

Broadside

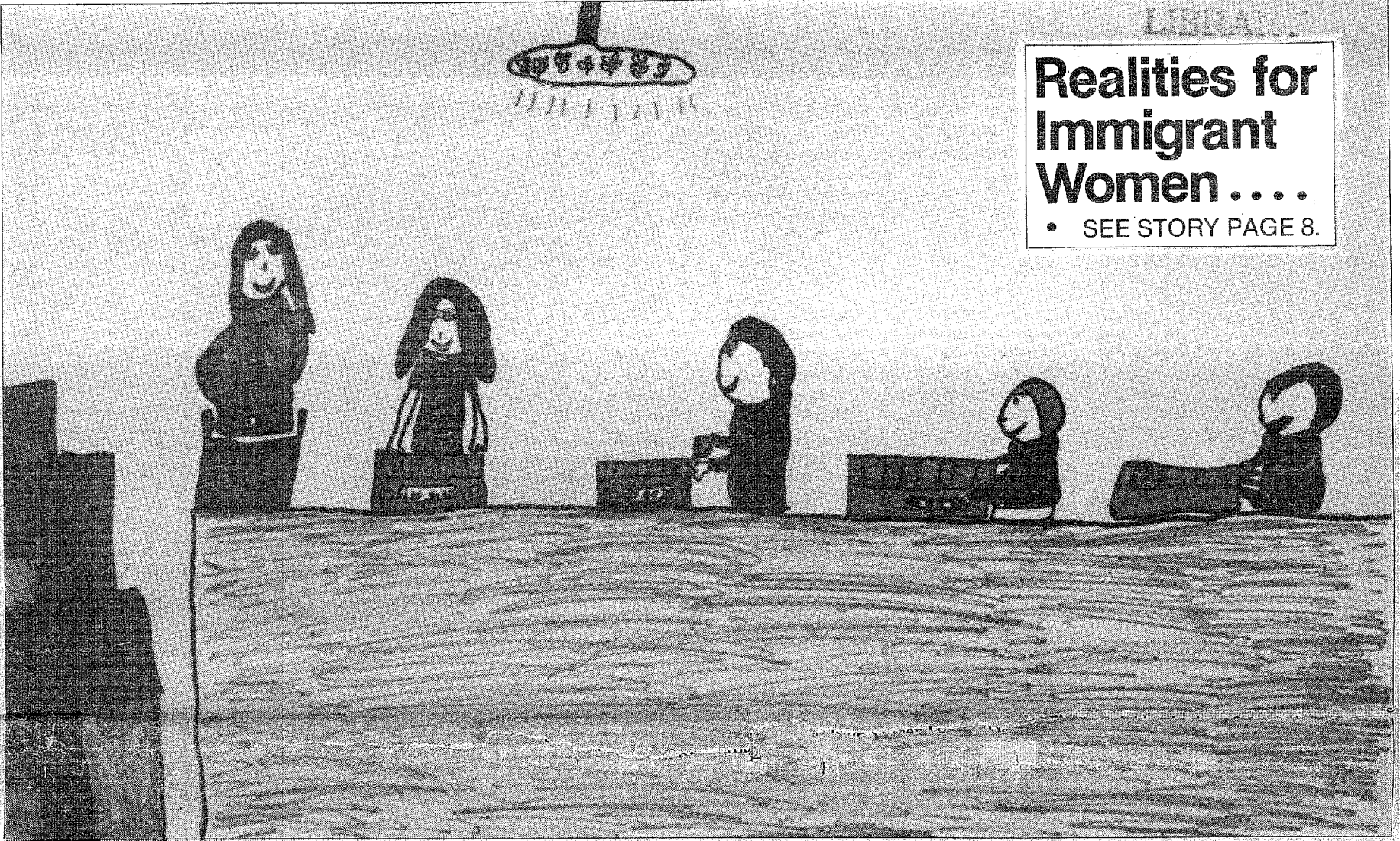
A FEMINIST REVIEW

Toronto Women's
Calendar Inside.

Volume 4, number 4

February 1983

NEW COLLEGE \$1



Realities for
Immigrant
Women....

• SEE STORY PAGE 8.

From 'Come With Us: Children Speak for Themselves', Women's Press

FEATURE

INVISIBLE MINORITIES: Women who immigrate to Canada often come as part of a "family package" and are isolated in the home, denied English-language training, welfare or other social benefits, are ghettoized in low-paying jobs, and often neglected by the women's movement. Ana Bodnar reports on the situation, interviews Isabel S., a union organizer from Chile, and provides a list of useful resources. Page 8.

NEWS

MOVEMENT MATTERS: Across the country, women are organizing around pornography (a report from WAP Victoria), around abortion (a report from the Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics), and in the media (a report on CBC-Stereo's upcoming 'Ideas' show on feminism). Page 6.

COMMENT

VIDEO VICTIMS: Susan G. Cole comments on the mounting pressure to close down

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video porn outlets, a movement given impetus by the Vancouver firebombings of three Red Hot Video stores. Illegal or not, the firebombings have brought an important debate to the general public. Page 4.

FROM OUR READERS: Letters from Canadian women — including Mary O'Brien, Maureen Hynes, Camille Bachand — responding to *Broadside's* articles on Canadian/US feminism, anti-Semitism, abortion, high school women; plus some humour and some words of encouragement. Page 3.

PANEL-PLEA: Recent panel discussions in Toronto have suffered from problems of presentation, says Eve Zaremba. There are ways to make these forums lively and politically useful, and we should learn from our mistakes. Page 7.

HORROR STORIES: Critics of regulations on the pornography industry should take a look at some hard core porn before airing their liberal, anti-censorship views, says novelist Anne Cameron. That's what she did, and it made her sick. Page 5.

IDENTITY CRISIS: Some women have worked all their lives at maintaining their tomboy image, only to have it pulled out from under them by the current fashion of strong but feminine women. Mariana Valverde, taking time out from weight-lifting, reports from the U of T Athletic Centre. Movement Comment, page 14.

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WITCH-HUNTING PASSÉ? Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* (recently at Toronto's Theatre Plus) was written during the 1950's McCarthy era, about witch-hunting in 1600 Salem, Mass. It was expected to be dated when the red-baiting stopped, but it has lessons for us today. Actress Martha Henry, ex-artistic director of Stratford, is interviewed by Patricia O'Leary. Page 12.

BOOKS: Betsy Nuse reviews two volumes of poetry — *Writing Right: poetry by Canadian women* and Cecelia Frey's *the least you can do is sing*; Tammy Marcus, 12, reviews *The Day the Fairies Went on Strike* by Maureen FitzGerald and Linda Briskin. Page 13.

LETTERS

Broadside:

I want to comment on Susan G. Cole's report ("Exceeding Our (Political) Import Quota," November 1982) on Mary Daly's visit and her musings about that event. It is difficult to comment too critically, for Susan was so nice to me, but I think there are a few things to be said. The most important is that my closing remarks, however they sounded, were a bad blow out. Intent on making sure that I thanked the sponsors — sponsors tend to live under bushels and are consequently prickly — I forgot to thank the two people who did the work which made the affair an event, which I think it indeed was. So I apologise publicly to Nancy Poole and Bitsy Batemen and express our indebtedness to them for hard and well-done labour in both mounting the event and raising Daly's fee.

Apart from the thanks, there are important aspects to this. Feminist events have, in my view, too often meant the exhaustion of small groups of voluntary organizers who may or may not have found compensation in the exhilaration of making our history. I think the movement is now strong enough that we can thankfully stop exploiting each other, however regretfully, and pay the behind the scenes ones as well as the up-front ones for their work. Purists, of course, will argue that the banquet circuit is a circus that feminism doesn't need, and I'm not unsympathetic to that view: feminism isn't show biz, but it does include show biz. It is an international movement, and I am a little disturbed by the parochialism of Susan's posi-

tion. Women want to see our artistes perform, hear our doers and thinkers, know the breadth and strength of our movement at first hand. We have to be creative, I think, in developing ways of making feminist events self-sustaining without introducing invidious exclusions. Bitsy and Nancy have made an important developmental contribution to this process, and are due thanks for extending the possibilities of a very practical kind of networking for women for very small returns and, due to my delinquency, no thanks.

As for my being a lapsed Marxist: simply untrue, though I appreciate the elegance of the juxtaposition of lapsed Marxist and lapsed Catholic. However, despite the genuflections of some of the left, Marxism is not in fact a religion. It is a theory of historical development unified with political strategies. My own work would be impossible to do without this theoretical tradition, which I believe to be profound and practically useful. It is, of course, also partial and patriarchal, and it is my ambition to transcend this aspect of it, and to develop political strategies of a different kind, but I do not expect to abandon dialectical materialism nor mute my respect and admiration for Marx's achievements.

I am not, of course, unsympathetic to Susan's other remarks, though among the patriarchalisms I am no fonder of nationalism than imperialism. I spent the dinner hour trying to educate Mary Daly on the realities and pitfalls of imperial parochialism. I saw her quite clearly remember my comments when it was too late, and she made her inadequate attempt to soften the gaffe. But the question is of course a wider one. Last year, I recall, at about the same time, many of us were sitting together straining to hear the accented tones of Sheila Rowbotham. Frankly, what both of these women

said disappointed me a bit, but on balance I'm glad they came. These were events, public and replete with goodwill, which unified the diverse strains within the movement and reminded us that despite our internal disagreements Canadian feminism has integrity and strengths which it shares with the international feminist making of history.

Finally, I'm not sure that Susan appreciates the two-way nature of the traffic. I for example have been paid well for a number of lectures I have done this year — in the United States and England! I did see some of the local feminist press in these countries subsequently, but there were no complaints on nationalist grounds. To be sure, neither the Brits nor the Americans seem to suffer the sort of identity crises which Canadians do, and there are solid historical reasons why they don't. I think, though, that Susan seriously underrates the autonomy and immense national vitality of Canadian femin-

Broadside:

Depuis des mois, je me promets de vous écrire pour vous dire combien j'apprécie *Broadside*. Voilà, maintenant c'est fait!

Broadside est pour moi un îlot de fraîcheur et d'humour tout en étant une source d'information inestimable. Que ce soit des dossiers à caractère politique, social, artistique ou autre, vous les traitez intelligemment et en profondeur. Souvent, ces mêmes dossiers sont presque ignorés par les "grands" médias d'information.

Vous êtes ce qu'on appelle en québécois un "must"! Ne lâchez pas. Nous, les femmes, avons besoin de vous.

Bonne chance et bravo!

Camille Bachand,
Montreal

ism. As a reader of *Broadside* I am as absorbed in the British Columbian struggle for a feminist practice in rape politics as I am in the agonizing contradictions of political struggle in the Middle East. I'm sure there are many readers like me. Would the collective want to impose a national censorship on the journal? I think not. It would not be the fine publication it is if this were the case.

And...let us keep our memories integrated...would any one who heard Tillie Olson speak last year have preferred her to stay home? When we do it right, we do it very big indeed.

Mary O'Brien,
Toronto

Broadside:

As a socialist feminist, I welcome the debate you have recently been holding in your pages on the question of Israel and Zionism; however, I must respond with very strong words to one comment made in Fay Nemani's response ("Zionism and Feminism," December 1982) to Lilith Finkler's article ("Zeroing in on Zionism," October 1982).

Nemani makes the point that Finkler, if she is to call for the abolition of the state of Israel, ought to call equally "for the abolition of the states of El Salvador, the Philippines, Nicaragua, Pakistan and many more repressive regimes."

Why is Nicaragua included in this list of repressive regimes? Is it because Nemani's analysis includes Nicaragua in her definition of countries with "socialist dictatorships"? Or is it because, in her case, the US-dominated media portrayals of Nicaragua as a Marxist threat to democracy have clouded her perceptions? In either case, she is mistaken. →

Broadside

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EDITORIALS

Making Allowances

Last week, Judy Erola, Minister responsible for the Status of Women, suggested in a television interview that she might support the phasing out of the spousal allowance. In trying to say in ten seconds what requires at least one hour to explain, the Minister got herself into a bit of trouble.

Her greatest difficulty is that the spousal allowance is generally misunderstood to be a benefit when in fact it is a tax deduction. Allowing a male a tax write-off for his spouse implies that the housewife is a burden, that she costs more than she gives. To help the poor man out, we give him a deduction.

Of course, we know the housewife is not a burden. Women who stay in the home do important work, even if it is not remunerated by wages. These women who work in the home, even if the philosophy behind the spousal deduction is essentially negative, and even though the savings are their husbands' and not cash in their own hands, believe that the spousal deduction is the only recognition given to women's work in the home.

The Minister is actually trying to find a

way to increase the benefits for childcare. The present \$1,000 per child (up to four children) comes nowhere near covering the real costs of child care. Forced to consider where to find the funds for the new benefits, Erola hastily dreamed up the justification for a scheme, the most dangerous repercussion of which is the conflict between working women and housewives.

Had Erola's plan been to eliminate the spousal deduction and to increase both child care deductions and family allowances, thus benefiting both women in the work force and women with children in the home, she would have saved herself a lot of public discomfort and would not have caused the kinds of division the women's movement could well do without.

We would rather the Minister did not have to take money from one group and give it to another in the first place. But it seems she can't recommend increases to Cabinet of child care benefits unless she accompanies the proposal with the means to save money. Given that, and the fact that no one presently receiving the spousal deduction is likely

ever lose it, Erola may be on the right track.

She should stay on the same track with regard to pensions. Here, she has been arguing that housewives are contributors and not burdens, thus rationalizing the elimination of the spousal deduction. But when it comes to arguing whether they make enough of a contribution to get pensions, she argues no, and wants housewives to settle for part of their husbands' pensions.

Erola has a difficult task and cannot expect to make everybody happy. We agree, given the real implications of the spousal allowance, that the childless woman who stays at home contributes to the quality of her husband's life and that the rest of society should not have to give him recompense by way of a tax deduction. But the phasing out of the spousal allowance is an acceptable policy only if both child care deductions and family allowances are increased and if married women get the benefit of full pensions.

The issues of spousal allowance, tax deductions and pensions are complex. The debate has begun, and *Broadside* intends to keep tabs on it as it develops. ●

IWD - It Used to be 'Join Us'

International Women's Day is next month and we're looking forward to it. Every year there are new faces, high energy and a multitude of events to choose from. It is a time of year women smile knowingly at each other, especially when wearing an International Women's Day button. When the events are over, the feeling is of gladness that feminism exists in such glorious numbers, a feeling that helps recharge us for the hard work in store for the rest of the year.

The women who make up the International Women's Day Committee (IWDC) in Toronto are dedicated women. These women have regular meetings throughout the year to plan Toronto's March 8th festivities. The committee works with an incredibly diverse coalition of women and issues, each crying

for top priority. The committee has the difficult job of figuring out which issues and groups get the spotlight, without stepping on too many toes.

In the past, IWDC was eager to have as many different representatives as possible involved in the decision-making process and to try to come up with some sort of consensus. The emphasis was "JOIN US!", as was found in capital letters in their newsletters.

Their latest newsletter had capital letters too, but not spelling out the same message. The committee has now defined itself as "SOCIALIST/feminist". This poses a problem for many women. It is not that progressive women reject socialism, but that many women involved with International Women's Day do not make socialism their

priority. Does the IWDC now want to exclude anarchists, lesbian-feminists, or any other group with a different point of view? Or does this mean that all women who take part in International Women's Day are now automatically socialists?

It was ironic that in October 1982, during a panel discussion on unity and coalitions, IWDC's Cindy Wright emphasized that her group is socialist and neglected to stress that the coalition comprises such a great variety of women's groups. We at *Broadside* want International Women's Day to grow and be as successful as possible. If the Committee continues to put too much weight on an exclusionary definition, the group runs the risk of turning women against something that was originally meant to unite us. ●

Nicaragua is a country where the truly repressive regime of Anastasio Somoza was routed in July, 1979, after a protracted revolution that cost the Nicaraguan people 50,000 lives. On May 4, 1980, the governing body, the Council of State was founded: its 54 members include representatives of a wide range of political organizations (not all supportive of the Sandinista Front), as well as trade union confederations, popular organizations, indigenous peoples, the church, the women's organization and 6 representatives of private sector organizations. At present, 40% of the Nicaraguan economy is state-owned; 60% is privately-owned. Because the Council of State is representative of so many different sectors and mass organizations in Nicaraguan society, and because these organizations bring the concerns of their membership to the Council for legislative enactment, the governing body is indeed democratic and accountable. The project of electoral reform is an important one that the society as a whole is now engaged in defining through the representative bodies of each sector.

In the light of Nemani's concern about the preservation of patriarchy and a feminist solution to this problem, it is also distressing to see her define Nicaragua as a repressive regime. As feminists, we have a great deal to learn from the popular struggle in Nicaragua where the participation and organization of women in the military struggle was widespread and exemplary. This is, as well, one country where the concerns of women have not been forgotten once the revolution triumphed. The serious social problems brought on by the heritage of a *machiste* patriarchal society are now being attacked in the legislative arena. One of the first pieces of legislation passed by the Council of State was an impressive and ground-breaking law banning sexist advertising. The most recent law passed by the Council of State (December 1982), the Law of Nurturing, gives new social value to domestic labour and child-rearing by placing equal responsibility for these areas on both spouses. This is a legal response to the situation in urban areas where there is such a high incidence of abandonment of families by fathers that in Managua alone, 60% of the families are supported by single mothers. It is also a legal response brought forward by the women's organization, AMNLAE, and which engendered one of the most heated debates to date both in the Council of State and in the country as a whole.

