

Work by artist Lynne Fernie, displayed at the Desire Show of the Alter Eros Festival.

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Desire: an out-of-body experience

by Amanda Hale

There is a phenomenon called synchronicity in which an idea takes hold of certain elements of the populace, spreads by osmosis, and generally results in some kind of cultural shift. Looking back after the event, one can trace the threads of such a development, but it is nevertheless a magical and mysterious process, manifesting a kind of evolutionary inevitability in its free-form lack of tangible connections. The current activity around the concept of female eros is such a phenomenon, and it has grown out of the concern of a strong feminist movement with the damage done to women and children by pornography. Pornography is the extreme perversion of the pure spirit of the erotic, hence the hand-in-hand campaign to fight pornography and reclaim eros. The Alter Eros festival currently taking place in Toronto is a manifestation of this female force of determined exploration. It is a quest, via painting, sculpture, theatre, poetry, music and photography, to reclaim and assert our sexuality.

The first of three visual arts shows to open was Desire, organized by Women's Perspec-

DESIRE, page 10

FEATURES

EROS REVISITED: Three women explore their notions of Eros in an effort to rediscover and redefine their own female sexuality. *Broadside* presents Dorothy Hénaut, Joanne Kates and Mariana Valverde. Page 8.

THE GODDESS IS COMING! Don't miss Part 3 of the cartoon series "Judgement Day" by Beth Walden. Page 12

COMMENT

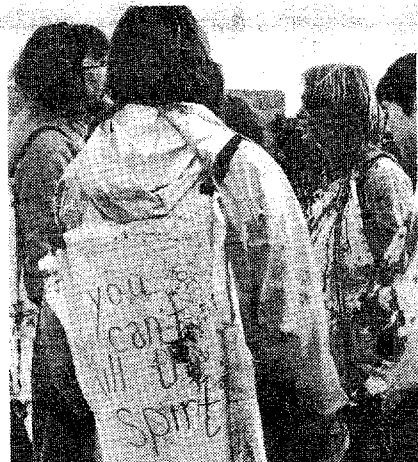
CENSORY PERCEPTION: Susan G. Cole takes exception to Gordon Lawson's short film "The Censor" shown at the *Broadside/Fuse* benefit film night. Though the audience applauded, the film, says Cole, shows the same old myths about female sexuality that pornographers use. Page 7.

VERSION QUÉBEC: Women writers from Québec explore the uses and misuses of language at a panel in February. Though their message is exciting, comments Sarah Sheard, it won't be heard by many. Page 6.

INSIDE BROADSIDE

NEWS

LITTON ON TRIAL? 29 women were arrested at Litton Systems in Toronto while performing a citizen's arrest of the company president on charges of fraud, murder and possession of a dangerous weapon. The women were charged with trespassing, and the February trial proceedings are reported on by Janice Williamson. Page 4.



EROS FESTIVAL ALTERED: *Broadside* publishes a statement from the Alter Eros Festival Coalition, on the organizing difficulties of the festival. Page 6.

DUAL PURPOSE: Mary O'Brien, author of *The Politics of Reproduction*, spoke at U of T about the dualism of male-stream philosophy - man vs woman, man vs nature - which comes from the sense of separation men experience in the process of reproduction. Philinda Masters reports. Page 6.

ARTS

ELEVEN OBSESSIONS: The play *Talking With* by "Jane Martin" is a series of dramatic monologues on women's lives: from a baton twirler to a snake charmer to a housewife who dwells in the Land of Oz. The characters, though thought-provoking at first, are without depth or context. Page 12.

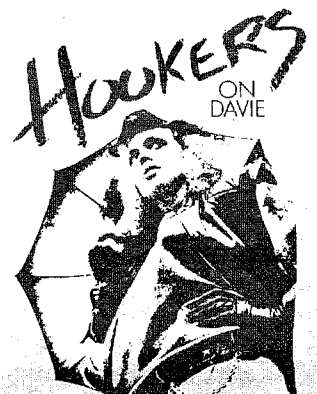
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OUTSIDE BROADSIDE: Don't miss this month's calendar of Toronto women's events, for April 1984. Page 15.

