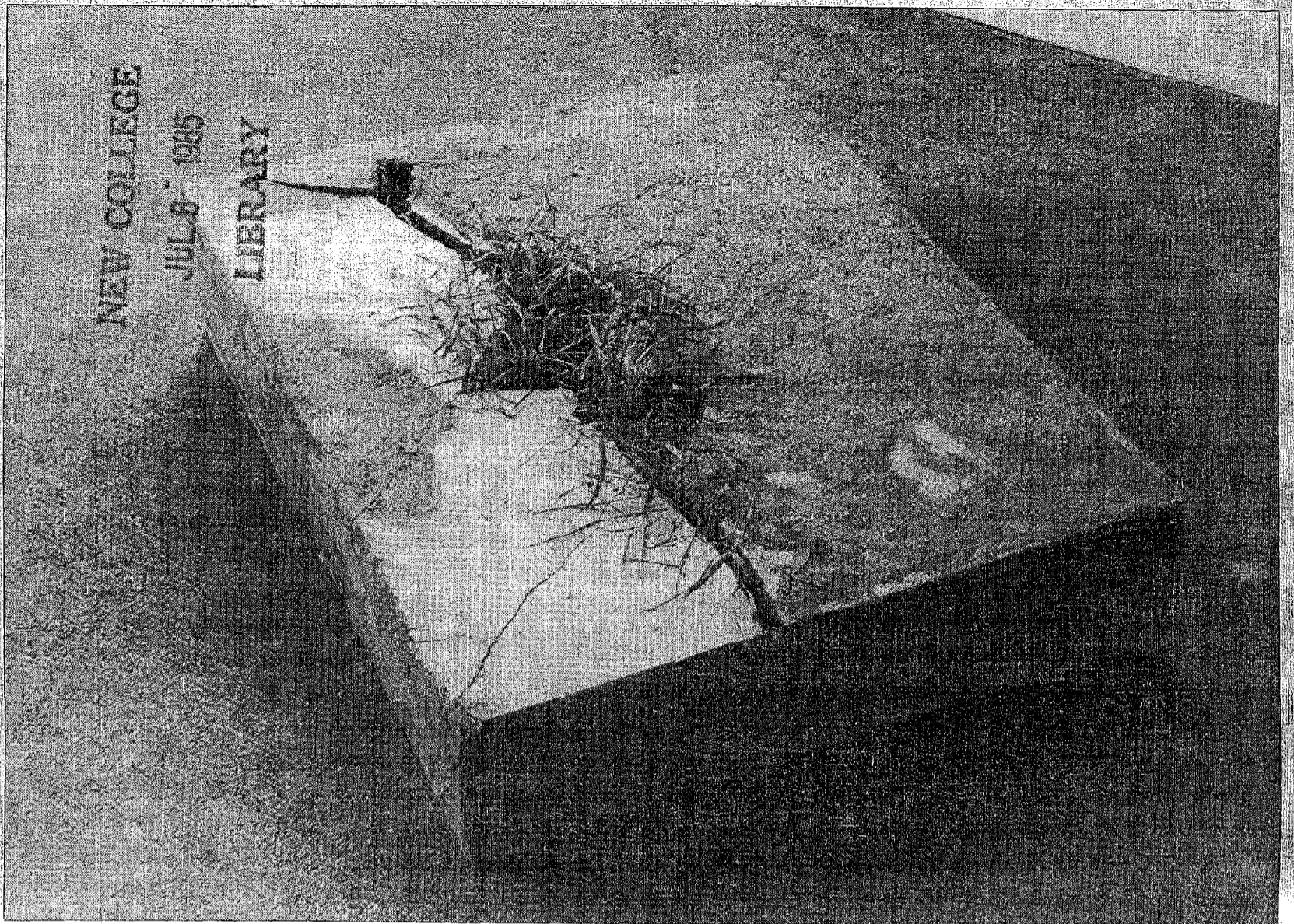


Broadside

A FEMINIST REVIEW



LEE LYONS

Fem Fest '85 "A Crack in the Patriarchy": Sculpture by Pat Jeffries. SEE STORY PAGE 8.

INSIDE BROADSIDE

FEATURE

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REAL NERVE: In Toronto, REAL Women president Grace Petrsek debates with radical Catholic Laurie Bell about the status of women; in Ottawa, Petrsek lobbies the Conservative government for a share of the funding pie which, she says, has been "appropriated" by radical feminists. Pages 5 and 6.

DECADE'S END: Ten years after International Women's Year, the Decade for Women ends with two conferences in Nairobi and not many improvements in the status of women. 10-15,000 women are travelling to Kenya to appraise the situation. Page 7.

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Women Against Women

Broadside:

I am writing in response to Amanda Hale's "Femmes Against Feminists" (*Broadside*, June 1985), a review of the production *Ladies Against Women, An Evening of Consciousness-Lowering*. I should say first of all that I have not seen this production. Nevertheless, I am moved to comment by my profound disturbance with the misogyny underlying the review and, I presume, the production itself. The explicit intent of *Ladies Against Women* is to poke fun at the New Right and its vocal and threatening reaction against feminism. But it is almost solely the women in the Right who are the objects of ridicule. Women who are "big on bake sales," use their husband's first names in place of their own, oppose birth control, abortion, and defiantly have babies every year, prefer "suffering over suffrage," appear in public only through the good graces of the men who control their lives, prepare food à la Betty Crocker, and are generally self-deprecating in manner. As well, they support every form of oppression possible. Such women are made to represent all that feminism is fighting against. We are asked to regard them as our enemy.

Lest I be accused of harbouring a humourless feminist politic, let me say that I have always known that humour has an important role to play in feminism: we can use it to challenge both ourselves and the underpinning of the daily oppression women face. *Pulling Our Own Strings: Feminist Humour and Satire* was central to the raising of my own feminist consciousness; my laughter broke down barriers that served to prevent the emergence of a clear-thinking feminist awareness. But as Gloria Kaufman, one of the editors of this anthology, points out, the line between feminist humour and humour about women is often thin. *Ladies Against Women* appears as humour about women, at the expense of women, by feminists who regard themselves as a group apart from, transcendent of, the women they laugh at. *Ladies Against Women* breaks down no barriers; it challenges nothing. In making these women the object of derision, it merely reinforces the (male) leftist tendency to single out women to represent the decadence of a privileged class. Such humour/derision is nothing new; it fits in nicely with so-called progressive men's loathing of the women appearing in the pages

of *Cosmopolitan*, disguising misogyny as politically correct feminist analysis.

Women in the Right are not the cutting edge of the future, and under their desperate rhetoric they know it. They are backward, painfully so, in the face of inevitable changes in society. As Andrea Dworkin in *Right Wing Women* and Barbara Ehrenreich in *The Hearts of Men* point out, these women cling to the vestiges of a disappearing manifestation of women's oppression in an attempt to protect themselves against the form women's oppression currently takes. They fear the loss of particular (although limited and fragile) privileges, the few safeguards against male irresponsibility which they see as residing only in marriage. In a sense, they speak a thwarted version of feminism. Implicitly they acknowledge women's tenuous security within marriage. They are not 'other' to us: as women, many of us have experienced the same fear and rage at the thought and reality of our ex-husbands stopping the child-support payments. In such women I recognize my mother, who feared for my (reproductive) security when I began sleeping with men, my lover's mother, who vehemently declares she could have no higher mission than to be wife to her husband, and one of my closest friends, who in moments of despair refers to the ideology of total motherhood to justify her fear of going back to school. I see myself, raging, spending hours doing pointless housework when I feel incapable of writing a particularly difficult paper.

In *Ladies Against Women* I find no thoughtful and probing feminist analysis, but a deep-rooted hatred and fear of ourselves and ultimately of our mothers. And an utter lack of awareness. A satirization of women in the Right, deeply feminist in tone, should not forget where we came from, and the ground we have travelled through fear and immediate necessity. In acknowledging our own courage we must also acknowledge our fear, our own ability to drift into these patterns.

Loralea Michaelis
Kitchener, Ont.

For the Archives

Broadside:

I'm responding to a letter in the June 1985 *Broadside* from the Canadian Women's Movement Archives collective. On behalf of LARC (Lesbian Archives & Resource Centre near Kenora, Ont.), I thank them for

clarifications; (1) "No group or organization would appear in this directory without their approval"; and (2) retraction of their earlier statement. Unfortunately their letter raises new problems which also need to be addressed by us.

They say, "We regret the seeming hostility and suspicion on the part of the Lesbian Archives." There's a familiar ring to a comment from Toronto that we northwest Ontarians, 1100 miles from the provincial capital, seem hostile and suspicious. Many rural/northern residents feel justifiable anger towards urban centres for draining our regions of energy and of human and material resources. This resentment is especially pertinent because of ongoing lesbian flight to cities for support, since few rural areas have lesbian energy and resources to organize against homophobia. LARC only exists here because of women too stubborn to leave or/and women who've made a commitment to the land & to the lifestyle she brings us.

Women did not initiate parasitical patriarchal patterns, but I am asking urban feminists to become more conscious of those patterns and to disassociate themselves from them wherever possible. Having to explain this to urban women every time it happens is one more unwelcome drain on our resources. I apologize for sarcasm in my previous letter, but I think our anger and frustration is understandable when policies affecting one of our lifelines are announced in a Toronto paper without any prior notice being given to us. I am sorry the CWMA has not apologized to us for that action. Their letter says they fully support our activities, but this does not feel like support to us. Nor does our past herstory of attempts to communicate with them.

Much of LARC's foundation was built by our news journal, *Voices*, which began publishing from here in December 1980. In '82-'83 we gave CWMA a year's free advertising in *Voices*, which was being sent to them (free) on a regular basis. They did not acknowledge this support or reciprocate. In March I wrote them requesting information. They replied six months later with no apology or explanation of the delay. Through these incidents we perceived the message that our work was of little importance to the women's movement archives in Toronto.

It was nice to receive a package of 12 items from someone in CWMA last July. If it had arrived a few months earlier with a congratulatory message or specific info on their holdings, our relations might now be different. Instead, we received a letter (January

EDITORIALS

You've Come a Long Way, Baby?

Canadian women learned a few things about the extent to which sexist values are entrenched in the country's central institutions. Twice during the recent session in Parliament a female Member was silenced, neutralized and negated by sexist language. First, it was Justice Minister John Crosbie who barked "Quiet Down, baby" to Sheila Copps (Hamilton East). Then he muttered something about "titmice" in the Commons. During the session the next day, Finance Minister Michael Wilson called out to Copps, "Get out of here, baby" after she had asked one or two too many questions.

These attempts to reduce the status of a Member of Parliament, this attack on a woman *qua* woman, brings a few points into sharp focus. To begin with, these types of barbs are extremely effective in making the substance of criticism in Parliament almost invisible. At this point, Canadians remember that a female member of Parliament was referred to as "baby," but the precise question Copps was asking has fallen by the wayside. (For those who want to know, she was asking Wilson about old-age pensions.) Using this kind of language works to eclipse content.

Second, there seemed to be no outrage

recorded on the part of Mr. Wilson's party for this verbal abuse, but uproarious applause instead. What does Flora MacDonald really think of all this? Or Pat Carney? Or any of the other female Progressive Conservatives who, because these episodes are met with approval, become vulnerable to similar abuse?

Third, there does not seem to be an epithet we can counterpose to "baby" for female Members of Parliament to hurl at male Members. "Turnkey," "scoundrel" and "scum" (Hansard is full of such puerile records directed at men by men) do not silence men in the same way "baby" silences a woman. Mr. Wilson explained that he used the word because he had become frustrated with Ms. Copps, that he had lost "respect" for her. In fact, he used the word because men use language to undermine the respect, or dignity of women: Women should be seen and not heard.

And the use of such words is not considered against parliamentary protocol, according to the Speaker of the House, John Bosley. Canadian women should be profoundly insulted by this. Sexist language has to be made unparliamentary if the governing body expects to maintain a modicum of respect from the female population. Bosley's apology that the word is "offensive," but not necessarily "unparliamentary," misses the point that these words, sexist words, are directed at a specific segment of the population. When Wilson and Crosbie baited Copps in that way, they were baiting every single woman in the country. Perhaps they never had any "respect" in the first place. ●

Margaret Frazer, 1917-1985

Margaret Frazer, after whom a hostel for women ex-psychiatric patients in Toronto was named, died on Thursday, June 20 after four months of battling cancer of the pancreas. She died at home, surrounded by many friends who worked in shifts to provide the support that allowed her to live her last days in her own environment. Her friend June Callwood, writing in the *Globe and Mail*, said of Frazer: "Nothing in her beautifully realized life used her inner splendour so completely as her dying."

After retiring early in 1975 from teaching, Frazer became involved in community activities that ranged from fundraising for Nellie's Hostel to being a musicians' accompanist. She was a loyal supporter of *Broadside*, and we are indebted to her: when our finances were at a particularly low ebb several summers ago, she lent us money to pay some bills, money she made from producing and selling a people's catalogue for Judy Chicago's Dinner Party, when the official Art Gallery catalogue was prohibitively expensive for most women.

Margaret Frazer will be well remembered by the *Broadside* collective and her many other friends. ●

Power of Our Press

by Ingrid MacDonald

When *Broadside* began six years ago, it proceeded of necessity in a businesslike manner, hoping to put out a monthly paper for the women's community and stay independent. Since then the Canadian economic and political climate has done little to make publishing for the alternative presses easier: thus business smarts and financial astuteness have become a way of life for most feminist publications. Without intending this as a criticism, a conference that brought 35 feminist periodicals together in Montreal in June was indicatively sparse on political content, with energies focussed on the exchange of skills and advice. To put it another way, it was not so much an exploration of how a feminist paper should conduct itself, but rather how we as a group can keep feminist papers alive. Reasons given for the death of a feminist paper are often "euphemisms for not enough money," said Eleanor Wachtel when she opened the conference. "We are living in scoundrel times," she continued, inciting the presses to persevere: our periodicals form the backbone of the women's movement, while they fill a gap left by the regular press. "The freedom of the press belongs to anyone who has one."

And who are the women who have the freedom of the press in this country? Wachtel, who has, it seems endless energy for tabulating questionnaires, tells us that we are urban with rural subscribers, mostly found in Ontario, on the average 7 1/2 years old. The majority of periodicals are run by collectives or by "collectives sorta," most don't pay contributors, and most don't receive donations. The range on subscriptions begins at 100 and goes up to 10,000.

In terms of the history of women's periodicals in Canada, this conference was the fourth to have occurred sporadically over the past decade. For the present, no national association of feminist periodicals exists. Most publications that need a national group belong to the Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association (CPPA), and talk of forming an independent feminist association at the conference was only luke-warm: until the woman-power is available, it remains in the elusive realm of nice ideas.

Politics did surface in some of the workshops. Of the ones I attended, one on recruiting volunteers proved to be a lively discussion of the dilemma involved in not being able to acknowledge women's work financially. Most of our papers and magazines could not exist without the benefits of unpaid labour, and the absence of financial acknowledgement for work done perpetuates the dilemma of the devaluation of women's work. The logistics of race and class are also called into account: only women who can afford to do volunteer work are free to participate in this way. As well, women with children, women who work shifts, women who do not speak English or French well, women too shy to walk into an office unknown are all relegated to the fringe of our presses.

Although previous feminist sentiments of, "If it's political it shouldn't look too good," have evaporated, the reality is that the potential for professional design and production values is limited by the absence of money. Even a magazine like the francophone *La Vie en Rose* from Montréal, which has exceptionally sophisticated production, still operates under the imperative to "constantly come up with astonishing stuff. It's an exercise in creativity to always be provocative," said LVR's Francine Pelletier.

Out of the conference came resolutions to continue the kind of skill sharing and networking that were begun in this year's workshops. And it was unanimously decided to hold conferences annually, next year's to be in Toronto in May. Efforts to conduct joint subscription drives and advertising campaigns, as well as the establishment of an art bank for photos and graphics, have all been initiated. A statement issued from the conference endorsed all feminist presses in their struggle to speak freely for the liberation of women.

It was fortunate that Greta Nemiroff, in her keynote address, talked about the importance of women's writing - lest we publishing types be so consumed with the ordeals of staying off financial ruin that we forget the basic reason for our existence, which is to nurture and further the words of women, and to give a place of affirmation to the kind of writing that is not welcomed in the mainstream press.

12, 1984) and a phone call (June 19, '84) both of which were perceived to be supervisory and demanding. Neither contained a single word of congratulations or support. When we responded to their gift of periodicals we asked for current info on their holdings. We have received no reply.

I have not argued against the CWMA directory, only against involvement in it without choice. Since the CWMA has neither invited up to participate, nor given us any info other than that published in *Broadside*, we are not yet in a position to make a decision on participating. If/when they send us an invitation and more info, that decision will be made by LARC's support group.

Our communications problems seem to arise from differences in cultural and geographic setting, philosophy, age, custom and lifestyles; in particular we seem to have quite different strategies for building and strengthening our lesbian communities and our women's movement: e.g.: CWMA's definition of "archival holdings" reads to me like a de-personalized view of our herstory. One of LARC's priorities (see report in *Voices* no. 16) is work for women only, or for lesbians only. This includes both published and unpublished writings, art, music and crafts; these materials are/were not intended by the authors/artists to be viewed by the general public.

So where do we go from here? It will take effort from both groups to bridge our differences. We are willing to try if CWMA will do likewise. If they will respect our small beginnings, our rural lifestyles, and our differing political strategies, we will return this respect to them. It would be nice to communicate on a regular and ongoing basis as equals.

Isabel Andrews
Kenora, Ont.

Tritium Trade

Broadside:

I am writing to ask for your readers' help in stopping Canada from exporting tritium.

Ontario Hydro, with support from the federal and Ontario governments, plans to market tritium (from a tritium removal plant being built at the Darlington nuclear station) around the world.