Finally, I find it alarming to see Nicaragua depicted as a repressive regime at this time of intense military threats by US-backed supporters of Somoza based in Honduras (see *Newsweek*, Nov. 8/82 for details on the existence, size and degree of US support for these hostile forces). The Reagan government is actively pursuing cover operations to destabilize Nicaragua, and although concerned to "let Poland be Poland," does not extend the same kind of concern to Nicaragua.

Again, I thank *Broadside* for the educational articles on Palestine and Israel; however, I fear the feminist community needs as much education on Central America if Fay Nemani's remark on Nicaragua is indicative of the general level of consciousness about that area of the world.

Maureen Hynes,
Toronto

Broadside:

I am writing regarding the article "Zionism and Feminism" by Fay Nemani, in the December, 1982 issue of *Broadside*. In one section of the article, reference is made to a number of repressive regimes: "I did not hear Lilith Finkler calling for the abolition of the states of El Salvador, Philippines, Nicaragua, Pakistan and many more repressive regimes."

This list is incorrect in that Nicaragua is not a repressive regime. Since the revolution of July, 1979, which ousted Somoza's brutal dictatorship, the Nicaraguan people have made substantial gains in the areas of literacy, health care, and other basic human rights. In fact, Nicaragua's present government is struggling and fighting against forces which are attempting to destabilize the Government of Reconstruction.

I feel it is incumbent upon you to correct

this misinformation officially in the next issue of *Broadside*, as such information is extremely damaging to the progress and struggle of the Nicaraguan people.

Elisse Zack,
Toronto

Broadside:

Thank you for Lilith Finkler's enlightening article "Zeroing in on Zionism" (October 1982). I found it refreshing, informative, and well-documented.

It is important that women of all backgrounds examine the motives and methods of "their" leaders. We must challenge militarism on all fronts, and withdraw our support from any social order that uses it. We must use our energy to lead the world to a just, non-oppressive peace.

I hope to see more articles like this in *Broadside*.

Susan Brown,
Toronto

Broadside:

Re: Susan G. Cole's "Exceeding Our (Political) Import Quota," November 1982.

While it is true that Canadian issues often differ from American ones, to tell a Jewish woman (or any woman you have privilege over) that it doesn't happen here is to be racist.

Anti-Semitism is universal. The KKK exists in Canada and has for decades. They burn crosses. They kill people. They hate Jews. There are swastikas all over Vancouver, and white supremacist graffiti. A woman was raped because she was Jewish. They painted "Get out Jew" and a star of David on the wall.

A small portion of Letty Cottin Pogrebin's article (in *Ms.*) has to do with anti-Semitism. It also deals with anti-Zionism, which is definitely an issue in Canada and a cause of much anti-Semitism. Most of it, however, deals with anti-Jewish attitudes that are to be found everywhere. Most of those which Pogrebin mentions, I have encountered in some form here.

There are not many Blacks in Canada, but there are many Asian, East Indian and aboriginal women. The Canadian women's movement has never been open to women of colour and it has only been open to Jews who pass. Susan Cole seems to think that only socialists fight racism and that as socialism is undesirable, so is fighting racism or making the movement accessible to ethnic women or women of colour. This is in itself racist.

I have yet to meet a Gentile who has any true knowledge of Jewish history, or of how vast and time-honoured a tradition Jew-hating is. I have yet to meet one who is even slightly interested.

Over the last six months I have reached the point of not feeling safe around white, Gentile feminists. I left the women's movement several years ago because of its elitism. Its virulent anti-Semitism is making me seriously consider breaking the few ties I have left.

And re: *Broadside's* November 1982 editorial: While I agree that giving room to different points of view is important, the editorial seems to be saying that it's OK to print anti-Semitic articles because the women's movement hasn't decided anti-Semitism is "bad." In effect, this is saying that women with privilege have the authority to decide when and where minority women are or are not being oppressed. When Jewish women tell you that they are very upset with something you have done, you should seriously consider that you may have been anti-Semitic.

Phoenix,
Vancouver

Broadside:

Re: Deena Rasky's article "MQII Leaves Us Dancing," December 1982.

I have had the good fortune to peer into Lorraine Segato's mouth and have never found it cavernous. What's Ms. Rasky's problem?

L. Conger, Dentist
Toronto

Broadside:

Congratulations on a refreshingly honest and perceptive article: Wendy Wine's "High School Confidential" (December 1982). Although my high school days are long past, as a result of reading about Wendy's experiences as a Women's Studies Affirmative Action Representative some of my own struggles as a feminist and an activist became clearer. I look forward to reading more articles by this articulate and sensitive writer.

Debora Bojman,
Toronto

Broadside:

Lesbians Against the Right (LAR) is taking a break until mid April. We've lost the energy and momentum we had last year. Since last spring we've been involved in discussions about focussing our work, trying to figure out what a lesbian/feminist organization should be doing. We have not come up with a viable strategy to direct and strengthen LAR. This has resulted in a loss of members and in frustration and disappointment on the part of those women who have remained.

All of us continue to feel the necessity of a lesbian/feminist organization in Toronto. As a result of this commitment, we have decided that LAR should take a break rather than disappear. During the period of the break we plan to reassess LAR's goals and hope that other lesbians in the city will do the same.

We are planning a meeting in April where we hope LAR will be revitalized. See you there.

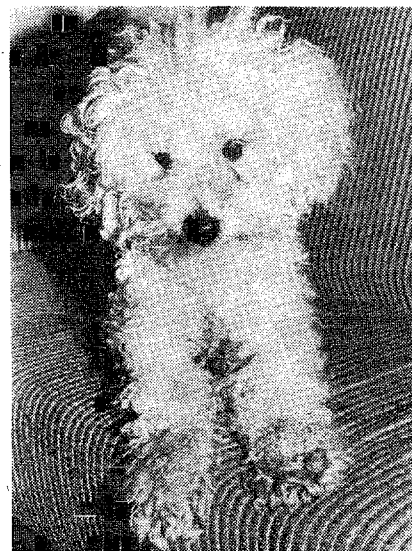
Women from LAR
Toronto

Broadside:

Thank you for mentioning me in your item on *Broadside's* Open House (December 1982).

However, I am not a terrier, never have been, and probably never will be.

Chip ("I am not a terrier") Kenney,
Toronto



Gail Kenney

Broadside:

Something happened last October, something important. The Salukis, an all lesbian fastball team won the 1982 season of the Metro Ladies Fastball Association. (They're working on trading in "Ladies" for "Women's"). On October 1, in the traditional, championship banquet and dance, the Salukis and the League celebrated this victory and gained another!

The Association has existed for over ten years and The Salukis themselves are ten years young. Though there are many strong, magnificent women on other teams, straight and gay, this is the first time an all lesbian team has won the championship and they had to fight for it. They had to fight their own internal dissension. They had to struggle to pull together a team under two new co-coaches, Boo Watson and Gayle Waddell. (There are few, few women coaches in women's fastball. And these are the first co-coaches in this league.) They had to put their all into their team. They did and they won.

But there was more to win than a baseball trophy. The Association president had requested that The Salukis not dance close to-

Broadside:

A person should not be labelled an "anti-choice fanatic" (see editorial "Support Your Local Clinic," December 1982) just because she opposes abortion. I feel that abortion is an attack on the collective dignity of women and serves only to shield women from a society hostile toward the "improper" sexual activity of women. This hostility is the exclusive patent of a sexist, patriarchal society which has controlled the destiny of women for thousands of years. It will continue this way as long as we only "cope" with the hostility through abortion, rather than fight to change society's attitude toward pregnancy. A pregnant woman is prey to this hostility unless and until she can matrimonially and financially assure society that she is not guilty of sexual misconduct.

I hope not to be mistaken as a member of the "Right-to-Life" or any other such organization. I perhaps have less regard for these groups than most "pro-abortion" feminists. My own observations leave me to conclude that they are simply against anyone wishing to change their precious sexist society. For example, if they are so against abortion, why did they not even exist to protest the abortions performed before 1969. Of course, it is because the women having abortions at that time were not seriously questioning their lot in life as defined by men on male terms. They had already given in to sexism and posed no threat to the status quo.

Perhaps these "Whatever-Life" groups wish to return to the so-called "old-boy" medical network which served their abortion needs without all the revealing paperwork that legal abortion demands. All I know for sure is that they never express any concern for life before birth unless they can express their anti-feminist sentiments at the same time. Why don't they insist that a man be charged with murder if his criminal assault on a pregnant woman results in a miscarriage? Why are they consistently on the wrong side of every other human rights/social justice issue? Anti-abortion is the only issue where you can retain all your bigotry, your reactionary ideals, and your protective isolation from those more disadvantaged than you and/or different from you, and still come out smelling like a "Pro-Life" rose. I find this selfish exploitation of defenseless human life unforgivable.

At the same time, I wonder if some women call themselves feminists only to secure for themselves some personal protection against possible unwanted pregnancy, while disregarding the sexist factors involved. Feminists are fighting for a medical solution to a problem that requires a social and political solution. Abortion solves one woman's "problem" for one unwanted pregnancy. Yet the political, socio-economic factors which have largely contributed towards making pregnancy ostensibly unfeasible do not go away when an unwanted pregnancy is terminated. In fact, no feminist ideal is any closer to being realized by terminating a pregnancy. Yet abortion continues to surface as the single most important aspect of feminist politics (at least it gets the most attention).

We set such high standards in our demands for equity in the workplace, in the home, in school, and on the street. We do not compromise on our demand for independent control over our lives. Why then must we aim so low when confronting this society's hateful ignorance of what has and is destined to be a major part of the collective lives of women. The abortion issue has identified and researched this ignorance in detail, but abortion cannot fight it; it can only help each of us to cope with this hostility. All it does is terminate the life of the one human being not responsible for the plight of women in a man's world.

I, for one, believe that the time has come to seek out a more lasting solution.

Elaine R. Colford,
Toronto

gether in slow dances. Yes, their friends were welcome, but ... "don't be women close to other women, not on the dance floor, not in public. It looks like you're in bed together. It's a bad influence on younger team members." In other words, be invisible women.

Joanne Doucette and Nancy Irwin,
Toronto

Sparks Fly at Red Hot Video

by Susan G. Cole

The Polish authorities, in dire need of a public relations strategem, found one and took a quick trip to the bank at the same time: they published a girlie calendar. It was sold out of 200,000 copies the first day of its release. The pornographic image is beginning to take on magical properties, able to dispel with just thirteen flickers, one for each month and one for the cover, Polish political dissatisfaction.

How swiftly, political dissension can be co-opted.

It should come as no surprise that the porn industry, whether state-run or privately operated, can flourish in spite of obstacles like a hostile citizenry or a "responsible" press. Even an economic recession can't keep the pornographer down for long. Consider the situation of Red Hot Video, a company that operates out of British Columbia and which specializes in the distribution of video cassettes for home viewing. In eight months, during a serious slump in the economy, Red Hot Video opened 15 new outlets.

They don't call it Red Hot Video for nothing. Although, as is the case with most mainstream porn, much of the material promises untold delights and delivers only the unspeakably tedious, parts of the Red Hot catalogue take the realism route peopled by rapists, snuff artists and the usual array of "willing" victims. The content would stand a good chance of violating obscenity law if the Attorney General could bring himself to prosecute. But for a variety of reasons, and because of one irksome loophole in particular, Allan Williams and his

deputies have been having difficulty taking action. Most predictable of the AG's problems is the vagueness of the obscenity laws which increases the risk of bringing materials before the court. Lose the case, and you've created a precedent and an instant opening for the pornographer to exploit.

According to the Criminal Code, the depiction of violence by itself is not obscene. Only the undue exploitation of sex, or sex and violence, violate community standards. The court's definition of sex and violence is weird in any event. For example, the image of a woman in bondage is violent, but is not considered a combination of sex and violence, even if the woman is nude. And although it is illegal to produce the kind of hard core footage Red Hot Video does out, and to import it, there is no legal sanction against distributing copies of the illicit materials. That's been a most useful loophole for the boys at Red Hot Video.

During the months of Red Hot Video's rapid expansion, women at women's centres in Vancouver's North Shore and in Port Coquitlam tried to bring the matter to the attention of the appropriate representatives of the justice system, carefully monitoring the new tapes that arrived in the stores and keeping track of the promotional material. Their contact with the Attorney General was constant and still no charges were laid.

The Red Hot Video outlets continued to proliferate — until November 22, that is, when the Wimmin's Fire Brigade fire-bombed the outlets in Surrey, North Vancouver and Port Coquitlam.

Now, obviously, women can't start throwing dynamite around everytime we

confront the intransigence of patriarchal institutions. Having said that much, it is important to understand that in the wake of the bombings there was a serious transformation in the posture of the media concerning the pornography debate.

To begin with, suddenly there was a debate. Many feminists were beset with the conflict between means and ends, the uses of violence against property vs. the use of violence causing physical injury, and while others wondered who those wimmin were, anyway. Some feminists had no choice but to give their full attention to the media, which had finally been offered something "news-worthy" by the anti-porn movement. anti-porn movement.

The matter of newsworthiness is tricky. For example, once domestic violence has been remarked on as a phenomenon it is no longer news that men beat their wives. Submitting to the newspapers a release reminding the press that men are continuing to batter would only elicit wide yawns from many editors.

But find some men who are in group therapy trying to stop beating their wives, as did one enterprising Globe and Mail reporter, thus removing the focus from women who are oppressed in that ever-so-boring way that does nothing for newsstand sales, then that's news.

Similarly, a release reading that men are hooked on porn and women are not sure that's good, would not get a good deal of attention. Indeed, many such statements sent in by rape crisis workers were tossed out in favour of the more serious reporting of the machinations of government and other sporting news.

But issue a release that celebrates the fire-bombing of three Red Hot Video outlets (for the text, see box), and you're in business. Rape workers and women working in women's centres had never been so busy articulating a point of view they were sure the press had heard before. But no, it was all new to the fifth estate, which suddenly discovered, and reported, that porn was the fastest growing industry in the province. The gentlemen of the press were flabbergasted by the anger of women.

Jack Webster, Vancouver's feisty and independent public affairs personality, was one of them. Two days after the firebombings he assembled into "the pit" a who's who of feminist activists working on the violence issue and through a series of rapid-fire interviews, allowed them to talk about porn's role in perpetuating violence. In the course of the session the women refused to provide Webster with an instant put-down of the terrorist action. With the exception of the women at the North Shore Women's Centre, who stated publicly that the firebombings were "against everything they stood for," the women responded to the

question "Do you support the tactics of the Wimmin's Fire Brigade?" with a curt "No comment," or with an evasive reference to women's escalating anger in the face of an expanding porn trade.

As part of his regular format, Webster then opened the phones to the viewing audience, and the response put to rest the notion that only inner-city feminists get exercised about these things. At least three out of four female callers, many of whom identified themselves as residents of the suburbs and made the usual protestations against being labelled a "libber," felt that the Wimmin's Fire Brigade had done the right thing; it was about time people sat up and took notice of the increasing threats to women.

It's a little ironic to hear those kinds of sentiments coming from the middle of the road, since the very desire to be noticed has been the motivation for most international acts of terrorism, which the same women would no doubt deplore. The taking of hostages by Palestinians escalated once the PLO knew they could get a stranglehold on the media; Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini would not have bothered with his hostage scheme if, for all practical purposes it hadn't had reserved for him a spot on American nightly newscasts. The media have had a rich history of accepting the role of pawns in the terrorist game.

In the past, though, the press has focussed on the SWAT team and shoot-out tactics rather than the specific grievances of the terrorists. (In the case of some activists, like the Italian Red Brigades, it has never been clear whether there was motivation beyond the expression of ego anyway.) But for some reasons, perhaps because the action was taken by women and theirs was not a prolonged siege, the media in this instance went straight for the issue.

Now that the press has been galvanized into action, you'd best believe that heretofore immovable obstacles in the justice system will suddenly fall away and the Attorney General will think of a way to placate the surprisingly large numbers of women who refuse to accept his inertia. In fact, pressure from women's groups is already having effect. After police raids on porn outlets, the AG will be laying charges. That's good news, of a kind.

The bad news is best summed up with an excerpt from Jack Webster's morning show. "Do you support the tactics of the Wimmin's Fire Brigade?" he asked one of the participants. "No comment," the woman answered. And then, as if caught in a revelatory flash, she appeared to change her mind. "We wouldn't be here if they hadn't done it, would we?" There was a pause. "Would we?"

"No," Webster confessed. "You wouldn't." ●

In late November, the Wimmin's Fire Brigade firebombed three outlets of Red Hot Video, one in North Vancouver, one in Surrey and one in Port Coquitlam. The following is the press release delivered simultaneous to the action:

We, the Wimmin's Fire Brigade, claim responsibility for the fire-bombing of three Red Hot Video outlets in the Lower Mainland of B.C. on November 22, 1982. This action is another step towards the destruction of a business that promotes and profits from violence against wimmin and children.

Red Hot Video sells tapes that show wimmin and children being tortured,

raped and humiliated. We are not the property of men to be used and abused.

Red Hot Video is part of a multi-billion dollar pornography industry that teaches men to equate sexuality with violence. Although these tapes violate the Criminal Code of Canada and the B.C. guidelines on pornography, all lawful attempts to shut down Red Hot Video have failed because the justice system was created, and is controlled, by rich men to protect their profits and property.

As a result, we are left no viable alternative but to change the situation ourselves through illegal means. This is an act of self-defense against hate propaganda. We will continue to defend ourselves!

