work outside the home: now they can leave their husbands without abandoning their only source of income.

"I can't understand why the Equal Rights Amendment did not pass in the United States," remarked Sue Antoniou, director of the Council for Equality. "How can you talk about democracy and not have laws to back it up?" Antoniou was instrumental in getting legislation passed that encourages women to keep their own names after marriage. If they

wish to adopt their husband's name, they must make a routine appeal to the local court.

A bill to legalize abortion has been presented to parliament. The chances are good that it will pass, although this would be largely a formality. Abortion is widely available by reputable doctors, who simply call it by another name. It is used as the main form of birth control by over 350,000 women each year. To counter this reliance, family planning facilities are in the works. Daycare centres are also being planned. And a law prohibiting the exploitation of the human body for advertising purposes is expected to pass soon. Rape charges can now be brought by a public prosecutor if the victim wishes. And programs to train female electricians and bus drivers—unknown in Greece—have just begun.

At first, much of the impetus for women's rights was credited to the prime minister's influential American-born wife, Margaret Papandreu. But now the process is speeding along on its own momentum. One reason is the growth of women's organizations, the most prominent of which is EGE, the Women's Union of Greece. Started by Margaret Papandreu in 1974, it now has 12,000 members and many more supporters. Fifty-two chapters cover the cities and countryside, and district councils provide information and take complaints.

EGE members go into remote villages, and it is common to hear loudspeakers announcing meetings. Village women, many of whom work with their husbands on the land, eagerly attend. And this year, some will have their first gynecological examination, provided by mobile units.

"Of course, you can't expect village men to change," remarked Calliope Bourdara, former president of the EGE. "They make jokes, but they don't seem threatened." Indeed, this is another reason for the progress in women's rights in only two and a half years. The main opposition comes from right-wing newspapers, and Bourdara has a large stack of clippings that mock her and her organization. Margaret Papandreu is the current president, with the result that the Women's

Union is accused of being a PASOK vote-getter. Much of the criticism is in the form of cartoons that show Papandreu and Bourdara in various dragon-lady guises. Serious opposition, however, seems to be absent.

"Women's equality is not perceived as a threat to men's basic interests, at home or at work," noted Eleni Stamiris. "It has reached the point of rights, not roles." Yet traditional sex roles are so prevalent, and daycare and babysitting so rare, that many female doctors and dentists have offices in their homes in order to care for their children.

Even though educated women might know that new laws exist, they are not aware of how they can take advantage of them, or that they can register complaints with the Women's Council for Equality.

"We need an aggressive advertising campaign in newspapers and on television," said Calliope Bourdara. Others insist that it will take years to change hidebound attitudes. Some Greek women still maintain that nature made them inferior to men. Many others feel that all they need is a good husband. "The main obstacle to women's liberation is women," remarked an Athens secretary.

"In a transitional period, when women have felt secure in inferior roles, it can be difficult to accept upgrading," explained Council for Equality psychologist, Christine Antonopoulos. Equality, she added, does not just mean competing with men, but the discovery of women's potential. "It was Plato who said that imitation is the inferior to the original."

In Greece, individualism, highly respected in men, has simply not applied to women. Now this has started to change—even the new family law states that the husband "must not intrude on his wife's personality." Women's rights, in their fullest sense, will take time, and the continued efforts of Greece's women's groups. But in a country where paradox is often the norm, the spectre of government-promoted feminism has already become acceptable.

Jacqueline Swartz is a Toronto freelance writer, recently returned from Greece.

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Licence to Deliver

by Kate Hughes

Reproductive choice entails not only a woman's decision to give birth, but also her choice of *how* to give birth. Birth is rapidly being transformed by the medical profession into a high technology procedure where the woman is merely a passive birthing vehicle. Midwives are fighting to bring birth back into the control of women, but the battle is uphill. The Canadian midwife has both the law and the medical profession working against her.

The midwife in Canada is in a precarious position. For one thing, her legal status is not clear. But the choice is really between having an illegal status and having no status at all: both the existing legislation and the medical profession try to ignore the midwives, in the hopes that without access to hospitalized health insurance plans they will cease practising and thus stop challenging the medical monopoly over health care.

The medical profession has been using the law to try to crush midwives for the last century. Although it is not possible to go into the history of the midwife or of the medical profession at any great length here, and this history is well documented elsewhere, it is necessary to put midwifery into a historical context to understand fully that the issue is not one of science vs ignorance, or progress vs backwardness, as it is commonly portrayed. The issue has nothing to do with safety at all, for it can be easily established that midwifery provides a safer form of maternal health care than the medical profession. The midwifery issue is part of a long history of sex and class power struggles in the health care field.

Ever since midwives were essentially "out-lawed" in 1869 in Ontario, groups have been lobbying to have the legislation changed. In 1895 the opposition party in the Ontario legislature introduced a bill for "free trade" in health care, particularly by advocating the licensing of midwives. In the early twentieth century, the National Council of Women lobbied for midwifery. Recently (in November 1984), an NDP private member's bill again tried to introduce legislation licensing midwives.

All efforts have been defeated by the strong support the medical profession maintains in the legislature. Doctors are given their monopoly by provincial health care legislation. In Ontario, the *Health Disciplines Act* stipulates that only licenced practitioners can practise medicine, and that it is up to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons as to who gets a licence. Needless to say, they only license medical doctors. There are no statutes explicitly prohibiting midwives from attending births; but there are statutes prohibiting anyone other than a licenced doctor from practising medicine.

Thus, the first legal issue that arises is that every time a midwife attends a birth in a non-emergency situation, she is committing the offense of practising medicine without a licence. One might argue however, that given that childbirth is not a disease, but is a normal physiological process, aiding a birth in the

manner of a midwife is not "practising medicine."

The bigger legal problem for the midwife is the possibility of criminal charges in the case of an unavoidable death or injury during childbirth. It is this fear that every midwife practises under. Section 198 of the *Criminal Code* puts a duty on everyone giving medical treatment (the midwife attending at a birth falls under "medical treatment") to use "reasonable knowledge, skill and care." Given the tendency on the part of the medical profession to see midwifery as unreasonable *per se*, and the tendency on the part of the courts of letting the medical profession set the standards of what is reasonable in health care, the midwife is at a disadvantage if criminal charges are laid.

The most likely criminal charge to be laid against midwives is criminal negligence or criminal negligence causing death. The *Criminal Code* defines a human being, for the purposes of the homicide provisions, as a child that has "completely proceeded in a living state from the body of its mother." Thus the homicide provisions would not apply in the case of a baby dying before or while being born, but would only apply if the child died after birth, or if the mother died.

A recent Nova Scotia case illustrates how vulnerable midwives are to criminal charges. In 1983, three midwives were charged with criminal negligence when a baby at a birth they attended failed to breathe. The midwives were not able to get the baby to breathe, the ambulance attendants were not able to get the baby to breathe, and the hospital—after keeping the baby on a respirator for six months—was not able to get the baby to breathe on its own. When the baby finally died, the midwives' charges were increased to criminal negligence causing death (a charge which carries a possible life sentence.)

The Crown argued, among other things, that the midwives were negligent by doing "absolutely nothing." The judge disagreed and ruled, in a preliminary hearing, that there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the women had shown a "wanton and reckless disregard for the lives and safety of other persons," and refused to send the midwives to trial.

Given that midwives are practising outside the legal health care system, they are more vulnerable than doctors to criminal charges. There are always risks with birth, no matter who is attending, but the medical profession despite its poor safety record when it comes to birth and its practice of using dangerous intervention methods, is seen as more "reasonable" than midwives to the courts. Midwives provide a higher standard of care generally than most doctors, but it is likely that they will be judged according to practices and customs of doctors. Normally, an individual is held to the standard of her profession, but given that midwifery is not recognized as a profession then it is likely that midwives will be held to medical standards, despite the fact that mid-

wives reject much of the medical mode. In both criminal and civil cases (such as the unlikely case where the parents sue the midwife for negligence), the midwife will be fighting to prove her actions were reasonable. Until the midwifery profession is licenced, it is likely that the courts will continue to defer to the medical profession when judging the actions of the midwife.

The licensing of midwives is the obvious solution. This could be achieved through amending the Ontario *Health Disciplines Act*, which is presently under review, and other comparable legislation in other provinces. The amendments should establish midwives' independence from the medical profession. This does not mean that midwives will not work with doctors; in fact midwives always refer high-risk pregnancies to doctors whose interventionist methods are needed in those few cases.

The ability of midwives to function in a self-regulating profession and to set the standards of practice and training is demonstrated internationally. In countries with the best maternal health care, childbirth is handled almost exclusively by self-regulating midwives.

Until midwives have a legal status and are licensed they will not be covered by medicare or have access to hospitals. At present a woman must pay a midwife herself and she is restricted to having the services of a midwife at home. A midwife will accompany a woman to the hospital, but if she is allowed into the delivery room she is restricted to being a coach or bystander. Midwives would like to give women the alternate to having a midwife attend birth wherever the woman is most comfortable.

In order to have real reproductive choice, women need access to midwives. Midwives are not only an alternative to the male medical profession, but midwives, such as those in the Midwifery Task Force, are a feminist alternative. In short, the present midwifery issue is not simply a call for the return to natural births but is an issue tied in with the issues of reproductive rights, sexual and economic power struggles, patients' rights and radical health consumerism.

Kate Hughes is a law student at Osgoode Hall Law School, with a particular interest in family and labour law.

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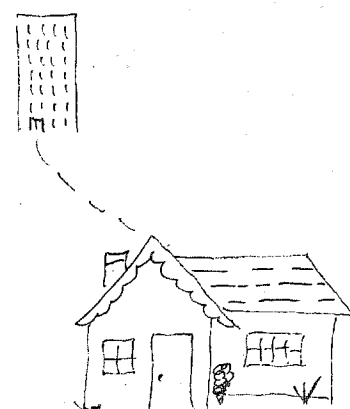
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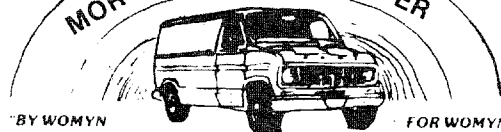
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LUGEM & LEEVUM

Bailiffs and Benders

by Rosemarie Rupp

It was pouring rain as our chartered bus left London bound for Greenham Common. We were an odd assortment, from clean-cut young women to "pensioners for peace," answering a call from Greenham for ten million women to assemble for all or part of ten days in September. The assembly was called to coincide with NATO manoeuvres in West Germany.

Greenham is a bleak place; the nine-mile perimeter is surrounded by a ten-foot-high chain link fence topped with barbed wire. Inside, barbed wire covers the landscape. Soldiers in jeeps and trucks patrol the roads; others watch silently from sentry boxes; still others roam with dogs. A helicopter buzzes by periodically; outside the perimeter, police on horseback pass by in pairs at five minute intervals.

We stood quietly, linked by dread and a sense of hopelessness, staring at the devastation of the site. Not a tree, not a shrub—a startling contrast to what remains of the common beyond, a lovely, wild wood filled with trees and ferns and gorse.

We joined the Emerald Camp, the site adopted by the Muswell Hill CND with whom I came from London. The women there, as everywhere at Greenham, take their responsibilities seriously. Not only are they present as a visible protest against the presence of nuclear weapons, but they keep vigil and report on the movements of missile launchers. And, as much as possible, they create a blockade.

Emerald Camp was a rag-tag assortment of tattered plastic sheets tied over branches (benders) and back-packing tents. A communal plastic sheet sheltered the fire and served as a cooking and visiting area.

We were welcomed warmly by the residents. Many come and go; about ten or fifteen women appear to be long-term residents. The hardship was appalling—mud everywhere, little available water, a shortage of wood. Everything was cold and wet, and the women were under constant surveillance. Local rowdies had burned down a tent the night before. The police were not interested.

Despite all, it was a high-spirited group, happy for the outside support they received. Food supplies—all donated—were large. Unlike their neighbours at the Blue Gate, who were being evicted twice a day, Emerald Gate women had been left alone for some time.

Though they are harassed, the women remain on reasonably good terms with the soldiers and police, who are rotated frequently for fear they will begin to sympathize with the protesters.

We walked along the fence to visit the other camps. The camp at the main gate, Yellow Gate, was the most dismal. The women were camped on rubble; all vegetation had been stripped in an attempt to evict the camp. Heavy traffic constantly moved in and out of the base. It was a grim situation.

The camps are not the only sign of the presence of the women of Greenham. All along the fence slogans are hung, balloons dance, wool spider webs are woven into the chain links. The fence is used for cup hooks, dish racks, and grills.

The organization of the ten-day protest was minimal. Some women were camping for part of the time; others, like us, were making a day trip to show our solidarity. Two activities, however, had been planned: a ritual feast to mark the equinox and a sunset silence after which the women were invited to hum their power.

Resident women were concerned that an in-

experienced visitor might attempt to cut the fence as an individual act and enter the base. Rumours abounded that the soldiers had been given permission to shoot a running intruder. Fortunately, there were no incidents.

Although I was only a visitor, the women of Greenham made me welcome, and I was,

for a day, witness to the courage and determination of women who would choose to live in peace.

Rosemarie Rupp works with Kinesis in Vancouver. She is currently travelling in the Mediterranean.

The Great Cause?

by Salad Average

The possibility of war seems much closer here in England than in North America. The scars of the last war are still evident in London as I noticed passing through on my way to Greenham Common. People remember, and they realize only too well what this military build-up and growing talk of war could mean for them and for all of Europe. They know what these first-strike weapons, like the cruise missile, will do to their tiny island in the event of so called "limited nuclear war" in which a few missiles are exchanged between Western Europe and Eastern Europe. They have heard the NATO Nuclear Planning Board speak openly of this limited war in the "European Theatre," as if they were preparing a new play, an evening's entertainment, which is about how long it would take to completely obliterate this entire country.

And so the women and children come, despite the cold wind and rain of late September. We have come in response to a call for "Ten Days of Action" and are settling around the nine-mile perimeter of the US/RAF base at various camps, established over the past two and a half years by the women at the gates to the base. In another action, each gate had been painted a bright colour, and retains its name: Orange Gate, Yellow Gate, Green, Emerald, Turquoise, Blue, Indigo, Violet, Red, Red Gap; some with just a few tents, a dozen women or so. Others, like Orange, have 2,000 women and children camping, not to mention the many day-trippers who swell the populations to several thousands at times.

The women move along the fence, some with strollers, perhaps a bolt-cutter hidden beneath the child's blanket. Other women are busy decorating sections of the fence with feathers and balloons, baby booties and ribbons. The police look on carefully, watching for any "hostile" movement, like shaking the fence to break the concrete poles that support it, a favorite action of the women. Local and special police arrive continuously. The giant tractors and earth movers, working just inside the fence, digging more silos for the 97 cruise missiles to be housed here, sound like machine guns, the dump-trucks like tanks; while the helicopters hovering overhead complete the illusion, making me wonder if this isn't a war zone we're in.

We are all camped in a cul-de-sac, easily surrounded. The site is also the home of minuscule, biting bugs. They lurk here in the peat ready to attack in droves. (When I awoke the first morning covered with horrid bites from the bright orange pests committing suicide by burrowing into my flesh, I seriously questioned whether the bailiffs or the bugs would first succeed in driving me away from the Common.)

I've spoken with women from Germany, from different parts of Great Britain, from New Zealand, from Holland; a group of 16 walked from Geneva, Switzerland. The question, spoken and unspoken, is "Will there be an eviction?" But I'm not to worry, the Longtimers say. When the bailiffs come with their giant "muncher," as the women call it, just

take the portables and move to the next available space until they are gone. Valued things are kept in readiness to toss into a vehicle for safe-keeping, because the bailiffs are not supposed to take anything "personal"; but of course, that's always debatable. Women have often found themselves engaged in a tug-of-war with these boys over a favorite pillow or stuffed toy.

One night the women gathered at Green Gate for a party—900 of them singing together, getting stronger and stronger. They moved to the fence, taking hold of whole sections of it and pulled it down; then they sat on it. "It gave an entirely new dimension to 'sitting on the fence'," one woman quipped.

The next day we blockaded the main gate, Yellow, for many hours. My back was tired, and sore for days after, because I placed myself between the line of police and horses and the women. As the hundreds of women arrived, we linked arms, "binding on" to each other for strength, while the police did the same.