Many people don't know that without fresh supplies of tritium, most nuclear weapons would lose their destructive ability with age. Yet in just two years, Ontario Hydro will be producing, and attempting to market, more than *eight times* as much tritium as the world's total civilian use. Without these huge new supplies, the world's nuclear arms industry will have difficulty producing enough tritium to meet their needs, and a tritium-production cutoff could be an important step toward nuclear disarmament. If Canadian tritium is sold around the world, it could easily end up being used in bombs, and it will surely allow the world's current supply of tritium to be dedicated entirely to arms. In either case, Canada would be contributing grievously to setting back the cause of global disarmament.

We are planning to write to all Members of Parliament asking them to stop these tritium exports (which have to be licensed by the federal government). We are asking you to support this effort in two ways: First, write letters to your MP, to other officials, and to newspapers, to inform them of this issue. Second, please have your organization adopt a position joining this effort and send it to us so

that we can add your group's name to the list in our letter. We hope to show Parliament the broadly-based opposition to these exports. (It would also be helpful if you could send copies of this letter to other groups you think might want to support this campaign.)

Marilyn Aarons
Toronto

Visual Vocabulary

Broadside:

I was pleased to see the lengthy review of *Un-parallel Views: Lesbian Visibility* by Randi Spires in the latest issue of *Broadside* (June 1985). I was also pleased that Spires discussed my work. However, it is unfortunate that she did not speak to me about the work as the questions she raises are those that I am working with, however tentatively, at this time.

In choosing to work in colour photography I am well aware the I have chosen a medium that is used to sell all manner of products and for male gratification in viewing women's bodies.

I appreciate that Spires gives me the benefit of the doubt that I have not coerced my models. However, I am disturbed that she does not recognize this in viewing the photos. I feel that a loving look, even conveyed via the mechanics of photography, is quite evident in the *content* of the image and not simply in the context. I would agree that the gender of the photographer may not necessarily be evident in the content of either "Back" or "Heart-in-Hand" as some male photographers have also used the camera to convey a loving look.

It is particularly disappointing that Spires did not apply her critical analysis more closely to "Hands" as in so doing she would have recognized that the viewpoint of this photograph is from my position seeing *my body* and one of my hands. An image that is not seen in advertising or pornography.

With the flood of photographic images of women that we see everyday it is difficult to look closely for distinctions among them. However, it is important that we do so in order that we not only reclaim and reshape our visual vocabulary but so that we reclaim and celebrate our *visual pleasure* and humour in all of its nuances.

Cyndra MacDowall
Toronto

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Sensationalizing Censorship

by Susan G. Cole

Recently I received a letter from a Toronto art gallery encouraging me to oppose Bill 82, the Ontario government's attempt to increase the province's censorship powers over film and video. The letter was of great interest to me, first because I have been critical of Bill 82 since its introduction and second because I continue to be intrigued by the ways in which the anti-censorship movement, and even the mainstream press, describe censorship politics. I would like, once again, to add my voice to the chorus of opponents to the province's legal initiatives. But I also want to lodge a public complaint against the manipulation of language and ideas that occurs occasionally in the debate on censorship, and to draw some important lines.

Language is loaded. Words like "ban," "censorship," and "resistance" pack a powerful emotional punch and I think they are being abused by anti-censorship feminists and non-feminists. Let me start with the word "ban." During the Six Days of Resistance in Toronto in April, film and video artists exhibited work they either refused to send to the Censor Board or refused to cut when the Board demanded eliminations. The strategy was inspired. There were so many artists committing this act of civil disobedience that it was hard for police to disrupt the event (they did not). The public got a chance to see exactly what the state censors don't want us to see. And we got a chance to see the work of artists who would not dream of submitting their work for scrutiny to the Censor Board.

Still, the word "ban" is not an appropriate way to describe the history of these films and

videos. Many of them were never sent to the Censor Board in the first place. As for *Pretty Baby*, the film that was supposed to be screened at Queen's University (and was not), the *Toronto Star's* report that it had been previously "banned" was entirely sensational. The Board wanted scenes cut from *Pretty Baby*. Louis Malle, the director, refused, *Pretty Baby* could be screened in private, or by invitation, the way the National Film Board was compelled to present *Not a Love Story*. This may have been inconvenient, discriminatory, unfair, unconstitutional, reactionary, but an outright ban it was not.

The use of the word "resistance," when referring to the struggles against the Censor Board, I suspect was chosen to aggrandize political activism against the Theatres Branch. The word evokes the struggle against political oppression, and perhaps the artists "resisting" during the Six Days believe there is as much at stake for them here as is at stake in countries where ban means "show it and you'll be imprisoned and tortured" and where resistance means having to carry a gun. Using the word "resistance" to romanticize their refusal to collaborate (another loaded word) with the Censor Board, seriously trivializes resistance in circumstances where the issues are life and death, and not video or no video. It may be true that Censor Board excesses here in Ontario can be placed on a continuum of state authoritarianism. But really, a \$500 fine slapped onto the "resisters" who "resisted" so that Censor Board powers could be tested in court cannot be breathed in the same breath with the experience of those who cannot speak against state interests without winding up in jail.

Malcolm Dean, the author of *Censored*, a vituperation against censorship, could only criticize the Ontario Board for being sexually uptight and a little silly, and we can count on the fingers of one hand the cases of outright repression of political views. There is a problem when anti-censorship activists try to analyze the actions of the Censor Board as direct political action against political radicals. The treatment given to *Not a Love Story* and *Born in Flames* was not an attempt to repress political ideas, but the result of the Board's arbitrary standards that do not take context into account; an erect penis is an erect penis, and must be eliminated, regardless of what directors Bonnie Klein or Lizzie Borden had to say about it. It's not feminism that is being censored but erect penises, and surely they are not the same thing.

Of course, we need to depict sex in order to critique sexual politics and thus the Board's obsession with sexual images and the failure of the Board to recognize context does get in the way of the presentation of feminist ideas. But that is different from saying "dissidents are the first to get slammed for censorship." This may seem like a minor distinction but it's an important one for feminists seriously trying to grapple with the way in which the state does function against our own expression. What we should be doing as feminists is unpacking the term "political oppression," making sense of it in the context of sexual

representation and figuring out how the Censor Board winds up silencing us with their arbitrary views on sexuality. Many anti-censorship feminists have acted on a commitment to do just that. But sometimes they do so with the "they're out to get us" attitude that misses the point.

The paranoia often gets in the way of clear thinking. In the letter I received from the Toronto gallery, the author explained how writers should be worried, too. To wit: "The banning of Margaret Laurence's book by the Board of Education is a case in point." This is almost silly. The Board of Education did not ban *The Diviners*. High School kids can purchase a copy of the book at bookstores in their communities. The Board did question whether the book should be on high school curricula. This is not censorship, unless you think that if your child were taking James Keegstra's class in Alberta, your right to say, "Don't teach *Mein Kampf* to my kids" is censorship.

What is taking place is a serious battle between the rights of parents and the rights of the state to determine what ought to be taught in the classroom. It is profoundly depressing that there are parents who want to keep the insights of Margaret Laurence's art out of the hands of their children, but their right to do so is what is in question here. It is, in fact, quite a sophisticated political conundrum that can't be reduced by using fright words like "censorship."

Using the word "censorship" to describe what is going on in Peterborough especially, unwittingly makes the feminist point that censorship is ubiquitous, multi-faceted, practiced at the hands of all kinds of powerful institutions and people (mostly men) and takes away from what opponents of Bill 82 want to say - that the Bill enacts censorship of the most pernicious kind.

Bill 82 expands the powers of the Film Review Board too extensively. The Censor Boards are supposed to be regulating public exhibitions of film. Bill 82 expands the definition of public so that it has almost no meaning. "Public" would include what can be screened in your own home, what you can show to your own union local, what can be screened seemingly anywhere. The Board used to control only those exhibitions for which there was a fee charged, but no longer, according to Bill 82. This would seriously restrict the way in which we are going to be able to use film and video as agents for social change.

The bill is also discriminatory: the legislation discriminates unfairly against film and video producers. Film has always been perceived as a more effective medium, more dangerous, according to some people's lights. I think data supports the view that film is a powerful medium but not to the extent that it has to be regulated so intensely. At this point, projectionists need a licence, and public screenings can't take place without prior approval from the Board. It is a bit much.

The administration of the regulations strikes me as discriminatory as well. Anti-censorship activist Anna Gronau often makes this point when she describes her experience

with The Funnel Gallery. The gallery, which has often screened videos, found it difficult to comply with the Board's demands, having to cart films to the Theatres Branch and getting bogged down in a morass of paperwork. For the established movie chains, this isn't a problem. They have enough resources to hire an administrator to deal directly with the Board. But small galleries struggling to survive can't afford the drain on finances and resources. It even costs money to submit the films. If the province wants to saddle us with this kind of legislation, let the province do the courting, and the paper work, and cover the costs of administration. This would probably not satisfy Gronau or other gallery operators who would not want to comply with the Board regulations regardless of the convenience factor. It would, however, make the legislation less discriminatory.

The process of tabling the legislation was undemocratic. Opposition members insisted on reviewing and debating the guidelines on the floor of the Legislature. The Government consistently refused, hoping we wouldn't mind if the bureaucrats were left to sort out community standards. And the legislation depends on the barometer of community standards. Look around. These standards are bound to be sexist. Given the way mass media reflect pornographic conventions, it seems like our community standard is *Playboy*.

As it is, the Board's interpretation of community standards has been less than impressive. While hacking away at films critical of sexual politics (watch out for the erect penises), much of the murderous mayhem that is a staple of popular culture goes untouched. Brian De Palma admitted that the death sequence in *Body Double* (a hydraulic drill between a woman's legs) was unwatchable. The Censor Board did not cut a frame.

The Film Review Board has to make up its mind and Bill 82 doesn't do it. On the one hand, the Bill allows the Board to act as a screen, eliminating material that violates the Criminal Code (hence the invisibility of erect penises). Then, on the other hand, the Board complains that because the Criminal Code does not proscribe explicit violence, the Board will have to step in and eliminate it. Which is it? Is the Board a replacement for the Criminal Code, or the Code's agent?

Obviously, the provincial government wants to beef up its control over what we see and over how we can use moving pictures to move our audiences. We should oppose Bill 82. But beware of words like "ban," "censorship," "oppression," or "resistance." Often they are being used to distort the political situation or to scare the living daylights out of us in a cynical attempt to make state censorship appear worse than any other form of censorship or more terrifying than anything else we might experience. It hasn't worked on my sensibilities. I oppose Bill 82, but I'm not convinced that even if it were enacted, it would create future circumstances that much more devastating than the fear of violence women live with every day in the present. That violence and its promotion through motion pictures continues to be a crucial issue for me.

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Political Sweat

by Chris Phibbs

Summer has returned, and sweat has become a liquid asset once again. Even before the arrival of the summer equinox, the Notso Amazon Softball League and the Pink Turf Soccer League have swung into action and drawn women from the city and suburbs to the parks and the playing fields.

It is not surprising that after the success of the Notso Amazon Softball League last year, that registration has climbed to 270 women making 14 teams that play 7 games each Sunday at 4 different parks in the city. The organizational experience gained last year has given the second season of baseball the benefit of a much smoother transition from pre-season paperwork and mailing, to equipment transfers and maps to the diamonds. New members of the softball league feel warm and welcome vs hot and bothered, since it is apparent from the first team meeting that women are out for fun, frivolity and a chance to interact in a setting other than bars, committees or benefits.

The soccer league is in its first season and boasts 60 women on 4 teams and a waiting list of potential players. The Saturday games are fast and furious, with much funning and running in matching jerseys and socks. Some women, it is rumoured, play soccer on Saturday and baseball on Sunday (with practices during the week of course). This is not done, as some may believe, merely to widen one's circle of sweat-sisters, but for the improvement of cardio-vascular system and to get a large collection of T-shirts with names printed on them - T-shirts you couldn't possibly wear anywhere but in a field of women who understand that "Shadows on a Diamond" does

not refer to the Goodyear blimp on a sunny day.

Competitive feelings do arise, and tempers can flair over bad calls, poor plays, or lack of perfection. Dealing with these rare instances is all part of the learning process of teamwork that women must learn. It becomes very easy to follow men's lead in blaming a loss on a bad bounce, or placing too much emphasis on the need to win. Sports is not winning or losing, but playing and learning.

Certainly, there is a social component to summer sports in the city. Games are often followed by impromptu gatherings and gaieties where teams interact and exchange sports and politics.

What becomes the crux of bringing women together in sport is not only beer and bandying about on a field, but a political amalgamation of women who would not necessarily be drawn into the women's community. To some, it is their only feminist/political affiliation; to others, it is their only non-political/politically correct connection. The combinations of the two create a reciprocity of awareness that would not otherwise be experienced.

Sport becomes a microcosm of all that can be positive about the feminist movement. The rules, the officiating, the flexibility of the committee structure, all allow competition to exist without a feeling of competition. There is a cohesiveness created through watching oneself or one's teammates improve in skill and self-esteem that is both empowering and endearing. There is no class-structure, there are no socio-economic, educational or financial barriers that exclude or intimidate. One is not judged according to her skill but according to her will.

Chris Phibbs is a Toronto feminist.



A Notso at bat

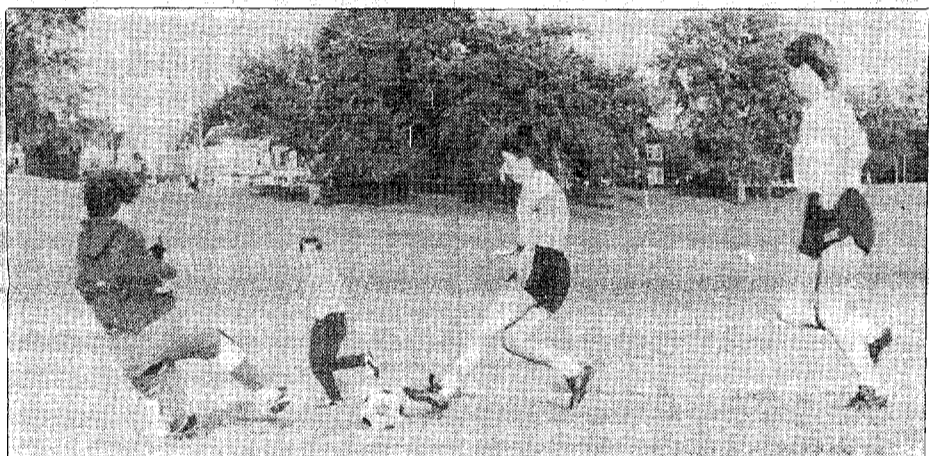
NASL Standings 1985

Standings for games played:

(Game 1: May 26 rained out)

Game 2: June 2 Game 3: June 9 Game 4: June 16
(Win-3, Tie-2, Loss-1, Default-0)

TEAM	WINS	LOSES	TIES	TOTAL POINTS
Juicy Fruits (G)	3	0	0	9
Outlanders (K)	3	0	0	9
Sisterhoods (H)	2	1	0	7
Shadows on a Diamond (E)	2	1	0	7
Pea Eyes (F)	2	1	0	7
Lavender Sox (C)	1	1	1	6
Climactics (A)	1	2	0	5
Amelia's Flyers (J)	1	2	0	5
Wonder Womyn (B)	1	2	0	5
Artful Dodgers (I)	1	2	0	5
Diamond Ds (D)	1	2	0	5
Lickity Splits (M)	1	2	0	5
Primers (N)	1	2	0	4
She Bops (L)	0	2	1	4



Pink Turfers

PHOTOS BY KATE LAZIER

Radical Catechism

by Ingrid MacDonald

In February 1984, Toronto's Emmett Cardinal Carter issued a statement which explicitly declared women unsuitable for ordination. I went to a protest that week with a sign that said, "What are nice women like you doing in a church like this?" In general, I favour the Exodus approach to Catholicism, even though I know it is easier to take the woman out of the Church than it is to take the Church out of the woman. For example, I still say "I'm sorry" excessively and without due cause, and when in danger, my mouth spontaneously recites the Hail Mary.

Catholicism has a hidden usefulness for feminists, if only because so many feminists seem to be former Catholics. The Church, we can conclude, must be doing something right if it is producing droves of radicalized women. Perhaps the ancient tradition of celibacy is synchronizing with modern sexual politics. Perhaps the catechisms that we learned so carefully as children serve now to illustrate a complete vision of the patriarchy. Perhaps servitude gives women a thirst for freedom.

Many women, by using the church as a helpful model of reality, are able to recognize and locate their oppression as women. Discarding her religious identity, a woman forges a new identity. As well, she has the advantage of knowing very well the nature of her oppressor, having formerly been his disciple.

It is not impossible to encounter women who are simultaneously both Catholic and feminist. Especially in the areas of social justice work and liberation theology, there are women who, heroically, are taking on both the secular and the religious patriarchy.

Laurie Bell is one of these people who can sustain a threshold, as she describes it, "between a rock and a hard place." While her Catholic friends might tremble when she

challenges the structures of the sacred family, her feminist friends wonder why she bothers with the Church. A debate that the Young Catholic Leaders (of all people) sponsored in a church basement in north Toronto, between Bell and Grace Petrusek, president of REAL* Women of Canada turned out to be a feisty feminist event on the strength of Bell's remarkable convictions. The talk, which had the unlikely title "The role of women in Christianity today," soon became a contest of Praise the Lord vs. Appraise the Lord.

Bell debates the way a good boxer boxes: nimbly, deftly and with a well-timed passion. Grace Petrusek, in a pale yellow dress with matching yellow purse and slingback sandals, was at a disadvantage because she had nowhere near Bell's agility as a speaker. She resorted to reading from her pamphlet often, to repeating the slogans that REAL Women have developed, and to sarcasm. When a young woman on the panel, blushing, asked Petrusek to comment on the gender discrimination that the panelist felt she experienced in her church, Petrusek said, "My dear, what church do you go to?" - as if inequality is a fluke and not a doctrine. She condescended to explain the woman's feelings as symptoms of "the confusion of so many young people today," and that the secular humanists are responsible for this spread of corrupting ideology.