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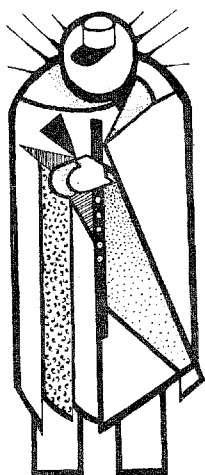
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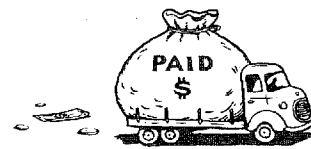
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Hard Core Horror

by Anne Cameron

A few years ago, researching for "Drying Up The Streets," a CBC TV drama about organized crime's exploitation of children, my producer suggested to me I could not adequately write about pornography if I had never looked at any. I agreed, and my researcher and I went to Project P in Toronto; "P" for Pornography, a joint exercise by the RCMP, the OPP and the Toronto City Police.

I walked into Project P, your typical soft-bellied liberal, conditioned to a negative knee-jerk stance against censorship, feeling that what a person chose to do in the privacy of her bedroom was none of my business. I walked out sick to my stomach, paranoid, frightened, and angry. And quite incoherent! I had no language, I had no analysis, and I could find no support at all.

For what seems like a very long time I had been trying to share with those who talk about "porn" and who toss back and forth the ball of "censorship" and "free choice," something that might explain why it is I will debate, argue, demonstrate and fight against censorship when it involves whether or not Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners* remains in the libraries, and will support when it is aimed against porn outlets. Censorship is like good taste, it probably can't be defined for all time, but that doesn't mean it has to be thrown out with the bath water.

I do not have a succinct analysis of porn, nor of censorship. I can look at a picture of two adults in an intimate position and not be sent into a rage, and that, to my subjective mind, probably is not "porn." I look at another picture and I want to destroy. And it is *not*, as they would have me believe, all in the mind of the beholder.

I suppose I thought "porn" had something to do with airbrushed centrefolds in *Playboy*, or those ridiculous letters in *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazine (all of which seem to have been written by the same weirdo). Well, I was wrong! Those letters are so silly they negate themselves and their effect. The airbrushed centrefolds are so unreal they have no link with this world and might as well be an alien form of life in which nobody believes anyway.

Project P was a collection of material that had been seized and presented as evidence in court, material, I was told, that had *not* been deemed sufficient proof to stop the importation or sale of the magazines, material which had, in effect, *lost* in court.

Those who defend dissemination of such material talk of "art" and of "freedom of expression".

Art: A *photo roman* of a very blonde, very buxom, very scantily and suggestively clad young woman driving a huge chrome-boat which breaks down and leaves her stranded on the side of the road. Along comes the older farm pickup truck, driven by the handsome, dark haired, white skinned lifeguard type who offers her a ride to a phone. No more is she in the pickup than she is fondling him. Of course, the erection rips his pants

and the pickup careens down the road as she fondles, strokes, sucks and slobbers all over him. Not to the phone, not to the gas station, no, to his farm. Sexual acrobatics all over the farm house, all graphically close-uped in black and white, of course, including the part where he can take no more and races in desperation from the house and the insatiable female inside. She, of course, amuses herself by trying to fuck the doorknob. He returns, bringing an enormous pink boar with black blotches on its hide. She sexually conquers even the boar. The *photo roman* ends with a close-up of her performing oral sex on the hog. Art, huh?

I saw magazines in which dark-skinned children who ought to have been in elementary school were exploring each other's genitals. I saw children with no external sign of puberty at all sexually involved with adult men. I saw children with only the first external signs of puberty exhibiting the track marks on their inner elbows and thighs, the track marks that are the sign of the addict. I saw children debauched, and with eyes that looked like peepholes into the inner rim of hell, posed for the camera.

I saw women photographed in every conceivable position, undergoing and enduring the most god-awful assortment of treatment. And many of these women also had track marks.

Freedom of choice, huh? Art? Sensuality? Eroticism?

Now, for the really erotic, let's look at this memory, the one I call the chapter from the do-it-yourself-instruction-handbook. And this was *not* a series of cartoons or drawings. This, again, was *photo roman*. Photographs of real people doing real things to each other. I don't care if it was scripted or not, I don't care if these were "models" who got "paid" for their "work." It was documentary, and it was geared to be instructional.

The man, ordinary looking, that kind of face you forget even while you're still looking at it, goes to the animal shelter. Gets two bitch dogs. Takes them to his basement. Then takes one of them to a vet, vet gives dog a shot and an arrow drawn on the picture zeroes in on the injecting syringe and word "hormones" is printed above the arrow. Takes that bitch back to the basement, gets the other, goes to a different vet, same thing, injection of hormones. Back to the basement, now we have half a dozen bitches, injected with hormones. Buddyboy is doing some home repair on the basement, insulating, and covering the walls and windows. Then buddyboy is in a car watching young girls going to school. Then we're in an alley, and buddyboy has grabbed a girl, is shoving her into his car, tape over her mouth. Then we're in the basement, the girl is tied face down to a table, and buddyboy is smearing the secretions from the back end of the hormone injected bitches on the bare genitals of the girl. Then in comes buddyboy with an enormous male dog. An enormous, slobbering, leaping, bounding male dog in stud. A male dog in stud in a basement that reeks of bitch-in-heat, and a little girl smeared with secretions, and what's this, chairs, lots and

lots of chairs, and men sitting, with bottles and cans of beer, laughing, and a table with a little box full of money and buddyboy is providing the entertainment and the little girl is being sexually explored by a god damned dog.

Everything you need to know to set it up right in your own neighbourhood. Be the first on your block to....

Erotic, huh?

Then how about the picture and article explaining how to hold, position and sexually penetrate a four year old girl. The dark-skinned man looks to be Pakistani or Hindu, the agonized baby also appeared East Indian, that enormous erection is real, and so is the blood pouring from that child. Freedom of choice? Who gives a fat rat's ass for *her* freedom, *her* choice? That baby could not have lived long after that article was researched, photographed and set in motion.

That's when I lost my morning coffee into the wastebasket at Project P. That's when I started to cry. And that's when I knew that my broadminded liberal opposition to censorship was really a very stupid and uninformed way of supporting the exploitation and slaughter of my own sisters. That's when I realized that, for me, there was a very clearly defined choice to be made: find a way to stop the profiteering in the blood of babies, or support the freaks doing it. I have never more clearly understood the "if you aren't against it, you're for it" choice.

I was raised in a very fundamentalist playpen, daughter of a woman who is deeply religious, and a member of a strict congregation who will not hesitate to "disfellowship" someone who continues to commit or live in sin. Parents have "disfellowshipped" their children: never again spoken to or with them, never again shared a meal. I grew up being told if you condone a sin you become guilty of that sin, if you allow that sin to continue, you are committing it. For a long, long time I rejected this, as I rejected almost everything else to do with what I consider to be a bigoted sect.

I understood it very clearly when I saw what was done to that little girl. I understood that every time I had said that any kind of censorship was wrong, I had allowed this shit to spread.

I had one corner of my mind on the verge of hysterics for weeks, even months. Without vocabulary, we might as well be mute. I tried to talk to friends of mine who were busy in the women's movement, who were working against rape, against violence, against so much of what I had seen at Project P. They shuddered, they said: "Cam, don't, Jesus, that's sick, I don't want to hear that!"

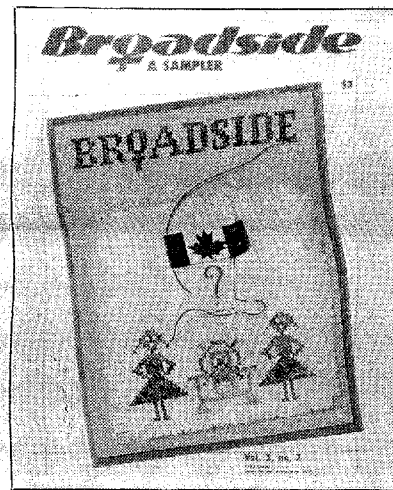
And then I sat over a Sunday brunch listening to two feminist theoreticians go from a defence of the *Body Politic's* article "Men Loving Boys Loving Men" to a stand against censorship, and from there to a discussion of pornography as an expression of erotic sen-

suality. I went just a little bit crazy then because when either of these women speak, other women listen, and neither of them knew fuckall about pornography or what acceptance of it leads to, and both of them denied there was any link between it and organized crime.

I saw people chopped to bits by explosives, and another picture superimposed over the carnage, a picture of a tall, blond young man with an erection, laughing. Art? Eroticism?

But it was the article and picture about the four year old girl that ended the research session. Four years later I am only beginning to be able to form the beginning of a vocabulary, the start of an analysis, only now beginning to get past the initial impulse to rip and tear, rend and kill, vomit and weep. We can't discuss porn in the abstract, we're fools if we try. Once you know what porn is, objectivity can no longer exist. Porn attacks you, personally, and that makes it all very subjective. But until we can find a way to share a vocabulary about pornography, we cannot really form a strong vocabulary against it.

Anne Cameron is author of *Daughters of Copper Woman* and, most recently, *The Journey*.



SAMPLE THE 'SAMPLER'

Broadside's 'Sampler' — a collection of articles from our first two years — is an ideal present for birthdays, Christmas, surprises. Send \$3 (plus 60¢ handling) with your name, address and postal code to: Broadside 'Sampler', PO Box 494, Station P, Toronto M5S 2T1.

GET OUT YOUR TAP SHOES — WE'RE GONNA DO A SHOW!!

Next April, a very special event will take place in Toronto. A spectacular variety revue will be present for two performances at the Ryerson Theatre, and all proceeds will go to the Gay Community Appeal.

This event, produced by and for the gay community, will feature solo performances, topical comedy sketches, large-scale production numbers and novelty acts.

We'd like you to participate, and no experience is necessary! Women and men are needed in these areas:

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- writing (e.g. comedy routines)
- ushering/house management
- go-fers
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Sarah Binns: featured in *Tales of Tomorrow*.

Martha Keaner

Tales of Tomorrow

Barbara Halpern Martineau's film *Tales of Tomorrow: Our Elders* premiered at the Baycrest Jewish Home for the Aged in Toronto on December 6, 1982.

The 22-minute, 16mm documentary explores the process of aging, society's conception of it, and the reactions of those who are themselves aging. Part of the film is shot at the Baycrest Centre, and one particular scene movingly evokes the tragedy of Alzheimer's Disease, a condition of premature aging.

The "star" of the film is Sarah Binns, a woman in her 80s who checked herself out of a nursing home because of the restrictions it

placed on her freedom. Binns, who received the federal government's Person's Award in November, was stricken with rheumatoid arthritis at an early age and has spent many politically active years in a wheelchair.

At an October preview screening in Parry Sound, Ontario, the audience reaction to *Tales of Tomorrow* ranged from tears to (seldom held) discussions of aging, our grandparents' and parents' plights, and our own futures.

Tales of Tomorrow is distributed by DEC Films, 427 Bloor St. West, Toronto M5S 1X7, (416) 964-6901.

Abortion Organizing

The Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics (OCAC), the group organized around the demand to legalize free-standing abortion clinics, is continuing to organize and to gather supporters. Many different groups have realized that the difficulty women face in obtaining safe, OHIP-covered abortions is an issue relevant to themselves whether they are trade unionists, immigrant women, lesbians, law students or women's hostel workers — to name but a few of the growing list of supporters.

At the Ontario Federation of Labour annual convention in Toronto in November, on both the floor and in a number of caucuses the issue of the legalization of free-standing abortion clinics discussed and argued. As the week progressed more and more delegates were wearing OCAC's blue "CHOICE" buttons as they came to understand the importance of the demand. This support was shown vividly when a majority of delegates passed a resolution endorsing the legalization of free-standing abortion clinics. A few days after the convention, the Labour Council of Metro Toronto also endorsed the same resolution.

On December 6 Mark MacGuigan, the federal Minister of Justice, stated in the House of Commons that "It is in the hands of the provinces... to determine what is an accredited hospital. A province may even decide that a free-standing clinic of this kind should be classed as a hospital..." Following this statement OCAC organized a successful press conference on December 21. Walley Majesky from the Metro Labour Council, Dr. Miriam Garfinkle from the Medical Reform Group, Norma Scarborough from CARAL and Laura Sabia, as well as Dr. Henry Morgentaler and OCAC's spokeswoman Judy Rebeck spoke out in favour of free standing clinics and challenged the Ontario government to act on what was now deemed by the federal government as under provincial jurisdiction.

OCAC continues to gather support but we always need more. We are planning a petition day on February 5. We need lots of help — no experience necessary! You can meet us at 519 Church St. Community Centre in Toronto at either 10:30 or noon. We'll have educational, and then teams of people will go out on preplanned routes and gather signatures. Please come.

You can also help us in these ways:

- Join the coalition. We meet every other Tuesday. Call (416)961-1507 for location, date and time.
- Make a financial contribution to OCAC, Box 935, Stn. Q, Toronto, Ont., M4T-2P1.
- Write to your MPP, to Ontario Minister of Health Larry Grossman and to Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry urging them to legalize safe, medically-insured, free-standing abortion clinics.

— Diana Meredith, OCAC

Ruth First

Ruth First, a journalist, sociologist and revolutionary, was killed August 17 by a letter bomb mailed to her office in Maputo, Mozambique. The South African government is believed to be responsible for this and other similar killings of members of the African National Congress (ANC), the major opposition to white minority rule in South Africa.

First was Research Director at the Centre for African Studies at Eduardo Mondlane University. Her research forms the basis for a development program for workers who have been providing cheap labour for South African mines. This development program is part of a broader strategy to promote the capabilities of countries in the southern African region and to decrease their economic dependence on South Africa. The attack on First is not only aimed at the ANC presence in Mozambique, it is also an attempt to intimidate social scientists doing development work and to destabilize the country and its struggle.

First faced danger all her life. In South Africa, her writings were banned and she was ordered to resign from various organizations. She was banned from public gatherings and arrested and charged with treason in 1956. The charges were eventually dropped but she was arrested and detained without trial again in 1963. She continued to organize against white minority rule and to write about apartheid policies and politics. In exile in Britain from 1964 to 1976 she taught sociology at Durham University. Mo-

CBC 'Ideas': Feminism in the Political Arena

When the first militant women's liberation groups emerged on the scene in the late sixties in Canada, the United States and Britain, few mainstream commentators predicted the spectacular growth of the women's movement and its maturation as a political contender. Today there is no question: Feminism is firmly planted in the political arena. In Canada, conflicts over the function of the Advisory Council on the Status of Women shake the political fortunes of cabinet ministers and reflect an enormous coming to consciousness among broad layers of Canadian women, and men. In Quebec, Lise Payette writes a book and creates a national scandal — unthinkable were it not for a qualitative change in consciousness. In the United States, the National Organization for Women (NOW) raises funds for the Equal Rights Amendment campaign which rival those the national Democratic Party machine raises for its own activities. And in Britain, the Labour Party is shaken to its foundations when its women's sections come out fighting at conference time.

At the same time as feminism has grown, opponent social forces have crystallised as well. In the United States, the Moral Majority, a coalition of rightwing forces, targeted feminism and the ERA as public enemy no. 1, poured millions of dollars into a massive nationwide campaign, and defeated the ERA last June. (It has just been resubmitted to Congress.) While less colourful and perhaps even less co-ordinated in other countries, feminism's opponents are also hard at work in Canada and Britain. Organized around anti-abortion rights groups, employers associations who oppose equal pay for work of equal value and antigay organizations, for example, these groups too are part of a retrenchment by significant parts of the population in the context of a deep and very worrying international recession.

Feminism in the Political Arena, to be aired on CBC Stereo's 'Ideas' in March, will look at all of these developments through the eyes of the women who have led the women's movement on the political frontiers: Kate Millet, Robin Morgan, Bella Abzug and Barbara Ehrenreich as some of the Americans learned-from the seventies, the present situation in the American women's movement and key issues for the future. Sheila Rowbotham, Michèle Barrett, Audrey Wise and Hilary Wainwright are among the British feminists who will explain the development of feminism in the U.K. within the context of a very different political culture. Mary O'Brien, Doris Anderson, Grace Hartman and Eve Zaremba are some of the English Canadian feminists who will talk about their experiences; Lorraine Godard, Lise Moisan, Nicole Laurin-Frenette and Greta Nemiroff among those who will discuss the Quebecois experience. Mary Two-Axe Early, Barbara Smith, Maria-Teresa Lorraine, and Gail Lewis are among those who will talk about the experiences of na-

tive, immigrant and third-world women.

Hour One: Critique and Polarization will look at the development of the women's movement, the issues it has made its own, its global critique of contemporary society, and the general program feminism has begun to advance to correct the ills it has pinpointed. These aspects will be traced in relation to a parallel development — the growth of an opposition to feminism and the main planks in this platform. From reproductive rights and the fate of the family to unionization and nuclear weapons, the contentious issues will be spelled out and the stage set for the discussion of strategy.

Hour Two: Feminism and the State will explore the broad and complex debate that has been ongoing in the women's movement with respect to the many different functions and levels of the state. Is the state as a whole patriarchal? Are some levels of it more amenable to feminist use than others? If the state works against women in today's society, how can it be transformed? Are there times when it is useful, indeed essential, for feminists to work in the state apparatus, and times when it is not? How can feminists in the state work with those outside? How can they deal with male domination within? These questions will be tackled by different feminists from different countries with direct experience in the field, by way of delineating some of the key issues of policy and structure that feminists who go into government and politics must consider.