The women danced in successive waves toward the uniformed line, singing brave songs, like "You Can't Kill the Spirit," but when the police suddenly advanced on us just a few steps, the women's line broke immediately and failed to regroup in some sections. The illusion of combined strength produced by the large numbers of women coming together is just that—illusion—unreal, a mere fleck on the dormant conscience of a giant military monster, impatient to flex his muscles and try out his lethal toys. But I know that illusion can be a powerful weapon too, when used artfully.

I had a little time to think between the arrival of trucks trying to break our blockade. I wondered how many of the women here would return to brutal husbands, to neighbourhoods where they were probably in even greater danger than on our line in the blockade. Would they see any connection between the ultimate violence of cruise missiles and that which met them at home? I wondered how many here would also care enough to place their bodies "on the line" against rape, pornography and other distinctly women's issues. And finally, I wondered how many of these women were, like me, placing their usual interests and priorities, their feminism or anti-racism or trade union battles, far back "behind the line" in favour of the "Greater Cause" of peace in the world.

But women's peace camps are highly politicizing for most women, because it's there feminist principles are practised and thereby taught to other women participating in the actions. It is where women come together to discover their individual and collective strength. Coming to a peace camp is a journey toward empowerment through which many women, who may have been alienated by the "women's liberation movement" in the past, finally discover what Feminism at Work is all about.

Salad Average is an American, living in Amsterdam, who travelled to Greenham Common in response to the call for "Ten Days of Action" in September 1984.

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MOVEMENT MATTERS

NAWL Call for Papers

OTTAWA - The National Association of Women and the Law announces the launching of the *Canadian Journal of Women and the Law* in the Spring of 1985. The first issue will be devoted to the theme "Theories of Equality: a philosophical and practical discussion of equality rights." The second issue will address the issues of reproductive rights and new technologies.

The material published will be of interest to lawyers, researchers, women's groups and unions concerned with law reform and social change. The editorial staff is now calling for the following submissions: articles dealing with the theme of "Theories of Equality," reproductive rights, historical material on women's legal problems, comments and notes dealing with specific cases and statutes, book reviews, notes on Canadian and international current events, reports on recent briefs to government and other agencies, and analysis of proposed legislative reform.

The *Journal* is bilingual and solicits original contributions in French and English. The deadline for submission of contributions for the first issue is December 31, 1984 for publication in April, 1985.

For final typing and translation, proposals, drafts and manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, *Canadian Journal of Women and the Law*, c/o NAWL, 323 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1N 7Z2.

CRIAW Awards

OTTAWA—The Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women recently

announced the winners of its annual awards.

This year's Honorary CRIAW Member, a distinction which honours outstanding feminists for their own research, went to Adzila Lapierre-Marchand, an author and activist.

The Muriel Duckworth Award, named for a past president of CRIAW, and presented to feminists whose research and activism concerns social justice and peace, went to Ursula Franklin, a scientist and peace-worker.

For feminist research articles in journals and anthologies, the Marion Porter Prize went to Jane Lewis for her article in *Socialism in a Cold Climate*; with Honourable Mentions to Marilyn Porter and Sylvia B. Bashevkin.

The Robertine Barry Prize, named for the pioneering feminist Québécoise journalist (1863-1910) and awarded for best feminist articles or columns, went to Penney Kome, a columnist for *Homemaker's Magazine*; with an Honourable Mention to Brigitte Sutherland, for an article in the Winnipeg feminist magazine *Herizons*.

No Women on Government Program

OTTAWA—The Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women is alarmed that a nine-member committee recently set up by the federal government to advise the Deputy Prime Minister in his study of public program cutbacks does not represent the interests of Canadian women.

"The Speech from the Throne clearly states that the government will enlist the cooperation of women and men in the private and public sectors in seeking to define further and implement measures addressing economic

equality and social justice," said Eileen Hendry, Acting President of the CACSW. "It would appear that the composition of this private sector committee reflects the concerns of business more than those of all Canadians," she added.

"The Council is extremely concerned that no women or representatives of women's groups have been asked to participate on this advisory committee," said Hendry. "The government's commitment to the enhancement of women's rights should include the active participation of women in the government's consultative process."

Special Collections

WATERLOO—The University of Waterloo's special collections librarian has received a grant to prepare a bibliography of the published, unpublished and critical works of Canadian author Isabel Ecclestone Mackay (1875-1928). Mackay's collections were donated to the Library in 1967 by the National Council of Women.

The U of W Library has also acquired a rare collection—35,000 issues of women's periodicals published in England between 1893 and 1977. Comprised of work written by and for women, the collection exemplifies social roles and images of women.

The Library has recently reprinted "A Catalogue of the Lady Aberdeen Library on the History of Women," number 7 in its Bibliography Series. The catalogue contains some 1400 items which present a unique source of material on women's perspectives in a historical, literary, political or social context.

(For more information, call the University of Waterloo Library, (519) 885-1211.)

No Abuse on TV

OTTAWA—The CRTC announced recently the enactment of new pay television regulations, as well as amendments to the radio and television regulations dealing with the broadcast of abusive programming.

The regulations include a section prohibiting the broadcast of "any abusive comment or pictorial representation that when taken in context tends or is likely to expose an individual or a group or class of individuals, to hatred or contempt on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age, or mental or physical disability."

The CRTC also asked each broadcaster to submit a report describing the initiatives taken regarding sex-role stereotyping in order to evaluate the effectiveness of self-regulation. In the spring of 1985, a summary report will be published on this subject, that will include an analysis of the broadcasters' reports as well as those submitted by the advertising and broadcasting industries and the CBC. It will also include an analysis of all correspondence on this subject received from the public over the last two years.

The CRTC has also hired an Ontario firm to conduct an analysis of program content, in order to measure the degree to which broadcasters, including the CBC, as well as advertisers are adhering to their respective industry guidelines respecting sex-role stereotyping. This report will form part of the Commission's summary report which will be made public and will provide the basis for a public discussion.

Men Challenge Porn

TORONTO—On October 13, a group of men calling themselves "Men Challenging Men" took over the stage of a downtown porn theatre in a political action designed to force men in the audience to question their motives in being there.

"What's this movie about?" yells a man on stage.
 "Men fucking women," someone yells back.
 "What are the women doing?"
 "Getting fucked!"
 "How does it make you feel?" shouts the man on stage.
 "Horny."
 "Strong."
 "Like going out to fuck a woman."
 "That brings us to rape," says the man on the stage. "What's this stuff doing to us?"
 "Messing us up."
 "How?"
 "I'm beginning to think women are just there to be fucked."
 "What are we going to do about it?"
 "I'm getting out of here."
 "I'm not going to watch this shit."
 "I'm leaving!" And they leave.

Outside, a flyer (see box) outlining the connections between pornography, rape and war was handed out to men entering the theatre. Most men seemed interested, said one of the action's participants, and one man told them he didn't stay for the second feature after reading the pamphlet.

The point of the action was not to put down the men in the audience, but to represent the

group's point of view and invite the boycott of the sexist materials. The action was part of a series of feminist actions on the theme of rape, pornography and war and the link between them, carried out by a loose network across southern Ontario and Québec by the feminist collective of the Alliance for Non-Violent Action (ANVA).

The group started to meet in mid-September, and after a tense beginning where some men refused to accept ANVA women's right to block consensus, the group of six men started to get to know one another, to share ideas and fears, and to plan the action—including writing the flyer and the "script."

Although the action on the theatre stage was empowering, participants felt that what was more exceptional was the group and its dynamic: the ease with which consensus was reached in the non-hierarchical group, the high energy, and the supportive atmosphere. In a report on the action, group members said, "In challenging sexism, we found that we had to challenge not only other men, but also ourselves. This requires a great deal of sharing and support from other people. The group worked well together because we cared about each other and we made an effort to be aware of where we were at and how we were feeling. For an all-male group, this may seem rare, but without it we could not have worked the way we did."

"Men Challenging Men" is still together and holding regular meetings, although as yet no further actions have been planned. They can be reached by contacting: Men Challenging men, PO Box 5676, Stn. A, Toronto, or by calling the Cruise Missile Conversion Project (416) 532-6720/22.

Connections

Why do we use pornography?

We first reach out for porn as young men, trying to explore and experience our own sexuality. Porn is just about the only outlet that most of us were offered. In accepting porn, we accepted many of the traps that come with it. . . Porn never talks back. . . Sex and sexuality become things that we have complete control over. . . We begin to believe women are inferior to ourselves and they are there to service our needs.

Why do we rape?

With a belief that women are there to service us sexually, we begin to believe we have the right to access to their bodies whenever we desire. . . We want the woman to fit the role given to us in

the movies and the magazines. . . We begin to fit ourselves into the mold of the strong man. . . To assert the value of the role we have accepted, we find it necessary to demoralize women and prove our power over them.

Why do we go to war?

As men, we assume we have a right to control over other people's lives, whether it be women or other nations. . . War and killing is the ultimate extension of physical control. . . Basic training in the military makes us dehumanize the enemy as much as porn has made us dehumanize women. By beating them, we prove again our own self-worth and our right to control and dominate other people.

MOVEMENT COMMENT

Le Jour du Souvenir

L'an passé à Montréal, lors de la cérémonie du Souvenir du 11 novembre, on essaya d'empêcher une femme de poser au pied du monument, une gerbe de fleurs au nom de "toute femme violée en guerre." On lui dit que la cérémonie n'était ni l'endroit ni le temps pour poser ce geste. Cette femme reviendra cette année.

A son origine, le jour du Souvenir, commémoré le 11 novembre, fut institutionnalisé dans le but de nous rappeler les hommes et les femmes qui périrent pour la paix. La signification de ce jour se dénatura au fil des années et des idées jusqu'à ce que cette occasion ne mette en évidence que des victimes à la fois visibles et choisies.

Ce souvenir sélectif évoque maintenant la mort des militaires et le deuil pénible de leurs proches, mais oublie la mort tragique des victimes civiles; pourtant ces dernières dépassent de beaucoup le nombre de militaires morts pendant et depuis la seconde guerre mondiale.

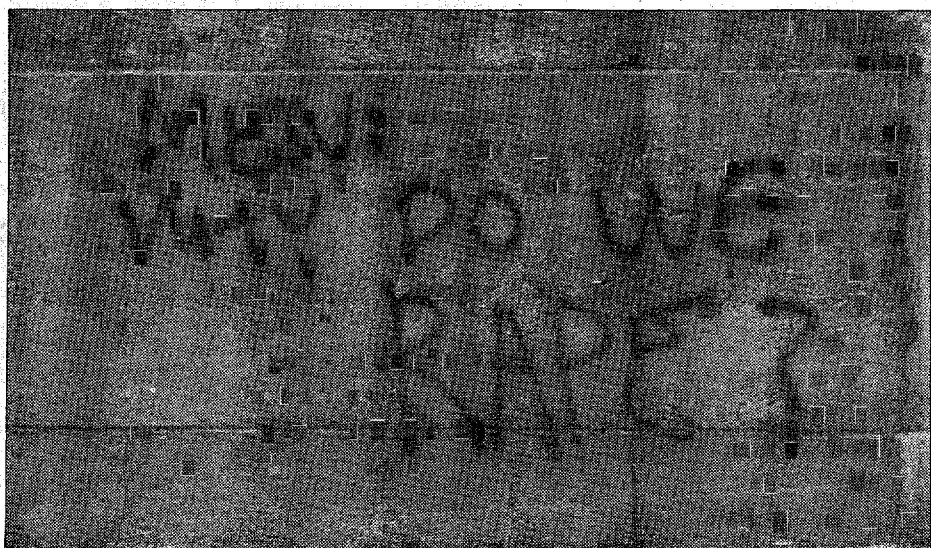
En ce jour triste, il faut également se souvenir des victimes oubliées qui survécurent physiquement tant bien que mal aux atrocités des guerres, mais qui cependant trouvèrent la mort dans l'âme; ces victimes cachées subis-

sent souvent malgré elles leurs expériences de guerre encore douloureuses car jamais cicatrises. Pensons ici aux femmes et aux enfants violés et torturés.

En ce moment même, pendant que nous méditons sur le passé et sur les leçons à en tirer, les prétextes qui justifient l'escalade constante de l'armement nucléaire se multiplient; ici au Québec on trouve plus de la moitié du total des industries canadiennes d'armement. Nous les femmes et nos enfants subissons le plus les coupures budgétaires au profit de l'armement. De plus nous ne sommes représentées à aucun niveau des négociations actuelles sur le gel, la limitation et la réduction d'armement.

Nous voulons que l'on se souvienne lors de la journée du souvenir: que le viol et la violence barbare et gratuite pratiquée pernicieusement à l'égard des femmes en temps de guerre sont des crimes commis universellement sans distinction de race, nationalité ou religion. La violence face aux femmes et aux enfants se perpétue en temps de paix et que nous sommes des victimes innocentes lors des conflits.

—Sylvie Albert



KEVIN THOMAS

Spooking Scriptures Ad

Pure Lust: Elemental Feminist Philosophy. by Mary Daly, Beacon Press: Boston 1984

Reviewed by Carlyn Moulton

Pregnable: Capable of being taken by force

Cockocracy: worship of god the flasher, god the stud and god the wholly hoax: also known as Godfather, Son and Co.

stagnation: Stag-nation

snool: (n.) a cringing person, an abject, or meanspirited person; (v.) to reduce to submission: cow, bully; sadism and masochism combined, the stereotypic saints and heroes of the sadostate.

(Webster's First New Intergalactic
Wickedary of the English Language)

Mary Daly is a woman who likes to play. And I would challenge anyone to read *Pure Lust* without laughing out loud at least twice. But this is not a funny book. Daly's first two books (*The Church and the Second Sex* 1968; *Beyond God the Father* 1973), she has said, were written from anger and from hope. Her anger was articulated more clearly in *Gyn/Ecology*. The anger is still present, but now, in *Pure Lust*, we are treated to the vision of her hope.

A word about the title. From a marketing point of view, I suspect it was a stroke of genius. And as always, it gives Daly a chance to wield the double-edged sword of which she is so fond: *Pure Lust*—unmitigated malevolence, lasciviousness, lechery; *Pure Lust*—intense longing, enthusiasm. It names the

Daly's journey to find her "lusty" voice has not been a simple one. She has degrees in those most patriarchal disciplines, theology and philosophy.

problem—and the way out, "the high humor, hope, and cosmic accord/harmony of those women who choose to escape, to follow our hearts' deepest desire and bound out of the State of Bondage, Wanderlusting and Wonderlusting... it is pure Passion."

Daly's journey to find her "lusty" voice has not been a simple one. She has more degrees than you can count on the fingers of one hand in those most patriarchal of disciplines, theology and philosophy. Her first two books were indictments of the church—the indictments of an insider. The church was an institution that Daly still believed in and hoped to reform.

That we not forget just how far Daly has travelled, a reminder regarding the conclusion of *The Church and the Second Sex*: "... men and women can learn to set their pride beyond the sexual differentiation..." she wrote. "It is only by this creative personal encounter, sparked by that power of transcendence which the theologians have called grace, that the old wounds can be healed. Men and women... will with God's help mount together toward a higher order of consciousness and being..." Small wonder that Daly refers to the woman who was writing in 1968 as a reformist foresister, an earlier incarnation.

Clearly Daly was moving in an interesting direction, but had not yet found the words to describe the movement: she was confined by the language of the church. (Years later, when Daly was writing a new introduction for *The Church and the Second Sex*, she confesses to a sigh when she sees chapter headings such as "The Second Sex and The Seeds of Transcendence," and wonders why she used the word "seeds." "Language conceals an invincible adversary," said French critic Helene Cixous, "because it's the language of men and their grammar." It is, of course, true of language in general, but it is even more true of theological jargon.

Ten years later, *Gyn/Ecology* provided us with a litany of evidence demonstrating the "deep and universal intent to destroy the divine spark in women." Finally, here Daly moved out of the church and into the world. However, the arm of the church is long—"the perpetrators of this planetary atrocity are acting out of the deadly myths of patriarchy... the ritual enactment of the sado-myths."¹ And she describes those rituals in a decidedly new voice.

While Daly is obviously not the only or the first woman to attempt radical departures from traditional language structures, her process is a particularly interesting one to observe. Few women have tackled the challenge of mastering the ammunition of the theological opposition with such zeal. And even those among us who do not consider themselves to be religious or who disavow any interest in "religion" must

acknowledge the profound impact of patriarchal and religious ideology on our language.

Daly's searing analysis of that language—and her rejection of it—is interesting precisely because, as her books become successively less and less religious, in the historical sense of the word, her language and style become much more so in the sense of "devotion to some principle: conscientiousness, pious affection" (*OED*). Her naming/analysis is to nag women "to realize our own biophilic (life-loving) reality... proud Prudes who prance through the Realms of Pure Lust fiercely focus our Fury, firing/inspiring ourSelves and each Other with renewed commitment to the cause of women and all Elemental being... it requires Elemental faith."