Citing Canadian statistics on rape, domestic violence, and wage disparity, Bell charged that the nuclear family is not a vehicle of happiness but a "white, heterosexual, middle-class myth," a myth that works to maintain the privileges of one group of people at the expense of another group which is forced into servitude. It is true, Bell noted, that "by virtue of attachments within a slavery system,

some people can receive privileges by proxy, but these privileges can never replace our human rights." Addressing the problem of the church in particular, Bell asked, if women are so valued in our church why are they asked to serve tea in the church basement but "never asked to serve the sacraments upstairs." Women's oppression is a form of slavery, and feminism, as Bell sees it, is an "abolitionist movement" intent upon "screwing up the system."

To this, Petrusek responded, "Well, Laurie, I don't know where you get your statistics from... I'll say though that men are not the problem. We (REAL Women) don't feel exploited by men at all!" This refusal to look at statistics of domestic violence informs the REAL Women position papers. Their motto, "Women's rights but not at the expense of human rights," loads their thinking with obligatory deference. For example, they agree that equal pay for work of equal value is a good idea, and yet Petrusek argues that "the timing is off. It would simply cost too much money." One asks, "Cost *who* too much money?"

Through full-time nurturing, says Petrusek, "women can make a magnificent contribution to the stabilizing of society." Although this does not require that all women "stay at home," it does maintain a rigid definition of woman as mother. Furthermore, having the correct definition of family is "crucial," Petrusek says: it must be heterosexual, made of members joined by blood, marriage or adoption. A woman in the audience who identified herself as a lesbian declared that she used the word family to describe her community at home, and wondered how REAL Women planned to keep a monopoly on the word family. "Is it simply a mat-

ter of me being invisible to you?" she asked. Obviously, maintaining the "sacred and god-given Judeo-Christian family as we know it" is not an imperative for all women.

At some point in the evening it occurred to me that REAL Women are as dissatisfied with social reality as feminists are, but that their methodologies are askew. The world for them has fallen into a pattern of sinfulness, and consequently they are battering down the hatches of morality. Through family values, nurturing and decency, they hope they will evoke a miracle that will cross the landscape like an avenging angel, eliminating divorce, abortion, and homosexuality.

If feminism is an abolitionist movement, as Laurie Bell suggests, then it must be a deconstructionist movement as well. Again, the exile principle is at work here, aiding women in emptying previously valuable things (morality, motherhood, virginity, husbands, etc.) taking away their former meanings and building them anew. To describe feminism as "secular humanism," as the REAL Women do, is to underestimate the power and the extent of the change that feminism has effected in society. It is to suggest incorrectly that feminism will not endure.

Some people believe that we are approaching a watershed in the evolution of the Catholic church, that the impact of liberation theology is being felt around the globe, that social justice issues are politicizing the Catholic left into a position of direct confrontation with the absolutist powers of the Vatican. Spirituality is an underestimated political frontier that may yet prove vital to strategies of liberation. Can we not look at the church as it is now and think, This too shall fall.

*Realistic, Equal, Active for Life

MOVEMENT MATTERS

IGA: Smashing Borders

The International Gay Association's 7th Annual conference, Smashing Borders, Opening Spaces, is happening in Toronto starting June 29, for a week of workshops, lectures and networking. Concurrent with the IGA, beginning on July 3, is the lesbian and gay history conference, "Sex and the State: Their Laws, Our Lives."

There is a multitude of events pertinent to lesbian sexuality, lesbian lives, and lesbian history. Here are some of the highlights.

Nancy Manahan, co-editor of Naiad Press's *Lesbian Nuns* will be present.

Amber Hollibaugh (co-author of "What we're rolling around in bed with") and Esther Newton will lead a workshop on butch/femme relationships.

Judith Schwarz from the Lesbian Herstory

Archives will present a slide show on the Heterodoxy Club of Greenwich Village. The San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project is presenting "She even chewed tobacco" about crossdressing in 19th century America.

Lesbians in the third world will be addressed by Junè Chan speaking about lesbians of East Coast Asia; by a woman whose name is simply Utsa, speaking about lesbianism in India; and by Jewele Gomez who will address the third world in North America, with a paper on Lesbianism and the Harlem Renaissance.

And there are loads of workshops, including topics such as feminism and lesbianism, coping with coming out, incest survivors, lesbians in education, differently-abled lesbians, older lesbians and lesbians and gays in the unions.

A limited number of registration tickets will be available at the conference. An information telephone will be staffed beginning June 29 and will continue for the duration of the conference (416) 978-6829.

REAL Demands

OTTAWA - 100 members of the right wing REAL Women met with 30 members of the Conservative Caucus on June 17 to present their objectives and state their demands of the government, and of the Secretary of State, Walter McLean.

McLean, they said, is being manipulated by radical feminists, including those in his own office whom REAL Women described as "Liberal appointees."

REAL Women objectives, according to president Grace Petrusek, include the maintenance of the family and advocacy of "People's" as opposed to women's rights. They say they are for equality, but against abortion; that they, unlike radical feminists, are pro-male; and that they represent the grassroots. REAL Women claim to have 3000 members and 20,000 supporters.

On the strength of these numbers they are demanding that, as \$12 million goes to women who "promote the feminist ideology of a minority of women" (such as lesbian mothers or *HERizons* magazine), REAL Women should receive half that amount. (REAL Women were recently refused funding by the Secretary of State Women's Program.)

At the June meeting, a number of male MPs gave wholehearted support to the REAL

Women, amid shouts of "We'll get the feminists!", while attempts of the women MPs attending to present an alternative view were silenced. Walter McLean was not present at the meeting to answer the REAL Women's demands, though during question period in the House on June 19, having been asked when REAL Women could expect to receive funds, McLean stated that the organizations' initial refusal of funds was due to lack of clarity about their objectives on the grant application, implying that a revised application form, one which would appear to be congruent with the mandate of the Women's Program, could now meet with success.

- P.M.

Dewar for President

OTTAWA - Marion Dewar, mayor of Ottawa since 1979, is running for the national presidency of the New Democratic Party, the results to be decided at the NDP convention on the July 1st weekend in Ottawa.

A staunch feminist and peace activist who openly supports the Ottawa gay and lesbian community and other minorities, Dewar is committed to ensuring that half the NDP candidates in the next election are women. "As a woman," Dewar said, "I have learned how, as a party, the NDP still takes for granted the enormous contribution made by women, who gain little or no recognition."

As mayor of the city which pioneered the municipal referendum on nuclear disarmament, Dewar goes on record as wanting to make Canada a nuclear-free zone: "I fear this government is secretly inching its way to a repudiation of a policy of no nuclear weapons on Canadian soil."

Dewar's bid for the presidency is based on a six-point program for party development - covering issues such as access to information, an open election process, a people's convention, and a party open to women and francophones - reflecting a desire to make the NDP as open and accountable to the public as possible. "The need for renewal and change in the federal party is, frankly, overwhelming."

Media Watch

VANCOUVER - A major piece of research examining the image of women in Canadian broadcast media reveals that little concrete progress is being made in the media to ensure a realistic and/or positive portrayal of women's lives.

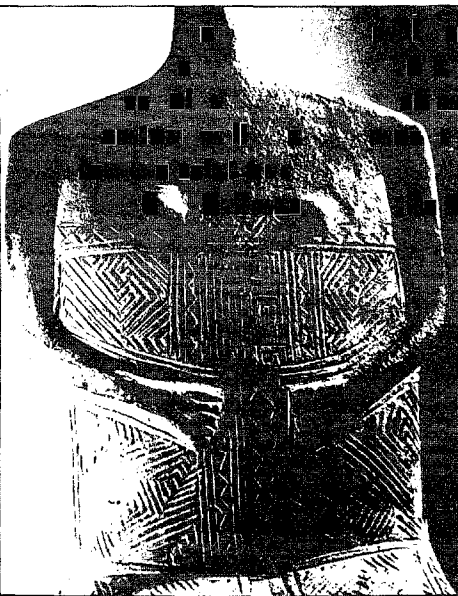
The monitoring study, conducted by researcher Ana Wiggins, under the auspices of MediaWatch, a national women's organization dedicated to improving the image of women and girls in the media, is the broadest comparative study to date on the problem of sexism in Canadian radio and television programming.

Released in June, *Sex-Role Stereotyping: A Content Analysis of Radio and Television Programs and Advertisements*, provides a detailed analysis of a wide range of sexism evident in public affairs shows, situation comedies, open-line shows and advertising.

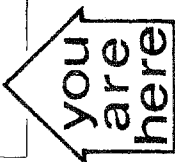
The study is designed in part for the Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission self-regulation hearings on sex-role stereotyping to be held in September. It also provides women across Canada with data and will be used as a base from which other tools of analysis may be designed. The 223-page report details information gathered from every province and territory during two separate time periods of media monitoring in 1984.

"This research shows us once again, down to percentage points, that women's place in the media is largely confined to very limiting and often debasing roles. She is still the sex object and is still in demand for programming only when she is attractive and young. When her heritage makes her a member of a visible minority in Canada - she might just as well be invisible," said Janna Taylor, National Director of MediaWatch.

"With an understanding of the ways in which sexism is perpetuated in the media, which this study provides, and the knowledge that these images are basically detrimental to a society that desires equality for its members it is simply unacceptable to accept sexism in the media," she added.



BREASTS c. 5000 B.C.



BREASTS c. 1985

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Rights in El Salvador

OTTAWA - On June 11, the Minister of External Relations, Monique Vezina, announced Canada's resumed aid to the Government of El Salvador. Her stated reasons were that President Duarte is making progress in the human rights field and has good intentions regarding law reform.

In the first 4 months of this year 42 civilians have disappeared in El Salvador. In the same period 145 civilians, including 2 children and 7 religious, have been captured, tortured and imprisoned without charge, all by Government military and paramilitary forces. In this period 433 civilians, including 9 housewives, 6 professional people, a judge, 2 mayors, have been assassinated, all by Government military and paramilitary forces. The number of displaced persons within El Salvador rose to 600,000.

The decree legalizing "extra-judicial confessions" - extracted under torture - is in full force and effect. The Attorney-General is a D'Aubuisson nominee. Last month the Duarte Government enacted a decree to outlaw all strikes.

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Networking in Nairobi

by Philinda Masters

Global sisterhood, or more accurately global feminism, is not just wishful thinking. There is a vast world-wide network of women's organizations and feminist groups and individuals working to change the status of women, from Santiago to Suva, from Baghdad to Bangkok. With typical North American insularity, we may only be peripherally aware of their existence, thinking that feminism travels the well-trodden circular route from Canada and the US, to England, France, Italy, around to Australia and New Zealand and back home again.

While we have been reading each other's literature and networking with each other across a few selected borders, there has been an enormous amount of activity going on around the world, particularly in preparation for two parallel conferences happening this month in Nairobi, Kenya. Ten to fifteen thousand women are expected to converge on the Kenyan capital, with many programs for discussion and numerous activities planned.

The two conferences overlap - in terms of time and place, though not in terms of structure and attendance. One is the United Nations End of Decade Conference, which is open only to official delegations from member countries. The other is the Non-Governmental Organization (NGO) conference, Forum '85, which is open to all women's organizations and individuals world-wide, and which stresses self-initiated participation.

The Decade in question was kicked off by the UN/NGO conference in Mexico City in 1975, International Women's Year. The following year, the UN declared 1975-1985 to be the Decade for Women, and mid-Decade conferences were held in Copenhagen in 1980.

This year the UN is holding what is called, in full, the World Conference to Review and Appraise the Achievements of the United Nations Decade for Women. Some of those achievements have been the setting up of a number of international institutions to deal with research and training, science and technology, food and agricultural concerns; regional economic commissions to assess conditions and push for improvements; and the declaration of various resolutions concerning women's status.

It is well to remember that UN Conventions regarding women's political rights (ie, the right to vote), equal pay, education and marital status have been on the books since the 1950s, and that in 1979 the General Assembly adopted the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women. Should we have high expectations of the conference's outcome, particularly the "Forward Looking Strategies" which are part of the agenda? Certainly, it is hoped that the 1979 Convention will not have to wait until another future Decade for Women is declared. But so far, all the research and published materials bear witness to the fact that very little has changed for women in the past ten years.

Meanwhile, although the UN conference is

of interest in that it reflects official positions and objectives of participating countries, it is at the NGO Forum '85 that the real action, in feminist terms, is likely to take place. Here, the grass roots will be represented. Here, feminists will have a chance to participate in workshops, seminars, discussion and events of their own making. Until the very last minute, conference organizers were reviewing and deciding upon workshop proposals from registrants. In a very real sense, input has been from the ground up.

During the ten days of the Forum, a daily newspaper will be published, with information on the general proceedings, and updates on workshops, events and gatherings. One such event is a film festival co-sponsored by the NFB and Toronto's Harbourfront. Other events include a crafts marketplace organized by the Women's Bureau of Kenya, field trips to outlying village projects, other music, art and theatre performances and displays; and the World Council of Churches is opening a temporary women's centre on site.

Among the Canadian women going to Nairobi are about 50 women sponsored by the Secretary of State Women's Program, Status of Women Canada, CIDA, the NFB and others* who will participate in workshops as diverse as Women and Food Production, Problem Solving Skills for Women in Managerial Positions, Circumpolar Health Priorities, and the Cultural Heritage of Ukrainian Canadian Women.

The pre-conference planning was not without its difficulties. A persistent rumour circulated that the Kenyan government would deny visas to lesbians travelling to the conference. Both Kenyan and UN officials have denied the rumour, and a Kenyan spokesman said that lesbians definitely won't be denied entry or arrested (unless they expose themselves in public, he added). The basis of the rumour appears to be a report of the Heritage Foundation, a right wing US think tank, encouraging the US government to exert influence on the UN conference by restricting participation. Also, the dates of the NGO conference, where feminist activists (and lesbians) are expected to attend in the greatest numbers, were changed suddenly in the spring, in a possible attempt to undermine the NGO's influence on the UN conference. NGO spokeswoman Nita Barrow, in Toronto last month, said however that it will not be lesbians, but Black South African women, who are likely to have trouble entering Kenya.

Whatever the outcome, the Nairobi conferences promise to focus world attention on the plight of women for at least ten days. Better still, while the media pick up on the official line, women will have a rare chance to network, socialize, share skills, and share visions of global feminism which will last for many years.

**If you are interested in contacting someone from your area who attended Forum '85, a list of Canadian participants and their sponsoring organizations is available from the Women's Program, Secretary of State, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0M5.*



Sign Language applause at the peace conference

Negotiating Peace

HALIFAX - 350 women, from 33 countries, met in Halifax in early June for an international peace conference. Delegates came from Iceland, Nicaragua, Kenya, the Philippines, East Germany and many other countries to express concern about the desperate urgency for peace. The conference coincided with the 25th anniversary of Voice of Women, a Canadian peace coalition.

Though issues were discussed from a range of opposing convictions, representing differing political backgrounds, the conference's resolutions reflected the style and strength of women negotiating for peace.

The resolutions, which will be taken by the Canadian delegation to Nairobi for the End of Decade conference, include:

- We reject a world order based on domination, exploitation, patriarchy, racism and sexism. We demand a new order based on justice and the equitable distribution of the world resources.
- We condemn militarism. Militarism is an addiction that distorts human development, causing world-wide poverty, starvation, pollution, repression, torture and death. Feeding this habit robs all the world's children and future generations of

their inheritance.

- We all live in the shadow of the threat of nuclear war. We demand an end to research, testing, development, and deployment of all weapons of mass destruction, to the militarization of space and to all forms of violence. As a first step, we call for a comprehensive test ban treaty.
- We support the rights and the efforts of all peoples to self-determination and to freedom from military and economic intervention. As an example, we cite Nicaragua as a new kind of society, and as a symbol of hope which must be allowed to live.
- We will continue to communicate and join with women all over the world in our struggle for peace. As a result of this conference, we are developing a world-wide women's peace network. Our first acts has been to pledge our vigilance in monitoring the ongoing safety of our sisters who are at risk as a result of attending this conference.
- We are committed to acting globally, nationally, locally and individually for peace. We will not compromise our commitment to the survival and healing of this planet.
- We affirm the right of every human being to live with dignity, equality, justice and joy.

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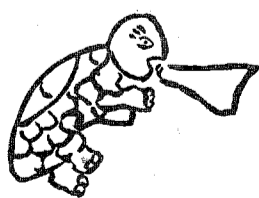
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925-6568 or 968-6320 ask for Edna or Ruth
A workshop will be held August 4, from noon to 6 p.m.



Womb with a View

By Randi Spires

Pat Jeffries' sculpture, *A Crack In The Patriarchy*, easily symbolizes what festivals, such as Fem Fest 85, are all about. Jeffries' piece consists of a large concrete block within which is confined a considerable amount of dirt (mother earth?). Through a labia-like crack on the top portion of the block, real grasses are growing. The implication is that despite the oppressive all-encompassing weight of the patriarchy, the forces of life and of women will eventually prevail. But art, like life, has a way of being unpredictable. And wherever there is new growth, there are bound to be weeds as well as the desired flowers.

Fem Fest 85, which took place in several different Toronto locations in May, was put together by the collective of Gallery 940. The organizers wanted to assemble a show which would "address social and personal issues, not only questions of art form or aesthetics." They also wanted to "stimulate discussion not only about issues of representation, but also about women's issues and strategies of action." In addition, they sought among the artists represented a balance between feminist and non-feminist women, between lesbians and heterosexuals, between working- and middle-class women, between those with established reputations and those relatively unknown. Also, because they wanted to "promote interaction among women working along similar lines in different media" the organizers put together a program which included everything from painting, sculpture, photography and film, to story-telling, video, performance art and progressive rock and roll. While juggling so many concerns at once, the organizers waded through over 100 proposals before selecting the final 41. The result was a wildly uneven but nonetheless valuable program.