Hour Three: Women in Political Parties will take up where hour two leaves off. It will begin by talking about why political parties are important, and move on to look at the experiences of feminists working in mixed political parties, both in opposition and in governmental power. In the words of the women who have lived these experiences, hour three will look at the situations and problems feminists have had to confront, at institutionalized sexism across party lines, and at the way sexism expresses itself when women do assume positions of power. Some feminists will explain why they have chosen to stop working with men. Others suggest guidelines for better cross-gender collaboration.

Hour Four: New Visions and New Alliances for the Eighties will wrap up the series with a recapitulation of the main themes of feminism, its visions, the development of new political methods and the discussion of how feminism must confront the decade we have now entered. Drawing on ideas from the first three hours, hour four will focus on feminism's actual and potential contribution to the transformation of the political arena into a place where the needs of the species as a whole are dealt with adequately. Feminists will discuss both the importance of the women's movement and the importance of social alliances in order to bring this transformation about.

— Varda Burstyn

zambian independence in 1976 provided her with the opportunity to return to the region to further pursue her political commitment.

Her work at the Centre is being published by Heinemann as *The Mozambican Miner*. Her list of publications includes: *117 Days*, the story of her detention; *The South African Connection: Western Investment in Apartheid* (co-authored with Jonathan Steels and Christabel Gurney), an analysis which continues to provide strong counter evidence to corporate claims that investment is a liberalizing force against apartheid in South Africa; a biography of the South African novelist and feminist Olive Schreiner (co-authored with British feminist Ann Scott); and several other studies of military rule in Africa. She was also a founding member and editor of *Review of African Political Economy*, a well respected critical journal.

She is remembered as a tireless and forceful writer and intellectual whose work will continue to contribute to the liberation struggle against exploitation and racism.

—Dianne Patychuk, TCLSAC (Toronto Committee for the Liberation of South Africa). ●

Sex Discrimination Conference

On February 19, The Charter of Rights Educational Fund is sponsoring a conference on "Sex Discrimination: An Overview of Canadian and American Law." There will be seven sessions during the day featuring both Canadian and American lawyers and academics. Topics to be covered range from discussion of the theory and forms of discrimination, to a survey of sex discrimination cases in the U.S. and Canada, to information on how to litigate sex discrimination cases.

The conference is the second of two held in Toronto to help educate feminists and mobilize activity in order to ensure that the rights guaranteed under the Charter are enforced by legislatures and the courts.

Admission is \$20, for everyone but students and the unemployed who pay only \$5. Registration begins at 8:30 at Toronto City Hall. The first session begins at 9:15 and closing remarks are scheduled for 4:30 pm.

Snipping Up Snuff

Snuff is a pornographic film first produced in South America in the 1960s. Its often obscure plot involves women who are followers of a man called Satan. Their sole aim appears to be to travel around the countryside senselessly murdering people. After a particularly gruesome scene showing the murder of a pregnant woman, the camera pulls back and we see some of the film crew. A woman and man comment how the murder scene they have just filmed sexually excited them. They embrace but the mood quickly changes when the man grabs a knife and begins stabbing and dismembering the woman. The film ends as he pulls out handfuls of her intestines screaming in orgasmic delight. In the original film, the female production assistant is actually murdered or "snuffed out."

Though the Women Against Pornography (WAP) collective was aware of the existence of this film, we never expected it to be easily available in Victoria. When a member of the group happened to pick up a list of titles from a local video rental outlet, she was surprised to discover a film entitled *Snuff* on the list. She brought it to the attention of the collective and though we were all skeptical of it being an actual "snuff" film, we decided to view it simply to be sure.

Though we had viewed other pornographic films, they did not prepare us for what we saw that evening. As we watched the poor quality creditless film, we knew what we had found.

The necessity for prompt action was agreed upon by all WAP members, but our strategy was yet to be determined. Knowing that the presence of *Snuff* in Victoria could not be ignored and that our actions would not only publicize our feelings about pornography, but would help us to gain public support after having been recently maligned by the local media, the choice was either to attempt to work within the system or to take possible illegal action. Our experiences of attempting to use the system to our benefit had

not been successful.

WAP was also aware that in Saanich, a Victoria municipality, the police had received three citizen complaints about *Snuff*. They viewed the film but were unsure if it could be termed "obscene" because of its lack of explicit sex (although the film's violence is clearly for the explicit purpose of sexual arousal). They returned the film to the video rental shop and declined to press charges. One policeman commented about *Snuff*: "It is a disgusting film and anybody who rents it is sick."

WAP concluded that the alternative of radical action was the only useful option available to us, and the resulting action against *Snuff* was carefully planned: a story about *Snuff* being available in Victoria broke in the *Times-Colonist* on September 24, 1982 (the reporter worked with WAP women on the story). Simultaneously, members of our collective were visiting video rental establishments in the greater Victoria area locating and renting copies of *Snuff*. A total of three copies of the film were rented from two outlets. The showing was held on September 27th. Of the seventy-five government officials invited, only three attended. The event was, however, well attended by the local media. Then, after showing *Snuff*, the copies of the video were destroyed with the audience's approval.

Before agreeing to destroy the film in front of an audience of witnesses, we consulted two feminist lawyers about possible civil and criminal charges. The decision was made to proceed and risk the possibility of legal charges. In fact, we hoped for charges against us as they would aid in keeping us in the news over a longer period and encourage public debate over the issue.

WAP had no misconceptions about what we would accomplish through this action; public exposure and destruction of *Snuff* would not solve the problem of the availability of pornography in Victoria. But the ac-

Threat to Rights

A number of Saskatchewan women's organizations have formed a common front to oppose the upcoming Regina court challenge by Manitoba ex-MP Joe Borowski to the existing Canadian abortion law.

The Pro-Choice Coalition, which includes Saskatchewan Working Women, Planned Parenthood Sask., Women's Action Group, the Regina Labour Council, Healthsharing, the United Church Feminist Group, and others, sees the Borowski Case as a threat to the rights of all Canadian women.

The case, to be heard early in 1983 at the Court of Queen's Bench, challenges the 1969 Canadian abortion law which allows for legal abortion when a woman's life or health is endangered by continuation of the pregnancy.

The Coalition believes that it is a fundamental right of all citizens to control their own bodies, and that only women themselves can choose when and when not to have children — a viewpoint shared by 72% of Canadians, according to a recent Gallup Survey. "We are outraged by a singular moral viewpoint threatening to impose itself on the rest of society," said Alison Hayford, assistant professor of Sociology at the University of Regina and spokesperson for the Coalition.

"A small number of men are putting the women of Canada on trial. People who never experience pregnancy want to decide

when pregnancy should take place. The people who actually experience the burden of pregnancy and most of the responsibility for child rearing are virtually excluded from being heard in this trial."

The Coalition contends that if Borowski wins this trial, he will have deprived the women of Canada of a fundamental civil right.

NAWL Convention

On February 23-26, the National Association of Women and the Law (NAWL) will hold its biannual convention in Victoria at the Empress Hotel. The topic of the conference is "Women in the Workforce: Affirmative Action and Parental Benefits." Speakers include: Beth Symes, Louise Dulude, Frances Lankin, Bev Baines, Elizabeth MacAllister, Beth Atcheson and Shelagh Day. Registration fees vary for members and non-members, students and working professionals. For further information contact: The Victoria Caucus, NAWL, Faculty of Law University of Victoria, Victoria, BC. Contact person: Nola Silzer, (604) 477-2512.

IWD/83

The first meeting of the International Women's Day Committee to discuss plans for this year's event in Toronto was held on January 12. About 75 women came together to plan actions and to develop a theme. This year's focus will be on (1) a woman's right to a job, (2) a woman's right to choose, and (3) a woman's right to peace.

As yet, no date or place has been set, but all women are welcome to attend organizing meetings held Wednesday evenings, 7:30 pm, Meeting Room D, Metro Central Library, 789 Yonge Street (just north of Bloor). For more information, call Carolyn (416) 789-4541.

The Art of Panel-Handling

by Eve Zaremba

Discussion panels seem to be ubiquitous these days. That's fine, since panels can be useful for stimulating discussion and for the examination of various views in an interesting and accessible way. Here in Toronto we have recently had experience with two very different types of panels, neither of which worked quite the way they were intended to by the organizers. Maybe there are lessons to be learned from these experiences, lessons which could be useful elsewhere and at other times.

In October 1982, *Broadside* brought Charlotte Bunch to Toronto to speak under the general and perhaps ambiguous title of *Sex, Freedom and Violence*. The underlying topic was the breakdown in solidarity and increase in conflict between most feminists and libertarian gays, arising out of very different experience of sex, and perceptions of its role in liberation. Bunch's keynote address was followed by a panel of five local activists, selected for their presumed ability to illuminate different political viewpoints. The evening was chaired by Susan Cole of *Broadside*, who as panel mediator was prevented from speaking out, although her position on many of the issues is hardly any secret. In the event, the evening turned out to be interesting enough, but did not meet the expectations of some of *Broadside's* readers and others in the audience. Why?

It is the natural tendency of political movement organizers to persuade and recruit whenever given the chance; fear of polarization comes with the territory. Those on the panel could be so described, and as such, they played down differences rather than let them surface clearly. Also, predictably, some not-so-hidden agendas popped up to the puzzlement of the uninitiated.

Charlotte Bunch, as the out-of-town 'expert' on a controversial and volatile issue,

had to be extra careful not to provoke anything remotely resembling a confrontation. She tried to be both thought-provoking and conciliatory. This is a difficult trick to pull-off and she only half succeeded.

In my opinion, all these factors were the result of the problematic position of *Broadside*. There was a conflict between *Broadside's* role as the organizer of the event and its role as a member of the feminist press, with the responsibility for development and dissemination of feminist ideas. By choosing to be Simon Pure organizers, by not putting Susan Cole on the panel, we failed to present a strongly-held radical feminist position. This was a disappointment to many people in the audience who were looking for a provocative articulation of the argument. It was unfair to the opposite side, since their primary opponent never materialized and they were at times left to argue against a position which was never fully stated. It was, again in my opinion, an opportunity not sufficiently exploited.

In future perhaps matters would be improved if panels on contentious issues were clearly understood as potentially exciting methods of examining and testing positions and not perceived as inherently divisive and polarizing. True consensus or even agreement to disagree is not reached by a refusal to challenge and be challenged.

The other disappointing panel I mentioned was *Women Speak Out*, a weekend of feminist documentary video, held in November 1982. That weekend, Toronto was treated to three sessions of eleven video documentaries by women throughout the country, followed on Sunday night by what was advertised as a panel discussion. The intention was noble and ambitious, the videos almost without exception interesting, often exciting and well-made. Much time, money and effort had gone into bringing from across Canada the activists and artists responsible for producing these videos. These

women could have learned a great deal from each other and we from them.

It never happened. There was no opportunity to meet, hear and question each videomaker directly after her work was shown on Saturday, when it was fresh in our minds. Explanations and discussion were supposed to wait until the Sunday panel. However, not many who attended the three screening sessions could also attend the panel, so most of the audience missed hearing the video producers altogether. Those who made it to the panel heard very little from the visitors about their specific work, ideas or production groups. Much of the panel time was given over to discussion of the local situation and such general topics as feminist aesthetics and distribution problems ... all very important subjects for discussion but not at the expense of picking the brains of the out-of-town artists.

So what went wrong? Clearly, the organizers did not fully utilize their resources,

namely, the artists they had spent money bringing in from as far away as Vancouver. Each producer should have been given at least half an hour immediately after the session in which her video appeared to describe and comment on what the audience had just seen. The panel at the end of the weekend would have benefitted from tighter chairing so that some real exchange between the various artists and activists could have taken place. We could have listened in. So, in my opinion, another missed opportunity.

Those are all lessons for the future, not an attempt to dissuade people from organizing panels. Until someone invents a better way of getting different people to discuss things in public, we will go on coping with the problems.

(Eve Zaremba was responsible for producing the *Sex, Freedom and Violence* evening on behalf of *Broadside*!)



No challenge: speakers at the 'Sex, Freedom and Violence' panel discussion.

Realities for Immigrant Women

O Canada! Not Home and Native Land

by Ana Bodnar

Introduction

"First they come to take our jobs. Then they complain they aren't paid enough. Why can't they just learn English and fit in? They always want more. They should just be happy to be here." — Josephine Canadian public.

When immigrant men came to Canada to better the economic situation of their families by filling needed jobs, or to flee racial, political or religious persecution, their women were allowed to enter as part of the 'family class' package, whether 40 years ago or last month. But these immigrant women do not have a single face, a single history or a single reality here in Canada, even though judging from the media, one would think that they are only West Indian domestics, Italian housewives dressed in black, or East Indian women dressed in their saris. Women have come to Canada from industrialized countries or poor Third World countries, and their backgrounds are therefore extremely varied, something that is not often recognized by native-born Canadians.

All Latin Americans, for example, are defined with little awareness of the over 20 Central and South American countries, or with little understanding that a peasant woman may have little in common with an urban academic, even if they are both from Peru and have Indian features. Similarly, Hungarian Jews may have little contact with the Hungarian Catholic community; West Indians, East Indians and Orientals are often lumped together as 'visible minorities' or 'people of colour'; Trinidadians are not Jamaicans, Pakistanis are not from India; Chinese, Vietnamese, Koreans, and Japanese may be from the same racial group, but not the same country, class or religion.

All immigrant women, whether middle class or not, have to deal with the repercussions of a sexist immigration policy and a sexist society. Middle class women, from anywhere in the world, especially if racially white, are almost as invisible as immigrants, and as such pay a lower price for immigration. If they are not white, or if they are working class, the job of survival is that much harder.

Survival translates into enduring many forms of pain and exploitation. From the start, a sexist and racist immigration policy relegates women to second class status and has far-reaching effects on their fate in Canada. They have most often come as 'family class' or 'assisted relative' immigrants and are not entitled to federally-funded intensive language training, often are denied retraining courses, discriminated against in employment because of lack of Canadian experience, and not entitled to any government assistance in the form of welfare or Family Benefits for the period of sponsorship (from 5 to 10 years).

We live in a society that thinks immigrants have it really good in Canada, and that they should be silently grateful to be here under no matter what conditions. It is this same society which lumps all immigrants together, and which denies the existence of any discrimination, even though, as always happens in difficult economic times, it is immigrants who are blamed for joblessness rather than being seen as its victims. The fact that they were brought here to do jobs no one wanted is forgotten.

Immigrant women are subject to the same discrimination facing all women in this society, but their load is heavier, because they are foreigners, often poor, and seen as ethnically and racially inferior. The women's movement here is just beginning to follow in the tracks of European feminists in taking up the cause of women who are not white or middle class.

In coming to Canada these women pay a high price for some material advantages and better opportunities for their children. They trade familiar surroundings, family ties and economic difficulty for isolation, unfriendly surroundings and benefits that are often less substantial than they had expected. The price needn't be so high.

"They wanted to come, we didn't ask them."

Canada's immigration policy has never served the charitable function of helping our less fortunate neighbours around the world. This country originally welcomed white immigrants from Western Europe and the United States, but since then has only allowed others to enter as new frontiers had to be settled or there were acute labour shortages (for both highly skilled and unskilled workers). Until 1967, when immigration policy dropped its overt racism and adopted a point system, nine out of ten immigrants were in the 'prefer-

red' category from Europe and the United States. 'Non-preferred immigrants' — meaning those from the Third World and not white — were allowed to enter in larger numbers after this date only because Canada could no longer attract enough others to do the many unskilled jobs that needed to be done.

The last fifteen years has seen an influx of West Indians, Asians and Latin Americans, giving rise to the term 'visible minority'. Now that the economy is in recession and unemployment is high, the yearly ceilings on immigrants and refugees are dropping and those who are here are seen as job-thieves.

"So why don't they speak English?"

Not speaking English is the single most determining factor in making immigrant women's lives more difficult than those of other Canadian women. Not speaking English means that your contact with media, schools, banks, health services, institutions, your knowledge of your rights, and any political participation are reduced to what is interpreted for you by others or what is available to you in your own language. It means living in a reduced world, where you depend on others, isolated from society at large and, as time goes by, from your children who start to replace your language with English.

Although non-federally funded English classes do exist, they are difficult to attend for a woman who gets up a five in the morning, sends her family off to work and school, works under pressure in a noisy factory at a sewing machine for

eight hours or more, takes a one hour bus ride home, cook cleans, mends, and makes school lunches for the next day. For mothers not in the workforce, classes without child care are prohibitive. Fears of taking public transport alone at getting lost act as another barrier: a complex urban system awesome with no language to get through it.

Dependent on husbands and family through lack of English, immigrant women are also made dependent through policy that denies them welfare assistance if they are sponsored. When one woman, Lillian, wanted to leave her husband because he was assaulting her, she was denied welfare by the government, was threatened with deportation by her husband, and was forced to stay in the marriage. By law, she could only get welfare if her husband broke the sponsorship giving up financial responsibility for her, which meant, for him, giving up the possibility of bringing his mother and younger brother to Canada. Naturally, he refused. Eventually, through the intervention of a community agency she was able to leave the marriage, get welfare and join one of the very few support groups for assaulted women.

"They're all getting rich here!"