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FESTIVAL & FERNIE:

Amanda Hale reports on the various components of the Alter Eros Festival, and interviews artist Lynne Fernie on images and misrepresentations of women in art. Page 10.



HOOKERS ON DAVIE: Janis Cole and Holly Dale's new film about a pimp-free street in Vancouver points up the sex-role stereotyping in our society; reviewed by Donna Gollan. Page 13.

BIOLOGICALLY DETERMINED SCIENCE:

The anthology *Biological Woman* criticizes and documents the effects of sexist science, and analyzes the interaction between science, sexism and social practice. Reviewed by Judith Johnston. Page 13.

LETTERS

Violence & Porn

Broadside:

Many thanks to Susan G. Cole for her excellent analysis of the Conference on Media Violence and Pornography (March 1984). In the weeks that have passed since my participation in that event, I have tried to put it all into perspective and Ms. Cole's report was extremely helpful.

Being new to Toronto, I naively assumed that such a conference would well represent feminist groups and women's concerns. From the moment I entered the doors of OISE, I was shocked by the *true* nature of the conference: right-wing male fundamentalist Christian concerns were at the core and heart of the day. I was not only a token Rabbi and Jewish activist, but not one invitation to participate had been given to any other women clergy in Toronto, nor had Toronto Women of Faith (our women's clergy network) been contacted, even *after* I had suggested this to David Scott. I suppose they figured they would get it all in one package by inviting me - one female clergy voice would have to be enough in a sea of male experts on every angle from psychology to science to morality.

After the conference, I received a large number of supportive calls and letters for my statements. I also received calls from distraught believers who called me everything

from a sinner to anti-Semite! I have tried to disengage myself from being associated with that conference, because my name would lend credibility to what I believe was a misinformed and misdirected day. However, if my presence, as Ms. Cole so beautifully put it, "from the bosom of the clergy" made even the slightest difference to those of us who cherish ethics, freedom, and equality as one concept, I am content.

My hand in sisterhood to all the women and men in the religious world and the secular world, who are courageous enough to know that there *is* a better way, and religion should be pushing us forward to that goal.

Rabbi Elyse Goldstein
Holy Blossom Temple
Toronto

Name Dropped

Broadside:

Concerning Susan G. Cole's article "Taboo and Tokens" (March 1984) on the Media Porn Conference, I was very interested to read about the response of feminist participants to David Scott's attempt to silence women on the vital issue of abortion and on lesbianism. It seems to me that we have come a very long way when we are willing to stand up, in public, and make our positions clear. I understand that the "phalanx" included lesbian as well as heterosexual women, standing together. This gave me a burst of energy that will take me, at the very least, through the remainder of our dismal winter.

I was, however, alarmed that Maude Barlow, women's advisor to Pierre Trudeau, was

not referred to by name. Cole lists the women involved in the lunch break caucus: she mentions Andrea Dworkin, Catherine MacKinnon, Pauline Bart, Florence Rush, Sylvia Spring, Suzanne DeRosa, Janis Andrews - all by name - then slides in "Pierre Trudeau's Human Rights Adviser" and then goes on to mention Rabbi Elyse Goldstein - also by name.

We may not have come very far after all.

Many of us are very aware of Barlow's contribution to the women's movement and to our work on pornography and on the image of women in the media. She is one of us. To make her invisible and to trivialize and deny her energy, input and dedication by denying her her name as Cole has done here is to do us all a great disservice.

In my view we need to seriously reconsider our attitudes toward feminists working in positions similar to Barlow's and to seriously ask ourselves what it would be like without them.

Sasha McInnes-Hayman
London, Ont.

(Ed. note: Susan Cole was not responsible for the omission of Barlow's name: the error was at the typesetting level and was not picked up during proofreading.)