The recent struggles to keep the Morgentaler clinic open, the increasingly heated debates around pornography and sexuality and the frequently reported advances on the frontiers of reproductive technology seem to have struck an artistic nerve among the women whose work was at the festival. Images of wombs abounded. Birth, sexuality and body image turned out to be among the major concerns of the show. Surprisingly, direct discussion of the nuclear threat was virtually absent.

Among the strongest pieces in the exhibition were *Labour I II III* by Lori Dell and *Interlude* by Marsha Kennedy. Dell produced her picture during the last month of her pregnancy. The three black and white drawings of a nude woman in labour demonstrate what Dell thought giving birth might be like. The woman in the picture is large, not in the passive Rubenesque manner, but in a heftier amazonian sense. Her enormous hands strongly grip the sides of what at first appears to be a birthing chair. In fact the woman is at the end of a long distorted staircase which is representative of the vaginal canal. She seems to be concentrating on a difficult task of monumental importance. She is giving birth not only to a child, but since she, too, is at the end of a canal, to her own life.

In *Interlude* a tiny fetus rests within the confines of a series of black and orange swirls. To the left is a small house. The swirls could be waves of amniotic fluid, indicating that the fetus is about to move from one woman-



Lynn Carter's "Elizabeth Dances."

made but temporary home (the womb) to another potentially woman-made but nonetheless temporary home (the house, life). The swirls could also represent the elemental forces of nature. The fetus appears to be moving from a chaotic natural environment to a more ordered human world with all the wrenching and adjustments that that requires.

Another common theme of the exhibition was the pain that the patriarchy causes women. This was often connected to religious imagery. The organizers reported numerous submissions of women being crucified, only one of which was accepted. This was *Image Obscura* by Kate Brown. In this work a headless and therefore anonymous woman lies impaled on a cross. The head is represented by a red rag. The image is simultaneously leaking the blood of no woman, and of everywoman. The picture, which lies on the ground, is covered by a clear plastic sheet of polycarbonate. During the exhibition the scraping shoes of the many gallery-goers were supposed to scar the plastic so that the image became obscured. This process was meant to symbolize how, under patriarchy, women are trampled on and ignored. One could also see the dissolution of the image as liberating. It could symbolize how through the cumulative effect of thousands of simple, seemingly insignificant actions, the scuffling of feet or the grass-roots organizing of many ordinary women, those who are now crucified will be released from much of their pain. Unfortunately the plastic proved more resistant than expected. And although the image was placed in a doorway many people took great pains to step gingerly over it. There is, perhaps, a political parable here. Perhaps the patriarchy is much tougher and more resilient than we, in our optimistic moments, like to imagine. But perhaps it is also true that women must be taught by their sisters to fight back and not just delicately avoid certain issues.

The central image of Janice Gurney's installation, *Emphasis Mine*, is that of a woman being stabbed by a nun. The nun symbolizes traditional patriarchal values. Often the most hardy enforcers of these oppressive rules are women themselves. As we are taught to compete for male approval, we are taught to backstab each other. This deflects the anger women feel about their restricted roles off the patriarchs and onto their sisters. Gurney's work is also about how hard we women work at keeping ourselves down. At one point in the installation she says, "The struggle is to hold myself submissive to a process of diminishment. The other day I caught my mirror image in a casual side glance and say to my surprise a person older than I feel." Since the older a woman gets the less valuable she is supposed to be, the implication is that in order to cope with the dissonance between subjective feelings and objective appearances, a woman must learn to suppress her own natural *joie de vivre*.

The way in which Donna Bothen's *Delta of Venus Underwear Quilt* was made turned out to be as important as the final product. It was a re-enactment of the old time quilting bees with a modern, sometimes erotic, twist. It also demonstrated the way in which, through the sharing of hard work and high laughter, women's culture has traditionally been transmitted and women's solidarity reinforced. These days, with women often isolated in the suburban nuclear family, much of this has been lost. At any of three separate times women were asked to take their underwear to Gallery 940 and help sew it onto a large triangular piece of cloth. They were also invited to make statements about their particular item. Since underwear is so personal, many of the statements were quite touching. One woman donated a black G-string which had once belonged to a friend who "owned a lot of G-strings and came to a tragic end." Another woman, inspired by an old pair of under-pants decorated with ladybugs, rewrote an old nursery rhyme. In the traditional version, the ladybug - and the hundreds of thousands of little girls who over time have recited it - is warned to stay at home lest something tragic occur. In the updated version, the ladybug and all little girls who might hear it, are encouraged to be bold and adventurous:

Ladybug, Ladybug
Fly through the night
Your house is secure
And your kids are all right

Spread your wings
And sparkle with delight
Ladybug, Ladybug
Exult in your flight

For the past few month Shona Rossel has been traveling across Canada filming and photographing women

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A Crack in t

Post-pornographic Play

by Donna Gollan

The small Black Perspectives Gallery was crowded with fun and forceful feminist art and eager onlookers, at video screening that was part of Toronto's Fem Fest 85. There was a feeling of empowerment, of heady, celebratory defiance in the air. The screen was perched up beside a huge uterine sculpture, a pink wonder with an air of fierce fragility. It was a perfect setting for an evening of feminist films and videos.

We got off to a good start with *Ah Da*, a video by Janet Kuzniar. Woman-creatures, absolutely comfortable in various stages of undress, romped and giggled their way through a "post-pornographic" world of technological decay. The soundtrack was a rich combination of heavy breathing, drumming on tin, and the kind of half-thought-out poetry that works so well as long as there are accompanying images to round it out. *Ah Da* explored and poked fun at many of our accepted taboos, trying to remind us of a time when we "read with our hands." Not by any means a deep or moving work, it was nonetheless refreshingly tactile and celebratory.

Elizabeth Schroder's video *I Can't Get Over What I Saw*, was also made in a spirit of fun. Beginning with the *Roches* song, counterpointed by images of the city tower, railroad tracks, concrete and highways that represent the phallic view of Toronto, the voice of the artist explains her dilemma. Accidentally, the other day, she found herself describing herself as "an artist." Deciding that this made her sound silly and pretentious, she nevertheless leaves us with the impression that what makes her uncomfortable about the term is the recognized "maleness" of the label "artist." She bemoans her fate - she has been hanging around with "male artists and the girlfriends" for too long. She likes the girlfriends best even though she knows she's not supposed to. Philosophically, she goes on to ponder the stupidity of falling for the quasi-feminist pick-up lines favoured by male artists. It would merely spoil her one-liners and their deadpan Atwood-like delivery to repeat them here. Suffice to say that a good time was had by all - except for the few male artists who may have come for new material.

Finally there were three super-8 films by Midi Onodera - *Quelle Ville*, *The Dead Zone* and *Made in Japan*. Superb poetry-in-motion, the first was by far the most effective, although *The Dead Zone* would have rivaled *Quelle Ville*. I suspect, had the room been dark enough to catch the subtle, Rimmer-like changes in lighting which mirrored the lyricism of the words. They were films about the alienation of the city, the elements of pop culture that alienate us all, and by extension, the feeling of being a stranger amongst strangers, in your own city. Onodera puts together words and images in combinations that challenge us, as women, to rethink our feelings of belonging in a world that was not built with us in mind. Her voyage is strictly personal - growing up in Chinatown, lusting after a trip to Japan, settling for the images of Japan given to us by television, music, and other people's stories. It is a document of awakening, noticing her city, stealing images to force upon our notice so that we, too, can understand her challenge. Onodera never generalizes but succeeds, as few do, speaking to someone deep inside each of us. Surely this is what women's art, and breaking the silence, is all about.

I can only regret that Phyllis Waugh's video *Escape* was shown at the Six Days of Resistance and not saved for the Fem Fest evening. It is one of the most successful and original dream pieces I have ever seen, in a medium which is well-suited to working through the chaotic half-truths of dream images. Using diary format, Waugh links childhood expectations, marriage, and event freedom by using the bride in the beautiful white dress which turns out to be so confining for the main character that she is obliged to chop her way out of its diaphanous folds. An exceptional work, it should have taken its place beside the rest in this evening of fun-filled challenge to the patriarchy. ●

Patriarchy



LEE LYONS

Fem Fest Flashers

Expose Yourself to Art

Randi Spires

st blasts of a whistle ring out, everyone looks alert but nothing seems to be happening. Two more blasts and forward! — we are flashed by several women in raincoats and sunglasses. These actions are meant to parody a well-known poster encaptioned *Expose Yourself to Art* which shows the back of a man wearing a raincoat flashing a view of a nude woman. Through this performance part of Toronto's Fem Fest 84, the audience is invited not only to expose itself to art but also to consider what it means when the deviant behaviour associated with one gender is taken on by another. As one of the flashers pointed out, in this culture a single male flasher is threatening, but several women doing the same thing are right. The 3-D glasses symbolize the shifts in perception that should force us to make, not only during the moments we encounter it, but by extension throughout our daily lives.

The above events, which managed to be entertaining and thought-provoking at the same time, took place repeatedly during the opening night of Fem Fest and again during one of the three performance nights which were also part of the festival. These evenings provided some of the most satisfying moments Fem Fest had to offer. As with the gallery art, themes of reproduction and sexuality predominated, although there did seem to be a wider range of concerns, and there were more, many more, moments of just plain fun.

The *Egg Snatchers* is a playlet about the increasing amount of control that the male scientific establishment is gaining over human reproduction. It was written by Amanda Hale and Lynn Hutchinson and performed by members of the Nightwood Theatre. The piece draws parallels between the development of factory farming and the growth of laboratory-based human reproduction. In the eyes of modern agricultural researchers, farm animals have become biological machines primed for food production. Their comfort and dignity only become important when over-stress reduces the efficiency of an operation. If research into the technology of human reproduction is allowed to continue along its present course, eventually women will become, for men, biologically superfluous. Our only raison d'être would be as sex slaves and menial workers. One of the things

Who's this Sleuth?

by Susan G. Cole

Nancy Drew came into my life when I was away from school sick and could sink into a good mystery book. At the time I did not notice, or care, that Carolyn Keene's heroine was white, middle-class, and absolutely conventional. I was too caught up in how Nancy Drew would solve the next one, which hidden staircase would serve up the next clue, and how she'd get out of whatever predicament the author had plunged her into. Politics mattered not one whit; Nancy Drew was a welcome addition to my childhood reveries.

When Carolyn Keene passed away several years ago, I flashed back to those days and wondered what kids today read when they're too ill to cope with school. I had thought Nancy Drew was gone for good. I never imagined that Toronto feminists would resurrect her for a theatre production that was decidedly political.

The production, produced in three full-length segments, is entitled "Clue in the Fast Lane" and it is the brainchild of Bev Cooper and Anne Marie MacDonald. The two performers developed the idea for Rhubarb, the Theatre Centre's annual invitation to performance artists to try out short works or works in progress.

Last fall, Cooper and MacDonald decided to expand their ideas, and began presenting twenty minute segments, weekly, backstage at Theatre Passe Muraille. (Those who attended *Broadside's* fifth birthday party might remember some of those snippets.) This spring, the mystery blossomed into a three-part production, showing at Theatre Passe Muraille, and held over due to an enthusiastic audience response.

The popularity of "Clue in the Fast Lane" can be explained in part by the fact that you don't have to have fond recollections of Nancy Drew to appreciate what's going on onstage. Kids in the audience, who can have no memory of Nancy Drew, hook into the hero/villain scenario, because it's so easy to tell who's who. And culture vultures revel in the plot's central conceit: the grafting of 50s pop values and icons onto a modern situation. Anyone who remembers Mickey Mouse, Frankie Avalon and American Bandstand can appreciate the Cooper/MacDonald perspective.

"Clue in the Fast Lane" is about a villainous plot to transform eighties pop culture of punk and PacMan, so that it looks more like a reflection of the 50s sensibility with which reactionaries always feel safe. Accordingly, the villain Extractor sends a host of 50s personalities, among them Annette Funicello and Flipper, through a time warp to this decade so that they can persuade the

youth of today to go back three giant decades, to the time when everybody with any visibility was white, middle-class and obedient. Extractor needs the Titian-haired Nancy Drew desperately to complete his scheme. She combines intelligence with an All-American approach to problem-solving and could be a most convincing role-model, especially to those more dangerous nascent feminists. Nancy is thus whisked into 80s, where she is hoodwinked, brainwashed, and won over, briefly, before she comes round and saves the day.

Her sidekick is Janice the babysitter, the contemporary valley girl who baffles the straight-laced Nancy, but who has her heroic moments, especially in a Girl Guide outfit. "Clue in the Fast Lane" depends on this contrast in personalities (and it is a tribute to the talent of Cooper and MacDonald that they swap roles from segment to segment). Nancy Drew is red, white and blue, ever on an even keel. Janice is, well, crazy and unpredictable, given to imaginative ramblings, inspired by slasher movies and the maunderings of *People* magazine. Nancy gets lost in the 80s but then the table turns, and so do the dimensions, and Janice is forced back to the fifties with Nancy. Janice doesn't like it there much.

She is particularly unimpressed with Nancy's home life. Nancy's lawyer father Carson Drew (played to pipesucking patronizing perfection by Layne Coleman) worries about "our Nancy" and understands that she's competent, but he still wants the Hardy Boys as law partners instead of his daughter. Janice does not approve. She also wishes that Hannah the housekeeper (Kate Lynch) could cook something other than a tuna casserole for a change. And she is especially uninspired by Ned, Nancy's boyfriend (also played by MacDonald) who wants to marry the teen detective and take her away from her perilous profession.

Nancy solves the mystery, of course, but not before we've seen Barbie Doll, Ed Sullivan, Flipper and Paul McCartney, and not before a few strong feminist statements are made. Carson Drew's chauvinism is made to look ludicrous (it helps that the Hardy Boys are made to look ludicrous as well); Nancy chooses a life as a teen detective over marital bliss; and the scores of female teen idols from the 50s have heroic moments of their own. Annette comes across with a crucial clue for Nancy. In contrast to *Ladies Against Women*, a flimsy series of one-liners that showed coincidentally with the Nancy Drew series, "Clue in the Fast Lane" does not savage women. It goes after cultural values instead, managing somehow to love pop culture and spoof it at the same time. ●



CHERYL DANIELS

Nancy and Ned (Bev Cooper and Anne Marie MacDonald): 50s life in the 80s.

making it difficult for women to acknowledge these dangers is the way in which science has become the new religion, with scientists as priests and technicians as acolytes, all supposedly working for some holy higher good. In fact, scientific endeavours are as riddled with patriarchal assumptions and self-interested power plays as anything else in this society. So the final image of the *Egg Snatchers*, which is of a religious procession by the high priests of science, wearing mitres emblazoned with such emblems as chickens and swinging a tray of test tubes in lieu of a censer, is particularly apt.

Another mini-play, *Test Tube Tots in Baby-Lon*, was written and also performed by the Nightwood Theatre Collective. Many of the themes of this piece were similar to those of the *Egg Snatchers*. To ironically point out how callously the medical establishment has traditionally regarded the bodies and sensibilities of women, a male doctor, Dr. Xavier Pert, is shown extolling the virtues of a new male contraceptive. This device, which looks suspiciously like a cocktail umbrella, is inserted into a penis in a manner similar to the way in which an IUD is

put into a uterus. Certain side effects are dismissed by him as being insignificant; others, he says, will disappear in about a year. And if the device manages to puncture the scrotum — that's unfortunate but isn't that a rather insensitive part of the male anatomy anyway? The piece closes with a scene from the genetic swimming pool. To the chords of *Chariots of Fire* a number of sperm swim desperately toward a delightfully insouciant egg.

Lynn Carter's piece, *Elizabeth Dances*, suggests the growing power of women. Dressed as Elizabeth I, she wears a costume made of wood and held together with hinges. This allows for restricted, puppet-like movements. At first, to the strains of Elizabethan music, she demonstrates that despite these confines she is able to move elegantly and effectively. Suddenly the music changes to Bette Midler singing "Beast of Burden." The movement becomes stronger, more defiant, more assured. She is still restricted by the dress as we all are by the bond of patriarchy, but that hasn't stopped her from

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ARTS

Ascending Stages

by Amanda Hale

Actresses have been walking prisons. Now women's theatre is changing the physical representation of what a woman is.

Being a woman is a subversive experience. Women in theatre must interact with the structures their work is trying to destroy.

There is an illusion that Canada is comfortable, but Canadian women are censored and silenced. To be successful we must conform to the male idea. Success lies within the capitalist patriarchal structure.



Inventing the Future, workshop at Next Stage conference

These are some statements made by panelists at the recent Montreal conference on Women in Theatre (The Next Stage: Women Transforming the Theatre, organized by Rina Fraticelli of Montreal Playwrights' Workshop, and Joanne Gormley, as part of the two week Theatre Festival of the Americas). The Festival presented theatre productions from Canada, the US, Central and South America, and the Caribbean. The two day conference provided a strong feminist perspective within the more male-oriented festival. The major exception was Pol Pelletier's *La Lumière Blanche*, an intense three-woman drama which embodied many of the themes and conflicts discussed during the conference.

The focus of the conference was on changes during the past ten years, a time in which women have been finding their voice, either within the mainstream, subversively, or by separating from patriarchally dominated structures and working in predominantly or exclusively female groups. Familiar conflicts exist in theatre, as in society generally, around the subject of feminist ethics: separatism versus integration (or absorption), collectivity versus a star-oriented hierarchical structure, marginal versus mainstream— all manifestations of the basic choice between a revisionist or a revolutionary stance.

In Latin America the situation is different. "When people are hungry and disappear by the hundreds the priority is not the battle between men and women," said Judith Weiss of Mount Allison University, chairing the panel on Women in the Latin American Theatre. "Go to the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires when they are asking where the disappeared

are. That's theatre." One could counter that the torture and oppression that occur in Latin America are extreme symptoms of the patriarchal mentality, so in a sense feminism is a priority, although it is seen as ideological and secondary to the life and death struggle with the military.