Immigrant women are to be found at the top and bottom rungs of the labour market ladder, with little representation in between. Immigrant women were well represented in the influx of professional and skilled workers needed in the 1950s and 1960s, when Canada's economy was expanding in these sectors and not enough people were being trained here. With the revalidation of licenses and some make-up training they are working as doctors, academics and technicians. But women who trained as teachers or secretaries in their home countries are underemployed in Canada, and work alongside less skilled women on assembly lines and in the garment industry. The many women who have come to Canada as sponsored immigrants, who never worked before or did agricultural work, make up a disproportionately large part of the most poorly paid labour force in Canada. They work as domestics, chambermaids, building cleaners, dishwashers, sewing machine operators or in factories.

Too many immigrant women are stuck in heavy jobs, with poor ventilation and lighting, often exposed to damaging chemicals. Backs, eyesight, lungs and skin are damaged there is a risk of industrial accidents that may cause maiming and high levels of anxiety and stress are the result. The women are poorly protected by minimum labour standards legislation and have to put up with being paid below minimum wage, being pressured by foremen or by piece work rules to produce quickly, and are subject to sexual harassment. They are surrounded by other immigrant women and will likely learn Italian or Greek before they learn the English they need to be able to move out of these jobs.

Most of the unions covering the textile and garment industries are ineffective and looked on suspiciously by the members as being 'company unions'. Many of the other se-

An Interview with Isabel S.

My first interview with Isabel S. is in the cafeteria of a stark, grey tower in Toronto's banking district, a strange place for an intimate talk. It is where Isabel spends time every week as a union organizer for office cleaners, mainly Portuguese women. As we speak, several cleaners come to ask her questions about mistakes on their paycheques. One woman feels she is being given too much work by her supervisor. Arrangements are made to meet with the leader of the union local, another Portuguese woman, to look for solutions.

Another time, we continue our interview in the bedroom of a townhouse co-operative, her seven year old son in his room down the hall, her boyfriend downstairs with friends. On the wall is a poster from the peace movement and a poem about Noah's Ark by her son. By the bedside is a book in Spanish about the experiences of a Chilean refugee. We sprawl on the bed, Isabel in skirt and poncho, the phone disconnected so we can talk without interruption.

Isabel came to Canada six years ago. She is from Chile but had come to Canada from Argentina where she had been living in exile for two years, together with her compañero (boyfriend, mate). The rest of her family — mother, three brothers and a sister — live in Chile. Another sister lives in Sweden. Isabel visited her there earlier this year. It is Isabel's hope to return to Chile for a visit soon.

In Chile, Isabel lived most of her life in the city of her birth, Temuco, in the south. While studying nutrition at university, her interest in the relationship between social conditions and childhood malnutrition led her to live and study in Brazil for a year in 1970, her first experience living outside Chile. It was in Brazil that she met two women, one British and one American, working at the grass roots level in literacy, using the Paulo Freire method. (Freire is a Brazilian educator who has influenced the work of teachers and planners around the world). After her return to Chile, Isabel worked in public health, carrying out educational activities in a social context with parents and children. Later, she worked as a nutritionist at the Temuco University cafeteria. This was when Socialist President Salvador Allende was in power and university students received free meals. In early 1974, after the overthrow and murder of Allende, Isabel and her compañero sought exile in Argentina. After two difficult years, she applied for resettlement through the United Nations. Her choices were Roumania, France, and England. She had never considered Canada. But as a refugee, she had to accept residence in whatever country would have her.

Her first stop in Canada was Winnipeg, familiar to Isabel only as the name of the boat Chilean poet Pablo Neruda described that brought many refugees to Chile following the Spanish Civil War. I assumed, as many Easterners do, that Isabel found Winnipeg cold and inhospitable. On the con-

trary, she loved the peaceful, clear nights and the sense of community she found during the year she spent there. In Winnipeg was also where had her first introduction to elements of Canadian life that were disturbing.

Isabel speaks quickly, in Spanish, leaning forward. As she speaks of her life, she recreates situations with fine recall, details and an immediacy that makes me feel I was there with her.

"The fascination with money I saw all around me."

What shocked me the most initially was the poverty and alcoholism among the many native people in Winnipeg. I had read about it and seen pictures of it, but it was very shocking to see it concretely — it didn't really fit with my image of Canada. The second big shock was the fascination with money that I saw all around me. Once I was buying fruit for my child and was in a long line at the cashier. I was one penny short. The storekeeper didn't want to give me the fruit. Finally, someone in the line gave me the penny I needed.

My contacts with Manpower were difficult. I wanted to get into an English class they sponsor, but even though my English was very limited, they told me it was too good and sent me out to look for factory work. This work was difficult to get because I had no Canadian experience, but finally got a job in a curling broom factory where there were many other immigrants and native people, but no one else who spoke Spanish.

One day I got into an argument with the boss about going to the bathroom when I needed to, not only on the 10-minute coffee break when the lines were endless. I called Manpower to help me and they told the boss to leave me alone, and he did. So I went to the washroom whenever I needed to, but strangely, no one else did. I paid a lot of my wages to a Russian woman who looked after my son — nobody even to me about subsidized daycare until I left Winnipeg. After five months on this job, I left it to come to Toronto with my son. My compañero followed a few months later. In my time in Winnipeg, I met many of the Chileans there, but still spoke little English.

"Who said immigrant women aren't fighters?"

After coming to Toronto and getting help from friends to get into the 6 month English course, I got a job as a community worker working with Portuguese and Latin American families in the Kensington area of Toronto. I worked with senior families, and women on their own. Many of the Portuguese women I met worked as night cleaners. The Portuguese I had learned in Brazil was revitalized. Two years ago, I started working with a Canadian union, specifically with cleaners

ks, where immigrant women work are not unionized and ay. employers will do anything to keep the union out. They will are imitate women with dismissal if they get involved or will and them that the union is communist, and if women n is sociate with it they risk deportation through engaging in versive activities. No wonder many women keep away ng-h in unions.

h a The situation of Marilda, a Peruvian factory worker indi- ces the stress produced by unsympathetic foremen: "In the us- are we have to work, because we speak no English, they are at everyone like they are uneducated, stupid, or idiotic. ner e foreman at my work is Czechoslovakian, and hard to she ip, derstand. But he expects everyone to pick up what he ip, ches in five minutes, when it took him years. Another for man is taking pills for her nervous conditions. He makes nd ple feel bad, and if they start crying, he laughs at them. I en- ed too. He expects me to operate an air-driven screwdriver he hout making any noise — I told him I can't, that it is too he ay for me, but he doesn't care."

Participating in a union or other political group is an un- familiar activity for many women — something women did t do in their own countries, or something that was futile way. Not enough unions translate their materials or en- courage the involvement of immigrant women. As with on my political groups, men tend to dominate the scene, and he s difficult for women to be heard.

he Canadian unions have had some successes in organizing migrant women and getting them involved. Cleaners' Ac- ce- n and the Confederation of Canadian Unions in Toronto ng ve successfully organized office cleaners, largely Por- ut queuse women working at night. Domestic workers, many ae whom are West Indian women, have until recently been in le nada with temporary work permits and no labour rights n- protection. Contracts have been violated and sexual harras- n- ment was, and still is, common. But women were tied to their id ploymers and could not leave their bosses without risking rt ulsion from Canada. Community groups across Cana- k ve won some victories, some legal protection and some h- sibilities for domestics to become permanent residents — t only if they comply with a series of precise conditions, h- gely to do with hard-to-find professional training, set out g government authorities.

l, The situation of women farm workers is not as hopeful. g ey get no labour legislation protection whatsoever. e- labour contractors hire out groups of women and children s- farmers, or workers are brought in on temporary work v- ermits. In British Columbia, for example, East Indian e- men work 14 to 18 hours a day on a piece work basis — an d- perenced worker may earn about \$20 on a good day. t- ansportation to farms is in crowded trucks, and sanitary y- ilities on the sites are poor — often a mile's walk from the e- id, meaning a loss of time and wages. For those brought in r- work permits, the living conditions provided are too often o- human. The efforts of community groups and unions r- ve brought some improvements for the plight of farm r- kers but conditions change very slowly.

"They have nothing to complain about, but they always want more."

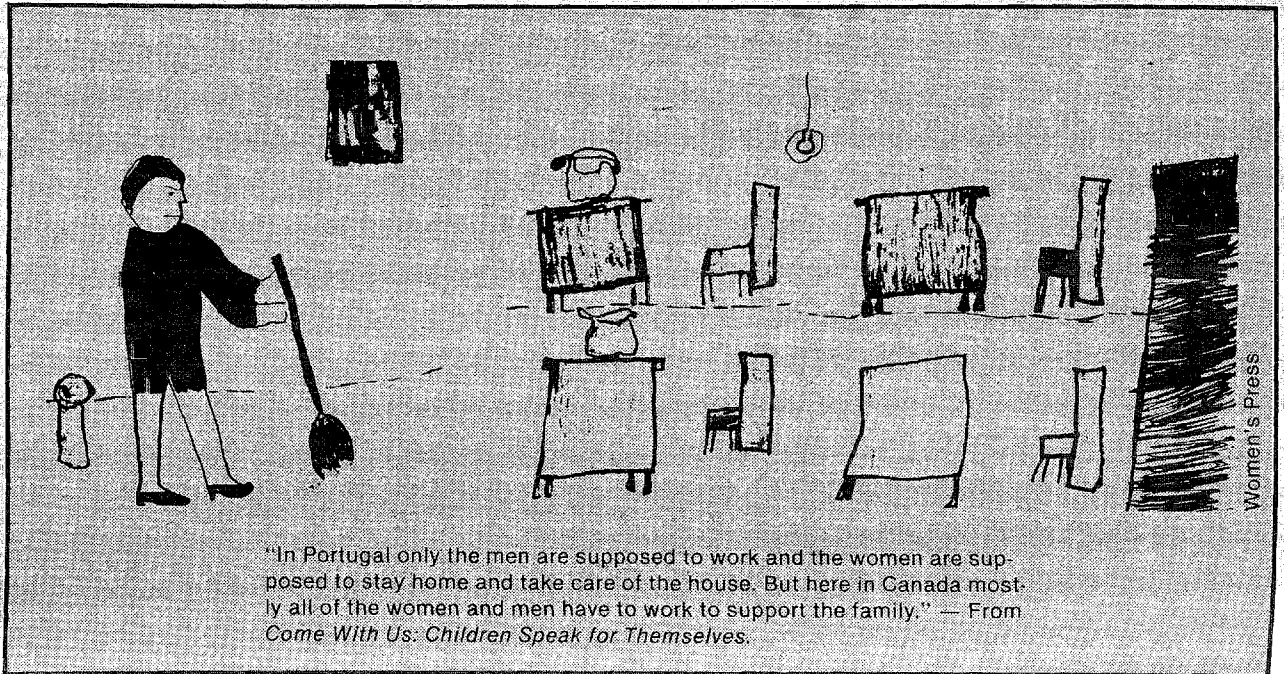
Unhealthy work, family pressures, and isolation take their toll on the wellbeing of immigrant women: anxiety, headaches, insomnia, and physical problems result; immigrant women, like all women, are all too often subjected to assault by husbands who are frustrated and think this an entirely acceptable way to vent this frustration. When immigrant women seek out health and social services to deal with these problems, they find that there are few available in their own language or that are sympathetic to their needs and experiences.

It is hard for any woman to find non-sexist doctors and therapists who won't prescribe Valium, tell them to buy a hat to feel better, or make them feel entirely responsible for a marriage gone awry. Good therapists do exist (though not for women who can't pay for them) and referral services have been established to help some women find them. Shopping around is in fact a luxury: immigrant women, like poor English-speaking women, have far fewer alternatives. If they want medical or psychological help, they have to go to a doctor or one of the very few psychiatrists, both usually male, who speak their language. Family service associations have recently hired more counsellors who speak a second language — but when there is only one Chinese- or Spanish-speak-

ing worker in an office, a woman is stuck with no choice. If language were the only problem, then Canadian-born women would be assured of getting help that is useful rather than damaging from any English-speaking counsellor.

An immigrant woman needs doctors and counsellors who will support her as a woman and who will look seriously at the concrete problems in her life, often social and economic, for causes and solutions of stress, anxiety and illness — not to her personal failing that can be "treated" to make the situation more bearable. Treatment equals tranquillizers. With no decent services to refer women to, workers in immigrant settlement services end up doing a great deal of personal counselling, even though they are not funded to do this. But not all workers have a critical analysis or are feminists, and there are many problems that, by their severe or medical nature, cannot be dealt with by these centres.

Even a city like Toronto, famous for its multicultural face, has only four or five Spanish-speaking psychiatrists for a population of over 100,000. In a study of mental health services for immigrant women where a number of these psychiatrists were interviewed (Bodnar and Reimer, 1979) it was found that most had brought their traditional analyses of women's problems to Canada, and treatment for marital problems took the form of medication, guilt-production, and telling women to buy negligees to better woo husbands and make life happy once again. If a woman is experiencing severe depression, she could be admitted to hospital for elec-



"In Portugal only the men are supposed to work and the women are supposed to stay home and take care of the house. But here in Canada mostly all of the women and men have to work to support the family." — From *Come With Us: Children Speak for Themselves*.

Women's Press

As of whom are Portuguese, doing organizing drives, educational work, and dealing with the problems of union members. It's very difficult to work as an organizer. Not even considering the problems inherent in international, as opposed to Canadian, unions and the lack of sensitivity of the unions to immigrants and to women, the biggest problem is that the system as a whole is not set up so that workers have the information they need to participate. But there are many active women: women who look after their families, work at night, and are union leaders, presidents of lodges, stewards. The workplaces that are full of women workers such as cleaning and textiles, are also led by women. So said immigrant women aren't fighters? I take off my hat to them. There should be articles and books written about them.

Sometimes I get discouraged with my work: organizing things that take so much time and energy and are not successful in the end. But then I look around to see colleagues who have been working at this for five, ten, twenty years, not two years. And I take heart. Since one of the major problems I see in immigrant women having is their lack of information about this system and their rights, I think that organizing work is important — once women are organized, it is easier to pass on this information.

"I don't really make separations between Chileans and everybody else."

I have good friends who are not only Chilean. I don't really make separations between Chileans and everybody else. I have close friends who are Canadian and have taken on some of their responsibilities as they have taken on some of mine as a Chilean. I think it's wonderful that people can go to school and work at the same time here. This is not possible in Chile. In my housing co-op, about 80% of the people are Chilean, the rest are from all over. It's very common for all of us to have friends from many cultures. My friend next door is a Chilean, married to a Canadian man. What brings us all together is our shared view of the world, common concerns, activities.

"People get caught up in using labels."

I think that racism is the product of the frustration of workers in Canada, of an image of immigrants stealing Canadian jobs, even though immigrants were brought to Canada to do jobs that Canadians never wanted to do. Racism is part of the general worldview of competition. It's part of the media image of a successful happy blonde white person. No wonder many people who look like that feel they can't say anything.

I haven't had many direct experiences of racism. Once I was on my way to a meeting downtown and I got lost on the Yonge Street strip where many prostitutes hang around, I asked the police to make a call for me because I was out of money. They thought I was crazy. They

laughed at me, and thought I was a second class prostitute, because of my Indian features I think. The biggest problem about racism is that people get caught up in using labels. They don't talk to each other.

To let Canadians know about the lives of immigrant women, I think the government should buy a page of the *Toronto Sun*, which is the newspaper most people seem to read, and do a profile of an immigrant woman every week so that the general public would get a better idea. Nothing sensational, just real. Not all immigrant women are dressed in black and are meek and mild. I don't think it's useful to label anyone. This would be a better use of money than funding all of these song and dance festivals. Not that culture isn't important. But there is more to culture than this. Culture is something alive: it changes all the time. Canadian people, because of the media images they are subjected to, get an image of immigrants as primitive, uncultured, with no literature or real culture and history. Canadians should look at the kinds of expectations they have of immigrants and look at their own behaviour when they are in other countries.

"Many issues in the women's movement don't reach workers."

I applaud the militancy of the women's movement here. Initially though, I saw it as very competitive with men, blaming everything on men. There is a lot of machismo among Latin Americans, and it is a serious problem, but we don't see the women's movement as something so divided from men. We try to make the issues ones of shared concern: daycare affects both parents, working conditions affect both men and women, as does abortion. In my own life, I am engaged in ongoing negotiations with my compañero about our roles, our duties. It hasn't been easy, but it never is. I discuss it a lot among my friends. And now at home there are a lot of things that are assumed, that no longer need to be discussed. He cleans and cooks on weekends, and when I work late. We both look after our son. He changed because of our negotiations but also by the example of his male friends changing, here in the co-op and elsewhere.

I see too much separation between women's issues and workers' issues. They are the same. Systematic changes have to be made. Many issues in the women's movement don't reach workers. There are women I work with who have been raped, assaulted. They don't know that there is a whole movement out there protesting this, fighting to change laws. The issues that affect lesbian women, other women, and working women are the same. I see the role of the women's movement as reaching all women, not separating women, so that the same issues could be heard, discussed, questioned by all women. Sometimes the aggressiveness of some militant women does not make this communication possible.

But things are beginning to change. At the last Take Back the Night march there were more men. Every year, the International Women's Day march has more men participating —

not enough, but more. The men are doing the childcare — I think that is very important.

The women's movement is the same all over the world — because women's situations are basically the same, the concrete problems are the same. In Latin America, the women's movement is looking at many issues, but perhaps not on the same scale as here in North America.

"A strong network should be formed within the immigrant women's community."