Pure Lust begins with elemental being, and concludes with a poetic vision some might call apocalyptic. ("As she lurches/ leaps into starlight, her tears become tidal, her cackles cosmic...") In the preface, Daly writes: "In Naming/reclaiming passionate Elemental knowing, knowing that is intuitive/immediate, not mediated by the omnipresent myths of phallicism, we can call forth hope and courage to transcend appearances." *Pure Lust* continues Daly's earlier debunking of the myths of phallicism; it also attempts to introduce a "new logic," to "sound out new symbols... associated with transforming action."

The book is divided into three spheres: Archespheres, Pyrospheres, and Metamorphospheres. The first "shrinks the alienating archetypes drawn by drones and dangled by flashers" and uncovers what Daly refers to as our "Arch-image"—the Original Witch—within ourselves. The second is an exercise in focused "ontological passion"—a lusty, energetic movement towards joining and bonding with other Nags and Hags, "the Raging Race." Finally, in Metamorphospheres, Daly explores the "Grace-full Movements of Be-Longing, Be-Friending and Be-Witching." And it is here that her spiralling accelerates. It is also here that her earlier acknowledged debt to the work of Alfred North Whitehead ends and her own new work really begins.

One of Whitehead's most valuable contributions to theological language is his example of asymptomatic/relational descriptions as opposed to earlier attempts at concrete definition. For example, Whitehead has written that, "God is that towards which man (sic) is tending." In her Naming, Daly also resists nominal language in favour of process. It is a language which points to that which we do not yet know in terms of what we do know. But I suspect that Daly has realized something that Whitehead did not—patriarchal language forms and concepts have taken us as far as they can—and it is not far enough. Her language is labyrinthine, tidal, erratic. And it is, to steal a word, "In-Spiring."

Pure Lust is not a political or literary tract about religious texts—it is a religious text. And by making it clear that she is writing a primary, and not a secondary, text, Daly demands that *Pure Lust* be read as such.

Few words can raise feminist hackles more quickly than "religion." Given our culture's history, this is, of course, not surprising. But it is altogether possible to consider religious questions separate from patristic or even theistic ones. At the very least, a religious quest might be said to be a consideration of questions regarding the relationship of human beings to the larger spiritual and material universe. We ignore those questions, it would seem, at our peril.

Religious texts, on the other hand, tend to be extremely personal records of the experience of this quest; and almost inevitably, they are written because the author believes that a moment of clarity has occurred and, with a kind of prophetic energy, shares the insight. Religious texts relate personal experience to group experience within a collection of symbols, usually with the hope that a community can be based on, or at least united by, those symbols. And, certainly, this is true of *Pure Lust*.

Those that have made it their business to study religious texts have occasionally offered helpful clues as to how they ought to be read. In *The Great Code: The Bible and Literature*, for example, Northrop Frye, one of Canada's foremost literary critics, makes several useful observations. The first is that a sacred

At the very least, a religious quest might be a consideration of questions regarding the relationship of human beings to the larger spiritual and material universe. We ignore those questions at our peril.

book is normally written with a concentration of poetry, and consequently, is closely involved with what he calls "the conditions of its language." And this leads him to a discussion of



the historical (religious) shift from metaphorical ("that") to metonymic ("this is put for that") language. Metonymic language, Frye continues, is a verbal imitation of a reality beyond itself; sometimes functioning as sacramental language, a response to a reality that our language is "put for"

But whether metaphorical, metonymic or descriptive, observes, language is based on two notions. The first is typology: a figure of speech that moves in time—the type in the past and the antitype in the present, or the type in the present and the antitype in the future. In either case, there is the assumption that there is some meaning and poetics in history. The second is causality: when confronted with phenomena, one thinks of them as effects, and searches for prior causes. One major difference between the two, Frye, is that "causal thinking tends not to move out of a dimension of time" whereas "typology points to future effects that are often thought of as transcending time, so that they contain a vertical lift as well as a horizontal move forward."

A reading of *Pure Lust* becomes more coherent when the "vertical lift" inherent in the biblical use of types is kept in mind. Daly identifies the apostle Paul as "an arch-haunt of life in general and women in particular." His typological approach to theology also became the basis of much of the church's doctrine. In *Pure Lust* Daly parodies and rewrites Pauline types, "breaking the taboos that make and keep women into a "bewitching" state of grace.

Be-Friending, Be-Longing and Rage: According to Daly

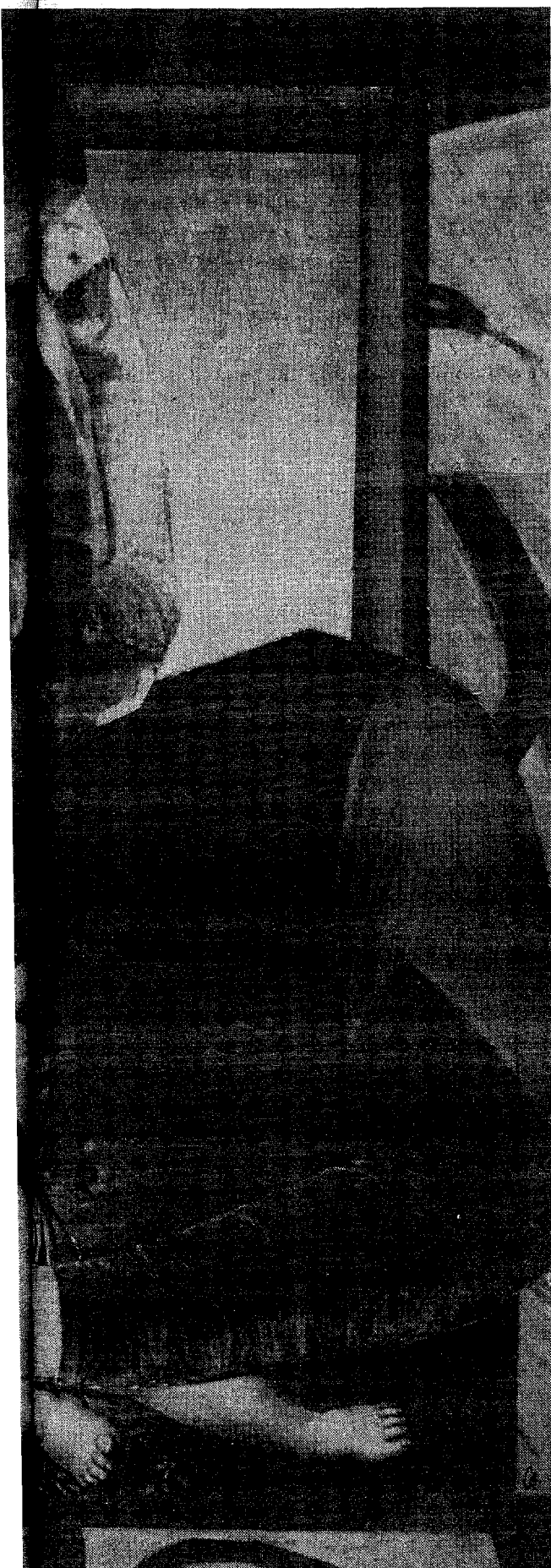


ILLUSTRATION BY GAIL GELTNER

In *The Great Code*, Frye refers to "trying to think our way back to a conception of language in which words were words of power, conveying primarily the sense of forces and energies rather than analogues of physical bodies." To some extent, he continues, "this would be a reversion to the metaphorical language of primitive communities... but it would also be wildly contemporary with post-Einsteinian physics where atoms and electrons are no longer thought of as things, but as spaces of processes." Daly acknowledges this forward and backward looking, this exploration through metaphor; and she claims that primitive sense of power for her words.

In the first sphere, Daly analyzes four major doctrines: transubstantiation², the Virgin Birth³, Immaculate Conception⁴, and the Assumption⁵. And while they may not be finding such support in feminist communities these days, we still do well to examine their impact on the current culture. (After all, the Pope, it would seem, believes in them all, and his supporters certainly don't seem to be flagging).

On transubstantiation: "The ontological obscenity of theucharistic syndrome": training in double-think, in doubting one's own perceptions. The result? Witness, for example, the naming of a fast-attack nuclear-powered submarine in the US in 1981: it is called "the USS Corpus Christi." Religious protesters, observes Daly, did not recognize that such a description was consistent with their tradition of doublethink inherent in, and legitimized by, eucharistic dogma.

a "pornographic theological myth" in which "the transsexed broken spirit of the Goddess, disguised as the holy ghost, rapes the broken and dis-spirited matter of the Goddess (Mary)... a male-identified counterfeit lesbian love scene, issuing in male offspring. The spectacle of the transsexed divided goddess raping herself is the ultimate in sadospiritual speculation... since the Virgin symbolizes matter, the myth legitimates the rape of all matter."

On the Immaculate Conception: Introduced in 1854, six years after the first women's rights conference, it fostered a delusion of the advancement of women's position while undermining the possibility of any image of autonomous female transcendence. Mary is acted upon by her son's grace at the moment of her conception.

On the Assumption: Introduced in 1950, a post-war backlash. As Mary went up, women went back down. "The myth masters attempt to protect themselves against the terrifying knowledge of creative biophilic female power." Like the bomb, Mary is lifted up by phallic sublimations: Mary the happy housewife, gone home to be with the family.

One lesson in doublethink, and three in lobotomized passivity; which brings Daly to the "metapatriarchal metamorphosis of tamed women into wild witches," or what Nicole Brossard would call "an exercise in deconditioning that leads me to acknowledge my own legitimacy. The means by which

make the sleeping muse vomit. To see it come up."¹⁰

Through Be-Friending, Be-Longing and Rage, the hope inherent in *Pure Lust* is that we can confront and overcome the lowgrade multiple personality disorder of dissociation which is the contrary of rage. "The metamorphosing Sage rides her Rage. It is her broom, her fire-breathing, winged mare. It is her spiralling staircase, leading her where she can find her own kind, unbind her mind." And the place to pick up your broom is in the "ontological intuition of our otherness in relation to all of the shapes imposed on (us) by patriarchy."

To quote from Brossard once again:

"Sweet machination it is to escape the shattering glasses of history, the hunters of embers at a particular moment in life. A specific worry about vitality that makes me identify reality I only barely remember. Attentive to the moment when action may unexpectedly happen. From fictive to political. Rubbing against quotation. But noisily, under the epidermis, the temptation of rising up a barbarian."¹¹

Daly has been called "out of control" on occasion, but of course, she asks, "out of whose control?" Control is not a principle attribute of lust; neither is it particularly characteristic of the poetic language of religious texts. In fact, both lust and religious poetry seem prime places to find "the joyful

Of the classic passions, Daly observes, only one has no contrary: anger. If you can't fight back or run away, you disassociate. That disassociation has prevented women from experiencing the moral outrage that leads them to separate themselves from "sadosociety."

every woman tries to exist: to be illegitimate no more."⁶

The metamorphosis of which Daly writes requires a rejection of a patriarchy which absorbs all attention and energy away from the "project of living our transcendence now," and a rejection of a universalization which implies that women must take on responsibility for saving the human race from the horrors perpetrated by males. She writes:

"Metapatriarchal women experience as ineffably accidental our connection with the species that has planned and executed witchcrazes, death camps, slavery, torture, racism in all of its manifestations, world famine, chemical contamination, animal experimentation, the nuclear arms race. This differentiation is affirmed by a series of conscious choices."

And Daly's conclusion? It is that metamorphosing women choose to develop differently from those who perpetrate such horrors, that such differences are not merely accidental, but essential; that "species" does not adequately encompass the difference between those who are radically biophilic, and those who "soulless and berserk," are fundamentally enemies of life itself. Daly advocates separatism, defined in the Intergalactic Wickedary as "a necessary disposition toward separation from the causes of separation; especially: advocacy of withdrawal from all parasitic groups (as a church), for the purposes of gynophilic/biophilic communication."

And so, metamorphosing women, in Brossard's words, "put an end to the social contract."⁷ Daly is familiar with Brossard's work, and in fact, refers to it as an "outstanding example of the use of multidimensional metapatriarchal metaphors." And although the English translations do not do her delicate dance with language justice, it is appropriate to quote from Brossard's *These Our Mothers* here again:

What was not foreseen at all from the conditioning: the species agitating in the abyss and sprouting ever a bit more discomfort under each vertebra so that water adapts itself because audacities are part of the process of all mutation, among secret inclinations, the most inflaming. In the eardrum, there was always the same effect: water wave. Let them believe in energy, I was with some women then."⁸

Annette Kolodny, among others, has written of "the importance of language in establishing, reflecting, and maintaining an asymmetrical relationship between women and men."⁹ Frequently, feminists linguistic critics attempt to eliminate that asymmetry. Daly, on the other hand, is reluctantly celebrating it: reluctantly, because of the horrors of the evidence which brings her to her conclusion of the macroevolution of Crones, metamorphosing women (or to put it another way, the refusal of the patriarchal perpetrators to participate in the evolution); but celebrating, because of the "intensity/immensity" of the forward vision.

It is not an easy conclusion—and it is undoubtedly one around which there is much room for future discussion. But of the classic passions, Daly observes, only one has no contrary: anger. If you can't fight back or run away you dissociate. And that dissociation is what has prevented some women from experiencing the moral outrage which would lead them to separate themselves from "sadosociety," or, in Brossard's words, to "take risks inside, with the finger in the throat to

exhilaration of intellectual experiment."¹²

Daly out of control? No. This is Daly lusting, lusting to lead the female chorus in a song of operatic excess. ("Excess" is defined in my dictionary, which is neither Webster's Third New International Dictionary nor Webster's First New International Dictionary, as "inordinate gratification of appetite; that which passes the ordinary limit.")

And the libretto? It is the "Siren's Song": "Aroused by the Touch of our Wonder-filled Woman-Lust, Wonderers fly with the Grace of Be-Witching, unfolding our spiritual powers. Like flowers, like serpents, like dragons, like angels, we Spiral in rhythms of Weirdward creation. Leaping with Wander-lust, Weaving new Wonders, we intend to be Fore-Crones of Gnostic Nag-nations. As Dreamers we glimpse our sidereal cities that gleam in the heavens like Stars of the Sea. They call us all ways, now, to Be."

No auditions necessary. All Spooks welcome. Performances daily. Enjoy.

Footnotes.

1. In *Gyn/Ecology*, Daly outlines the pattern of the Sado-Ritual Syndrome. Her analysis of circumcision, suttee, footbinding, gynecology, etc., is based on this pattern, and it is worth recalling here. Sado-rituals will follow this pattern:
 - an obsession with purity
 - total erasure of responsibility for atrocities performed through such rituals
 - the ritual practice has a tendency to catch on and spread
 - women are used as scapegoats and token torturers
 - compulsive orderliness, obsessive repetitiveness and fixation upon minute details
 - behaviour which at other times and places is unacceptable but becomes acceptable or normative through the ritual
 - legitimization of the ritual by the ritual of "objective scholarship".
2. Transubstantiation: The doctrine that the bread and the wine used in the sacrament of communion are in their substance transformed into the body and blood of Christ.
3. The Virgin Birth: That Mary, while still a virgin, was impregnated by the Holy Spirit, the offspring of their "union" being Jesus.
4. Immaculate Conception: That Mary, because of her state of grace as the Mother of God, is acted upon by that state of grace at the moment of her conception—she too, is conceived 'immaculately.'
5. The Assumption: The body of the virgin experiences death but not decay. She is restored to life and "assumed" up into heaven.
6. Nicole Brossard, *These Our Mothers*, p.16
7. *Ibid.*, p. 44. Brossard continues: "Take in hand the mastery of the symbolic. In no way assent to erotic (ideological) argument" (p. 44).
8. *Ibid.*, p. 79
9. Annette Kolodny: *Dancing Through the Minefield: Some Observations on the Theory, Practice and Politics of a Feminist Literary Criticism*.
10. Brossard, p. 84
11. *Ibid.*, p. 92
12. Kolodny, *Dancing Through the Minefield*.

Carlyn Moulton is a freelance television producer, writer and editor, who spent more years than you can count on the fingers of one hand in the halls of academe pursuing her own religious quest.

ARTS

A Feast of Festivals

Colour Positive

by Donna Gollan

Colour Positive, an international anti-racism film festival, was held in Toronto in October. It was put together by the Development Education Centre in association with numerous community groups. Altogether more than fifty films made for, by and about people of colour were screened. Films were shown not only in regular movie theatres but also in various community centres throughout the city, encouraging an audience far beyond that which usually attends film festivals.