One of the most striking aspects of the conference was the cross-fertilization of cultures in various stages of development— the New York scene, Toronto theatre which has burgeoned over the past 15 years, the more strongly established Québécois culture, Latin

America with its mixture of highly political and poetic theatre. In Cuba, according to Rosa Ileana Boudet, editor of *Tablas*, a magazine on Cuban theatre, social issues take precedence over women's issues, and the governing morality prevents women from competing equally. Honor Ford-Smith, representing Sistren Theatre Collective of Jamaica, said that the situation of Jamaican women is worse now than in 1838 when slavery ended in the Caribbean. Fifty percent of the population is unemployed, and Sistren is dependent on foreign funding, with the attendant restrictions on how the funding is used.

The economic factor affects all women in theatre to some degree. Within a capitalist structure, feminist playwrights are censored and limited in that, in order to be produced or obtain funding, they must write for a small cast which generally precludes a cohesive representation of the social structure. Dramatic expression of the female sensibility is frustrated by meagre funding, while the patriarchal traditions are perpetuated in lavish Shakespearean productions with huge casts.

There are, however, ways of transcending the limitations and effecting change; through collective work, and through performance art which often presents intensely personal material, delving deep enough to liberate a personal voice which becomes a metaphor of the social arena, by connecting with the political violence that twists the root of each personality.

It was generally agreed at the conference that there is a specific female sensibility, distinct from the male, and that it is in the process of transforming art. Judith Malina of New York's Living Theatre (pioneering politi-

cal street theatre of the 60s) pointed out that the breaking of the old traditional forms presented an opportunity for women to reject the patriarchy. Helen Krich Chinoy, theatre historian and teacher, claims that "group creation came out of a particular desire to transform society, at a time when women were questioning the myth of the great artist with elitist qualities."

The fundamental revisionist/revolutionary split manifested in a recurring debate on artistic excellence within feminist theatre. Alisa Solomon, a theatre critic for *The Village Voice*, posited artistic rigor as a priority and said that much women's theatre is simply not good work. Martha Boesing, founder of At the Foot of the Mountain, a professional women's theatre in Minneapolis, expressed concern that by censoring ourselves on aesthetic grounds, imposing traditional patriarchal standards of excellence on experimental work, we perpetuate the myth of Athena's birth through the head of Zeus. We will again render women invisible, she warned. Aesthetic criticism is based on a history and language which is not ours, Boesing said. We have a crate of oranges and everyone is still talking about apples. We need to develop a new form of criticism which transcends race, class and nationality, and by which the transformative nature of women's theatre is understood. It was suggested that critics participate more fully, by attending early developmental workshops, rather than seeing only the final product.

One is reminded of Einstein's remark that the splitting of the atom changed everything except man's thinking. Recognition of the conflict between the traditional aesthetic and content informed by feminist consciousness is vital in order to avoid confusion within our own ranks. We must recognize the process and value the lively political content which has dared to abandon the traditional male aesthetic in order to voice the female experience. Much of male art is at an extremity of pure structure, like a beautiful empty package. Content always precedes form, and feminist content is rich and abundant, but the process of shaping it is a long one which requires belief in ourselves. We must let go of the old structures and aesthetic values which silence the expression of our vision. We need a period of grace in which to develop the appropriate aesthetic.

Women who work within mainstream theatre fail to make the leap into the unstructured void and risk a period of chaos before reinventing themselves. It would seem that criticism on traditional aesthetic grounds springs from a basic fear of letting go entirely of patriarchal structures in a revolutionary sense. Karen Malpede, author of *Women in Theatre: Compassion and Hope*, claims it is crucial to be lost in order to create. Pol Pelletier, co-founder and artistic director of Théâtre Expérimental des Femmes, a Montréal separatist collective, founded in 1979, spoke of the necessity of investing and reinventing yourself through the collective process. "Collective creations are important and significant," she said, "although they are not the greatest artistic successes." Seeing the early work of

Théâtre Expérimental, the critics did not know whether it was good or bad, beautiful or ugly— they were lost for words when faced with a new feminist aesthetic. In Pelletier's *La Lumière Blanche*, a perfect marriage of feminist politics and aesthetics, the actresses are liberated physiologically and emotionally.

Cynthia Grant of Toronto's Nightwood Theatre, speaking on a panel on Inventing the Future: Women Transforming the Theatre, advocated that we not be too hard on ourselves during this developmental process of establishing the new feminist voice. She cited the prolificacy of the ancient Greek dramatists, each of whose handful of masterpieces emerged from multiple attempts. Grant feels that the organic, multi-disciplinary, collaborative female approach is in the vanguard of a new form of theatre.

Time is a factor. The pace of events in the world and access to knowledge through the global media is determining and changing the way in which artists work. There is an urgency to communicate, to get the work out while it is fresh and relevant. Financial strictures exacerbate the time factor. Less funding, less rehearsal time. The result is either silence or imperfection. There is much to be learned by North Americans from the spontaneity of Latin American political street theatre. Often improvisational and unpolished in the sense of "a work of art," it is nevertheless highly relevant in a society which is fighting visible political oppression. Privileged as we are in North America, to be fighting a feminist battle at a more subtle level, where oppression is sometimes almost imperceptibly woven into the fabric of our culture, we can borrow from the methodology of the Latin Americans in order to transcend our time and finance barriers.

Women working in the theatre of feminist change have dropped their inculcated addiction to perfection. They have stopped competing with the men on their terms. Separatism is often misunderstood as manhating. From a revolutionary stance, it is the only way to develop our own female voice and aesthetic— a balance which the world suffers the lack of at this crisis point. The further we progress, the stronger the resistance, not only from outside, but from within our own ranks, as women resist their knowledge, or burn out from struggling to communicate that knowledge.

The conference, the first of its kind, will likely be continued bi-annually. It was valuable in terms of communication between women in theatre of various cultures. Much of the groundwork has now been done for subsequent conferences. The salient issues were tabled and a healthy diversity established.

Resolutions were made to condemn Canadian cultural cutbacks, which have a graver impact on women who already are in a more vulnerable position than male artists statistically; to condemn recent cutbacks by the US National Endowment for the Arts; and to express solidarity with Latin American and Caribbean women in their struggle towards the creation of a New Theatre, opposition to military pressures, and support of foreign aid going directly to the improvement of material conditions for cultural creation. ●

Enter, Stage Left

La Lumière Blanche— written and directed by Pol Pelletier, produced at the Theatre Festival of the Americas '85, Montréal, May 22-June 4, 1985

Three women meet in the desert: an amazon/guerrillière who describes herself as a professional feminist, a translator who speaks three and a half languages; a clownish exuberant young woman; and a conventionally well-mannered woman who is pregnant. They have each received a letter summoning them to the desert. They exchange information. They circle on hands and knees, sniffing each other out. Then they rise and commence a series of joyous and painful games in a process of unlayering the selves down to the core. They wrestle physically and spar verbally. The games culminate in each woman standing

trial. Each must tell something she has never told before and be judged and found guilty. There is a wonderful parody of the legal process. The actors evoke the play of children in a clear, cruel vision of truth.

There are some marvellous images— metaphorical translations of intense emotional statements. Two of the women ride a camel around the space, reaching its limits in each direction, and finally banging the camel's head against a resounding wall in resignation. "There's no other fucking place to go!" says Tarragossa the Amazon, breaking into English. The game, once begun, must be played to the end, which for her is death. If the three are seen as aspects of one being struggling to realize herself as a woman in an oppressive patriarchal society, the death becomes metaphorical.

The pregnant woman comes and goes. After the birth she enters like Kali, the terrible Hindu goddess of destruction and transformation, in a robe with naked dismembered dolls hanging from the waist. There is an intense encounter between the Amazon and the mother, embodying the conflict between loyalty to her husband and child— perpetuating the patriar-



La Lumière Blanche

chy— and a revolutionary bonding with the women in order to break the old patterns.

La Lumière Blanche is a powerfully transcendent human statement. It is built on a structure of brilliant images which mesh with the intellectual content to form a body of emotional sense. It is a journey through the desert of the soul, a purifying in the harsh light. And the performances of the three women meet the clarity and challenge of Pelletier's writing in creating a courageous and unrelentingly honest theatrical experience.

Mansamente— a puppet show from Brazil, presented by Marcos & Rachel Ribas.

Mansamente means "softly"— an indication of the subtlety and tenderness of the work. Three scenes are presented with dolls no more than a foot high. Utter focus and simplicity, rendered the scenes riveting, taking the audience back to a childhood world.

The first scene shows a peasant couple performing the everyday tasks of cooking, eating, hoeing in the fields. Then the man

Stripping Away the Myths

by Karen Alison

In July, Theatre Plus, at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre, will present *Fever Dream* by playwright Anna Fuerstenberg, who calls it, "the first original Canadian play, written by a woman and directed by a woman, in the history of the St. Lawrence Centre."

Five of the six characters in *Fever Dream* are female strippers. Fuerstenberg spent a great deal of time getting to know women in the profession while she gathered information for the project, which began over four years ago as a script for CBC-TV's *For the Record*.

"I didn't originally want to do this work," Fuerstenberg said in an interview. "I didn't want to interview strippers because I had a very naive theory that in order to strip, you had to be extremely masochistic and that masochistic people were depressing and boring. The TV script was completed, and then they switched producers and it never got produced. I had, by then, found the spirit and the love and the *joie de vivre* and the care among these women so far from any stereotype or iconography we have about them that they were fascinating to me. What I try to do in the play is somehow transmit that to the rest of the world."

The inspiration for the play came while Fuerstenberg was watching the women rehearse for a benefit. During the rehearsal, she heard them loosen up and talk about things they had never talked about in the clubs, or during interviews. "They would say things about the dance, about each other's men, inside jokes about different clubs, and about the danger - there's a kind of gallows humour about the danger of being accosted or attacked in stripping gear."

Fuerstenberg was struck by the feeling of communality, of support for one another. "There is the feeling among the women that, I'll help you, I'll be there for you, I'll substitute for you if you're sick, you can borrow my costume, you can have my blue wig, whatever," a feeling she didn't get from the men strippers. "I'm generalizing, but I didn't find that they were anywhere near as vulnerable, in many ways, as the women were, and they didn't have any sort of solidarity."

"A lot of the men weren't stripping because they like it, according to Fuerstenberg, or because they thought of themselves as dancers. They did it because they had other problems, often drug-related, and usually they needed money fast. Women strippers are paid a lot less than men strippers. "At the time I was doing the interviews, women were making \$15 a show, and probably taking home \$10. They would do four, maybe eight, shows a day. Male strippers were making \$50."

A great many women start stripping because it's a means to an end, to pay tuition, for example. And there are women who are completely hooked into the life: they'll work like crazy, and then they'll go on a trip, come back broke and start all over again. "Essentially, stripping is subsidizing their other life, whatever that other life means to them."

Almost everyone Fuerstenberg talked to had some sort of fantasy about what she would ultimately be doing. If they were asked, where do you think you'll be in two years? many of them would say they'd probably be doing the same thing, stripping. "When I'd ask, what will you be doing in ten years? all of a sudden I got this tremendous array of



Anna Fuerstenberg

scenarios, from owning a store, to starting a really clean burlesque show with genuine dressing rooms and protection from the audience."

Living as a stripper, it's very difficult to save money because strippers don't make that much, and have a lot of expenses (tapes, costumes which can cost hundreds of dollars, props and transportation). The life really is enormously demanding yet there is an illusion that it gives them some sort of freedom - it is only illusory because the burnout rate is incredible.

Fever Dream is actually about solidarity among women, or more particularly, about the way women in professional stripping sustain each other by feeding each other's fantasies or dreams. "Very often, the distance between fantasies and the reality they live is so huge, the only way they keep going is through fantasy lives. It is like a fever dream."

The play's characters are composites of characters Fuerstenberg met in Toronto, San Francisco and Montréal, who work in the profession. There's Sally who's the organizer of the group, who has just come out of the hospital, having been beaten up. "In a way, she's very self-destructive, but she's also smart enough to be conscious of it."

Lilly is from Colombia, and is symbolic of all the minority and immigrant women who are stripping. Some of them do it because it's the only way they can earn enough money to send back home; some of them are here illegally; and many of them are aware that they are being discriminated against, particularly

the black strippers. "Lilly is a composite of all the women I met who are immigrants, whose English is not as good as their dancing, who are wonderful, full of spirit and life, and for whom earning any kind of money at all, doing anything at all, is a party because it's just so different, not something they could have dreamed of doing at home in Colombia or Guatemala or even Poland. Their whole approach to stripping is that it is a privilege. It's certainly a lot easier than cleaning a factory for eight hours a night on one-tenth of the salary."

Another character, Diane, is an oddly typical character, says Fuerstenberg, and yet she's the one I had the hardest time convincing people really exists. . . She's your basic Westmount woman, who discovers that the TA for one of her English courses (Salina) is a stripper. It absolutely flips her out, so she follows Salina into the profession and gets stuck there."

When Fuerstenberg was in California she was surprised to learn that a great many strippers had PhDs. Women who were school teachers during the day, or finishing dissertations, started stripping, for whatever reasons, and got hooked on the life. "Salina, the TA, is the queen of the strippers. She is overeducated - way overeducated for the job - but then, she's a woman, and who isn't if they're a woman. She also mythologizes the work."

Fuerstenberg met several women who referred to their work as being almost mythopoeic. "It's almost like they're working on a goddess image of woman, on

something super-feminist, ultra-real, creating amazing theatre. The way they strip is to be a focus of Anima. They use the language of psychology, mythology, and literature freely and easily. One of them said, 'I'm just a pre-Raphaelite goddess. That's what I'm doing here.' It was extraordinary."

And there's Annie, a retired stripper, who is old enough to have been in burlesque, and who remembers the past and chronicles it for others. Strippers have a tremendous sense of the history of their profession, they know the great names - the Josephine Bakers - and they have their own sense of who the greats were, and what kind of standards they were trying to live up to. "Gypsy Rose Lee - they were totally familiar with her best lines and jokes." Annie is there to provide continuity. She teaches the others the history, the methodology; she'll make their costumes, advise them about tapes, take them in when they're broke. "In the middle of the first act, she brings out her costumes and they go crazy. All their sense of attiring themselves in beautiful fabric, their sense of mythology and of the exotic, comes out through the costumes. It's a wonderful communal activity, and at the same time a terribly sensuous kind of activity, adorning yourself with silks and robes of gold."

The hardest character to create was the male: "I wanted to show that he was as much a victim in his profession - he's a hairdresser - as the women were in theirs. He was just as stereotyped; in a way, he was the sixth stripper."

Some of the responses Fuerstenberg got to *Fever Dream* were "hilarious": "One artistic director said, 'Oh, it's a totally real environment, the dialogue is fabulous, the characters interact in the most interesting ways, but why would anyone want to spend an entire evening with strippers?' Well, Eugene O'Neill wrote a play called *The Iceman Cometh*, where you spend an entire evening with a whole bar full of losers. Why would anybody want to spend an evening with them?"

Other people seemed to have problems with the play because there are five women in it, and only one man. "But if you look at the statistics," says Fuerstenberg, "if you just look at the theatre season, the only other play like it is Michel Tremblay's *Albertine* in *Five Times* (see *Broadside*, June 1985). By and large, there are very few plays about women - we don't have plays that are being written about women who do what women do, whatever they do. There isn't much about us, and there's a tremendous need. Our parables, our icons, our mythology, on television, in film, and even in theatre where you least expect it, are being created mainly by men, and the picture they have of us is just not accurate. The myth would have it, of course, that we are the slaves to menses and birthing and we're there to pass the chicken soup, and I don't identify with that."

That reminded Fuerstenberg of a play about strippers, called "Le Strip," which was first done in Ottawa where it was considered a tremendous success. "Then a male artistic director chose a man to direct it in Toronto, and there was literally, minute for minute, more time spent stripping than there was talking. It was a tremendous embarrassment, and the audiences reflected the kind of show they were seeing. I was absolutely enraged, because I don't believe the authors of that particular play would have allowed the production had they known it would come out that way. I intend to keep very tight control on *Fever Dream* in the future. . ."

dies, his death signalled by a tiny movement of his hand dropping over the edge of the bed. The woman is left with her baby, desolate at the kitchen table.

The second scene is a tale of mythical transformation, set in the jungle. A young boy climbs a tree in pursuit of a squirrel, and is stranded when a branch falls. He steals a feather from a huge bird and is transformed. He literally comes down to earth and again assumes human form.

The third scene is of a girl and a boy making love in the most graphic sense. It was an extraordinarily tender and erotic scene. The dolls were transformed by the quality of sincerity communicated through the puppeteers. The show was completely non-verbal - accompanied by Brazilian Indian music and chanting. And it was dedicated to a lost Amazon tribe, wiped out by "siphilisation blanche."

Bolivar - by José Antonia Rial. Performed by Grupo Rajatabla, Taller de Teatro del Ateneo de Caracas.

Prisoners in a concentration camp are forced

to perform the dying days of Simon Bolivar, the national hero who dreamed of uniting the Spanish speaking countries of South America into one nation. Bolivar is a brutal play in which all the senses are assaulted. There are intermittent bursts of loud music and operatic song; an ecclesiastical procession which fills the theatre with the aroma of frankincense; prisoners are dragged on and off stage by the guards. They are costumed and then stripped, exalted by their roles in the play within the play, and then stripped down again and again to the level of prisoners, mirroring the debasement of humanity and the torture of identity under a repressive government.

Bolivar is a powerful, if somewhat overwhelming play, which communicates beyond the language barrier.