"There are ways in which immigrant and non-immigrant women can work together. The job of an umbrella organization like Women Working with Immigrant Women here in Toronto is to reach immigrant women who are not organized, who are not aware of the important work being done in daycare, against rape, and so on. A strong network should be formed within the immigrant women's community. Then it should be women from this network who participate in a larger women's movement. Who is in a better position to talk to working-class women than a working-class woman? Who is in a better position to talk about assault than a woman who has been assaulted.?"

"You have to start small."

Solving the problems of immigrant women is a long term activity. You have to start small. Information is basic. Many of the women I work with are very religious and if the Church is regressive, it hurts them. I would like to see the Church giving out information, talking about how roles can change in the family, how husbands can help wives, children can help their mothers.

We need more daycare so that women can have the freedom to study English; and we need more English classes where the content is relevant to our lives. The role of community centres is also fundamental. The media could be used in so many ways: providing information to immigrant women. Once there was a series on health issues for Portuguese women set in a soap opera style — the women I know loved it. We need thousands of these programs. It's hard to battle against the messages of the major channels. The media should have more depth, analysis, ongoing coverage of issues; not saturations and then boredom.

On what a feminist is

You may think this definition strange, but for me, a feminist is a woman who fights to change things on the personal level, and in the social context in which she lives. In my group of friends, men often use the word 'feminist' to describe women who are fighters, who are strong. I wouldn't introduce myself to people as "Hello, I'm Isabel, the feminist" but I suppose I am one.

— Interview by Ana Bodnar

troshock treatment, without discussion of alternatives or warning of effects. She is seldom told that she can deny treatment, seek a second opinion, or act without her husband's permission. These facts are particularly important for women who come from countries where they did not have these options.

In hospital, women have been misdiagnosed because they can't communicate with doctors, and given surgery when none is needed. Anxiety attacks have been treated by injections of tranquillizers in emergency rooms, with no investigation of cause or recommendation of follow-up treatment. Hospital staff with a second language may be called upon to interpret specific facts — like telling a woman about her medication. These interpreters are often kitchen or house-keeping staff who have insufficient understanding of medical procedures, and are busy with their own jobs.

A number of health and social services, as they become aware of their limitations in meeting the needs of immigrants, push to get more multilingual staff or have in-service training that focuses on the history and culture of the country of origin of the main ethnic groups they see. But very few include in this training a discussion of the concrete social and economic problems that create emotional and physical illness for women. When problems are not seen in this light, the solutions proposed are personal or cultural, focused on helping a woman to 'cope' with a bad situation, rather than focusing outward to find ways to change this situation. Very few practitioners are knowledgeable about the community programs for immigrant women where prevention, group support, or employment counselling are the focus. There are community based centres with women's programs (some work only with women) which are considered by workers in the field to be in the best position to understand the problems of immigrant women in the full context of their experiences as immigrants and as women, and serve them best.

Unfortunately, there are very few centres like these, centres that will call a woman's employer, accompany a woman to a meeting with her child's teacher, as well as counsel her about her family problems. Those that do exist are overworked and understaffed, and depend on unstable government funding for their existence — in times of cutbacks this becomes precarious. And their mandate is to work with immigrant women for only the magical three-year adaptation period, but emotional problems arise later, especially for women. The pressures of initial adaptation become the chronic pressures of a life they didn't bargain for.

"They're the ones that beat their wives, not us."

One crisis common to women all over the world is that of assault. Men beat their wives because they're allowed to do so—and it is inexcusable wherever it happens, under whatever circumstance. Many immigrant women don't know that there are shelters they can go to in Canada when they are being assaulted at home. For those who do know about shelters and use them, the experience can be so alienating that they return home. If a woman does find a bed in a shelter, the benefit she receives from counselling and support from the other women there is limited by language, culture, and unfamiliarity with her immigrant experience.

A recent study in Toronto on the use of shelters by immigrant women (Reimer and Cabessa, 1982) showed that staff at shelters are often aware of their limitations in working with immigrant women, but overwork and limited resources keep them from being able to solve this problem. Where there are staff vacancies or new shelters opening, some efforts are being made to hire workers who have a second language. Women Working with Immigrant Women in Toronto, a coalition organization (of over 20 services) that works towards the self-determination of working class immigrant women, is actively investigating the establishment of a shelter that would meet immigrant women's needs and also act as a resource for existing shelters.

Despite studies that show that one out of ten women, regardless of class or cultural background are assaulted in Canada's homes, popular belief still holds that immigrant women, seen as coming from 'primitive' cultures, get beaten a lot more often than their Canadian counterparts and put up with it. The truth is that the triggers for assault are somewhat different, these women's options are limited in much the same way as they are for all women, just more so.

Wife assault is one expression of the frustration experienced by men who have a dramatic drop in status in their working lives here in Canada: it is the assertion of authority in the home, the familiar 'king of the castle' syndrome. Violence and threats of deportation can also be a response to a woman who wants more independence than she had in her own country, who sees other role models, who is earning money for the first time and wants to have more control over her life. A common excuse these men give, when confronted with their beating, is that: "She's becoming too Canadian."

"These immigrants, they all stick together. When are they going to become Canadians?"

The irony is that native-born Canadians perceive immigrants as being forever alien, implying that the only way to become a Canadian is to become 'like us': white, middle class, polite, and interested in getting ahead. However, "Canadian" now encompasses dozens of languages and backgrounds, many races, creeds and cultures. "Us" and "Them" are one and the same. Identifiable ethnic communities are a part of the Canadian scene. But when immigrant women are accused of sticking to their communities, there is no realization that they, like many Canadian women are isolated in their homes. In fact, comparatively few live in these "communities." They are spread all over cities and suburbs, very often in areas where few speak their language, so isolation is even more acute.

As their children 'become Canadian', women fear that they will lose connection with them and become more isolated, as if often the case. Children learn English, forget their

mother's language, and want to act like their peers at school. Mothers then have no language with which to talk to their children. Conflicts at home over what is and what is not permissible behaviour for children abound, and it is the women who are expected to act as mediators. Although children are caught between the old culture and the new and often don't know where they belong, it is they who will reap more of the benefits of their parents' work and difficulties: more economic stability, more opportunities for education, and hopefully, better work. Girls whose parents came from traditional cultures, where education and careers were not encouraged for females, have a chance to break this pattern in Canada. It is this second generation who will be truly Canadian, whether they look like Canada's original settlers or not.

"There's no racism here."

Canadian multicultural policy, introduced in 1971, was supposed to make all Canadians equal; its goal was to assure that all Canadians, regardless of their cultural background, be accepted as equally worthy. Politicians have tried to legislate away discrimination, perhaps we should be grateful that stated Canadian policy does not mimic the rigorous 'melting pot' model of our American neighbours — a policy that encourages the adoption of the 'American Way' and the wiping out of ethnic difference. But on the whole, Canadian multicultural policy has done little to change immigrant women's experiences of racism, discrimination and exploitation.

The focus of the policy has been on the cultural expression of the individual ethnic groups, with some interest in cultural ventures that promote understanding and tolerance. Funds have been made available through various branches of government for the establishment of cultural groups, the development of programs, advisory committees and multicultural councils. But by keeping groups apart, this policy has not encouraged productive dialogue between the working people of all ethnic groups. Our polite multicultural policy does not squarely face the results of a national 1981 survey that showed 31% of Canadians supporting organizations that work to preserve Canada for whites only — like the Ku Klux Klan with its Toronto offices or a newspaper poll in Toronto that showed two out of three who admitted prejudice in 1981 instead of one or two in 1980. These kinds of sentiments translate into ridicule, being passed over for a job, living in a climate of racial violence, and hatred against women whose skin colour, dress, food or behaviour differs from the 'Canadian norm.'

Human Rights legislation is in place in Canada to protect individuals against discrimination in employment, housing, and services on the basis of their sex, race, nationality, or religion. However, it is weak and difficult to enforce. It acts largely as a system of redress once discrimination has taken place and does not have sufficiently broad enough powers to do comprehensive preventative work. Often, women are afraid to make complaints because of possible repercussions. When they do, the investigation process is long and cumbersome, largely because of the backlog of cases — many of which are of racial discrimination in employment. As a penalty for companies where violations have taken place, the Human Rights Commission may enforce equal opportunity programs. Through these programs, both individual and institutional discrimination are addressed. Municipal governments in Toronto have voluntarily developed such programs: they monitor the recruitment, hiring and promotion of racial/ethnic minorities and women so that these groups be fairly represented at all levels of employment. Unfortunately, few industrial or services workplaces, where the majority of immigrant women work, have equal opportunity programs.

"What's to be done?"

One recent government effort to focus on the problems of immigrant women was a conference held in Toronto in 1981, entitled "The Immigrant Woman in Canada: A Right to Recognition." (A similar consultation has recently taken place in Québec.) The Toronto conference was by invitation only and delegates were brought together from across the country. Toronto's Women Working with Immigrant Women had no part in the overall planning of the conference and its participation was to be limited to the speeches of the opening session. The speakers forcefully set out the perspective of working class immigrant women, the conditions they face, and the policy changes that would be needed to better these conditions. All too often, policy makers have their own vision of the problems faced by immigrant women and take little action to remedy the real situation. The perspective of working class immigrant women was taken to the workshops on employment, education, health, family life and language acquisition, and was reflected in the over 70 recommendations of the conference. Almost two years later, community groups still wait for action on these recommendations and continue to lobby so that they won't go the way of the many studies, reports, and recommendations about immigrant women that are already collecting dust.

Meanwhile, community programs for immigrant women focus on employment and health counselling, support and information, and bilingual English classes. Immigrant women's coalitions in major cities across Canada are beginning to work together in changing the oppressive conditions that face many immigrant women. They work in employment, education and health: telling women about their rights, bringing them together to break down their isolation, trying to change services to make them more useful and lobbying for policy and legislature changes. Language acquisition policies that would allow all women to learn English or French are a major focus. Anti-racist groups use educational, cultural and political tools to combat the racism and discrimination that face immigrant and minority women. Unions push for better working conditions and to bring working people of all ethnic groups together. And legal lob-

bies try to make changes in unjust immigration policies.

Immigrant women's groups are concerned about becoming absorbed in a women's movement that has not traditionally represented poor or immigrant women. But in some areas, Canadian women and immigrant women could do more work together respectfully and effectively: many of the concerns are the same, though priorities may vary. Assault, rape, sexual harassment and getting paid only half of what men make are concerns that all women share.

Recent conversations with feminists reflect growing concerns about union women, workplace issues, and the lives of women on welfare. The last few years have seen some connections being made between the women's movement and immigrant women. Toronto Women Working with Immigrant Women will officially participate for the third year in International Women's Day and take some part in the planning.

Last year's IWD included a workshop on the situation of immigrant women in their countries of origin and here. Another workshop addressed the concerns of sole support mothers on assistance, and immigrant women were also on the agenda. An educational event on Women in Central America was co-sponsored by the International Women's Day Committee, Women Working with Immigrant Women, and solidarity groups in Toronto. A Vancouver women's study group is looking at the problems of black women in society and in the women's movement. And other seeds are sprouting.

• continued page 13

SOME HELPFUL RESOURCES ON IMMIGRANT WOMEN

The Immigrant's Handbook: A Critical Guide. By the Law Union of Ontario. At bookstores. Immigration and Citizenship Law.

By and About Immigrant Women (collection of articles on employment, family, mental health). Available from Cross Cultural Communication Centre, 1991 Dufferin St. Toronto, Ontario M6E 3P9.

Problems of Immigrant Women in the Labour Force, by Sheila McLeod Arnopoulos, 1979. Available from Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, Box 1541, Station B, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5R5 (free).

The Immigrants, by Gloria Montero, James Lorimer and Co., Publishers, Toronto, 1977. 400 conversations with men and women immigrants living in many different regions of Canada. At bookstores.

The Immigrant Woman in Canada: A Right to Recognition, by the Multiculturalism Directorate, Report of conference proceedings and list of over 70 recommendations. Available from Multiculturalism Directorate, Dept. of Secretary of State, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0M5.

The Organization of Social Services and Its Implications for the Mental Health of Immigrant Women, by Ana Bodnar and Marilee Reimer, 1979. Available from Working Women Community Centre, 1972A Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario M6H 1M6. (\$8.00)

Immigrant Women in Canada: A resource handbook for action. A Handbook with lists of organization nationally and resources. By the B.C. Task Force on Immigrant Women, 622 Seymour Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3K4.

Racial and Ethnic Discrimination in Employment, Working Paper Number 5, by Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto, 185 Bloor St. East, Toronto, Ontario M4W 3J3 (\$7.00).

Alternatives to Assault: The Utilization of Emergency Shelters by Immigrant Women in Toronto, by M. Reimer and G. Cabessa, 1982. At Working Women Community Centre, Toronto; \$5.

CANADIAN ORGANIZATIONS WORKING WITH IMMIGRANT WOMEN

Immigrant Women's Centre, (health counselling, resources)
348 College St.
Toronto, Ont. M5T 1S4.

Women Working with Immigrant Women, (coalition for lobbying, workshops)
Box W, 730 Bathurst St.,
Toronto, Ont. M5S 2R4.

Cross-Cultural Communication Centre, (print, a/v resources, employment program)
1991 Dufferin St.,
Toronto, Ont. M6E 3P9.

Windsor Women Working with Immigrant Women
Box 892, Stn A,
Windsor, Ont. N9A 6E2.

Arusha Cross-Cultural Centre,
223-12 Avenue SW,
Calgary, Alberta, T2R 0G9.

BC Task Force on Immigrant Women, (lobbying, publications)
622 Seymour St.,
Vancouver, BC, V6B 3K4.

(This is a partial list. There are also immigrant women's programs in Victoria, Kamloops, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Thunder Bay, Sudbury, Montréal, Québec City and Halifax. For a complete list, contact the BC Task Force (address above) or your regional Secretary of State/Women's Programme Office.)

ARTS

It's Hard to be Near-Perfect

Deena Rasky



by Deena Rasky

Holly Near: *Speed of Light*. Produced by Evie Sands and Leslie Ann Jones 1982, Redwood Records.

Before crumpling off the plastic wrapper and putting Holly Near's sixth album on the turntable you have the assurance of many enjoy hearing whatever new melodies are coming from the crystal-clear soprano voice. You are assured that the lyrics will coincide with your political beliefs and you know your friends will be grooving to the same music.

Speed of Light is not just a predictable collection of Holly Near's latest. Over the years her sound has grown from purely acoustical folk to a rich technopop presence. The lone guitar has been replaced by a variety of electric guitars; full string orchestras are now used for the slow numbers. The music is even more danceable than ever. Another change is in the lyrics. *Speed of Light* now has six love songs out of the total eleven hits — her past albums have had a much stronger political leaning.

Holly's biggest, yet most subtle change is the way she talks to women and of women. Back in those embarrassing early days she would sing "My man's been laid off..." This song was later altered to "I've been..." *Imagine My Surprise* was her turning point album, with her singing directly to women and about the lesbian experience in particular. On *Fire in the Rain* she experimented further and invented parables such as Golden Thread, expressing the values of a new "pro-choice," of women loving whoever, whenever and not being possessed by only one lover. There is a noticeable absence of specifically women-oriented songs on her new album, with the total dropping of pronouns, compounded by her emphasis on integration. While I applaud her push to unite the forces, I'm saddened by the loss of her unique and educational vision of women together.

A recent phone conversation...

"Hi, how are you?"

"Not bad. Yourself?"

"Okay. Hey, what's that music playing in the background?"

"That Cris Williamson's *Speed of Light* album."

"What do you mean? Holly Near's album is called *Speed of Light*."

"Oh...this one's called *Blue Rider*, but what's the difference? Neither of the names mean anything to me anyway."

What does *Speed of Light* mean, anyway? Near explained with a sigh: "It took us a long time to name that album. Traditionally we name it after at least one of the songs so that there is some connectedness. There

weren't any song titles we wanted to use. In my heart I guess I wanted to call the album *Unity*, but it didn't feel like a very good title for an album we were trying to do outreach with. Every time we put it on the record jacket, it didn't feel right. So we started going through the lyrics. Most of the lyrics came from the song "Unity." We kept on being drawn back to that because that's where our hearts were. *Speed of Light* won. I don't know why. I wish I could give you a very profound answer."

While *Unity* would have been a straightforward title, *Speed of Light* does have a profound meaning. The record's dedication reads "Russell, this is our first album without you but we feel you with us out here in the speed of light. (1909—1982)." Russell is her father, who died while this album was being made. "Psychically or spiritually or mystically or whatever you want to call it, he feels very much present in my life, even though his physical presence is gone. He comes to concerts whether or not it's in my imagination... He is as powerful a force in my life as my mother and I don't know what wavelength he now travels. I feel the speed of light has something to do with feeling his presence in the project."

One can't help but feel really happy after listening to *Speed of Light*. Overall the music is very upbeat. The song "El Salvador" is a gripping piece of Social Realism:

"When my day is over
I go down to the corner
The neighbourhood is steaming from the strain
Budget cuts and violence
Do not invoke their silence
And the talk is flowing heavy on the pain of
El Salvador"

"Really Didn't Want To" is a dangerously addictive number. The likelihood of you falling in love is multiplied once you hear the lyrics a few times and get down to its funky tune. Love junkies, watch out!

The accompanists shine on this album. Listen to the bass guitar playing of Carrie Barton in "Back Off" — a song in which she collaborated with Near. Robben Ford's guitar playing on this hit is worthwhile checking out too. Or, melt away to Adrien Torf's dreamy piano playing on "Coming Home." My pick on this album is "Emma." This is not to be confused with Teressa Edell's song by the same name. It's a shame because this song will overshadow Edell's, which is competent but of a totally different vein. Near's "Emma" is about the American anarchist/teacher Emma Goldman. This song brims with excitement from the word go. It is a powerful form of celebration.