This week-long event included films made by women of colour about their own communities, for example Christine Choy's *Mississippi Triangle* and *From Spikes to Spindles*, which were well attended by Toronto's Chinese community. There were also some native films, like Lan Brookes-Ritz's *Annie-Mae: Brave Hearted Woman*, that helped to illustrate the courageous, but all too often overlooked, activity of the women in the fight against racial injustice. Films like Menelik Shabazz's *Burning an Illusion* and Haile Gerima's *Bush Mama* dramatized the growing insight of young, black women into their own oppression in modern society.



From *Burning an Illusion*.

There were films, too, directly about the fight against racism. Jennifer Hodge's *Home Feelings: Struggle for a Community*, documents the serious tension between the police and the young people of colour in Toronto's Jane-Finch municipal housing. A powerful film, it serves to remind us all that the frustrations of unemployment, single parenthood, poverty and its resulting discrimination are easily misinterpreted when the people caught in the crossfire are visibly different from those in power. Michelle Parkinson's *Gotta Make This Journey* is a videotape that documents that fantastic musical group of freedom fighters: Sweet Honey in the Rock. Each song the women performed in celebration of black womanhood drew rounds of applause, despite the supposed distancing effect of the

big screen. There was a similar feeling of involvement in the audience that watched Merata Mita's *Patu!*, a film about fighting racism in New Zealand that will be described more fully below.

These films are made with the tremendous energy necessary to overcome the terrible obstacles in their paths. The racism they document definitely does not help their distribution. *Colour Positive* was an exciting opportunity to see such films, and the energy level at many of the screenings promises much awareness, and a seed of hope for the future.

by Randi Spires

Often members of the sports world, including those who are politically active and aware, hold that athletics and politics are separate realms that should not mix. Thus they argued against the US boycott of the 1980 Olympics. The same countries, they point out, that exclude South African athletes from competition nonetheless accept those from other nations such as certain South American dictatorships with equally dismal human rights records. Yet after seeing Merata Mita's powerful film *Patu!* it is hard to deny that sports and politics are very much tied together. Why else would Mita, a Maori woman, have risked life and limb to make this film, despite constant threats to confiscate the negatives?

Patu! documents the mobilization by politically committed New Zealanders to stop the 1981 tour of their country by the all-white South African rugby team, the Springboks.

Why did something as simple as a rugby tour bring out such intense feelings on both sides? Why did the New Zealand government spend millions of dollars and mobilize masses of riot police and military personnel to ensure that a set of games to which half the country was opposed went on as planned? The answer may lie in the role that rugby plays in the national psyche of both nations; it is not just a national sport but a cultural symbol. As one Maori woman put it, "When the white man came to my country, my people adopted two religions, rugby and Christianity, in that order."

Throughout the long months of organizing, the anti-tour forces used a variety of means to get their message across. Everything from agit-prop theatre to poetry, leaflets to music was used. Old 60s chestnuts, such as "If I Had a Hammer," combined with newer songs about martyred South African leader Steve Biko provided moments of great inspiration.

At first those organizing and demonstrating against the tour came from the ranks of those New Zealanders who had spent twelve long years committed to anti-apartheid activism. Eventually the resisters included everyone from Maori activists to exiled South Africans, from mainstream political neophytes to groups such as "Clowns for Freedom" and "Gays Against the Tour" and individual humorists such as the woman dressed in a bee costume wearing a sign saying "Buzz Boks." This was definitely going to be a revolution to dance at.

Before the Springboks actually arrived in New Zealand, the organizers spent most of their time petitioning, leafletting and marching. Once the tour began they tried to interfere with the game. At first this was done by having volunteers stand quietly in a mass huddle



From Merata Mita's *Patu!*

at centre field. Slowly feelings intensified on both sides and violence erupted. In order to protect themselves the protestors began adding padding, then motorcycle helmets, then shields. As the demonstrators' equipment became more elaborate, so did the force of the police retaliation.

At first, there seemed to be reluctance among the police to use their full force: their wordless chanting was perhaps as much a means of garnering courage as it was a method of scaring the demonstrators; and the deadly ballet-like motions of the two-handed billy clubs seemed almost to be a plea for the people not to charge. But once they began hitting, they did so without mercy. In the final demonstrations, we see everyone from old women to clowns among the injured. Some of these people were maimed for life.

Beginning with a small, dedicated band, opposition grew so that by the time the last game had been played the country was divided equally, for and against the tour. Two games were stopped, several others interfered with and, although the tour did go on pretty much as scheduled, the anti-tour organizers were eventually able to get 50,000 people out to a demonstration. New Zealand was virtually on the brink of civil war.

While the tour was not stopped, the months of organization, publicity and media coverage did serve as an effective means of mass education. Few New Zealanders can now claim to be unaware of the racism endemic to both South Africa and their own country. The people of MOST (Mobilization Against the Tour) may not have won the battle but the war is far from over. A tour of South Africa by a New Zealand rugby team is scheduled for 1985 and the people of MOST are no doubt planning further action.

Forbidden Films

by Randi Spires

During 11 days in October, Torontonians had a chance to see over 100 films, each of which had at one time or another been banned in its country of origin. These Forbidden Films were part of a program entitled The Filmmaker and Human Rights which was presented in aid of Amnesty International. In addition to film screenings there were related workshops and seminars. The festival was organized by the Toronto Arts Groups for Human Rights. Included were films from over two dozen countries from four regimes of all political hues.

One of these films, *Ramparts of Clay*, was banned in two countries: Tunisia where it is ostensibly set, and Algeria where it was actually filmed. It takes place in 1962, just after Tunisia has become an independent state, and concerns a young woman, Rami, living a traditional isolated village life who gradually becomes aware of her own oppression. Possibly this film was suppressed because it dared to suggest that after the yoke of colonialism has been thrown off, then the real work of libera-

tion has to begin.

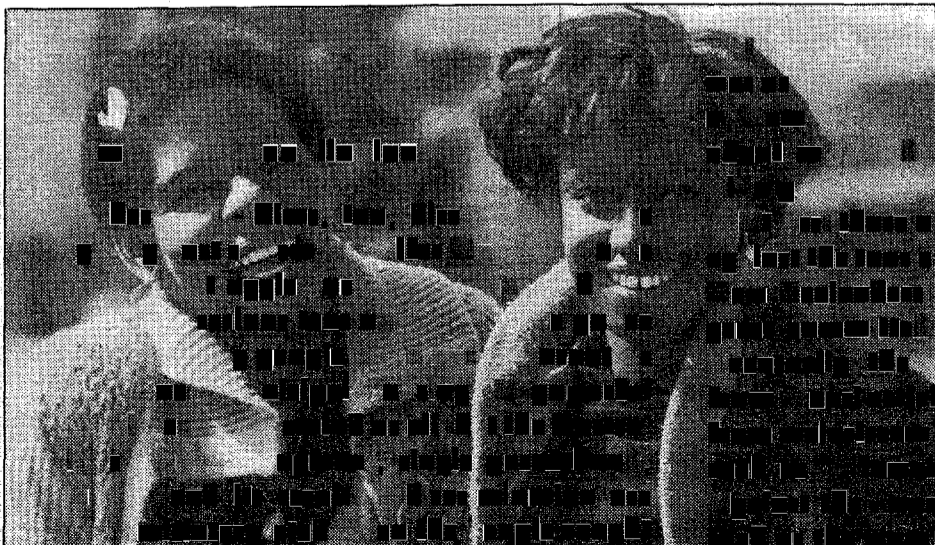
The central metaphor of the film occurs during the sacrificial slaughter of a sheep. The men of the village are staging a sit-down strike against the new government—which has arbitrarily halved their wages. The women kill the sheep in order to bless the proceedings and ward off the evil influences of the troops. It's a horrible process to watch. The poor animal isn't even stunned—and the knife which saws through its throat seems incredibly dull. Yet the animal cannot cry out because the women have taken care to cut through its vocal cords with the first few strokes. This is not meant to signify that these are particularly cruel people; instead it suggests that by being required to rigidly follow traditional practices, a person's critical faculties become deadened. Just as the animal was slaughtered in a certain way so that its killers did not have to hear its cry of pain, so traditional attitudes and customs ensure that women's pain and oppression is not noticed.

Watching and noticing are important motifs in this film in other ways too. Rami watches questioningly as her step-mother serves her step-father, and as a bride prepares for her wedding and a life of traditional servitude. She looks longingly through the schoolhouse door at the children striving for the literacy she so desires. Most of all she watches the census-taker, a woman from the city in modern dress, whose stay in the village is brief. But through her, Rami is finally able to envision a way of life for women much less oppressive than that which she has known. Instead of existing in silent servitude to men, the census-taker is a woman in command. It is a man, her chauffeur, who waits on her. We feel Rami's incredible longing as she watches the census-taker being driven away. As Rami looks out on the flat, seemingly endless plain which stretches out before her, there is only one point of focus for the eye—the slowly disappearing census-taker's car.

One of the most essential tasks of the community, and also one of the most endless and boring is the drawing of water. Throughout the film we repeatedly hear the annoying screech of the pulley as the women draw bucket after bucket of water. The moisture is a long way down. It takes a woman several minutes of strenuous effort to get a single pail. This, too, is a metaphor for the women's lives: often boring, sometimes annoying, usually difficult, commonly with little reward. Or is it that the squeal of the well is the collective cry of centuries of women, transmitted from human hand to rusty metal?

Such is the tenacity of the old ways of seeing and being that when Rami finally rebels by refusing to draw water from the well, the only explanation the people can imagine is that she has become possessed. So the woman sacrifice a chicken and in a long but riveting scene, splash Rami's face again and again with blood.

At the beginning of the film Rami was a bit of an outsider (a step-daughter) outwardly conforming but critically observing the life of



From *Home Feelings* by Jennifer Hodges.

her people. By the end she has become aware of certain changes necessary to improve her life. She has also learned that under certain circumstances she is capable of effective political action. It was Rami who ensured the success of the strike by daringly removing the rope and bucket from the well, depriving the soldiers of much-needed water.

But, sadly for Rami, the changes she longs for require much more than the insight and heroism of a single woman. Although she has seen her oppression clearly, there is little that she can do about it. The film closes with shots of Rami running desperately through the desert while a woman's voice on the sound track sings: "There is no doorway back to the past. I am free inside my loneliness."

Randi Spires is a Toronto freelance writer currently working on her first novel.

Through Her Eyes



by Donna Gollan

Through Her Eyes, an international festival of women's films, took place at Toronto's Harbourfront in late November. Many of the

over forty films included in the festival were Canadian premieres, while others like *On Guard*, *L'Adolescente*, *La Femme de l'hotel*, *Sonatine*, *Hookers on Davie* and so on, are great women's films that we rarely get an opportunity to see.

Amongst a good selection of international films, was Jutta Brückner's *Play Fair and Fear No One*, a strongly feminist film which recounts the tedium of a woman's life as she passively waits for it to begin. *For Love or Money*, a documentary film that profiles the triumphs and setbacks of working women, uses an interesting combination of still images, narrative and aspects of popular culture like movie clips and pop songs to recount a history that unites the women of Australia, be they Aboriginal, early prison immigrants, settlers or later immigrants brought in as cheap labour during various economic booms.

In addition to many good Canadian features and shorts there was a tenth anniversary retrospective of Studio D, the Women's Studio of the National Film Board. This included three 1984 productions: *Abortion: Stories from North and South* (reviewed in *Broadside*, October 1984) *Dream of a Free Country*; *A Message from Nicaraguan Women* that speaks of a strong female presence in the 1979 revolution which is struggling to continue to make changes for the good of the people and especially of women, and *Behind the Veil*, a study of the history and influence of nuns from within a setting of patriarchal hierarchy that systematically excludes women from positions of power.

For those of us who only recently discovered Margarethe von Trotta's *Marianne and Juliane* (1981), it was an excellent opportunity to see some of her other works: *The Second Awakening of Christa Klages* (1977), *The Scales of Happiness or Sisters* (1979) and *Sheer Madness* (1982). Even in her first feature film, *The Second Awakening of Christa Klages*, we



From Studio D's *Dream of a Free Country*

can see evidence of von Trotta's trademarks: the casual, sex but incredibly strong bonds of love that exist between men and women and women and women, and the muddled confusion of the men who are always weak, but all the more lovable because of their weaknesses.

Sisters, a forerunner of *Marianne and Juliane*, is the story of two sisters, Maria and Anna, who battle immense personal differences despite a strong, loving relationship. Maria is the capable, older sister who takes care of Anna but grumbles as she does so.

Anna is given a place to live and money for tuition, when what she needs is love from Maria and recognition of her own goals and romantic disposition. As the film develops, we see that Maria is an executive secretary who is outwardly competent but inwardly smitten with desire to serve and be used. In a larger sense Anna represents all the younger women following in the footsteps of all the Marias of the world, terrified lest they turn out the same way. Because she is given no support for her own life choices, Anna kills herself. Maria adopts Mirium, a young typist in her office, in order to assuage her guilt feelings and scare away Anna's ghost. Fortunately for all womanhood, Mirium discovers enough about her predecessor's life to effect her own escape. Maria, left alone, at last benefits from Mirium's spirited defection and begins to try to synthesize her own life with the goals of her beloved, lost Anna. "I will endeavour to be Maria and Anna... I will try to dream."

In *Sheer Madness*, von Trotta moves away from the fable of the two sisters that works so well in *Sisters* and *Marianne and Juliane* (reviewed in *Broadside*, August/September 1984). Instead, it is the story of the friendship between Olga and Ruth, that grows out of Ruth's need and Olga's need to be needed. Olga saves Ruth from self-destruction several times simply by being there for her, by offering herself completely and calmly to Ruth's despair. The entire film is an artistic seduction into Ruth's world so that we, as women in the audience, begin to believe that Ruth is not really mad, that the external pressures she undergoes would cause her reactions in any woman, in us. As Olga accepts and grows to love Ruth, so do we. Ruth's interfering, insecure husband gradually becomes seen as the obvious source of Ruth's weakness. Even as we grow to despise him, we cannot help but pity his jealousy of Olga, his inept loss of control over Ruth, his growing inner torment as he realizes the harm he has done his beloved Ruth. Finally there is a frightening showdown. Ruth is not, as it turns out, balanced enough to bear the fighting, and her solution is as drastic and nightmarish as any of her self-destructive fantasies.

Visually superb, *Sheer Madness* might be a series of moving paintings as it explores metaphors through images that signify the depth of the characters' feelings. Ruth's terrifying world of self-destruction is seen only in black and white, as if we are allowed mere glimpses into a world without balance. Olga's safety net of loving relationships is woven at a party where her ex-husband, her present lover, her son and Ruth are all present and admiring. The net splits and spills her out at the end of the film as she is left alone to take the consequences for Ruth's actions, for having given Ruth the gift of just enough self-confidence to turn her destructive powers outwards from herself. Margarethe von Trotta's films are complex and exciting. She is one of the few women filmmakers working today proving that men are not inherently evil, but only terribly weak, and that women, too, can be "tragic heroes." ●

Girls Just Wanna She Bop

by Gail Landau

It is offensive enough to view the treatment of women in pop music as adjuncts to the male stars, without the additional insult found in the packaging of the female stars. Images of Pat Benatar, Sheena Easton and, most recently, the vulgar cooings of centrefold-like Madonna, are enough to cause a dismissal of pop music altogether. But the fact remains that pop music has power, and an almost exclusive right to the generation now under 18.

There is at least one performer in pop music with superstar status who is wielding that power to encourage a new freedom of expression in young girls. That performer is the extraordinarily talented Cyndi Lauper, who was in Toronto November 12, and all but packed Maple Leaf Gardens with a predominately young female audience. The fervour with which she was welcomed to the Gardens was a testimony that this audience is willing, in fact is dying to, emulate every gesture, article of clothing and, hopefully, set of ideals which can be found in Cyndi Lauper.

Lauper took the stage at the Gardens with her now-trademark shock of appearance. Every detail about her is extreme, from her hard-to-believe speaking voice, to her 4-octave singing voice, to her bright yellow and fuschia hair. The most peculiar thing about her, however, is that she is simply *not* sexy. Dressed in a long man's housecoat and flat slippers, Lauper appears almost frumpy in an eccentric kind of way. And her gestures are an expression of joyful, rather than sexual, energy.