Media Smarts

Broadside:

I am writing to you by way of communicating to other feminists about the article which appeared in the March 5, 1984 *Globe and Mail*, entitled "In Bed with the Moral Majority." The piece was written by Bart Testa, and it

'quoted' me at some length on a number of issues surrounding the questions of censorship and pornography. I am enclosing the letter which I wrote to the *Globe and Mail* after I'd read the article. Because the *Globe* itself refuses to publish substantial letters by me, as well as articles, I had to choose my areas of clarification carefully, but the points I have clarified in this letter do not exhaust or even convey the scope of the distortion of my remarks during the interview Testa conducted.

Clarification notwithstanding, however, I think it's important for me to make an explicit and clear self-criticism. It was wrong of me to speak with Testa at any length, because an interview that comprises more than a few short sentences always gives room for manipulation and distortion if this is what is intended. I should have known better. I had only encountered him once before, but I knew both from that encounter and from other feminists' evaluations of him that he was hostile to feminists, especially around the censorship issue. He was referred to me by a number of people, and I thought that it would be important to try to communicate the position I represent to a mainstream publication. Susan Cole said to me today, "You should have had more media smarts than that," and she is absolutely right. I blew it. My criticisms of Andrea Dworkin were couched in terms of political disagreement with a powerful and commanding feminist. These Testa reduced to terms of 'hysteria' and 'man-baiting'.

It is profoundly frustrating for me to be silenced through omission and misrepresentation in the mass media. But I think that given the choice between these two forms, omission is preferable because at the very least it does not have the function of actively undermining feminism. I will, as a result, never speak on these issues again to the press unless I have

Broadside

EDITORIAL

Editor, Philinda Masters
Advertising/Circulation, Donna Gollan
Distribution, Susan Cole
Books, Eve Zaremba
Calendar, Catherine Maunsell

EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE:

Susan G. Cole
Donna Gollan
Amanda Hale
Carroll Klein
Philinda Masters
Catherine Maunsell
Deena Rasky
Jean Wilson
Eve Zaremba

THIS ISSUE:

Lisa Freedman
Alexandra Horsky
Lynne Patterson

Address all correspondence to:
Broadside
P.O. Box 494
Station P
Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1
Tel. (416) 598-3513

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EDITORIALS

Altering Eros

What possible significance can Eros, the chubby little boy-god of Greek mythology (called Cupid by the Romans), hold for Canadian feminists in 1984? Only that Eros was the son of Aphrodite, that 'erotic' derives from the Greek word 'erotikos', meaning of love or caused by love and, therefore that the core of erotica is love.

Apologists for pornography claim to find erotica indistinguishable from pornography. (Strange that most of them are capable of making quite fine distinctions in other areas.) We are told that one man's erotica is another's pornography. And vice versa. The difference is in the eye (and class) of the beholder, so we are told. Whatever turns anyone on is erotic, we are told, and it's their gonad-given right to have free access to it. If that happens to be a woman on a meat hook, that's too bad.

Pornographers are presented as progressive fighters for freedom of expression; as defenders of the rights of mankind (sic). Never as exploiters and pimps. Feminists are presented as anti-sex decency freaks, in bed with the Moral Majority. (How's that for an image!)

Which is bad enough. What is worse is that the erotic is indeed being co-opted. As the violence of pornography grows all around us, words and images of sex and sexual pleasure become encoded with pain and degradation. It has become virtually impossible to depict the female body without pornographic objectification.

Our right and ability to express ourselves as physical and sexual beings for our own gratification is being denied us. Pornography appropriates more and more of the language of the body, of sex, love, desire, passion. As 'sex-and-violence' becomes inseparably one word, the possibility of our own eroticism and erotica recedes from us. Our life and our language are impoverished.

Whatever else women do about it, we must fight this disempowerment in our way, with our own art. That idea has been the impetus behind the Toronto Alter Eros Festival, and

all the more-or-less organized activities going on since early March and running into late April.