"Unity," the almost title song, starts meditatively and then explodes into a bouncy reggae beat with great flute playing from Mustafa Abdul-Aleen of the Afrikan Dreamland trio. The trio blends the African and Rasta culture into its music, along with a hint of feminism. So when it was decided that the song "Unity" was to be on the album, Near wanted to act out the words musically by having a diverse group of people working together. As Holly Near describes it, "It took us a day to do that song and it

was a wonderful day. There was an incredible respect going on, of the sort that I long for on a regular basis."

The entire album is not perfect. "Room for Me" is the weakest cut on the album. It drags on and is filled with clichés, such as equating love making to earth shaking. It just doesn't work and the song easily could have been discarded. Even though I like Near's angelic perfect voice, it somehow comes across at times as being sanctimonious — too pious and preachy. Actually too

"Progressive artists are the troubadours and tell what's really going on today. They need to have the antennae out to be willing to write the music of the visionaries."

much like pure Joan Baez. If only Holly Near could learn a thing or two from Edith Piaf or Lotte Lenya — women who sang straight from the gut, who sang about the seamier sides of life with a raw sound hinting of too many cigarettes, whisky and a variety of other wild vices. That's the problem with Holly Near's extensive musical and dramatic training, she's an excellent entertainer but she's too calculated and not spontaneous enough.

Near is aware of her pure, goddess-like image and is trying to alter it. "I try more and more every year not to say 'I should,' I try to say 'I feel,' 'I do,' 'she did.' The person then has to decide for themselves if that's their path too."

"When there are reviews and articles," she says, "I get someone to read them first. If they feel it's constructive feedback or if there's something that will make me feel

proud or good then they'll say 'I think this is worth reading.' If someone does an article that is trashy, not constructive, I don't read it because I don't need to put myself through that kind of pain. I've got plenty of friends who are critics."

It's a problem being Near-Perfect. In her publicity kit Holly states that she has been performing publicly over 25 years. You would therefore think she is able to stand some heat. Judging from her lyrics and actions she cares too much and perhaps that's why she needs protection from criticism. But doesn't one grow from hearing objective criticism and become stronger from being able to discern between constructive comments and harmfully flippant shots from the hip?

Holly Near has been one of the strongest musical spokespeople for the women's movement in North America. She has a wide appeal and is reaching new people in such unlikely places as *People* magazine and *Sesame Street*. She wants to be riding on top of the progressive sea of change. "I hope I can be courageous enough to take risks, and I don't mean risks like coming out to a straight paper. I mean doing things that my peers, my grass-root constituency, might be critical of. Artists need to be willing to expose themselves to all kinds of ideas so that they can write the music that reflects the state of mind that stays in a constant state of change. Artists can preserve the path and tell history as it really was, not what's being taught by the dominant culture. Progressive artists are the troubadours and tell what's really going on today. They need to have the antennae out to be willing to write the music of the visionaries."

So far Holly Near has been on the right track. Let's hope she's really willing to take some more risks and have some new surprises on her next album. ●



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WOMEN'S
BOOKSTORE
85 Harbord Street
west of Spadina
922-8744

Getting Free: A Handbook for Women In Abusive Relationships, Ginny NiCarthy, \$9.95

All The Women Are White, All The Blacks Are Men, But Some of Us Are Brave: Black Women Studies, Ed. Hull, Scott & Smith, \$9.95

Made From This Earth: Selections from Her Writings, Susan Griffin, \$13.25

Nights In The Underground, Marie Claire Blais, \$3.95

The Girl in the Photograph, Lygia Fagundes Telles, \$3.95

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Robert C. Ragsdale

Martha Henry: "I can show more of Elizabeth's vulnerability."

by Patricia O'Leary

Witchcraft and the supernatural are favourite themes in the history of literature; the biggest best-seller of all time is the Bible, which deals in ghosts, holy and otherwise. And religion is one big struggle between the good and the bad spirits within each individual. Maybe that's religion's appeal.

In the 1950's Arthur Miller wrote *The Crucible*, a play which dealt with the theme of witchcraft and its companions, hysteria and fear, and had an analogous relationship with the McCarthy era in the US which was then spreading its evil influence, seemingly unchecked, throughout the land. The play was so closely tied to the political theme that people thought it would be dated once the McCarthy devil was exorcised.

In fact, today the political aspect has been largely forgotten, and what remains is a literate, flowing play about witchcraft, hysteria, fear, and people under stress. (Toronto's Theatre Plus recently presented a production of *The Crucible*.) The play takes place in the 1600s in the Puritan world of Salem, Massachusetts where there have been glimmerings of fear of possession by devils for some time, along with petty quarrels between religious factions in the community. In other parts of the state there have already been trials for witchcraft — a hanging offence. (Once a person was tainted, they could do no right. If they confessed to being a witch, they could go free, and of course faced fear and ostracism by the community. If they didn't confess, they were considered guilty and ended up on the gibbet.)

Several young girls, among them Abigail Williams and Mary Warren, are discovered naked in the woods. The Rev. Parris's daughter, who was one of the group, has fallen into a hysterical fit. The word is that

Parris's black slave, Tituba, has inveigled the girls into dancing with the devil, and Rev. Parris is nervous because he believes his parishioners will use this damaging piece of information of witchery in his household to get rid of him. (Vested interest runs hand in hand with accusations of wrongdoing.) He calls in a well-known exorcist, the Rev. Hale, to get rid of any spirits before anyone finds out. Hale pretty well rules out possession, and they decide the young girls who danced naked were merely wayward.

Blame is about to fall on Abigail, the ring-leader, who is in enough trouble already. She was discovered a few months before, rolling in the hay with her employer, John Proctor, and sent packing by his wife Elizabeth. Abigail cannot afford anymore accusations of a sexual nature, so to take the heat off herself, she starts to accuse the slave, Tituba, of being a witch. Such is the strength of her personality that she induces the other girls to go along with the story. Eventually they accuse more and more people of witchery, including, while they're at it, Elizabeth Proctor. Abigail is in love with John Proctor, but he is outraged, and he forces Mary Warren, who is now the Proctor's serving-girl, to admit that the accusations are all a fake. She is afraid of him and tries to tell the true story, but she is more afraid of Abigail, and she ends up in a hysterical fit, saying John himself is a sorcerer. John ends up being hanged, and Abigail steals her uncle Parris's savings and runs away.

It has been said that in those days, charges of witchcraft reared their ugly heads when there was nothing much else to worry about. It was nearly always directed at women, usually middle-aged and single, but sometimes other women who were too strong-

willed or too peculiar to abide by society's strict conventions were caught in the net. Either they were witches or they were whores. Once again the "soft power" of women, whose strength, whose intangible arts of healing and intuition, were feared, twisted, and stamped out.

Abigail Williams is an interesting character, and is given quite a human treatment by Miller. She is strong enough to be able to compel her friends to do as she wishes; in other times she might be considered a leader. She is unconventional enough to go against society by falling in love with a man (married at that) and by having sex with him. She goes after what she wants; she is not especially likeable, but had she been a man, she might have been admired. Since she is a young woman, she is a "whore".

Elizabeth Proctor is also interesting. She is also a strong woman, in some ways a hard woman, but a good and a virtuous woman. She loves her husband, but cannot forgive his human frailties, probably because she doesn't have those frailties herself. She cannot understand how John, if he loves her, can be distracted by a lovely young woman like Abigail. (He does love her, and is sorry about the incident, and to make things right, they cast blame on Abigail.) It is not until the end of the play, when they have both spent months in jail, that Elizabeth can understand him and falls in love with him herself.

The production I saw at Theatre Plus was an effective one, with some good performances by Jennifer Hogan as Abigail, David Fox as John, Don Allison as Rev. Hale, and Martha Henry as Elizabeth.

When I interviewed Martha Henry before the opening, she was rehearsing a scene in a dark church basement. Henry is a very forceful actor on stage, with a voice capable of projecting clear to Tuktoyaktuk, but in person she is quiet and soft-spoken. She has played Elizabeth Proctor before, the last time being 10 years ago in New York. She has been profoundly changed over the past decade by the women's movement, by motherhood (she was pregnant when she last played Elizabeth), and by changes in her own methods of acting.

"I now see Elizabeth as both stronger than I did, and more vulnerable," she says, "and because I feel that now I have more courage as an actor, I can show more of her vulnerability."

Acting styles have changed, become more understated, more "realistic," she feels, partly due to the influence of film acting.

"Ten years ago, I saw the whole process as more 'dramatic.' Now I can be quieter on

stage, and let more of me show on stage." It's a very exposed feeling, but she feels that now she can handle that exposure.

Another change is that now she is more sympathetic to the character of Abigail, who is usually seen as almost purely a villain.

"I now see that she had to justify her love for John. She was a young woman, she had all these awakening sexual feelings that she didn't know what to do with, and they weren't allowable. So she had to throw blame on others, especially Elizabeth, to take attention away from herself."

We discussed Miller as a playwright she greatly admires, a writer who makes the characters human: "Even the bad guys in this play do sometimes examine their motives," she says, "and the good characters have their flaws."

Henry has been thinking a lot about the position of women in the 1600s, as opposed to today. "In those days," she says, "women were supposed to be good and virtuous, to work hard, but to be seen and not heard. In one scene of the play, Elizabeth sits on a bench not saying a word, while her husband and the Rev. Hale discuss whether or not she is a witch." At least today, she feels, women can take a bit more control of what happens to them.

Martha Henry is one of Canada's foremost actors, having spent 20 years on the Stratford stage. She was one of the four Stratford artistic directors who were suddenly fired a few years ago, in favour of an English director John Dexter. The dismissal brought such an outcry that Dexter in turn was ditched by the immigration department and Canadian John Hirsch was hired instead. The whole thing changed Henry's life. She didn't act for a year, and now she is acting in Toronto for the first time in 20 years. How does she feel about the Stratford debacle?

"I think *The Crucible* is also about the sort of things that happened in Stratford," she comments. "But it took me a while to see that the Board of Directors saw things one way and we saw them another. They did what they had to do."

Now she is starting all over, in some ways, but she likes the challenge. "I want to do film, for instance," she says, "but of course, no one knows me. I went to talk to Dino di Laurentiis, and he didn't know who I was, so have to prove myself." Still, if she weren't Martha Henry, she probably wouldn't have got to talk to Dino di Laurentiis in the first place. She does have 20 years of acting behind her, and it shouldn't take long.

Patricia O'Leary writes regular theatre reviews for *Broadside*.

A Gallant Effort

Mavis Gallant is a Canadian expatriate writer whose work, in the form of short stories and two novels, owes more to the New Yorker and the Bloomsbury Group than to any visible Canadian roots. But she has recently been discovered at home (after 30 years abroad), and I was asked by *Broadside* to go to the Tarragon Theatre and see Gallant's first effort at writing a play.

What is to be done? ran for two months to packed houses, which I was happy to hear both for the Tarragon's sake and for Gallant's. The audience loved the show the night I was there, but I'm sorry to say I thought it was awful. The story, about two young women growing up socialist in Montréal during World War II, was an interesting notion, but the execution was only what you would expect from any author's first play. The acting (except for Margot Dionne) was amateurish and the direction by Paul Bettis was sloppy.

But wait a minute, I thought. This author has just won a Governor-General's Medal. There must be more to her work than the play I had just seen. Let's have a look at the things she is best known for: her short stories.

There are several collections of stories, like *From the Fifteenth District* and *The End of the World*, ranging over the past three decades, and two novels. Many of her stories were written for the New Yorker, along

with various reports on happenings in Europe, like the 1968 students' rebellion in Paris. They were more like it, I thought.

Mavis Gallant has a rather old-fashioned style of writing, a New-Yorkerish style, in fact. Her stories often deal with expatriates in Europe, and have a rather alienated quality, as though they are reluctant to be there and had never quite come to terms with the European world in which they find themselves. There is a feeling of faded energy and failed reality; the quibblesome English ladies making do in a seedy pension on the Italian Riviera, or the 45-year-old bachelor, living rent-free, keeping a house warm in southern France for two English women, all seeming to reflect fortunes that might have been, that never will be.

The stories often seem like snippets out of larger works; they end in the middle of nowhere, leaving the reader thinking about what might have happened next. The style has you feeling that you have to read between the lines to get the true meaning of what the author is saying; in some ways frustrating, but in the long run forcing a sort of creative process in the reader which turns out to be satisfying.

Although Canadians can be proud that Mavis Gallant is one of us, she is most definitely an international writer, whose work stands along with the top quality anywhere.

—P.O.L.



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• IMMIGRANT WOMEN, from page 11

In the words of Mariana Valverde in a discussion of feminist groups in *Still Ain't Satisfied: Canadian Feminism Today* (Women's Press, 1982): "It's important to recognize that women are oppressed in different ways, apart from all being oppressed as women...immigrant women...have to be organized as immigrant women, and then plug into the women's movement...They need their own groups, which fight for specifically immigrant women's issues and identify their own concerns, so that when they come into the general women's movement they can set their own demands...We have to recognize the existence of different groups within the women's movement."

Immigrant women's organizations are looking more closely at issues that have not traditionally been central to their actions, like the move to establish legal abortion clinics

in Ontario. The concerns that arose in Women Working with Immigrant Women in its discussion of abortion are indicative of the kind of reworking of issues, language and analysis that need to take place for these two groups to be able to work together. It was felt that some modifications of how the issue is understood and presented needed to be made for this concern to fully represent working class immigrant women. In the language of the abortion movement, the focus on 'choice' does not sufficiently reflect the socioeconomic conditions and the lack of good contraceptive information and methods that often make abortion a last resort, rather than a choice. Notwithstanding the differences in language and approach, this immigrant women's group endorsed the push for safe, free, accessible abortions for all women, and will take their views to the broader coalition so that they be integrated into the analysis of the ongoing abortion movement.

With a respect for differences in priorities and analysis and a recognition of common bases, immigrant women's groups and the broader Canadian women's movement can surely find ways to work together for the benefit of both.

The distance between Canada's 'nice' multicultural policy and street reality is a wide one, wide enough for many immigrant women to fall in. The collective efforts of many groups from different sectors of society are needed to change this polite policy into a gutsy one that deals head on with the harsh reality of the exploitation of many of Canada's immigrant women, an exploitation that is being fueled by fresh energy from the Right.

Ana Bodner is a community worker in Toronto who was born in Hungary and grew up in Venezuela. She has been active in women's issues through research, adult education, and community development, and is a member of Women Working with Immigrant Women.

Poetry That Sings

Writing Right — poetry by Canadian women edited by Douglas Barbour and Marni L. Stanley, Longspoon Press, 1982, \$10.00.

the least you can do is sing by Cecelia Frey, Longspoon Press, 1982, \$7.00.

by Betsy Nuse

There seem to be so many women in Canada writing enjoyable, thoughtful poetry! It's enjoyable because you can understand it; it's not deliberately obscure. I call it thoughtful because this poetry is not sentimental — all romance and love and fantasy — it talks about hardship and fears as well as happiness and joy. A nice sampler of this kind of poetry is *Writing Right* published recently by Longspoon Press. It includes the work of sixteen Canadian poets of different ages and backgrounds and — a welcome bonus — black and white prints and drawings by eight women artists.

Writing Right is a good anthology because it mixes short poems with longer work. Most of the poetry is imagistic — that is, the poems present clear images or scenes from life. Good poetry of this genre is like the scent of fine perfume or the taste of rare old wine; it's complex and rich yet so distilled that the smallest amount can be savoured for a long time. Among my favourite poems in *Writing Right* are two longer "suites": Ann York's "The Walsh Poems", impressions written through the eyes of a young poet in the south of France, and Gertrude Story's "A cat may look at a king", a clever group of feline views of nobility. But I also enjoyed and recall vividly the poems of Erin Moure and Claire Harris. That's a wonderful thing about an anthology like *Writing Right* — as often as you return to it, you will discover new images, new messages, new favourite poems.

When presented with life's "exquisite torture," writes Alberta poet Cecelia Frey,

"the least you can do is sing." Frey sings very well in this, her second collection of poems. If you're not a poetry person and think that a whole book of poems by a single author lacks the variety of a good anthology, remember one good poet can write well on a great number of themes! Frey is concerned with people in the Canadian landscape, and her characters and settings are wonderfully evocative of our west. Here are prairie grasslands, cities, small communities and bush camps in all seasons. I especially like the historical sense of this collection: the variety of speakers in the poems. Frey writes as native nomad, early pioneer, and of present day "new Canadians". Her sentiments are as varied as her speakers and settings, though uniting all the poems is her clear style, plain language and dramatic understatement.

Longspoon is a young small press "dedicated to the publication of poetry." They sell their books by mail and advertise a

"20% discount if four or more books are ordered." Write Longspoon Press, c/o Dept. of English, University of Alberta, Edmonton, T6G 2E5, and request complete ordering information. They have more women's work on their list! •

Mefirst Fairies' Folly

The DAY The FAIRIES WENT ON STRIKE!



by Linda Briskin and Maureen FitzGerald

illustrated by Barbara Eidlitz

Linda Briskin and Maureen FitzGerald, *The Day the Fairies Went on Strike*. Ill. by Barbara Eidlitz. Vancouver: Press Gang Publishers 1982. Pp. 32. \$4.95

by Tammy Marcus

This book is about a little girl named Hester who wishes for a cherry tree. A fairy wants to give her her wish, but another fairy group — the Mefirsts — always have their wishes granted first. Hester gives the fairies the idea of going on strike (she knows about strikes because she has demonstrated with her mother on her strike) because she thinks it is unfair that the Mefirsts get their wishes first and boss the other fairies around.