Lauper is perhaps the first pop superstar, male or female, not to be promoting a sexually attractive image. But Lauper's persona is not simply unusual, at the expense of sexual. Lauper's stage setting was sparse, her clothing "homey" and her patter with the audience intimate. And when an actual living room set was rolled out onto the stage and Lauper proceeded to go through the motions of turning on a record-player and jitterbugging around the room, it was, to the audience, like peeping



Cyndi Lauper: joyful, not sexual, energy

through the curtain of some real regular home and finding that the woman trapped inside had done something very odd to her appearance and was dancing around like a lunatic. There was a definite sense, in fact, that the first half of Lauper's concert was a tribute to the fantasies of the oppressed woman, like her own mother, who appears repeatedly in Lauper's songs ("Oh, Mother dear, we're not the fortunate ones...") and Lauper's videos (her own mother plays the mother's role in two of Lauper's videos, both times as house-bound and drab, in contrast to Lauper's free-spirited video roles).

Of course, Lauper's audience may well be far too young to consciously absorb the poignant theatrics of her show. And Lauper is aware of her audience's age group ("So many short people"): she provided somewhat Sesame-Street feminist dialogue between songs. (An argument with one of her cohorts: Lauper—"He said women belong barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen!", Audience—"Boooo!")

And, at one point, a quick lesson was provided for the "short people" in "musical herstory."

The highlight of the performance was her overwhelming rendition of her hit tune "She Bop." For those of you who might have switched the dial on your radio at such meaningless fluff, it might be interesting to know that "She Bop" is a quite explicit song about masturbation. To be in the midst of a predominately female audience of 15,000, nearing joyful hysteria over a song celebrating a woman's masturbation can only be described as a landmark in women's music.

Cyndi Lauper's concert was perhaps the most energizing and musically gratifying performance to hit the Gardens in a long while. Lauper not only possesses extraordinary musical talent but also the ability to spark a genuine sense of freedom in her audience. Hopefully, that attitude of freedom will return home with them from the concerts and carry over into an equally free day-to-day sense of self.

The opening act for Cyndi Lauper was a women's band from Los Angeles called The Bangles. The Bangles proved to be a pleasant, if somewhat formula-oriented pop-band, with all four women contributing excellent vocals. Unlike the Go-Go's (the only other well-known women's pop band), the Bangles project a fairly street-wise image, dressed in dark, stream-lined clothing rather than, say, colourful layers. Their sound however, is pure pop, reminiscent of early girl-groups like the Crystals. The difference, and the accomplishment of course, is the band's instrumental self-sufficiency. Overall, The Bangles served the purpose of the traditional warm-up band and the truly great thing was that, in the context of a Cyndi Lauper event, a solidly entertaining opening act which just happened to be a women's band, was par for the course.

Gail Landau is a member of the feminist band, *The Heretics*.

Ferocious Pastels

by Marian Yeo

A woman's face with an elongated nose—is she “giving the finger” to a patriarchal world in which women are demeaned and oppressed, or has the nose transformed into a phallus, symbol of power, to show that women in our society have to appropriate power in unexpected ways.

The drawing, *Nose*, is one of a series Sharron Zenith Corne recently exhibited at the University of Manitoba's Gallery 1.1.1.. In her drawings, Zenith Corne, a Manitoba artist, uses unexpected visual analogies to deliver a strong feminist message.

The theme of the drawings is the relationship between sex and power. Zenith Corne titled the series “Taboo Images” because sexual imagery is the most taboo area of women's art. “Not too long ago we were considered asexual. Now it's okay for women to be sexual, but not in art.” For those who support women's subordinate position in the gender hierarchy, these images also are taboo because they challenge the false premises that support that hierarchy.

One of the most important insights of the women's liberation movement is the distinction between sex, which is biological, and gender, which is a social construction: certain attributes are arbitrarily defined as female and the opposite attributes are defined as male. Gender is not a superficial part of per-

sonality that can be changed easily. Socialization occurs at such an early age that gender becomes an essential part of our personality and is experienced as nature. Our identity includes acceptance of one of the gender roles.

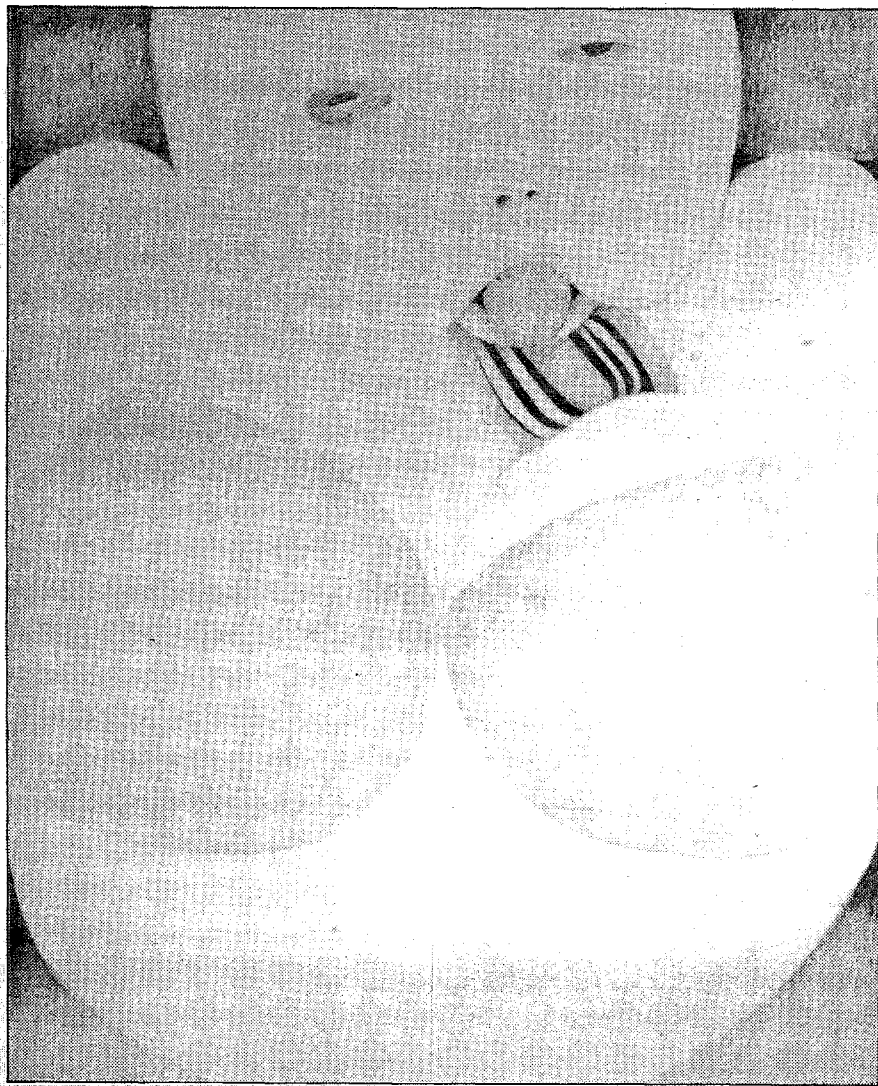
Both high art and the popular media bombard us with stereotypes of bold, self-assured men and passive, tender women; and, although the feminist movement has produced pictures of women who are intelligent and achieving, it has not produced images of women in which power is a component of their erotic appeal. In our culture, possession of power sexualizes a male and desexualizes a female.

If a woman does incorporate power as part of her identity mainstream culture vilifies her as masculine or “butch.” There is no tradition of visual images in which women are sexual and powerful and defined as feminine.

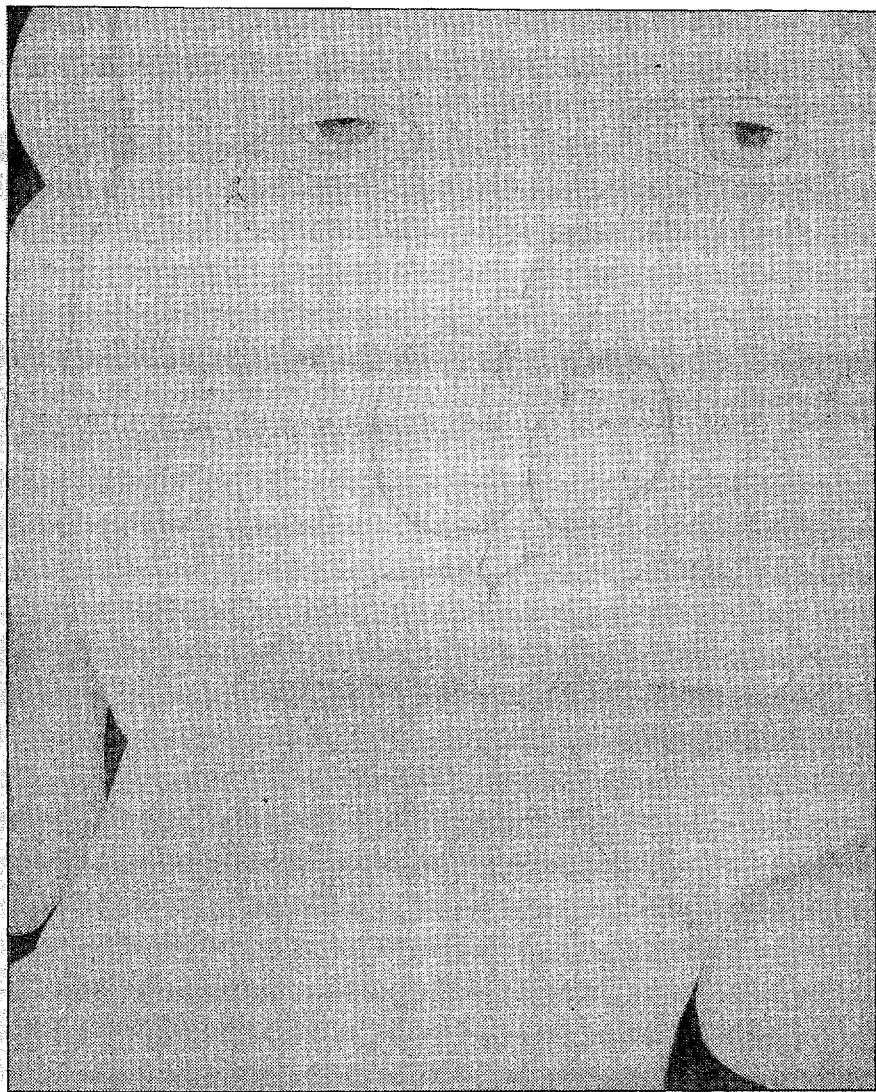
Zenith Corne satirizes and protests this monstrous distortion of human sexuality by incorporating phallic shapes either directly or indirectly into her images. The drawings focus on the face because as we know, a woman's face is her fortune.

The bitter truth and the revolutionary significance of Zenith Corne's drawings is that we are all controlled by stereotypes. Men as well as women are deformed by the requirements of the sexuality split.

In *Homage to Gary Olson*, Zenith Corne



“Striped Tongue.” Graphite and coloured pencil, 1982.



“Nose.” Graphite and coloured pencil on paper.

outlines the male face with banana/phallic forms. The disfigurement compresses the mouth which contains two phallic-like crossed teeth. Men deformed by their gender pseudo-identities cannot speak straight because they are able to realize only one part of human potential.

Striped Tongue portrays a woman with the massive breasts of a typical “pin-up” girl. The eyes appear stunned, possibly in reaction to the dehumanization women experience

when judged by the size of their breasts. The centre of interest of *Striped Tongue* is the mouth from which two tongues protrude. The upper tongue is a phallic shape. This could mean that women will speak with power even though society demands a display of breasts rather than power from them. The underlying striped tongue is also a phallus but adorned with stripes. This could symbolize the cultural requirement that women be decorative. The striped tongue penetrates the body's flesh, possibly a masturbation image. Masturbation in women's culture often symbolizes independence and control of the body.

The impact of Zenith Corne's drawings is heightened by the contrast between the delicate execution and the strong, sometimes ferocious, content. Curvaceous linearity and soft pastel colors are associated with “lady” artists whose work has no place in the high art tradition.

Zenith Corne accepts this female heritage and endows it with new, rich meaning. Her drawings are part of a growing body of feminist art which has extended our cultural language. Zenith Corne and other feminist artists are creating new images that refuse to accept male experience as the cultural norm. This is one of the most exciting and vital accomplishments of the women's liberation movement today.



Sharron Zenith Corne

Marian Yeo is a Winnipeg writer.

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ANDREA DODDWIN will speak on "Patriarchy and Civil Rights" at the University of Manitoba, on October 31, 1985, at 7:30 pm. Call U of M Women's Centre for details at (204) 261-9191.

Snakes and Irises

Room of One's Own. Volume 9, Number 2: Special Issue on Marian Engel. \$3.50

Reviewed by Gail Van Varseveld

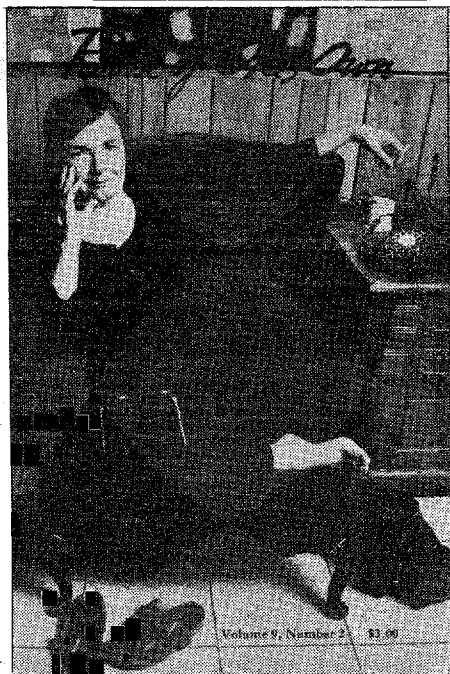
Everyone knows *Bear*. People who don't read Canadian writers, never mind CanLit, read *Bear*. It's the one Marian Engel book I don't own a copy of: I read the review copy, before someone ran off with it. I've never tracked down another copy—not because I don't want a copy, but because there are other Engel novels I'd reread first: *The Glassy Sea*, *The Honeyman Festival*.

But when you say Engel, people remember *Bear*, unless they are part of the CanLiterati. Then they have a Marian Engel story to tell you: some good, some bad, but invariably interesting; and everyone has one. Even me.

I met Marian at a party when we were both (I presume) tired and had had a bit to drink. I, novice writer and Engel fan, was delighted to be in the same room, and at a complete loss for something intelligent to say. Marian was talking about the impact the first books we read have on those of us who end up writers. She turned to me and asked what was the first book I had read. My mind went blank; the only thing I could recall was Nancy Drew, and I knew that wasn't it. Stalling, not wanting to seem a complete idiot, I mumbled about my poor memory. Marion, perhaps thinking I was mocking her question, turned away, annoyed.

Not much of a story? Yes, but for me, there is a lovely bit of serendipity. My recalcitrant mind belatedly dug around in the archives and came up with not one but two—perhaps not the earliest books I read, but close to, and certainly the ones that had the greatest impact on my becoming a writer. Those books were *magic*, and their magic still clings, all these years later, when I have disinterred them from my parents' attic and reread them. They are not great books—in fact, one is pretty poor—but they were the doors to the wondrous Land of Story that I wandered through as a child and have been trying to get back to ever since. An amazing gift from a stranger. Of course, Marian Engel isn't really a stranger. I know her through her books.

And I know her even better after reading this issue of *Room of One's Own*. Room 9:2 contains some stories about Marian Engel (by Timothy Findley and Eleanor Wachtel, among others), but it also contains much



more. There is a long, informative interview by Carroll Klein, which covers early ambitions, motherhood, second assessments of her books, and a variety of other topics.

There are appreciations of Engel's work by Jane Rule (*Inside the Easter Egg*), Alice Munro (*Sarah Bastard's Notebook and The Honeyman Festival*) and George Woodcock (*The Glassy Sea*). None of them is in the obscurantist style usually found in academic literary journals.

There is also Annette Wengel's partial bibliography of Engel's publications, including those she published under her birth name (and in *The Canadian Girl* for any older CGIT-ers out there).

But, best of all, the issue contains three previously unpublished Engel stories. No, not stories about Engel—stories by her. I've read them three times and I still can't decide which is my favourite. One of them is quickly out of the running. It's competent and prescient, but it doesn't have the enchantment of the other two.

No, it's between the Terryline Iris ("Under the Hill") and the garter snakes in the spring house ("The Smell of Sulphur"). The one is a celebration of uniqueness; the other evokes a commonality that links us all. Between them, there is a wholeness, the same wholeness that Engel has been writing about all along.