Katajjak is the Inuit name for the traditional throat singing done by the women of arctic Québec. Six women from Inukjuak performed their *jeu de gorge* at the Festival. The game involves two women coming to the microphone, standing face to face, very close, arms clasped. They agree on a word or sound se-

quence, they begin to rock from side to side and vocalize repeatedly sometimes deep in the throat, sometimes high, using rapid breath rhythms. The resulting sounds are more like birds, animals or musical instruments than the usual resonance of the human voice. At times the sounds from each individual woman are indistinguishable from the other, the sound of one seeming to be carried on the breath of the other. The game usually ends when one of the women bursts into laughter, or when the rhythm is lost.

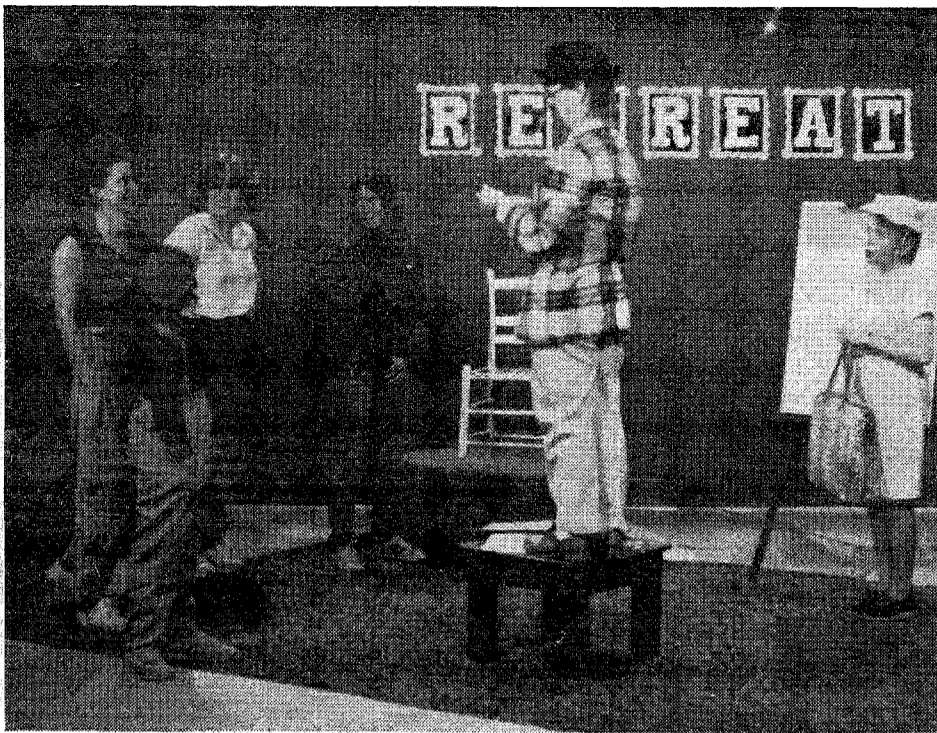
Dreamland Burns - presented by the Squat Theatre of New York City. A collective work in progress.

The first part of the show is a film which documents a day in the life of a young woman in New York City, establishing certain themes concerning her lover, her friends and family, her encounters on the street. When the film ends the themes are picked up in a stage presentation with the same characters, some played by live actors, some represented by dummies. The staged sequence contains

magical technical effects - a dress floating across the stage, a hurricane during which objects drop from the sky, flames spontaneously ignite, smoke billows. The dummy faces are animated with slide projections so that they appear to be alive and actually speaking the words which are on tape.

Dreamland is interesting in that it makes the audience aware of how they perceive the same material presented through different media. The audience generally accepted the film but were restless and in some cases verbally hostile during the staged sequence. In a strange twist on Squat's attempt to "depict reality through film and use the stage to evoke magic, illusion and fantasy," the medium itself renders the filmic sequence larger than life, magical, illusionary and fantastic, despite the fact that the content is mundane. The staged segment - less intimate, demanding more active participation by the audience - falls flat on content, leaving only the magic show of technical tricks which unfortunately were under-rehearsed. *Dreamland* lived on film and burned out on stage. -A.H.

Partners in Production



Retreat: to the Sudbury Women's Centre

by Donna Mayer

There is no doubt that we live in a complicated and difficult world. Keeping up with it often has perverse effects on a person. Sometimes the pace gets so intense that you find yourself looking for a chance to step out for a while. A chance to get your head to stop spinning long enough for a little reflection and perhaps readjustment. Wouldn't a retreat to put your life in perspective be nice? In Sudbury, Ontario such a retreat exists.

The intent is to provide some good advice about living a traditional life in a modern day world. The method is a conference of experts gathered together under the directorship of Mrs. Charles A. Ditburner to offer you the chance of a lifetime - to find out what you are all about. For the majority of us, we are told, we are all about being ladies who care for our husbands and children. Devoting our lives to serve our families is the key to happiness, to becoming real women and meeting the challenge of social responsibility. After all, marriage and the family form the foundation of society and, as Mrs. Ditburner points out, "the stability of your relationship with your husband depends on *you*, ladies, and in how finely-tuned your feminine intuition is." In this hectic, crazy world we live in, isn't it refreshing to know there is a place to have your feminine intuition tuned up? If you want to cash in on this opportunity, however, you must act fast because this retreat is on the rocks.

Temporarily on ice is the current status of *Retreat... Avec Classe S'il Vous Plait*. Its creators, on the other hand, are anything but on ice. They are Sticks and Stones Theatre and they are busy building a stage on rocks.

After two years of study, experimentation, workshops and skits, this women's theatre collective is ready to issue statements and assert their aims. "It was a dream; it is now evident: Sticks and Stones is a working troupe of women developing a new resource for Sudbury; a research centre in popular education and theatre techniques." Thanks in part to a strain of sporadic government grants and the dedication of ten enthusiastic women, the collective has been building a reputation for itself as an exciting community outreach group. Their stage travels from high schools and drop-in centres to public parks, streets and halls where audiences are their partners in a creative game of learning.

Living creatively allows people to regain control over an essential part of their lives, the group attests. "Making creative choices rather than following prescribed patterns enables people to learn more about themselves and the world they are a part of." To demonstrate and develop this belief, Sticks and Stones use animation and participatory games with their audiences as part of their popular theatre repertoire. The star in this repertoire is their "*théâtre de l'opprimé*".

A form of theatre developed by Augusto Boal, theatre of the oppressed provides ways for people to look objectively at their situations and find alternatives to oppression. In their most polished skit, *Battered Wives*, for example, audience participants are asked to step in and replace a character when it appears that a different approach might be used. "People try solutions to oppression and they find out really quickly if they work or if they don't work," says troupe member Arja Lane.

She adds, "people intellectualize solutions a lot." Replacing a submissive wife with an assertive one does not necessarily change the demeanor of an oppressive husband, for instance. Sticks and Stones members have been to Paris, Montréal and Toronto to receive training in this form. In June they travelled to Winnipeg to demonstrate the technique through the *Battered Wives* skit at the Canadian Popular Theatre Alliance Festival.

The women in Sticks and Stones range in age from 20 to 45 and together represent seven cultural backgrounds. While their collective skills provide a cross section view of society, their class similarities work as a cohesive force for their ideas. "We have a very common world view," says player Laurie McGauley. From this world view and personal experiences the women form their ideas and develop them. The creative process that sees the ideas through to completion as theatrical expression may be described as somewhat peculiar. "It sure has a bit of anarchist tangents," admitted member Paulette Gagnon. There is no director or playwright in their company and rarely does a production schedule remain unchanged for more than a week. Instead, all members play virtually all roles, each contributing what and when she can. It is apparent that this group takes the commitment of being a collective seriously. But, like their feminist convictions, it is through an unspoken agreement that these positions are held. There are no doctrines or manifestoes but there certainly is a lot of the right chemistry.

"Looking for alternatives," suggests Lane. "I think that is where this group is coming from." From the popular theatre techniques to the feminism that is never really discussed in the group but is omnipresent in their work, it is true all energy seems to be directed at seeking and probing alternatives. The message to audiences comes through clearly in all of their work: things do not have to be the way they are, we have the power to change them. *Retreat... Avec Classe S'il Vous Plait* was built on this ideal.

Retreat is about real women. "I'm sure you've seen her around, she's all over the place," begins the show's joker, the player responsible for stopping the performance at key moments and asking the audience's opinion. "She's in the videos, she's in the magazines and she's on commercials. She's really gorgeous, this woman; she has nice make-up, she looks rich and she looks like someone who has everything together all of the time. And then there's us, eh." Laughter inevitably comes from the crowd that recognizes themselves and their mothers and neighbours and friends, the ones who try to be this real woman, and sometimes achieve it, but are always struggling. Sue Gauthier can relate. A single mother whose struggle to survive necessarily takes precedence over the struggle to be beautiful, she is ecstatic when *You Magazine* declares her Miss You 1985. A new wardrobe, a make-over and a carton of cigarettes, you know the world is yours when you are a winner.

Sue is the guest of honour at Mrs. Ditburner's retreat. Before too long, however, it is apparent that Sue really isn't the right candidate at all. While competing for a job with other real people from the audience it is discovered that, gasp, Sue is a single mother. As Mrs. Ditburner is about to cast Sue off in-

to the night, the show's joker steps in and asks what is going on. She points out that there are 70,000 single mothers in Ontario, 53% of whom live below the poverty line, "that's official conservative data" she adds; wouldn't we like to know more about this phenomenon? At this time the audience is given the chance to "interview" Sue, to get to know a bit about her reality. She is asked about day care, discrimination and choices. Mrs. Ditburner is interviewed too, explaining that single motherhood "goes against all my teachings." The audience then gets a chance to send each woman a telegram. Sue's reads: Courage, strength, and you're not alone. Someone tells Mrs. Ditburner there is no Mr. Right. Both women are asked to join the Sudbury Women's Centre.

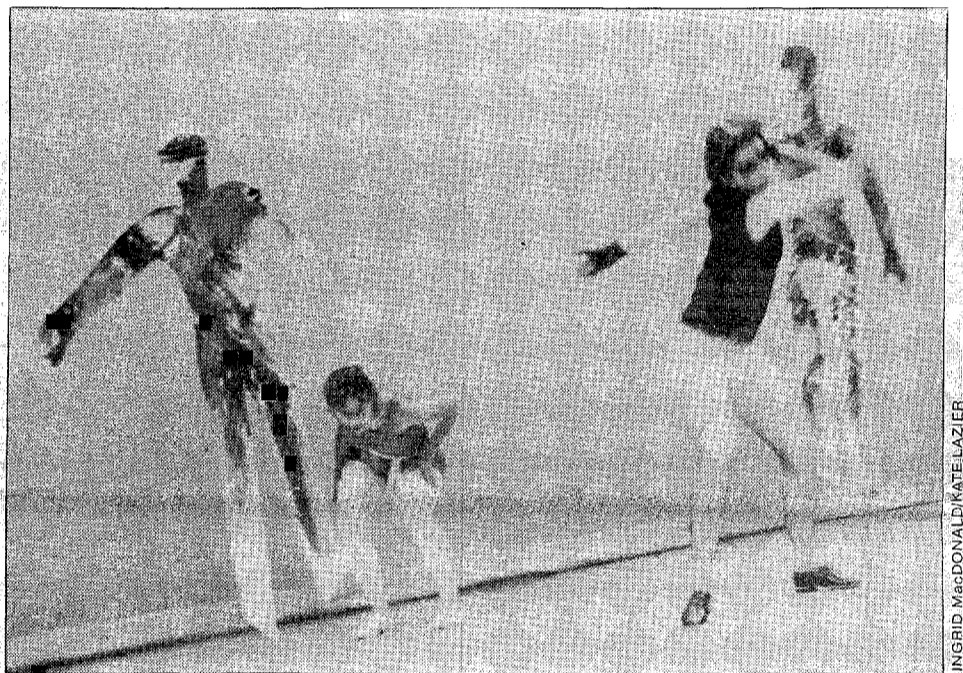
Exercises like these recur throughout the show, building in the level of participation to the point where audience participants replace the actresses in the theatre of the oppressed. Heavy on satire, the show's ambiance does facilitate a relaxed and receptive audience. By the time Sue is ready to have some concrete suggestions on handling her oppressive situa-

tions at work, the audience is also ready to offer some alternatives. The troupe has met its aim, people are seeking and probing alternatives.

Retreat is on the back burner for the time being. There is no money to tour and new projects must continually be developed. "It's very hard to get money for just being who we are," Gagnon says. "You have to make a big project to get money. We have to say we are going to do a miracle, and then we get the money. But then we have to do the miracle." The miracle currently under construction is a cast of giant puppets. At the inspiration of Sticks and Stones, several community groups are working on a street festival that will appear in different neighbourhoods in Sudbury over a four-day period this summer. The puppets will be involved in a lot of impromptu sketches during the festival and, as usual, will provide participants with an alternate means of expression and discovery. Sticks and Stones' quest for alternatives continues.

Donna Mayer is a feminist writer living near Sudbury, Ontario.

Moving Right Along



From "Love Hurts" by Louise Azzarello

by Kate Lazier

It is not so often that dance as a genre sensitively attempts to deal with women's modern and historical experiences.

But Dances, presented at the Winchester St. Theatre on June 6, 7 and 8 by choreographer Louise Azzarello is out to change this. Sparing us the hackneyed histrionics and two-bit plots that inhabit the most well-funded balletic stages of this country, Azzarello's works are relevant, substantial and accessible - especially for feminists.

The first part of the evening consisted of five short pieces. In *Wants* (1982), Azzarello sets dance to, instead of music, words. We hear narrated an ironic and melancholic story by Grace Paley about a divorced woman returning long overdue books to the library. Symbolically, the returning of the books erases the debt that she feels she incurred by having unfulfillable expectations of marriage, as if they symbolize her debt to the marriage. The dancer moves in ways that both interpret the narration and comment upon it.

In *Dust and Smoke* (1983), a similar technique is used: a male voice with the nonplussed tone of a tour guide describes the horrific effects of nuclear war, while a sentimental selection of Ravel's music plays in the background. On stage, a woman in black dances what can only be a dance of death. The striking thing about this piece is the way in which the different tones of the music, dance and voice are juxtaposed and how they inform each other. The result left in me a vicious combination of anger, sarcasm and gravity.

In *Shady Grove* (1985), dance is similarly combined with music and words, but this time the narrators are actually on stage with the dancer. Originally inspired by a book called *Women Who Kill*, *Shady Grove* demonstrates a fascination with morbidity as manifest in the female gender. We hear the Grimm fairy tale, Mrs. Gertrude, about a girl who, against the advice of her parents, visits a hag who is thought to be wicked. There, she sees a vision of three murdered men and is turned

into a log and thrown into the fire by Mrs. Gertrude. The title *Shady Grove* refers both to the song that is interwoven throughout the piece and to the girl in the fairy tale who is sometimes represented through the dancer. Probably the most oblique of the dances, *Shady Grove* achieves a mysterious, mythic quality.

Love Hurts (1985), a playful dance to the music of various "girl groups" torch (and tortured) songs, wavered between being a celebration and a criticism of abusive, over-dependent relationships with men. The set consisted of three life size cut out painted silhouettes, presumably men, hung from the ceiling. But the content of the three women's dances, however, did little to actually critique the politics of these songs.

The final, most lengthy, and elaborate piece is an epic treatment of the history of Canadian women. The five dancers use various motifs to represent different eras in our history. As pioneers their movements are sharp, strong, repetitive and often resemble actions of work. Accompanying the dance are numerous slides of women working gathered from various feminist archives. The original score by composer Erna Van Deale uses eeriness to heighten the sense of isolation that the dancers often express. The dancers and the slides often mirror each other: at one point we see slides of women factory workers from various points in the last hundred years while the dancers move in synchrony performing harsh, mechanical actions. At other points narration of commentary and statistics on women's paid work or narration by the dancers of various oral histories complemented the dance. The dancers, however seemed decidedly uncomfortable with the text and lacked acting skill and the commentary often seemed redundant. Despite these objections, the piece did manage to portray a sense of fortitude and accomplishment of the women in Canada's history.

Kate Lazier works with *OtherWise*, U of T's feminist newspaper.

Our Muscles, Ourselves

by Donna Gollan

Why go to see *Pumping Iron II, The Women*? Because it may confirm your belief, as a feminist, that women are really not all that different from men, even physically. Because you've always hated big muscles - on men as well as women - and this is your big chance to meet Australian Bev Francis who takes pride in her tremendous physique and retains her sense of humour even in the face of your disgust. Because the film contains some marvelous behind-the-scenes looks at some really stupid judges who cannot decide how much is too much or where to draw the line for "femininity" in their "girls'" competition. Or go simply because it's fun.

George Butler's *Pumping Iron II, The Women* is fine entertainment. For those of us who like to yell, clap, cheer, boo and hiss at the movies, this one provides plenty of opportunity. Of course, this kind of participation will embarrass some of the men in the audience, but whether this is because you're not behaving in a ladylike manner or because you're ruining the tone of the evening when they originally set out to see some pornography, I'm not sure. I am sure that this film is not pornography.

Whether or not this is because the director of photography is a woman, again, I'm not sure. Dyanna Taylor shoots these women while they are working out, in the showers, while posing for ridiculous magazine covers and on stage for the world body building championship at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. She shoots them at home, in the pool, with friends, lovers, family, and basking in the false warmth of tanning machines. We see them learning their dance routines, having the jitters, and weeping with pain when the weights are too heavy. We hear them say profound things, stupid things and funny things. Basically, we get to know them, and, surprise, surprise, when you get to know somebody, you can see past their packaging.