I know that this book is not at all good for my age group, which is 12. I think that it's for the age group 4-8. Younger children would most likely learn some of the reasons why people go on strike. I think that's very well described. Something that would interest kids is that there are fairies in the story. (Fairies are magical!)

I like Hester because she is strong for her age and speaks out well for herself.

One problem with the story is that there are no cherries in the tree. That's weird because it says in the story that there are cherries on the "Pirates only" tree, but when you look at the picture there aren't any cherries.

Tammy Marcus, 12, is a Grade 7 Willowdale student.

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Wives & Property

Wives and Property
REFORM OF THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY LAW IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND
Lee Holcombe

The formulation of a philosophy of feminism owes much to the campaign for reform of the Married Women's Property Law. Here is the story of that movement, of the women — and men — who worked for reform, and of their ultimate success.
\$12.50 paper

Liberation Deferred?

THE IDEAS OF THE ENGLISH-CANADIAN SUFFRAGISTS, 1877-1918
Carol Lee Bacchi

Who were the women — and men — behind 'first-wave feminism' — the turn-of-the-century women suffrage movement? Bacchi finds that they belonged to an Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, well-educated elite and shared a common aim: to slow the pace of social change and reinstate Christian values in society. They thought that female enfranchisement would both add good Christian women to the electorate and double the family's representation.
\$8.95 paper

But This Is Our War

Grace Morris Craig

At the age of ninety, Grace Craig looks back to her youth and tells the story of the impact of the Great War on her family and friends. Letters from the young men on the Western Front, revealing their reactions to the horrors of the drama surrounding them are interwoven with her own memories. An account that gains both depth and power from the passage of time... a challenge laid down without apology, to pay attention to the past lest we have no future. *Timothy Findley*
\$14.95



Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter

Laura Goodman Salverson
K.P. Stich, intro.

A sensitive autobiography, winner of the Governor-General's Award in 1939, which depicts graphically the agonizing adjustment of an immigrant community to life in a new world and presents a vigorous defence of women and of their part in shaping the complex heritage of the Canadian west. \$15.00 paper

'A Woman with a Purpose'

THE DIARIES OF ELIZABETH SMITH 1872-1884

Edited by Veronica Strong-Boag

Elizabeth Smith was one of the first women doctors educated in Canada. Her diaries trace the emergence of a strong feminist consciousness in an individual who battled for admission to an all-male medical school, faced considerable discrimination throughout her students years, and became one of the leading Canadian women of her time.
\$10.00 paper



Wheat and Woman

Georgina Binnie-Clark
Susan Jackel, intro.

An autobiographical account of a gifted and determined woman's 'experiment' in prairie farming in Saskatchewan just after the turn of the century.
\$9.95 paper

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

MOVEMENT COMMENT



JEB, 1981

by Mariana Valverde

Like many other lesbians, I grew up as a tomboy. Long before any thoughts of sex, lesbian or hetero, had crossed my mind, I knew very definitely that I was not going to be like other girls. I played soccer with the boys, wore pants as often as I was allowed, and enjoyed being mistaken for a boy. I despised the colour pink, refused to play with dolls, and loved playing cowboys and Indians with my male cousins. My mother encouraged all this by taking my sister and me to the barber instead of to the hairdressing salon for our haircuts.

All through primary school, I was happy and proud of my tomboy identity. My parents were tolerant of this and even encouraged it — my mother herself hated having to wear high heels, and she has never worn make-up. By and large, femininity had a very low value in our family. One of my sisters, who always liked dressing up in traditional feminine clothes, was the laughing stock of the rest of us: after many years she finally gained a certain legitimate status by becoming a successful fashion designer, but she had the sort of problems in her childhood that "sissy" boys generally have.

Sports was a big part of my tomboy identity. After soccer with the boys (I grew up in Spain, which has no hockey/football/baseball seasons, but just one year-round sport, soccer), I graduated to basketball with the girls. I was on my school team, broke my wrist quite spectacularly while playing an important game, and ... I was happy.

Then we moved to North America. Charlottesville, Virginia, for one short and confusing year; then, Peterborough, Ontario. I joined basketball and volleyball teams in an attempt to "fit in", only to discover that you could use sports to fit in only if you were a boy. If you were a girl you were better off, socially speaking, being a cheerleader. Cheerleaders are unknown in Spain and I discovered this peculiar institution with the same horror that American anthropologists discovered the burning of widows in India. Why would athletic girls actually prefer to cheer for other people's games than to play on a team themselves? I got angry as I reflected on the fact that our school team might be much better if the girls who were cheerleaders played on our girls' teams. And I got absolutely furious when the cheerleaders refused to cheer for girls' games.

Skipping over most of my adolescence, which was miserable partly because my tomboy identity had been destroyed without any viable substitute emerging, we come to my adulthood. In recent years, though I do play sports when the occasion arises, I spend most of my gym time in typically adult, individualist fashion, pursuing the ever-elusive goal of Fitness.

I began to explore weight-training (which is lifting various weights for fitness and strength, not body-building) about three years ago. A woman friend talked me into going with her to the male bastion of Hart House at U of T, and with her I discovered the mysterious masculine world of weight lifting. The grunting men in the room didn't know what to make of these two "girls" who laughed and talked instead of grunting and snarling, we were oddities on the order of bearded ladies. I didn't like the men there, so I switched to the main gym at the University of Toronto, which has weight machines conveniently placed near the track, so you can surreptitiously try things out while stretching before you run. (At Hart House you have to make a big production out of parading through the weight room.) In the main gym, you can experiment in the relative safety that numbers provide: wimpy men even tried the weights, I noticed, and soon I began to see the odd woman here and there. All tomboys, of course.

I would smile at them knowingly and compare their strength to mine, in a kind of silent beauty contest with different rules. Occasionally I was even cruised (by women, I mean), which brought me blushes of confusion but also secret thrills.

Happiness returned. I would go to the gym three or even four times a week, work out for twenty minutes or half an hour, then run a couple of miles, and go into the showers feeling that I could breathe deeper and easier than before. My muscles began to become more defined and harder; my thighs and my abdomen lost their incipient flabbiness, and my biceps grew perceptibly bigger. I was delighted, and my lover was envious.

Then I changed gyms, and expanded my repertoire of weights. My new gym (the West End Y) has mirrors around the weight room, and I began to catch myself occasionally peeking in the glass to see how the old "lats" or "pecs" were doing.

But my happiness was short-lived. About three or four months ago, I began to notice the occasional furtive woman sneaking up to the weight room after her dancercise class — and by woman I mean a FEMININE woman, not a tomboy. (You can tell them apart because the tomboys like me wear Adidas shorts and old T-shirts, while the feminine women wear leotards and leg warmers).

Well! At first I didn't think much of it, and I helped them to find out how the weights worked, and how to not injure their backs while doing bench presses. But soon there wasn't just one lonely blonde with make-up experimenting with the small free weights: in a matter of weeks, there was a regular invasion.

My instinct to compete with other women began to rear its ugly head. I would watch

Confessions of a Tomboy

the strongest of the new feminine weight-lifters — who bore an uncanny resemblance to the cheerleaders of my youth — and breathe a sigh of relief when I noticed that their weights were not as heavy as mine. (Of course, I'd been doing it for three years!) But then I noticed that they were catching up with me rather quickly; and I was dismayed. They did look terribly cute, in their black or burgundy ballet leotards, straining their muscles to lift a few more kilograms, wincing, pushing, sweating and sometimes even grunting.

I started to feel rather like a slob, in my ancient gym socks and wrinkled shorts. Sure, my body was in good shape; but so were their bodies. I had underestimated the dancercise classes, obviously. And they didn't seem to think that they had to leave their feminine identity behind in order to build up muscle. My whole tomboy identity had the rug pulled from under its feet.

It then seemed that every urban-trendy magazine that I saw for the next few weeks, in subway newspaper stands, at the dentists, while buying my milk, everywhere, was carrying an article about women doing weights. Invisible hands pinned pictures of women body-builders to the bulletin board in the Y dressing room; and the women in the photos were of the feminine variety, not of the tomboy one. All the articles were saying: yes, women can build up strength and even muscle, and not lose their femininity. That argument was undoubtedly designed to quell heterosexist anxieties about strong women; it was saying, yes Virginia, you can get sweaty playing with the girls' team but still be a

pretty cheerleader. But nevertheless, there was a lot of truth to it.

Drats. These women help each other become stronger; unlike men, they do laugh and talk while they do weights. They are not falling into the trap of out-manning the men. These women may wear high heels from 9 to 5, but after 5 p.m. they turn into health athletes. Well, that's great for them, I guess. But what about us poor tomboys? Is there no place to hide?

I know that my tomboy identity had a dark side: the refusal to be like other women, the desperate attempt to be an equal to men while other women continued to be women. And I know that my uneasiness about the strong-but-feminine women is a sign of pre-feminist attitudes lurking deep in my heart. But I did invest years of my childhood in making a choice to shed feminine attributes, because they didn't fit with being strong, and articulate, and all the other things I wanted to be. AND now I'm naturally threatened by these Jane Fonda types, who are both strong and pretty, tough and feminine, attractive to me and attractive to the men who hang around. I always thought it was *their* choice to be "girls" that was narrow, not my choice to be a tomboy. And who wants to have to modify one's physical self-image, after 27 years of working at being an athletic, cute tomboy?

I would never have thought that women's liberation would do this to me. But on the other hand, I wonder if I'd look good in pink leg-warmers....

Broadside CLASSIFIEDS

CHILDCARE for International Women's Day: Toronto men interested in working with other men to provide childcare for this event, please call Brian: 921-0454, or Stephen (evenings): 534-3435.

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WOMEN'S PRESS is planning to publish an anthology of original feminist short stories by Canadian women. If interested, please write us for details: Judy McClard, Women's Press, 16 Baldwin St., Toronto, Ont. M5T 1L2.

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Week of January 31

- **Monday, January 31:** The Women's Group. Support and consciousness raising group for lesbians. 519 Church Street. 8 pm. Information: 926-0527.
- **Wednesday, February 1:** Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network (TAWSHN) a self-help group for women addicted to alcohol and other drugs meets at Central Neighbourhood House. 349 Ontario Street, 7 pm. Information: 961-7319.
- **Tuesday, February 1:** Marxist Institute winter course on 'Sexuality, Power and Politics.' Gary Kinsman. 8 pm. Lord Lansdowne School, 33 Robert St. \$10. Information: 653-4939.
- **Wednesday, February 2:** International Women's Day coalition meeting to organize International Women's Day. 7:30 pm. Metro Central Library, Meeting Room D, 789 Yonge St. (just north of Bloor). For information call Carolyn: 789-4541.
- **Wednesday, February 2:** CBC Stereo's "Ideas" presents "The Cult of the Body," four programs on our obsession with physical appearance. 8:05 pm, 94.1 FM. Also Wednesdays, February 9; February 16; February 23.
- **Wednesday, February 2:** "Body Image," a feminist healthsharing peer group meets at the Sex Education Centre, University of Toronto. To March 8. Information and time: 978-2456.

• **Thursday, February 3:** Harbourfront Studio Theatre presents "Getting Out" a play by Marsha Norman about a woman who is released after eight years in prison. 8:30 pm. Free. Information: 869-8412. To Sunday, February 6.

ALTERNATIVE IMAGES '83

- **Thursday, February 3:** "Alternative Images '83" film series: *Daughter Rite* and *Les Fleurs Sauvages*. 7:30 and 8:30 pm. OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. West. \$3. Information: 978-2391.
- **Friday, February 4:** The Time Twins at the Rivoli, 334 Queen Street West. Information: 596-1908.
- **Thursday, February 4:** Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) meets at 519 Church Street, 7:30 pm.
- **Friday, February 4:** Workshop on Menopause, by Judith Golden. YWCA, 2532 Yonge St. \$20. Information and registration: 487-7151. Also Friday, February 18.

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Compiled by Layne Mellanby

OUTSIDE BROADSIDE

TORONTO WOMEN'S EVENTS CALENDAR February 1983

• **Friday, February 4:** Tafelmusik Benefit Amateur Show at the Heliconian Hall, 35 Hazelton Avenue, 8 pm. Fun includes a raffle for a trip for two to Florida and a cash bar. \$5.



• **Saturday, February 5:** The Gay Community Dance Committee presents "Soap: A Remembrance of the 1981 Bath Raids" at the Concert Hall, 888 Yonge Street, 9 pm. Featuring rock, new wave and women's music. Tickets \$7 at the Toronto Women's Bookstore and Glad Day Bookstore.

• **Saturday, February 5:** Petition Day — Pro-Choice Campaign. Help organize support for legalization of free-standing abortion clinics. 10:30 am or 12 noon. 519 Church St. For child care or information: 961-1507.

Week of February 7

- **Monday, February 7:** The Women's Group. Support and consciousness-raising for lesbians. 519 Church St. 8 pm. Information: 926-0527.
- **Wednesday, February 9:** Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network (TAWSHN) meeting. 7 pm. 349 Ontario St. Information: 961-7319.
- **Wednesday, February 9:** IWDC coalition meeting for IWD. 7:30 pm. Metro Central Library, Meeting Room D, 789 Yonge St. (n. of Bloor).
- **Thursday, February 10:** "Alternative Images '83" film series: *To Live in Freedom* and *Paratroopers*. 7:30 and 8:30 pm. OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. West. \$3. Information: 978-2391.
- **Saturday, February 12:** "Southern Gothic," a play starring Helen Porter, at the Palmerston Library. 8 pm. Information: 463-4279.

Week of February 14

- **Monday, February 14:** The Women's Group. Support and consciousness-raising for lesbians. 519 Church St. 8 pm. Information: 926-0527.
- **Wednesday, February 16:** Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network (TAWSHN) meeting. 7 pm. 349 Ontario St. Information: 961-7319.
- **Wednesday, February 16:** IWDC coalition meeting for IWD. 7:30 pm. Metro Central Library, Meeting Room D, 789 Yonge St. (n. of Bloor).
- **Wednesday, February 16:** "Documents and Conversations." Discussion by a group of women on feminism in art. Rivoli, 334 Queen St. West. 8 pm. Information: 596-1908.
- **Thursday, February 17:** Workshop for professionals on Sole-Support Parents. Moderator — Lynne Gordon. North York Civic Centre, Ctte. Rm. 4, 9 am to 12:30 pm. Limited registration. \$5. Information: 226-5505.
- **Thursday, February 17:** Diane Carrière, dancer/choreographer from Québec, performs at Harbourfront, Brigantine Room. 8 pm. Information: 869-8412. To Sunday February 20.
- **Friday, February 18:** Women's Independent Thoughtz (WITZ). A seminar-discussion group for the exchange of ideas and creative endeavours in art, literature, philosophy and political thought. 7 pm. Information: 536-3162.
- **Thursday, February 18:** Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) meets at 519 Church St. 7:30 pm.
- **Saturday, February 19:** Charter of Rights Education Fund conference "Sex Discrimination: An Overview of Canadian and American Law." Council Chamber, Toronto City Hall. 8:30 am to 5 pm. \$20 (\$5 students and unemployed).

• **Sunday, February 20:** Juried show of self-portraits by women artists. PUNCHINELLO Gallery, 204A Baldwin St. Information: 593-5054. Submissions by February 15. Show runs to Saturday March 12.

Week of February 21

- **Monday, February 21:** The Women's Group. Support and consciousness-raising for lesbians. 519 Church St. 8 pm. Information: 926-0527.
- **Wednesday, February 23:** IWDC coalition meeting for IWD. 7:30 pm. Metro Central Library, Meeting Room D, 789 Yonge St. (n. of Bloor).
- **Wednesday, February 23:** Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network (TAWSHN) meeting. 7 pm. 349 Ontario St. Information: 961-7319.
- **Thursday, February 24:** "Alternative Images '83" film series: *The Mondragon Experiment* and *For Jonah Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000*. 7:30 and 8:30 pm. OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. West. \$3. Information: 978-2391.
- **Friday, February 25:** TAG, Friday night group for lesbians and gay men, meets at 519 Church Street, 8:00 pm.

Week of February 28

- **Monday, February 28:** The Women's Group. Support and consciousness-raising for lesbians. 519 Church St. 8 pm. Information: 926-0527.
- **Wednesday, March 2:** IWDC coalition meeting for IWD. 7:30 pm. Metro Central Library, Meeting Room D, 789 Yonge St. (n. of Bloor).
- **Wednesday, March 2:** Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network (TAWSHN) meeting. 7 pm. 349 Ontario St. Information: 961-7319.
- **Thursday, March 3:** "Alternative Images '83" film series: *On the Line* and *Killer of Sheep*. 7:30 and 8:30 pm. OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. West. \$3. Information: 978-2391.
- **Thursday, March 3:** Linda Ryan-Nye speaks on 'Women and the new Charter of Rights.' Glendon College. Information: 487-6181.



'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. In explaining your event (see coupon), keep it short — max. 25 words. Copy that is too long, or with incomplete information will not be printed. We need to know well in advance: two weeks before the month your event's happening. Fill in the coupon below and send it to *Broadside* or drop it off at the Toronto Women's Bookstore, 85 Harbord St., Toronto.

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