Do yourself a favour and read them. Try your local women's bookstore, or order from *Room of One's Own*, PO Box 46160, Stn G, Vancouver, BC, V6R 4G5. (\$3.50)

Gail van Varseveld was Roomie-For-A-Night last summer. They let her stuff envelopes, so she returned to Toronto.

Hormone War Zone

Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones, by Barbara Seaman and Gideon Seaman, M.D. Bantam Books, \$4.50.

Reviewed by Anne Cameron

Recently, I went into hospital for what I was assured was routine reparative surgery. Prior to entering the hospital, I had made jokes with my friend about my getting a tune-up, like our truck. No big deal, some discomfort, then back to the old vigour, the kind I had before the discomfort began, before lifting, bending, or even turning quickly became painful.

I was swimming up out of the anaesthetic, trying to figure out where I was and why everything seemed so strange, when the voice beside my bed began talking about ovaries, cysts, nodules, and small tumours. None of it made any sense to me. I hadn't gone in with any ovary trouble, I'd gone in for a repair. I focused my eyes, and yes, the man was talking to me. Not smiling, but not frowning. Detached, but reasonably friendly. The man was telling me he had removed both my ovaries, and they were, even now, off to the lab for tests.

It all seemed quite reasonable as far as I could tell. And when he told me I would have to take Premarin that seemed quite reasonable, too. "For the bones," he told me. And that was all he told me. I went back to sleep, and when the nurse brought my medication some hours later, I got my first little red oval tablet.

I hadn't managed to put all his words in sequence when my friend arrived, and I was more than a bit woozy from the Demerol shots, but I told her what the doctor had told me, or at least as much of it as I could remember, and decided the strange look on her face was because I was groggy and not making much sense. Days later, when I was able to sit and carry a sentence to its logical conclusion, she asked me about the hormone replacement therapy. We talked, and she said the doctors had no idea at all what they were prescribing when they prescribed hormones. I said I would take the pills until such time as I got out of hospital, was feeling better, and could do some research on my own.

Getting out of hospital and feeling better took a lot longer than anyone had expected, and doing my own research took even longer. But day followed day, and eventually I found the book *Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones*.

In 1975 Premarin was the fourth or fifth most popular drug in the United States, with some six million women taking it regularly. In

the same year a series of studies established that estrogen replacement therapy increases the risk of endometrial cancer, the risk accelerating with the number of years of use.

The symptoms of surgical menopause are the symptoms of natural menopause, but instead of leading into it gradually, you are plunged into it, into the thick of it, into an extreme and exaggerated bodily uproar. Hot flashes, headaches, nervousness, and the aching bones of incipient osteoporosis are some of the things with which you suddenly have to learn to cope.

Premarin does virtually nothing at all for any of these symptoms. The most it can do is hide them. And if you come off Premarin, those symptoms are still there, but probably worse because of the drug. Comparisons between groups of women who took Premarin and later stopped, and women who never took it at all suggest that those who did not take Premarin had less disruption of their lives than those who did take it; because once those who had been taking it stopped swallowing these little pony-pee pills, their menopause symptoms crashed down on them terribly.

What Premarin does do for you is give you cancer, gall bladder disease, vitamin depletion, heart attack, possible excessive growth of facial hair, skin discolouration, and large swellings of the skin, usually on the face, swellings that cause scars to form.

Those of us who breast fed our children have, for years, felt protected from breast cancer because of the many studies published that show us to have the lowest rate of breast cancer. Take Premarin, and lose this protection. Take Premarin and not only lose this protection, move to the high-risk group for breast cancer.

I have taken these little death bullets and turfed them down the outhouse; a good place for horse piss as far as I'm concerned. I am sending a copy of the book to my GP in the hope he will read it. I doubt if the doctor who prescribed the Premarin in the first place will read the book. I'm sure he will reject it the way he shrugged off my bottles of vitamin pills when he saw them. Why not? He only prescribes this stuff, he doesn't have to take it. And I know, as surely as I know my name, that if it were proven that razor blades caused any of the things attributed to Premarin, that man would have a beard that hung to his knees.

Anne Cameron is a novelist living in Powell River, BC. Her most recent book is *The Journey*.

Stepping Out of Line Lesbianism and Organizing

Stepping Out of Line, A Workshop on Lesbianism and Feminism. by Nym Hughes, Yvonne Johnson and Yvette Perreault. Vancouver: Press Gang Publishers, 1984. Paperback, \$12.95

Reviewed by C.M. Donald

The beginnings of this book can be traced to the 1974 founding convention of the British Columbia Federation of Women, an umbrella organization of feminist groups. A number of lesbians in attendance were disturbed that proposed policy made no reference to the discrimination faced by lesbians or, in fact, to the existence of lesbians at all. A week later, 30 lesbians met on a Sunday morning at the Vancouver Ms. Club—a women's bar of that era—and formed a Lesbian Caucus of the B.C.F.W. We were energetic, idealistic and convinced that we had merely to bring this regrettable oversight in policy to the attention of our sisters and the women's movement in B.C. would unite in revolutionary fervour and we would achieve the liberation of all women almost immediately. It is taking somewhat longer than we anticipated.—Introduction

And what was originally envisaged as a "30-page gestetnered booklet" has now turned into a 200-page printed 'workbook' which, say the authors, "represents a distillation of the political work of hundreds of BC lesbians. It is intended to de-mystify feminism, lesbianism and political activism."

The core of the enterprise, the book's first section, is a two-day workshop on lesbianism and feminism, which works its impressive way through collective agreements, guided memory exercise, wall charts and paradigms,

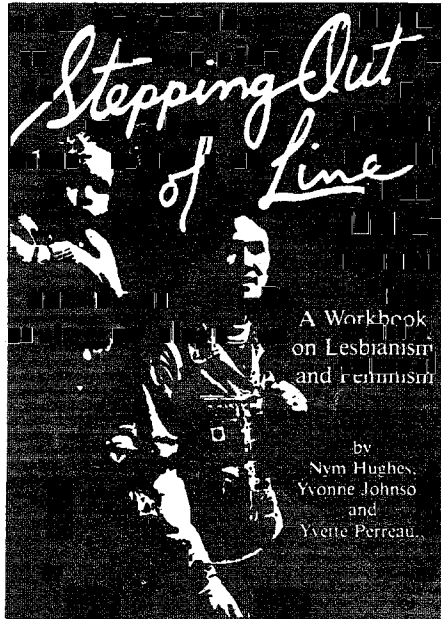
to problem solving and responsibility for social change. A suggested script is provided, set on the page parallel to procedural notes. This is followed by "Notes to Facilitators," which cover both setting up a collective of facilitators and setting up the workshops.

The second part, "Organizing for Change," which accounts for three quarters of the book, falls into two sections: the first on lesbians and the forces that oppress us; the second on fighting back, building communities and making political progress. Tucked in unassumingly towards the end as a sub-heading, is "Building a Lesbian Movement."

The shape of the book rather threw me off balance: it's like going off on a hike, expecting a steady incline but starting off with a brisk hill and then, just as you're breathing out on the plain, hearing the navigator say, "Well, we'll just go up this mountain, then we're done"...

The organization of the book bothered me. "The Workshop," which prompted the process of writing the rest and publishing the book, seems somehow to have become an item on its own agenda, something you would have expected to find among the fighting section at the end of the book. The material in "Notes to Facilitators" about starting a group and keeping it going, would perhaps have been more accessible in the later section on organizing and types of groups. Also, given this disjunction, an index would have been a great help.

But faith is rewarded, and almost all the queries I noted as I read the early parts of the book were answered by the end. Some things I had expected to find did not appear and some appeared, unexpectedly concrete, in unexpected places (for instance, the tips on safety at marches appeared in detail among the back-



ground section on "Violence"). Drop-in groups, peer counselling groups and how to organize a lesbian conference are all covered—but not how to set up a lesbian phone line (for which you will still need to refer to the section in "The Gay Organizer," available from the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario).

The other—and it is the only other—major reservation I have with *Stepping Out of Line* concerns the approach of The Workshop and its potential application. I've been told by friends not to use the word "touchy-feely" in this paragraph so I won't, but the last educational I did was with a bunch of Concerned Citizens who wouldn't have loosened their shoelaces, let alone lain down and let their

memories out on a guided exercise. I was uncomfortable with the language in places. It seems to me to bring its own atmosphere with it and I wasn't sure how to paraphrase without losing the effect.

This is no criticism of the content. A salient strength of *The Workshop* is that it does deal with individual fears and locate them in the events of that individual's life. It really does reach the areas that other educationals don't reach. And we've often been brought up against a brick wall before with people whose logic prompts them to support us about as strongly as their fears carry them in the opposite direction. Further, *The Workshop* breaks down the generalizations into practical examples so that no one can leave full of goodwill but not knowing what to do about it.

The authors relied heavily on their own lives to furnish personal accounts in the "What's It Like to Live as a Lesbian?" section, so they're not as varied as they might be. I nonetheless enjoyed them, sometimes the more for being able to see development rather than just isolated examples. I particularly enjoyed the feminist approach to romance in "Lovers and Sexuality," which I thought was incisive without being inhumane.

We've been waiting for this book since 1981 and now that we have it, it looks pretty good. But, of course, it's not just for reading and assessing. The test will be how it helps you translate your principles into action. So whether you choose to organize a counselling group, a workshop, a demo or a conference drop me a line c/o *Broadside*, and I'll be writing a follow-up article about this time next year...

C.M. Donald has been office manager of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario for the past four years.

FLY AWAY HOME

A NOVEL BY
MARGE
PIERCY

Fly Away Home. by Marge Piercy. 1984
Summit Books, \$16.95, 450 pp.

Reviewed by Sarah Sheard

This is the story of the politicization of Darya Walker, a successful Boston cookbook writer with a TV show, two teenage girls, an upper middle class home and a business lawyer husband who lately has become uncommunicative. He moves into the spare bedroom and then bites her head off when asked if they're drifting apart. Nevertheless the opening chapters are filled with chicken divan in the oven, Torte the terrier vying with the cats for leftovers, plans for the next cookbook, pruning back the anchisa and swapping domestic pleasantries with the neighbour next door. But by page 110, Darya's life has hardened off somewhat. Her mother has died, her husband has become virtually unapproachable, several cryptic notes and a mysteriously foul-smelling package have been mailed to the house, and coming home from shopping one afternoon, she is confronted by picketers on her front lawn, accusing Darya of being a slum landlord responsible for the tenement fire that cost a child its life. Darya discovers that all those papers she never bothered reading before her husband stroked her into signing them, indeed name her as owner. Evil shifts downwind and the book takes off like a coon hound.

Ladybugs and Fire Bugs

What unfolds is a tightly wrapped tale of arson, slum tenements, phony insurance claims, hostile inner city tenements, intrigue and attempted murder. Ross walks out of their marriage, furious, it seems, that Darya has pestered him into admitting he was having an affair, had never really been happy during the 22 years of their marriage and had, in fact, deeply resented both her career and the pregnancy that precipitated their marriage.

The weakness in this book is the characterization of Ross. It seems barely credible that the man would have silently suffered 22 years of marriage to a woman he resented from the outset, raised two girls, bought the house in the good neighbourhood, etc., then suddenly snapped, shrieking vagaries like: "I can come back to life, I know I can. I want to feel alive," as he charges forward with divorce proceedings in order to make an honest woman out of his now-pregnant young girlfriend. But that is not really what motivates Ross. His true mistress is a string of seedy tenements with exorbitant mortgages, that burn to the ground in the dead of night. His true mistress may well be pyromania.

When Darya discovers she will lose everything if she doesn't lose her innocence she sets to and in a very short time discovers facts about her husband's other life that transform her world. With the help of the tenants' vigilante association SON (Save Our Neighbourhood), she learns how to search titles and kayo arsonists caught red-handed. She rescues victims from burning tenements and adopts a homeless mother and daughter who soon become dearer to her than her old family. She bugs a conversation between herself and Ross, testifies against him in court and begins an affair with the SON leader. Darya is not quite Patty Hearst.

When her own home is burned to the ground while she and her new family sleep inside, she realizes that Ross is truly an unfeeling monster whose first concern was to ensure that his own antiques were safe before giving the arsonist the go-ahead. Diabolical. He even allows his own dog to die in the fire. Not exactly a sentimentalist. One wonders how Darya could have been such a poor judge of character.

Throughout her mother's death, her husband's estrangement, her daughter's collusion against her, the hostile crowds on the front lawn, grueling courtroom encounters, the phone ringing off the wall with requests for engagements on talk shows, she shows a kind of unflagging courage and resourcefulness that would turn a head of state green with envy. And she indulges in a minimum of bitterness towards the other woman.

Darya does take solace in food and there is considerable detail surrounding the preparation of dishes, musings around menus, memories of dishes and their effect on her marriage. Just when this reviewer found it well nigh



Marge Piercy

impossible to read another bite, the author sank her teeth into the plot instead and the dyspepsia settled down. Nevertheless, while the food is metaphor for comfort, love and capability, Margaret Atwood pioneered work in this field and Piercy breaks no new ground here.

In spite of appearances, Darya's roots are quite humble and neighbourly. She is mimicked by her SON lover for her East Bostonian "Shu-wah" and it is she who acts as guide in her old neighbourhood when they forage for pizza. When she opens her arms and her house to Sandra Maria and her daughter Mariela and the gaggle of SONers, whelping cats, etc., her life regains a warmth of energy

and purpose she has not enjoyed since childhood. Even her two daughters become reconciled to the divorce and return home to her.

"Daddy was always changing. He was up and down. He'd go in and come out like the sun. But you were always my mother. You were always the same," says prodigal daughter Robin, except Darya is no longer the same at all. Her life has been re-made from the basement up. Never again will she be caught napping while people take control around her as though she were a child. She digs up her roses along with the ashes of her mother and transplants them to her new apartment in the SON neighbourhood, a loving home filled with terrific smells from the kitchen and people who communicate their feelings to her, who don't resent her career or her power.

I'll grant there was delicious satisfaction in observing Darya's ship of domestic bliss capsize, seeing her pop to the surface unscathed, swim to shore and instantly hammer together another one, to her own specifications this time, throwing in a lover, all at cartoon speed. But a person experiencing such a rapid decompression of ego is usually watched for the bends—spasms of loneliness, doubts about her judgement concerning relationships, men, children, difficulty concentrating on work, etc. Not our Darya. She doesn't have the time. And she never makes the time. Her life has all the inner resonance of cardboard.

This book reminded me of eating fast food—what I enjoyed was also its real weakness. Piercy induces in her readers a temporary craving for characters, motivation and dialogue, using salt, MSG and very little else. The surface detail is impeccable but it is best eaten before it cools lest you taste the difference between it and more substantial fare. It wasn't until after putting the book down that I recognized a bloated feeling in the pit of the plot that told me I'd just eaten a cardboard cutout of life.

Sarah Sheard lives and works in Toronto. Her fiction has appeared in various literary magazines. She is currently working on a novel about Japan.

In Our Mother Tongue

open is broken. by Betsy Warland.

Edmonton: Longspoon Press, 1984.

Touch to My Tongue. by Daphne Marlatt.

Edmonton: Longspoon Press, 1984

Reviewed by Betsy Nuse

Q: How can erotic poetry and literary theory share one book?

A: Interspecificity/intertextuality

Betsy Warland's second book of poems, *open is broken*, is here at last. And what a startling contrast to *A Gathering Instinct!* The new poems are short, noun-y and dense. I miss the humour and abundant natural images of the first collection. But Warland has written some of the most breathtaking lesbian erotic poetry in English I have ever read. The last poem in the book begins

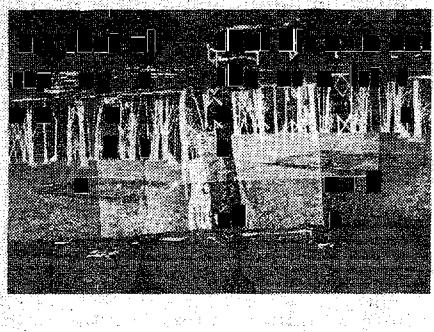
as you hold this/these pages throb
a radiant throat in your hands
each line a wave/blood/pulse
beware

A rather late warning! There are half a dozen poems extraordinary in the power of the desire and bliss they express. A tongue swims. Waters current down lovers' bodies. A rose bush, "a brothel of red and pink," provokes desire.