Pornography requires a certain distance from the woman-as-object. She is meant to remain unknown, unfathomable, a passive tool for men to shape within their own imaginations. Pornographic depictions of women in swimsuits show them lying back, posing invitingly, pandering to the male gaze. But not in this movie. Even Rachel McLish, the most flirtatious muscle-woman of them all, flexes with strength and purpose, at least when she is not fluffing her hair or freshening

her make up. You see, I don't think it is possible to shoot these women so that men can imagine them as passive sex-objects. They look like they needn't even wear swimsuits. There is a scene in which Bev Francis is comparing her myriad stomach muscles with those of her male trainer. He has no shirt on. She lifts hers as high as "decency" allows. We find ourselves thinking: how silly. Why does she need a top? Even the youngest and silliest woman - whose motivation for entering the contest at all is to win the prize money and stop her boyfriend-trainer from nude dancing in front of other women - picks a tough tune for her flexing routine: "Don't mess with me, 'coz I'm dangerous."

Of course these women are not dangerous. Or are they? What if they set a new standard for the female physique? What if men begin to find strong, active, well-oiled muscles sexy on women? More to the point, what if women decide that we love this look? Obviously the judges are afraid of just that. Their arguments reveal them as sexist and patronizing, bumbling patriarchal protectors of the status quo. And the one female judge is worse than the men! Of course we had a good time hissing at her, too. It's a relief, really, to see sexism exposed in this way. As a feminist film critic, I consider it a holiday from having to delve into the images, looking for hidden patriarchal signs and signifiers.

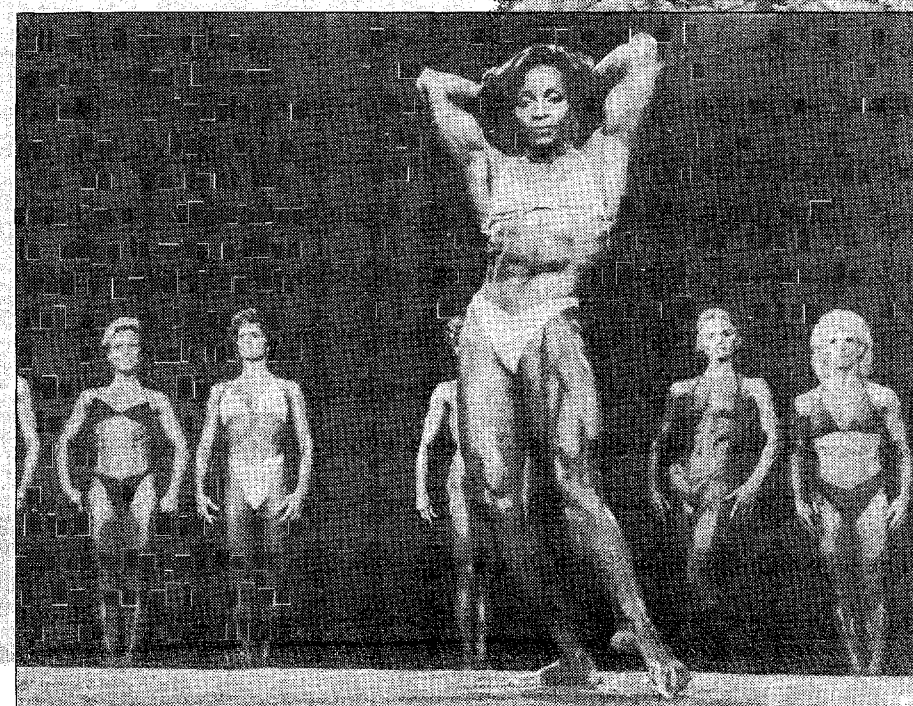
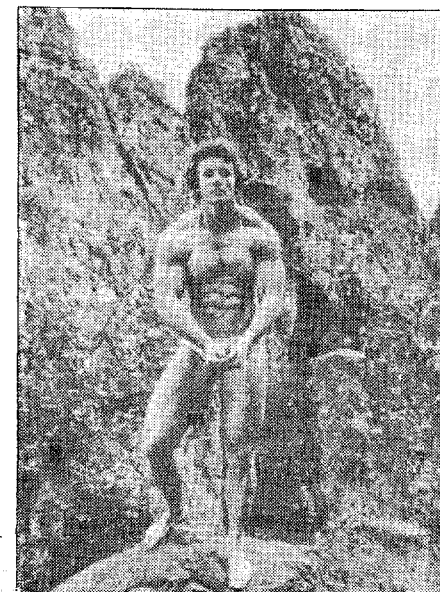
However, if there is a major flaw in this movie, it is that too much is handed to us on a silver platter. The film tells us who to like and who to dislike, what's honourable about body building and what's merely narcissistic. The fact that these women starve down as part of the necessary "look" is made light of and nobody mentions steroids, male hormone injections some women use to build greater muscle mass. Butler has chosen his images well. He wants to convince us that women look terrific with muscles but that if you do all that work merely to look terrific, meet Rachel McLish, you're no better off than a *Playboy* bunny.

But can this be true? Setting aside the actual gain in strength, what does a "sexy" woman *currently* look like? She wears crippling shoes and a skirt that hobbles her at the knees. She is thin and weak and charming and wouldn't dare develop a muscle because muscle weighs more than skin and bones and she already has to worry about her "trouble spots." How are her efforts made apparent? Usually by the time and energy she puts into

maintaining a difficult hair style and lavish make up, not to mention co-ordinating her wardrobe. What does a "sexy" man look like? He's big and hairy and virile - he needs to be, in order to help her through doors and out of cars in those heels. He is sexiest when he dresses carelessly - it proves he hasn't got a wife to dress him or, better yet, is neglected by her. It's okay for a man to direct all his efforts into building his muscles, that is how *his* effort is made visible.

Oh, but you say, I hate big muscles on men as well as women, therefore it is consistent with my feminist position to feel disgust about, for example, Bev Francis. What is disgusting about muscularity? All that effort being explicit instead of implicit? All that power being immediately apparent? Is it possible that you've always hated big muscles on men because on some other level they are not so much "sexy" as threatening? What chance would you stand against such a man on a back street, in the dark? Is it consistent with your feminist principles to hate to see women with the same physique? It has become an accepted story in our pop culture that the 90 lb. weakling gets sand kicked in his face on the beach, only to rush right out and begin regular work-

outs with weights. Does he then go back and beat up the bully? No. The bully takes one look at the muscle-bound body and beats a hasty retreat. So how about it? The new look? Don't mess with me. . . .



Role Models: Bev Francis (top) and Carla Dunlop.

Expose yourself, from page 9

growing and changing. One feels it won't be long before she bursts the confines of her costume as we will the restrictions in our lives. "Beast of Burden," a Mick Jagger/Keith Richards composition, contains a rather misogynist bridge but Carter wisely halts the piece just before she comes to it. Perhaps by so doing she is suggesting that we shouldn't throw out everything that comes from the patriarchy just because that is where it originates. Instead, we ought to appropriate what is useful and reject what is not.

An *Interlude With Sylvia Townsend-Warner*, written and performed by Carol Hay, provided some of the most touching moments of the entire festival. Townsend-Warner, a prolific but largely unknown writer, lived with her lover Valentine Ackland in a small village in Dorset, England for about 40 years. Hay's piece takes place

Womb, from page 8

she characterizes as at once ordinary, yet exceptional. Several excerpts from this project, *Canadian Women, Canadian Stories*, were on display during Fem Fest. Among these is Blanche, an older woman shown joyfully mugging for the camera in the company of her fellow lawn bowlers. She led a very traditional, rather isolated life because she really didn't have many other options. Later in life, after joining the North Van bowling club, she began meeting other women and talking extensively with them for the first time. As a result she developed a sense of sisterhood which has made her very happy.

This is the third year in a row that a major women's art festival has occurred in Toronto. It seems likely that in 1986 there will be a fourth. This is encouraging for both artists and audiences. Knowing that there may well be a place for them to show their work, artists become increasingly motivated to produce. The very existence of such events as Fem Fest, and galleries such as Gallery 940 are proof that, however small, there are cracks in the patriarchy. But all that is politically correct is not art. We have to learn to look carefully at that which is poking its head through the crevices and learn to distinguish the weeds from the flowers. •

shortly after Ackland's death. Townsend-Warner is seen gardening beside her cottage reminiscing about her life with Valentine. In her daily life she continually comes across reminders of her dead lover. These both sadden and comfort her. Slowly she begins to come to terms with Ackland's death and by extension with her own mortality. Much of the script was made up of excerpts from Townsend-Warner's letters and other writings. Hays' skillful assembly of these materials coupled with her obvious talents as a performer make this work particularly moving. It is part of a series which Hay is preparing on women in her own family and on women, like Townsend-Warner, for whom she feels a special affinity. She describes this work as being about the history you are born with versus the history you choose.

Hurt by parental break-up of a childhood lesbian affair, the character in Janine Fuller's performance piece made a pact with her soon to be ex-girlfriend "never to feel so much for anyone again. . . So I married Charles." The bulk of the piece describes the disintegration of that relationship and the foibles of the gentle but recalcitrantly chauvinistic Charles. The unthinking allegiance of patriarchy to rigid roles was illustrated by the couple's cooking arrangements. Neither of them had any talent or interest in that activity but since it was a woman's role to prepare food, she did so. And since it was a man's duty to eat what she made he did, enormous quantities, no matter how awful the concoction.

Less successful was Mara Ravins' *Why Don't You Dance With Me?* It was meant to demonstrate how, through fairy tales, mass media and popular culture, a woman is conditioned to be passive, to be pleasing, and to suffer all in the name of getting and keeping Mr. Right. Once she finds him, it is her responsibility to keep him interested, to prevent him from going off with "the woman in the red dress." Of course, for other women, she is also a potential "woman in a red dress." Thus is female rivalry ideologically maintained. Despite these admirable intentions the piece meanders badly and often loses the audience's attention. The best thing about it is a marvelous prop dress, half a dress really, which sports velcro attachments shaped like similar pieces on paper

doll clothes. The implication is that women are trained to be unreal toys, with expectations only fantasy can fulfill.

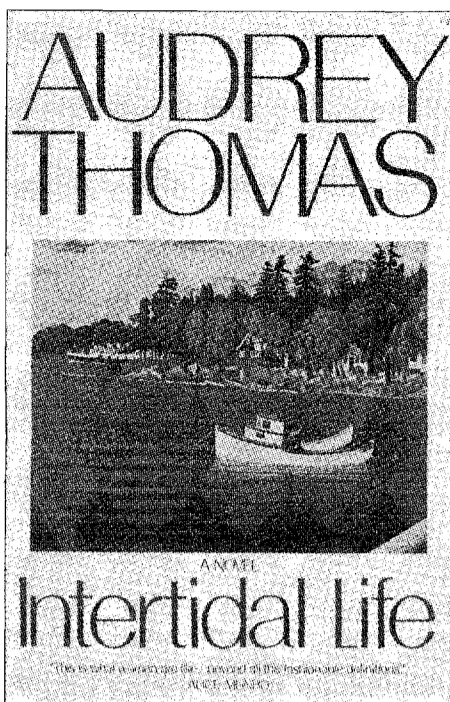
Shawna Dempsey's *Fat* looked at the pain many women suffer while trying to live up (or down) to the ideals of thinness promulgated by the media and the necessity for male approval. But her conclusion that, "fat is a feminist tissue" coming from a woman who looks like she has never been more than a few pounds overweight in her life, ignores the real problems including social estrangement and sexual disenfranchisement that those who truly are fat have to endure.

Among the storytellers was Pat Andrews, who recounted with obvious pride how as young girls she and her sister kept their family from starvation by the tedious process of snaring fish. Andrews grew up in isolated rural northern Ontario where her father was a trapper. Since there were few other human contacts beyond their family, the children developed mystical relationships with nature. Each plant or animal took on a special significance. Andrews, for instance, considered the jack pine to be a foolish but inspiring tree because it managed to squeeze everything out of the poor soil where it grew. Thinking about this, she said, gave her the courage to live.

Donna Marchand, accompanied by guitarist Sherry Shute, sang a number of songs but most amusing was her poem, *Eating Out*, ("You are a living, growing smorgasbord") which utilized all the attendant possibilities for *double entendre*. Among the bands were the reggae-influenced Bratty and The Babysitters, which had most of the crowd up and dancing, and Present Tense (formerly called Cell-Nine). Lead-singer Pat Jeffries has a clear expressive voice and an energetic, if robotic method of movement. For the Fem Fest performance only, they added a couple of action painters and a woman weight lifter, but these didn't really add all that much to the proceedings. Like most of the bands and other performers seen during Fem Fest 85, Present Tense's aim is to combine good entertainment with a reasonable dollop of political content. That's something all artists, in whatever media they work in, should think about.

Randi Spires is a Toronto feminist writer.

Quest for the Female



Reviewed by Cynthia Flood

Standing at low tide in the Burnaby Narrows on the Queen Charlotte Islands, it's not possible to move without touching marine life. Shells, spirals, tubes, stars, strand lie thick on the wet sands, where they form constantly changing patterns of living waterlit colour, and so many clams are squirting that the sound makes a kind of watery melody. Off the British Columbia coast further south, on the Gulf Islands, which are the setting for Audrey Thomas's latest novel, *Intertidal Life*, sea life is not so lushly abundant; but a city-dweller willing to move past the initial disappointment that the tide's out, and to look at what the discovered seafloor reveals, will find a singular world awaiting recognition.

Alice Hoyle, a writer who is the central character of *Intertidal Life*, is searching the beach of herself. Although a comment from the *New York Times Review of Books*, quoted on the dustjacket, defines Thomas's writing as "intensely, assertively feminine," I don't think that's right. Rather, it seems to me that

in this, as in earlier works, the goal of Thomas's ardent quest is the *female*—different, much harder to define. Alice has selected a particular part of her beach to work on: a critical time some eight years past, when Peter, her husband of 14 years, left her; when she had to remake her concept of family in order to arrange life for her three young daughters; and when she realized that several of her women friends were, one after another, getting involved with Peter. Present-day Alice, who is facing up to an unnamed but serious operation, goes back to the sands of what she was, in order to find the living record of what she is now.

To explore this complex territory in her heroine, Thomas uses some techniques familiar to readers of her work (*Mrs. Blood, Blown Figures*, *Latakia*). She juxtaposes sections employing a first-person narrator with sections presented from a third-person point of view, so as to combine intimacy with a degree of distancing. Different time periods are also juxtaposed, the present next to the distant past next to a couple of years ago. The lengths of these various types of narrative differ greatly, and non-narrative elements also occur—dictionary definitions and histories of words, children's rhymes, scraps of dramatic dialogue, lists, fragments of poetry. All these materials appear to lie randomly in and on the pliant sand of memory; the reader, moving with Alice back and forth across her terrain, can gradually compose a multi-layered understanding of the sequences and interconnections of her experience.

Thomas's aim appears to be primarily to present and describe physical setting and emotional atmosphere, rather than to develop narrative line. Many aspects of the Gulf Islands appear vividly in the novel, and she is gifted at selecting the precise combination of sensory detail that will fix a taste or texture, a smell or a quality of light in the reader's consciousness, and these in turn evoke Alice's feelings:

Alice put the cod's head in a dish and took it out to the front porch, the cat snarling with pleasure. Then she peered at Flora and went back to the kitchen to pick all the bones out of the fish. Peter had gone out in the rowboat at 5 am and come back triumphant. A

ling cod, the very best eating. Her Provider. Her Good Provider. She made bread and an apple pie from the transparent apples. They were a good team. Good companions. A companion was somebody you (literally) broke bread with. She was content—most of the time—but lately he was not. She went outside to get some parsley for the stew she was making. The wasps were bothering the cat. Flora had been stung on the eyelid a week ago. It was hard to think of wasps as God's creatures; they seemed to be naturally vicious... Was it true that only the females could sting?

Alice's pain, self-deprecation, loneliness, arrogance, dependence, bitterness—all come through in this and many scenes. Yet for me the absence of clear narrative line is dissatisfying; the novel's structure seems to obscure the course of events, and the range of material present is at times excessively detailed and repetitious, at others lacking in hard-core factual information. The total effect of the novel is for me incomplete, inconclusive.

In its presentation of characters, *Intertidal Life* is successful only to a limited degree, because Thomas has elected to present her people from a relatively limited point of view. Her adult characters appear in the role of lover. Intensely, concentratedly, continually, they discuss their relationships. But, because the people do not seem to exist in any other dimension, they are not very believable lovers either. Peter remains shadowy; what is the source of his attraction? More importantly, Alice herself veers close to incredibility in a crucial area. We know she's a writer—but what does she write? how does she feel about chapter four? does she hate her editor? is she going to have to revise the whole thing? It's hard to imagine how her commitment to her work could have been a problem in the marriage. And although many parts of the novel reveal Alice's imaginative powers—her wit, intellect, ability to connect images, memories, references in creative ways—these powers continually focus on the insubstantial Peter and her relationship with him.

Similar problems occur with minor characters. Stella, Selene, Trudi, Anne Marie, Penny, all acquaintances or friends, are linked to Alice by their connections with Peter or by their involvement in intense and troubled

relationships with other men. When the women talk, these connections and involvements take centre stage; without them, it seems that the women would have no reason for a relationship at all. Because these characters' development is so one-sided, they remain largely unknown, inexplicable rather than believably contradictory.

A current which runs throughout the novel, bringing a refreshing chill, is a sharply critical and satiric presentation of hippie culture; many background and minor characters are denizens of hippiedom. The novel exposes much of the phoniness, pretension, selfishness and materialism of that culture, and yet, because Alice is herself an escapee from Mainland life, she also appreciates and names the real difficulties and achievements involved in Leaving For The Island. On the hippies, Alice's response goes beyond description to analysis; she considers the social context; she looks at *why* they are as they are and what their being means. I wish very much that this were so far Thomas's depiction of female-male relationships, because with these she appears to stay at a level of static, non-analytic description which is to me unsatisfying. Inexplicable, controlling, and unalterable, these relationships are characterized by pain and the impossibility of communication.

Will or nil he, he (Peter) drew these women to him as surely as though he controlled the tide. And she, left behind on the shore, amidst the purple stars, the crabs, the bladder wrack. She might hate them but she could never blame them. The vegetable gardens grew green and full; the air was heavy with flowers, the nights stretched out their long green hands. Come. Come. Come. Come.