I move carefully
an egg without shell, yolk and white
shimmering
an eye with no mind I stood skinless
before you
a flower unbolled, quivering in its
moment

Touch to My Tongue

Daphne Marlatt



Though most poems are short, standing alone or in suite, *open is broken* begins with an essay and longer poem on writing and the erotic:

What prompted me to write *open is broken* is the realization that the English language tongue-ties me. This "restricted mobility" was most apparent in my attempts to speak of my erotic life.

In this book, Warland has clearly "broken through" her speechlessness.

Q: How can erotic poetry and literary theory share one book?

A: "in trusting the relationship between eroticism/etymology and tissue/text, the language—my language—broke open."

Daphne Marlatt's most recent book is *Touch to my Tongue*. Here, too, are some wonderful lesbian erotic poems:

there is the cedar slant of your hair as it
falls gold over your shoulder, over your
naked,
dearly known skin—its smell, its
answering
touch to my tongue. fondant, font,
found, all
that melts, pours. The dark rain of our
being
together at last.

Each poem rests on its page like a dense packet, images and ideas woven with considerable skill and artistry. Rooted in widely varied moments of experience—a rendezvous in a restaurant, a lonely drive along the Fraser canyon—Marlatt's poems are then elaborated with new vocabulary, with feelings, suggestions and connections, with the absent beloved or with past, even the legendary. Each poem is like a skilful collage: one powerful impression has, upon examination, myriad components.

Touch to my Tongue also includes full-page black and white photographs from a series, *Memory Room*, by Cheryl Sourkes. These compound images are extraordinary visual analogues for Marlatt's writing and give the book a resonant visual dimension.

Touch to my Tongue concludes with the essay on writing, *Musing with Mother Tongue*, which Daphne Marlatt presented first at the Women and Words conference in Vancouver and published subsequently in the *tessera* issue of *Room of One's Own* (Vol 8 no. 4).

Q: How can erotic poetry and literary theory share one book?

A: "inhabitant of language, not master, not even mistress, this new woman writer... in having is had, is held by it, what she is given to say."

If you did not have the good fortune to hear Betsy Warland and Daphne Marlatt read from their new books at Toronto's A Space on October 20, don't be daunted by the "new," experimental look of their words on the printed page. Risk buying or borrowing a book and read aloud yourself. Many of the poems (section XVII of *open is broken* in which open and closed brackets notate deep breaths, inhaled and exhaled) are even more extraordinary to the ear than the eye. In the above-mentioned *tessera*, Marlatt herself said:

There's so much rhythmic and melodic play
happening that anyone who is not used to
hearing language, and most readers aren't,
won't pick it up.

To which her co-editors Kathy Mezei and Barbara Godard replied:

Well maybe we should tell our readers to
read these texts aloud.
Doesn't everybody do that automatically?

Q: How can erotic poetry & literary theory share one book?

*A: "each time they slid between the sheets
to open each other
they slid between the pages of an
ancient text
turns of a hidden scroll
the bed the map: "napkin, sheet, cloth"
the route her tongue took
the root of the word."*

Betsy Nuse is the proprietor of Boudicca Books.

3rd Annual Idiosyncratic Book List

by Carroll Klein, Gail Van Varseveld, and Jean Wilson

Spurred on by a story of a friend's co-vivant rushing out with last year's book list to buy her a stack of presents, we offer you, once again a tantalizing collection of books to read in what we all laughingly call our spare time. Many thanks to Irene McGuire of Writers & Co., consummate bookseller, reader, and enthusiast, who generously helped us with this compilation.

FICTION - GENERAL

Astley, Thea. *An Item from the Late News*. London: Penguin 1984

A novel set in a small town in the Australian outback, concerning the struggle between idealism and materialism and greed. Astley's use of language in this and *A Boatload of Home Folk* (Penguin 1984) rivals that of Patrick White.

Barker, Pat. *Union Street*.

New York: Ballantine 1983
Similar in structure to Gloria Naylor's *The Women of Brewster Place*, *Union Street* is a gritty, gripping novel of the lives of women in urban, industrial England.

Benson, E.F. *Lucia in London*.

London: Black Swan 1984
Lucia is a pretentious queen bee, much given to highfalutin opinions, babytalk, and pontifical declarations. This is one of a series of three Lucia books, first published in the 1920s. Very funny satires of English society and snobbism.

Birdsell, Sandra. *Ladies of the House*.

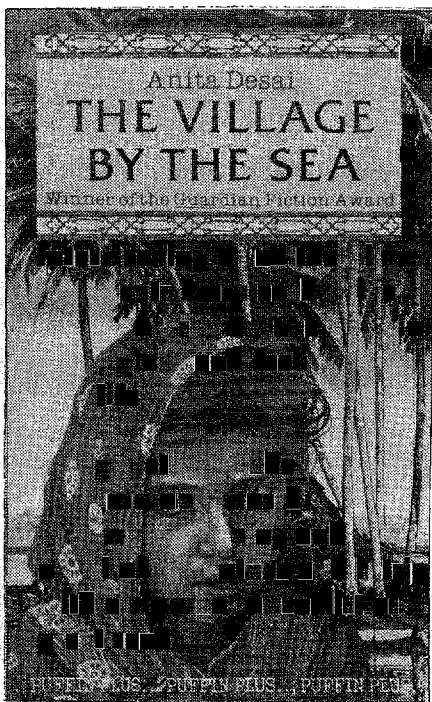
Winnipeg: Turnstone Press 1984
A superior collection of short stories by a Winnipeg writer whose work is worth watching.

Chase, Joan. *During the Reign of the Queen of Persia*.

New York: Ballantine Books 1983
The story of 3 generations of women on an Ohio farm in the 1950s: Gram, 5 daughters and 4 granddaughters. This book is an interweaving of all their lives, with fragments from each. Like Marilynne Robinson's *Housekeeping* in evoking a time, place and feeling for a family's history and life.

d'Alpuget, Blanche. *Turtle Beach*.

Harmondsworth: Penguin 1983
An award-winning and highly successful novel of adventure and intrigue in Malaysia with a woman journalist as protagonist. A great read.



Desai, Anita. *The Village by the Sea*.

Harmondsworth: Penguin 1984
Desai writes of India with clarity and style. This novel, while aimed at a literate adolescent market, will please any Anglo-Indian literature fan.

Duffy, Maureen. *Londoners*.

London: Methuen 1983
Duffy is a prolific English novelist, playwright, and poet whose work is little known in North America. Stylish, experimental writing.

Fairbairns, Zoe. *Stand We At Last*.

New York: Avon 1984
The author of *Benefits* has written a fat generational saga with a difference—it's the women who are the movers and makers in this story which begins in England in 1855 and ends there, via Australia, Virginia and India, in 1972. You may have to look in the library for this one—Avon issued it last February in a cover that you would pass up unless you're into the soaps.

Figes, Eva. *Light*.

New York: Ballantine 1983
A brilliantly written impressionistic novel about the painter Monet.

Frame, Janet. *Living in the Maniototo*.

London: The Women's Press 1982
Frame, a New Zealand novelist, writes about writing and the world of the imagination. An accomplished novelist, she won the New Zealand Book Awards Fiction Prize for this novel.



Heath, Caroline, ed. *Double Bond: an anthology of prairie women's fiction*.

Saskatoon: Fifth House 1984
Caroline Heath always had an impeccable editorial eye, and now that she has started her own publishing house, we can watch for her offerings with sweet anticipation. *Double Bond* is a delight.

Koppelman, Susan, ed. *Old Maids: Short Stories by 19th Century US Women Writers (1835-1891)*.

Boston: Pandora Press 1984
A remarkable compilation of lost literary history that illuminates the state of spinsterhood in a society where marriage was the norm and independence a questionable pleasure.

LaTourette, Aileen. *Nuns and Mothers*.

London: Virago Press 1984
A young American woman with a husband and two sons in England meets her long-time friend and lover, Georgia, in New Jersey for a passionate tour of old haunts and old memories.

Gordimer, Nadine. *Something Out There*.

A fine new collection of short stories by the South African writer. Gordimer's reading of the title story at the International Author's Festival in Toronto this fall was one of the highlights of the week of readings.

Lessing, Doris. *The Diaries of Jane Somers*.

London: Michael Joseph 1984
First published pseudonymously as *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* and *If the Old Could*, Lessing returns to her earlier, more "realistic" style and subject matter.

Manning, Olivia. *The Rain Forest*.

Harmondsworth: Penguin 1984
A reprint of a 1974 novel by a fine novelist whose work is finally receiving popular, and much deserved, acclaim.

Nietzke, Ann. *Windowlight*.

London: Picador 1984
A collection of 6 stories by an American writer who lives in Venice, California. Narrator is a writer, a solitary woman recently divorced, who observes

street/beach life from her seedy apartment building.

Renault, Mary. *The Friendly Young Ladies*.

London: Virago Press 1984
Reprint of a novel published in 1944 about an interesting ménage of 2 in their twenties: Leo who writes Westerns, using a male pseudonym and Helen, an illustrator and nurse.

Rossner, Judith. *August*.

New York: Warner Books 1984
Judith Rossner's massive novel about psychoanalysis is now out in paperback.

Sullivan, Rosemary, ed. *Stories by Canadian Women*.

Toronto: Oxford University Press 1984
A historical collection of short stories from Isabella Valancy Crawford to Sandra Birdsell, Dionne Brand and Edna Alford.

Simmie, Lois. *Pictures*.

Saskatoon: Fifth House 1984
Close to the heart of a prairie woman, these stories are a joy to read. Simmie also writes for kids—her latest is *Auntie's Knitting a Baby* from Western Producer Prairie Books.

Tanaka, Yukiko and Elizabeth Hanson, eds. *This Kind of Woman: Ten Stories by Japanese Women Writers (1960-1976)*.

New York: Perigee Books 1982
In translation, a world view that is startlingly different from that of western women. Unusual, splendid stories.

Thomas, Audrey. *Intertidal Life*.

Toronto: Stoddart 1984
Thomas's latest should be available in early December.

Walker, Alice. *In Love and Trouble*.

London: The Women's Press 1984
A reprint of a 1973 collection of short stories. Walker is, as always, superb.

Weldon, Fay. *Letters to Alice: on first reading Jane Austen*.

London: Michael Joseph 1984
Alice is Weldon's imaginary punk-rocker niece, obliged to read Austen in school. Weldon writes her letters to lead her to the discovery of the novelist.

Weldon, Fay. *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*.

London: Hodder and Stoughton 1983
Vintage Weldon. A tale of revenge taken to the limit, this novel will both infuriate and delight.

The West Coast Editorial Collective, eds. *Women and Words: The Anthology/Les Femmes et les Mots: Une Anthologie*.

Madeira Park, B.C.: Harbour Publishing 1984
The companion volume to the Women and Words/Les femmes et les mots conference held in Vancouver in June 1983 is a sampler of short prose and poems by 80 writers.

SCIENCE FICTION

Cherryh, C.J. *Voyager in Night*, and *Forty Thousand in Gehenna*.

New York: DAW Books 1984
Two more novels set in the future of *Downbelow Station* from the writer amazing not just for the amount she produces, but for the variety. The quality is a given.

Elgin, Suzette Haden. *The Ozark Fantasy Trilogy: Twelve Fair Kingdoms, The Grand Jubilee, and And Then There'll Be Fireworks*.

New York: Berkley Books, all 1983
A delightful saga about Responsible of Brightwater and her efforts to save the planet Ozark from the fate of Old Earth. Combines playful magic, complex Realpolitik, and a love of language, especially puns.

Elgin, Suzette Haden. *Star-Anchored, Star-Angered*.

New York: DAW Books 1984
An earlier Elgin novel with fewer puns, but equally wonderful characters, solid intellectual and feminist underpinnings and a wonderfully varied universe.

McCaffrey, Anne. *Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern*.

New York: Ballantine 1984
900 years before the Dragonriders trilogy, Moreta is Weyrwoman at Fort Weyr when a mysterious illness starts killing the people and the dragons—and the Seventh Pass is on its way. A great gift for anyone who hasn't discovered the charm of the dragons of Pern.

McIntyre, Vonda N. *Superluminal*.

New York: Pocket Books 1984
A new novel by the author of *Dreamsnake* on a world where humans are adapting to life under water, sharing the oceans with the whales.

Norton, Andre. *'Ware Hawk*.

New York: Ballantine 1984
For Witch World addicts, the latest tale from that magic place.

Russ, Joanna. *The Zanzibar Cat*.

New York: Baen Books 1984
Sixteen stories by the author of *The Female Man*, gathered up from the anthologies and magazines where they were first published.

Salmonson, Jessica Amanda. *The Swordsman*.

New York: Tom Doherty Associates 1982
Swords and sorcery of the feminist variety.

MYSTERY/PRIVATE EYE

Cross, Amanda. *Sweet Death, Kind Death*.

New York: E.P. Dutton 1984
Kate Fansler, the English professor cum sleuth, is at it again in another literate thriller.

Paretsky, Sara. *Deadlock*. 1984

V.I. Warshawski is back at last with a suddenly dead cousin, and a complex puzzle set in the Great Lakes grain shipping business. She has more meals and fewer personal problems than in *Indemnity Only*, but *Deadlock* is well paced and loaded with information about shipping and grain trading.

Slovo, Gillian. *Morbid Symptoms*.

London: Pluto Press 1984
Kate Baier is a sax-playing, feminist-socialist, freelance journalist who gets into detecting when a man who works on one of the left-wing journals she writes for dies mysteriously. This is a refreshingly untough private eye.

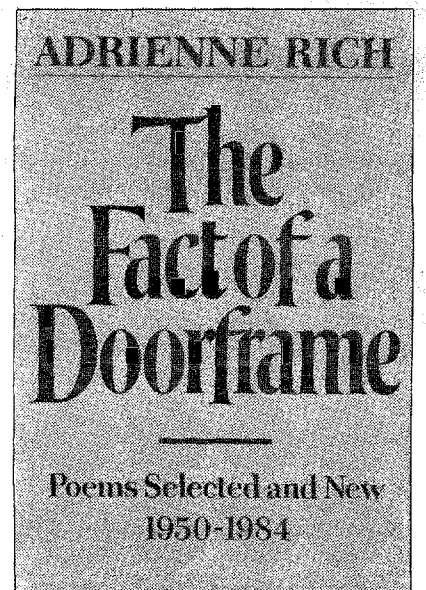
POETRY

Bannerman, Maja. *Songs•Poems•Performance Pieces*.

Toronto: Blewointmentpress 1984
Odd, interesting, experimental work by a Toronto artist.

Livesay, Dorothy. *Feeling the Worlds*.

Fredericton: Fiddlehead 1984
New poems from a poet who needs no introducing.



Rich, Adrienne. *The Fact of a Doorframe: Poems Selected and New, 1950-1984*.

New York: W.W. Norton 1984
A recent collection of poetic Rich-es from one of the great American poets of the 20th century.

• from previous page

NON-FICTION

Alexander, Maxine, ed. *Speaking for Ourselves: Women of the South*.

New York: Pantheon Books 1984
Forty pieces about women's lives in the American South over the last 50 years—mothers and daughters, white and black, debutantes and sharecroppers, poets and steelworkers. Given the recent extreme right-wing swing in the South, a timely book about a part of Southern society that is bound to be adversely affected.

Bird, Isabella. *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*.
London: Virago Travellers 1984

Bird was a consummate traveller, a woman who wandered the world in the late nineteenth century. These letters originally published in 1880, describe her travels in and impressions of Japan during its transition from a feudal state to a modern, industrialized society.

Evans, Mari, ed. *Black Women Writers (1950-1980): A Critical Evaluation*.

Garden City: Anchor Press/Doubleday 1984

Literary evaluations and criticism, personal commentary and writing, encompassing the wide and growing group of black women writers in America.

Kitzinger, Sheila. *Women's Experience of Sex*.

New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons 1983
Kitzinger, author of *The Complete Book of Pregnancy and Childbirth*, has produced yet another comprehensive book. Her prose is accessible, her point of view down to earth. Required reading.

Land, Myrick. *The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem*.

San Francisco: Lexikos 1983
A revised, paperback version of a 1963 publication about feuds between writers, from Samuel Johnson to the moderns. Aside from Gertrude Stein, not many women have the dubious distinction of making it into this book, but it's a great dose of literary gossip for those so inclined.

Page, Linda Garland and Eliot Wigginton, eds. *Aunt Arie: A Foxfire Portrait*.