This is a vision of human relationships which I can't accept. Indeed, I think it denigrates the species' ability to understand itself, to change, and to move to new and unexplored expanses of shore, rich and beautiful in their varieties of life. Thomas bears gifted witness to the ways some people are now; I wish she would admit to other, more rewarding possibilities, for individual humans and the society in which they live.

Cynthia Flood is a Vancouver writer.

The Weight of Tradition

Women of Ideas And What Men Have Done To Them, by Dale Spender. Ark Paperbacks: 1983. 800 pp.

Reviewed by Judy Millen

Sometime in the 70s Dale Spender went to her publisher with the concept for her book *Women of Ideas*. She explained that she wanted to look into the past and retrieve for publication the lives of western, English-speaking women of distinction. Before the meeting broke up, someone made the inevitable "joke" that it would be a very thin book. And she, on the instant, resolved that it would not be a thin book even if she had to make up her research. This incident, and resolution that she made, explains a lot about Dale Spender. Here is a woman whose commitment to feminism is total and uncompromising. I have no doubt that had the circumstances warranted it, she actually would have made up her research. And she would have done so with a clear conscience. To Dale Spender falsifying women's pasts would not have constituted lying. What does constitute lying for her are the ways whereby patriarchal oppression forces women into living false and incomplete lives. Any made-up histories that Spender might have created would only have redressed the long standing lies which have silenced and erased the truth of women's existence.

When I heard her tell the anecdote at U of T in the fall of 1984, I realized that she felt no sense of betrayal. Her book had originated in her escalating understanding of the betrayal of women by men. She felt only a wonderful freeing sense of irreverence for what she calls boy's subjects and their restrictive methodo-

logies. She set out to find some balance to the inequities suffered by women. It was the originating motivation for the book and it ultimately proved to be the work's strongest thesis when it originally appeared in 1982. This desire to balance the inequities is also the reason why this book is not, in the strictest sense of the word, history. It is a statement of the politics of Dale Spender.

What Spender found when she began her search has become a major cliché of feminist studies. She found an overwhelming, rich amount of material. There was far more material than she could ever hope to cover in what turned out to be a very fat and healthy book, 800 pages long. In an ironic twist, Spender's resolution to make up material meant that she, like so many of us in our feminist infancy, had been duped by the very convention that she was trying to contradict. She too was unsure that women of the past could supply anything of substance for such an undertaking. But she was also *not* duped (in a way that many of us were) because she had no intention of collapsing under the weight of this tradition. She had every intention of being an active part of a movement which once again was attempting to effect change. (One of Spender's theories has it that women have had to "reinvent" themselves every 50 years.)

This wonderful book became, in 1982, another in the steadily increasing number of sources which are illuminating the long, honourable, albeit silenced, history of women of ideas. It is a wonderful book largely because it is so engaging on so many levels. It is personally and accessibly written. In fact, the personal nature of her style thumbs its nose at the traditional male methodology of "objective" style. Dale Spender never tries to

pretend than she isn't vitally and humanly present in her work as she ranges from Aphra Behn (1640-1680) to the present. When she is irritating and, in my opinion, wrong-headed and indulgent, it is with so much stylistic flair that it makes you want to phone her to continue the discussion. She does not threaten. In fact, she writes so well and is so personally involved that even the usual formula list of acknowledgements are readable.

The introductory and concluding pages are riveting and passionate. Since this is a book that most of us would use as a type of reference book, referring to it for Spender's opinion on someone we already know (Virginia Woolf or Mary Wollstonecraft) or to find what she has discovered about someone "new" (for me, Mary Pix or Caroline Norton, to name just a few), it is important to remember to begin at the beginning. It is here that Spender outlines her position with respect to her book and her place in a patriarchal world. "Why didn't we know? This is not just simply a superficial or intellectually interesting question, but one which was central to our understanding of patriarchy. Why were women of the *present* cut off from women of the past and how was this achieved?" It's no comfort to realize that this question still has enormous relevance in 1985, as it did when Spender first began to ask it sometime in the 60s. We simply don't know enough about ourselves and our history. *Women of Ideas* is an excellent place to begin. Taken as a statement of first-rank feminist analysis, the first 32 pages are by themselves worth the price of admission. One section, which she calls "Objections: Sustained and Over-ruled," is a play on a legal argument. Here she cleverly outlines the major ways that male hegemony has operated and puts the

boots to the arguments. For instance, in answer to the idea that women "cannot" be studied "out of context" she says, "If, in a patriarchal society, one response to my explanation for the disappearance of women is to claim that they have been studied 'out of context', I will feel some measure of gratification, for studying women 'in context' almost always means studying them in relation to men, locating them in terms of what men are doing or saying at the time. I do not want to study women in relation to men, partly because most of the women quoted in these pages refused to see themselves in relation to men." She knows full well that men have rarely studied themselves in relation to women and refuses to buckle under a rule for women only.

Some of my favourite sections are defined by the way in which Dale Spender exposes the subterranean forces of male dominance. Aphra Behn comes first in the work and there is a provoking account of how a very successful playwright was reviled and excluded and insulted in her lifetime, and then made to disappear after her death. "In a London that boasted only two theatres, she had seventeen plays produced in seventeen years. She wrote thirteen novels (thirty years before Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, generally termed the first novel) and published several collections of poems and translations." Spender does not go into a literary argument concerning Behn's merit but quite rightly points out that her very accomplishments alone should have assured her a place in literary history. Instead, Aphra Behn had all but disappeared until very recent work by feminists has drawn some attention to her again. But I would venture to say that there

continued next page

OUTSIDE BROADSIDE

TORONTO WOMEN'S EVENTS CALENDAR

JULY 1985

Compiled by Catherine Maunsell

● **Sunday, June 30:** Gay Gaze, Gallery 940 and the Artculture Resource Centre join forces to host 27 contemporary gay and lesbian artists from across Canada. 940 Queen St. East and 658 Queen West. 8 pm.

Week of July 1

● **Monday, July 1:** Parliamentarians Panel. Hosted by MP Sven Robinson with lesbian and gay MPs from Europe, 8 pm. Medical Science Auditorium, U of T.

● **Tuesday, July 2:** "Wet and Hard: The Politics and Practice of Lesbian and Gay Male Eroticism." A film/slide tape lecture, with Sue Golding and Tom Waugh. Medical Science Building, University of Toronto, Room 3153, 1 Kings College Circle. \$4, 8 pm.

● **Tuesday, July 2:** "Public Address," Exhibition and Catalogue Opening at A Space, 204 Spadina Ave. Info: 364-3227. To Saturday, July 13.

● **Tuesday, July 2:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120.

● **Wednesday, July 3:** "Danger: Anger." A new play by Gay Bell about choice and women's sexuality. The Theatre Centre, 296 Brunswick (at Bloor). 8 pm. Benefit for Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics. Special price, \$10. Regular price, \$6.25 employed, \$4.25 unemployed, single parents. Info: 927-8998. To Sunday July 7.

● **Wednesday, July 3:** Lesbian Performance Night. Beverly Bratty, Lina Chartrand, Phyllis Waugh, Amanda Hale, Randi Spires and others. \$5/\$3. Rivoli, 334 Queen West.

● **Wednesday, July 3:** Screening of "The Times of Harvey Milk," Bloor Cinema, 506 Bloor Street West. Info: 532-6677.

● **Friday, July 5:** "The Lady in Off-White," avant garde theatre, poetry, music, storytelling and dance. Featuring Audrey Rose, Makka Kleist, Monique Mojica and others. New Trojan Horse Café, 179 Danforth Ave. Info: 461-8367.

● **Saturday, July 6:** Celebration '85, featuring a one-act play by W.S. Choy, entitled Smashing Borders, plus a variety show featuring Zami, Faith Nolan, Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. 8 pm. Ontario College of Art, 100 McCaul St. Tickets \$8. Available at Toronto Women's Bookstore.

● **Saturday, July 6:** "Smashing Borders," an International Lesbian Dance. 8:30 pm. The Party Centre, 167 Church Street. Sponsored by the Lesbian Speakers Bureau, Lesbians of Colour and the International Gay Association. DJ Deb Parent. Tickets \$6 advance (at Toronto Women's Bookstore and Glad Day), \$5 door. (Sliding scale tickets available in advance at SCM). Hall only accessible. Childcare. Info: 964-7477.

● **Saturday, July 6:** Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence. Editors Rosemary Curb and Nancy Manahan discuss their book. 1 pm. Medical Science Auditorium. U of T. \$4.

Week of July 8

Accessibility: EVERYONE'S ISSUE

● **Tuesday, July 9:** "Accessibility: Everyone's Issue" - a workshop designed to increase public awareness on the need for accessible space. Sponsored by Womynly Way Productions. Speakers include Pat Israel, disabled activist, and Cathy McPherson, PUSH. 7-9 pm, Trinity-St. Paul's, 427 Bloor St. West. Info: 925-6568.

● **Tuesday, July 9:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120.

● **Wednesday, July 10:** The Parachute Club plays the Forum. 8:30 pm. Free with admission to Ontario Place. Also Thursday July 11.



"Danger/Anger" by Gay Bell. July 3-7.

● **Friday, July 12:** "The Lady in Off-White," avant garde theatre, poetry, music, storytelling and dance. Featuring Audrey Rose, Makka Kleist, Monique Mojica and others. New Trojan Horse Café, 179 Danforth Ave. Info: 461-8367.

● **Friday, July 12:** Kristi Magraw sings original blues, jazz and folk with Dunstan Morey and Elizabeth Paddon. \$5. Free Times Café, 320 College Street. Info: 967-1078. Also Saturday, July 13.

Week of July 22

● **Tuesday, July 23:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120.

● **Friday, July 26:** 25th Anniversary Mariposa Folk Festival, at Molson Park, Barrie. Featuring Sylvia Tyson, Kate and Anna McGarrigle, plus Margaret Christl, Cathy Fink, Marie-Lynn Hammond, Arlene Mantle, and others. \$27.50 weekend (advance, from BASS or write Mariposa, 525 Adelaide St. East, Toronto). Info: 363-4009. To Sunday July 28.

Week of July 15

● **Tuesday, July 16:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120.

Week of July 29

● **Tuesday, July 30:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120.

'Outside Broadside' is a monthly feature of the paper. To help make it as comprehensive as possible, let us know when you are planning an event.

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Ideas, from page 14

still aren't too many undergraduates hearing about Aphra Behn.

However, in the very passionate and strong-opinioned nature of this work - its strength - is also (typically) its weakness. Spender is unequivocal in her politics. She tells us that she refuses to present any negative pictures of women because men will use them against us. "We play into men's hands when we represent our sex negatively; we oblige them by doing some of their work for them. I know we are perfectly capable of generating our own valid meanings and I know that we do not all agree. I even know that I will never agree with some women; but my criticisms are in private until the view of a woman carries the same weight as a man's." I see two major

difficulties with this position. First, I think that it is important for us to learn to change the conventional "divide and rule" system that has for so long been a means of male dominance. I believe we must learn how to "fight" both publicly and privately without being destroyed by it. We must stop accepting the male assumption that a difference of opinion means division and division means defeat. Men are the ones who cannot bridge differences; that does not mean that we should not try. For me, it signals the important task that we have to learn to differ *and* to work together. Colour me optimistic.

Second, Spender feels so strongly about her principles that she simply cannot avoid her real sentiments and as a result she gets caught in some serious contradictions of her thesis. "For me, Goldman poses a problem: I do not

like her." This very public statement is not a private criticism. I must confess that I am not the least upset that Spender does not see high-level feminism in the life of Emma Goldman. The same could be said of many other impressive women. The problem is that Spender is so insistent about her public and private positions. Similarly, she recounts a fairly negative picture of Olive Schreiner. Nevertheless, Spender impresses me by the number of times she is quite fully aware of her position. In the case of Goldman, Spender warns her readers against the dangers of her negative bias. In the example of Schreiner, we are treated to this most startling footnote: "I knew this would happen sooner or later: since writing this account of Schreiner, I have read Liz Stanley's excellent article reappraising Schreiner - and find that I have fallen into

many of the traps that I have cautioned against. I could have rewritten my discussion of Schreiner, but upon reflection decided to let it stand as an example of being "conned"; primarily by the Freudian framework in which Schreiner has been evaluated. Readers should not therefore "trust" my assessment of Olive Schreiner - and are recommended to read Liz Stanley's account." This kind of interchange and honesty, in a world largely dominated by the obsession with being right, is long overdue and very refreshing.

This not-hot-off-the-press publication should still find its way to your bedside table to inform, irritate and inspire (yes, I do mean inspire). Flaws and all.

Judy Millen is a writer and student living in Toronto.

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CIRCULATION MANAGER WANTED for small, growing feminist magazine, 8-12 hours/week. Initiative and reliability most highly prized; interest/experience in publishing a big plus; comfort with micro-computers essential. (416) 978-4478.

SOCIALIST FEMINIST GP and psychotherapist seeks like-minded person(s) to share storefront office, 425 Queen Street East. GP, therapist, nutritionist, lawyer, etc. Call Nikki Colodny, (416) 364-3982.

LESBIANS IN VIOLENT RELATIONSHIPS: are you now or have you ever been hit, beaten, physically restrained or threatened with weapons by your lover? A new support group is starting for lesbians who have been battered. Confidentiality guaranteed. Call Education Wife Assault, (416) 968-3422. leave message for Persephone. This is a contact number only.

WOMEN AND SPIRIT: August 2-5, sharing and exploring our woman energy through the goddess. Hockley Valley. \$25. Phone Janice Canning, (416) 656-5465, (416) 656-8760, or Susan Ruben (416) 536-2594.

ABORTION STORIES WANTED. The Childbirth by Choice Trust, a pro-choice educational organization, is compiling women's stories about their experiences with illegal abortions. We intend to publish some of these stories and are particularly interested in recording the personal history of older women. Have you or someone close to you had an illegal abortion? Have you had experience with illegal abortion in your professional capacity? If you are willing to write or tape your story or to be interviewed, please write to Leslie Pearl, Childbirth by Choice Trust, 40 St. Clair Ave. E., Suite 310, Toronto, Ontario M4T 1M9, or phone (416) 961-1507. Confidentiality will be absolutely respected.

AUDITIONS for downtown club. Piano and or guitar. Must be able to sing. Contact Freda Johnson, (416) 977-4702.

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE: Wanted, active participants for Women's Issues theme area. Workshops include: Work, Economic Development and Social Change, Political Participation, Politics of Reproduction, Feminism and Challenges, Peace and Education. Call Andrea at (416) 665-7858 or Donna at (416) 667-6163/485-1637.

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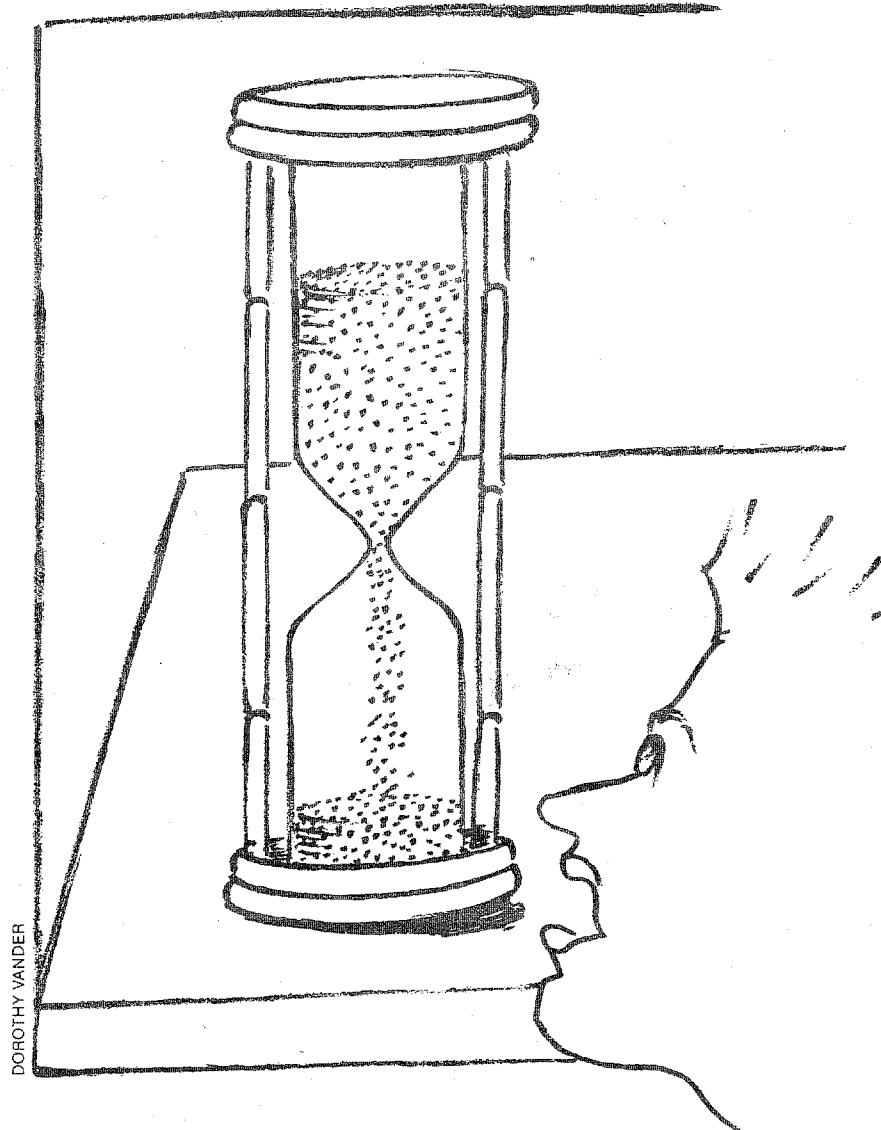
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