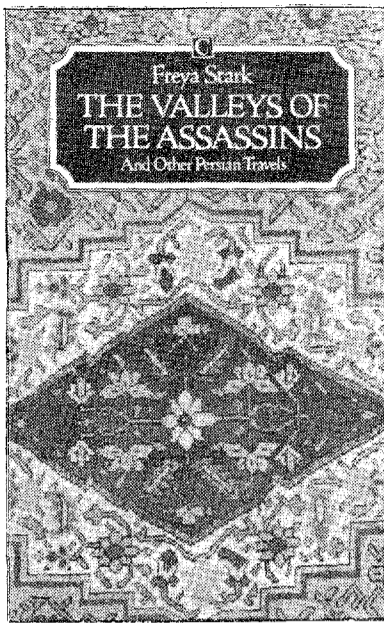
1983
A wonderful, moving book about a North Carolina mountain woman who died in 1978 at 92. Told mostly in her own words, the book recounts 'Aunt' Arie Carpenter's opinions about planting, harvesting, cooking, medicine, religion, love, and just plain living. Testimonials from people who knew her and excellent photographs also included.

Payne, Karen. *Between Ourselves: Letters Between Mothers and Daughters*.

Boston: Houghton Mifflin 1983
Plath, Sexton, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Brittain, Sand, et al on sexuality, freedom, motherhood, men, politics...

Stark, Freya. *The Valley of the Assassins and Other Persian Tales*.

London: Century Publishing 1983
Originally published in 1936, Stark's travel book has been reissued in the Century Travellers series. A good read for armchair travel enthusiasts.



Tate, Claudia, ed. *Black Women Writers at Work*.

New York: Continuum 1984
A series of interviews with such luminaries as Angelou, Cade Bambara, Giovanni, Lorde, Shange, and Alice Walker in which they discuss their lives and literary techniques.

Turner, Joan and Lois Emery, eds. *Perspectives on Women in the 1980s*.

Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba Press 1983
Published papers from a 1982 Winnipeg conference. The editors got it right when they said: "We want the book to be alive, to carry with it the magic and energy of the conference." This is a moving account of women's work, appropriate for all, but particularly helpful as a gift for the friend who is not quite sure of her relationship to the women's movement.

BIOGRAPHY/AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Chernin, Kim. *In My Mother's House: A Daughter's Story*.

New York: Harper Colophon Books 1984
By the author of *The Obsession: Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness*, this powerful book is a four-generation biography. Ostensibly the story of her mother's life, from the *stetl* to being a Communist organizer in the US, the book focusses on the relationships between Chernin's mother, her grandmother, herself and her daughter.

De Slavo, Louise and Mitchell A. Leaska, eds. *The Letters of Vita Sackville-West to Virginia Woolf*.

New York: William Morrow 1985
Sackville-West and Woolf carried on a correspondence from 1923 to 1941. De Salvo and Leaska, in a fine, scholarly effort, have sorted, bridged, and filled in the necessary historical information to make this a superb example of the genre for its aficionados.

Garnett, Angelica. *Deceived with Kindness: A Bloomsbury Childhood*.

Daughter of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, wife of David Garnett, child of Bloomsbury, Angelica Garnett has written an autobiographical memoir in which she explores her development as an artist and woman apart from her famous connections.

Gould, Jean. *American Women Poets: Pioneers of Modern Poetry*.

New York: Dodd, Mead 1980
Biographies of Dickinson, Lowell, Stein, Wylie, HD, St. Vincent Millay, Bogan and Deutsch. ●

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Broadside CLASSIFIEDS

WINTER WEEKEND AT TAPAWINGO near Parry Sound. Cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, hiking. January 18-20. \$75. Info, after January 1: Susan (416) 921-4755; Kye (416) 967-7118. (Long weekend option \$85.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT available in quiet, all-lesbian building. January 1. Morgan: (416) 961-1768.

TWO DESPERATE WOMEN MUSICIANS willing to rent **any** basement or studio space. We need to rehearse 5 hours per day, 3 days per week. \$75 per month. Boo Watson, (416) 532-4290; or Deb Parent, (416) 530-1653.

FOR SALE: 79 HONDA Hawk Motorcycle. 400cc, 15,000 km., in good shape. As is \$500 or best offer. Phone: Anna (416) 964-7477.

I AM COLLECTING SLIDES of the art of contemporary women who are working with Goddess and other enabling/empowering imagery and with altars for possible inclusion in an upcoming Studio D film on the roots of religion. Please send no more than 20 slides, including descriptions, media, motivation and anything else you want to say about your work. I am interested in all media, including women's traditional arts. Deadline: December 31, 1984. Sasha McInnes, 237A Dundas Street, London, Ontario, N6A 1H1; tel. (519) 672-2832, after 6 pm.

BROADSIDE'S BIRTHDAY BASH! Come and celebrate with us Monday, December 17 at the Bam Boo. Jazz! Humour! Dancing! Over five years of publishing—reason to celebrate! Tickets at the Toronto Women's Bookstore or at Broadside: 598-3513. \$10.

WOMEN'S T-SHIRT. "Contents: joy, anger, humour... Will fight back." \$8. All sizes. Red, blue, green, yellow, white, black. Available Saturday, December 8, 12-4 pm at the Women's Press, 16 Baldwin Street, Toronto. For more information, phone Ruth at 977-1932, or Beth at 767-7247.

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SPACE EXISTS IN OUR WARM wonderful women's home as our roommate had to return to Montréal on sudden notice. Feminist, non-smoking pref.; bright, spacious garden, steps from TTC. College & Dovercourt, \$300 incl., call (416) 536-0478 for more info.

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OUTSIDE BROADSIDE

TORONTO WOMEN'S EVENTS CALENDAR

December 1984/January 1985

Compiled by Catherine Maunsell

● **Friday, November 30:** Benefit for the Emily Stowe Shelter for Women at the Rivoli. Featuring: Daphne's Purple Closet, Chalk Circle, and Direktive 17. 334 Queen St. West. \$4 at door. Info: 264-4357.

● **Friday, November 30:** Launching of the Women and Words Anthology at The Canadian Book Information Centre, 70 The Esplanade, 3rd fl. 8-11:30 pm. Refreshments.

● **Friday, November 30:** Women's Independent Thoughtz (WITZ). A seminar/discussion group for the exchange of ideas and creative endeavours in art, literature, philosophy and political thought. Topic: Writer Carson McCullers. 7 pm. Info: Vera, 536-3162.

● **Saturday, December 1:** Benefit for the Emily Stowe Shelter for Women. Featuring: Word of Mouth, Rheostatics, CeeDee's. At the Rivoli, 334 Queen St. West. \$4 at door. Info: 264-4357.

● **Saturday, December 1:** Bratty and the Babysitters. Cameron House, 408 Queen St. West. 10 pm. \$3 cover. Info: 364-0811.

● **Saturday, December 1:** Outdoor poster project by Daria Stermac: "When We Dead Awaken/De-coding Patriarchy." A Space, 204 Spadina. Continues throughout December.

● **Saturday, December 1:** "Winter Carnival," dance sponsored by the Lesbian Mothers' Defence Fund. \$5 advance, \$6 door. All women welcome. 519 Church St. Community Centre. 9 pm to 1 am.

● **Saturday, December 1:** 10th Anniversary Retrospective Salute to the National Film Board's Studio D. Screenings at 4:30, 7 and 9 pm at the Studie Theatre, York Quay Centre, Harbourfront. Part of "Through Her Eyes" film festival.

● **Sunday, December 2:** Lesbian Mothers' Pot Luck Brunch. Food and friendship. 1-4 pm. Info: 465-6822.

● **Sunday, December 2:** "Through Her Eyes" film festival at Harbourfront continues with independent films by women distributed through the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre. Screenings at 4, 7 and 9 pm. Studio Theatre, York Quay Centre, 235 Queen's Quay West.

Week of December 3

● **Monday, December 3:** Monthly discussion meeting for Jewish lesbians. Any Jewish lesbians interested contact Lois: 964-7477, or Susan: 591-1434.

● **Monday, December 3:** The Women's Group, a support group for lesbians. 8 pm. 519 Church St. Info: Raechel, 926-0527. Also Mondays, December 10, 17 and January 7, 14, 21, 28.



Sherry Shute by Donna Marchand.

● **Tuesday, December 4:** Opening of "Cosmic Cowgirls: Women of the Music Industry," portraits by Donna Marchand. Gallery 940, 940 Queen St. East. 8 pm. Info: 466-8840. To Saturday, December 15.

● **Tuesday, December 4:** Womyn Out Of Doors (WOODS) hold their bi-monthly planning meetings for January/February events. New and prospective members welcome. 519 Church St. Community Centre. 7:30 pm.

● **Tuesday, December 4:** Meeting/discussion led by Mary Kaludger "Can You Live on the Present Old Age Pension?" 6 Denison Avenue (corner of Queen West), 1:30 pm. Interested women call: Hilda Murray 691-6775 or Hazel Wigdor 767-7330.

● **Tuesday, December 4:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 960-3249. Also Tuesdays, December 11, 18 and January 8, 15, 22, 29.

● **Tuesday, December 4:** Rock concert for Ethiopia, featuring "Targa." Proceeds to Oxfam-Canada will go to drought-stricken areas beyond the reach of official government aid. DJ's, 700 University Ave. at College. Admission: donation at the door. For other dates and locations call Oxfam: 961-3935.

● **Wednesday, December 5:** Lesbian Phone Line general meeting. Interested women, prospective volunteers welcome. 7:30 pm. 348 College St., 3rd floor. Info: 960-3249.

● **Thursday, December 6:** Married lesbians group, a support and discussion group sponsored by Spouses of Gays. 206 St. Clair Ave. West. 1:30 pm. Info: 967-0597. Also Thursdays, December 13, 20 and January 10, 17, 24 and 31.

● **Friday, December 7:** Bookstop: The Charity Booksale, for Interval House. 199 Yonge St. (opposite the Eaton Centre). 10 am to 6 pm. To Saturday, December 15.

● **Friday, December 7:** OCA students' Christmas party features Bratty. OCA, 100 McCaul St. \$4 (students \$3). Info: 977-5311.

● **Friday, December 7:** Opening of the Toronto Documentary Photography Project, a 9-project exhibit—including "Faces of Feminism: Toronto/1984," photographs and texts from the Toronto feminist community, by Pamela Harris. Harbourfront Art Gallery, 235 Queen's Quay West. 5:30 to 8 pm. Regular show runs Saturday, December 8 to Sunday, January 6 Info: 869-8410.

● **Saturday, December 8:** Women's T-shirts on sale: "Contents: joy, anger, humour... Will fight back." 12-4 pm at the Women's Press, 16 Baldwin Street. Info: Ruth 977-1932 or Beth 767-7247.

● **Saturday, December 8:** The Oriana Singers present a benefit concert for Nellie's emergency shelter for women, featuring Christmas and classical program. Trinity-St. Paul's United Church. 427 Bloor St. West. 8 pm. \$10. For tickets, call Nellie's fundraising office: 598-1450.

● **Sunday, December 9:** Women's Holistic Health Organization & Learning Exchange is holding a Shiatsu Therapy Workshop. Workshop Leader: Janice Canning. 2 pm. International Student Centre, 33 St. George St. Info: 533-2738 or 926-0227. Non-members, \$3.

● **Sunday, December 9:** Open House at Pelican Books, 120 Harbord Street. 12-4 pm. Refreshments/draw/entertainment. (Pelican Books will be open every Sunday after that.)

Week of December 10

● **Monday, December 10:** Women Working with Immigrant Women, general meeting. Discussion on pornography, led by Mariana Valverde. 2 pm. Info and location: call Salome Lukas, 531-2059.

● **Tuesday, December 11:** "Developing Women's Erotic Film Language," a super-8 film night at A Space, 204 Spadina Avenue. 8 pm. For confirmation of date: 364-3227.

● **Tuesday, December 11:** March 8 Coalition meeting, 7:30 pm. Friends' House, 60 Lowther Ave. (Bloor and Bedford). Info: Laurie, 863-6702.

● **Tuesday, December 11:** "The Pro-Choice Movement: New Directions, New Debates," a public forum sponsored by the Women's Press and the Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics. Speakers: Theresa Dobko, OCAC; Kathleen McDonnell, author of "Not An Easy Choice"; Vicki Van Wagner, Toronto Midwives Collective. Sanford Fleming Building, U of T, King's College Rd. 7:30 pm. By donation. Info: Margie Wolfe, 598-0082.

● **Thursday, December 13:** Information meeting for The Béguinage, the new women's housing co-op in downtown Toronto. 299 Queen St. West. Suite 401. 7:30 pm. Info: 925-2475 ext. 330.

Week of December 17



● **Monday, December 17:** Broadside's Fifth Birthday Bash! Jazz/Humour/Dancing. The Barn Boo Club, 312 Queen Street West. 8 pm. Wheelchair Accessible. \$10. Info: 598-3513.

● **Monday, December 17:** The Birth Control and VD Information Trailer will be located next to the 519 Church St. Community Centre after Dec. 17. Information, medical clinics and educational programs available. Free and confidential (no OHIP required). Info: 789-4541.

● **Tuesday, December 18:** Channukah party. Any Jewish lesbians interested please call Susan Abeles, 591-1434.

● **Friday, December 21:** Women's Independent Thoughtz (WITZ). A seminar/discussion group for the exchange of ideas and creative endeavours in art, literature, philosophy and political thought. 7 pm. Info: Vera, 536-3162.

● **Friday, December 21:** Moon, a singer-songwriter from Winnipeg, brings us a Winter Solstice Celebration. New Trojan Horse Café. 179 Danforth Ave. \$4. 8 pm. Info: 461-8367. Also Saturday, December 22.



Week of December 24

● **Saturday, December 29:** The Almost New Year's Eve Dance. Sponsored by Branching Out. 9 pm-1 am. Ukrainian National Federation, 297 College Street. Women only. Tickets: \$5.50 employed, \$4 unemployed, available at Toronto Women's Bookstore and Glad Day Books.

January

● **Saturday, January 5:** Video installation by Sara Diamond. A Space, 204 Spadina Ave. Hours: Tuesday-Friday 10-5, Saturday noon-5. Admission free. To Saturday January 26.

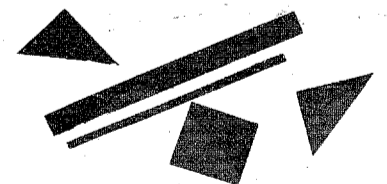
● **Wednesday, January 9:** Lesbians and Gays at U of T. 8 pm, International Student Centre, 33 St. George St. Check 923-GAYS for weekly topic. Every Wednesday.

● **Saturday, January 12:** Kate Clinton, feminist stand-up comedian. 8 pm. Trinity-St. Paul's Church, 427 Bloor St. West. Info: 925-6568.

● **Friday, January 18:** Women's winter weekend at Tapawingo, near Parry Sound. Cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, hiking. \$75. Info after January 1: Susan, 921-4755; Kye, 967-7118. To Sunday, January 20 (long week-end option \$85).

● **Friday, January 18:** Dance sponsored by the Ryerson Women's Centre, featuring Bratty. Oakham House, 63 Gould St. (at Church). 9 pm. \$4. Info: 598-9838.

● **Tuesday, January 22:** Buddies in Bad Times presents "Rhubarb," a festival of new experimental works at The Theatre Centre, 296 Brunswick at Bloor. Info: 927-8998. To Sunday, February 3.



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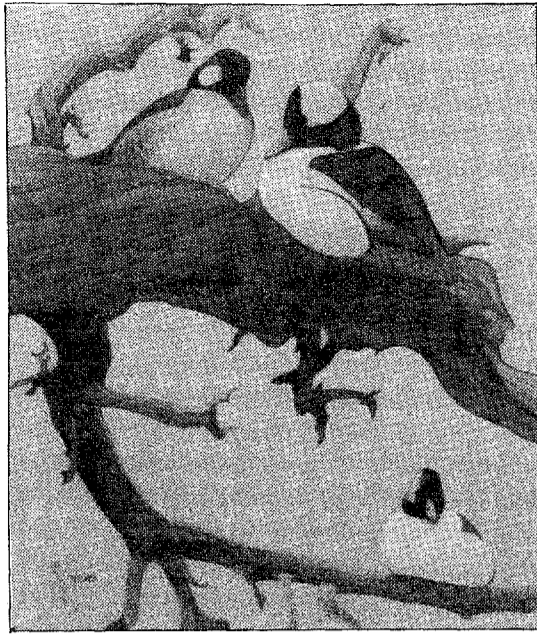
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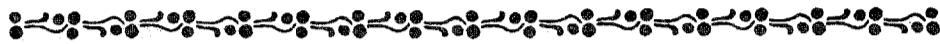
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