In spite of a bad start and drastic financial short-fall (see the statement from the Festival Coalition on page 6), Alter Eros has bloomed at A Space (Eros West), Gallery 76 (Desire), Gallery 940 (Eros East), Page's Bookstore (window installation) and the Horseshoe Tavern (Second FemCab), just to mention the main attractions. It is not possible for *Broadside* to cover everything. However, in this issue we are presenting a commentary by Amanda Hale on some of the events, together

with examples of the work of Lynne Fernie, one of the artists who exhibited in the Desire Show (see page 10). In addition, three of our contributors, Dorothy Hénaud, Joanne Kates, and Mariana Valverde, make their own personal statements on the subject of Eros (see page 8).

We know that all of this is still only a drop in the bucket in the face of centuries of male-defined sexual expression and in the context of the current pornographic virulence. But a start can be made with a drop, a drop can become a flood. We have nothing to lose and much to gain.

This is Broadside

Item: The *Born in Flames* film benefit night proved to be a very successful *Broadside/Fuse* venture. A lot of credit is due to DEC Films for their long hours spent promoting the film and battling the Censor Board, not to mention the excellent price they were able to negotiate at the Music Hall on our behalf. Thanks to everyone who made that special effort to attend the benefit night. *Broadside* made over \$500 as our share after expenses!

Item: Also in February, our second *Broadside* Fundraising Dinner, this time held at Sloane's Restaurant, was an unqualified success. A good time was had by all and we managed to raise over \$800. Special thanks are due to those *Broadside* supporters who managed to sell extra tickets, and thanks, of course, to all the wonderful women who came.

Item: *Broadside* has been undergoing some rapid expansion lately. A Wintario promotional grant enabled us to participate in the Halfback program and resulted in over 100 new subscriptions. Please note that the program officially ended on January 20, and that we can no longer redeem Wintario tickets sent in after that date. If you have already sent in

tickets which we cannot redeem, we will activate your subscription for half a year.

Item: The Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association (CPPA) has also been promoting *Broadside* along with about ten other specifically feminist publications, in a direct mail campaign. The target of this campaign has been mainly the Canadian subscribers of *Ms* magazine, though it has been so hugely successful that they are now expanding their mailing list. We have received nearly 200 new subscriptions directly from CPPA, and it is not over yet.

Item: *Broadside's* table at the International Women's Day Fair also managed to raise close to \$300. We sold nearly 200 papers and gained some twenty new subs. The sub forms circulated that day are still coming in; it looks like a promising Spring.

Item: Thanks to all of you who have given *Broadside* as a gift to a friend. Since our Holiday special, the gift subs are still steadily coming in. Over 38% of your friends renew their subscriptions, which proves that word of mouth is still one of our best promotional tools. Keep up the good work!

assurances that I have final say over the copy. While I disagree in the strongest possible terms with Dworkin's essential emphasis on 'male' practice - an emphasis which makes pornography appear as a natural and inevitable product of men by virtue of their biological being - my personal and political strength is completely tied up with the strength of the women's movement as a whole. Therefore I have lost, not gained, by Testa's 'reportage', and I can only hope that I've not done too much damage to the movement as a whole.

There are many important debates among feminists that are ongoing and in process of development and change. The issues range from theoretical assessments of the nature, meaning and function of mainstream sexual representation to strategic directions for combating its causes and effects. Like many other debates in the women's movement, these are not communicated enough to people who are not activists or avid readers of feminist books and periodicals. But they are rich debates, and very important. It's because of this that I was tempted to reach people not normally apprised of these debates. Clearly, it would have been better to remain silent. I regret my actions, and want to offer a personal apology to the collectivity that is the women's movement.

Varda Burstyn
Toronto

(Note: The following letter from Varda Burstyn was printed, in shortened form, in the *Globe and Mail*, March 10, 1984.)

In Bart Testa's article "In Bed with the Moral Majority," my record with respect to censorship has been misrepresented. I have not held my counsel for the last two years, nor did I "bite my tongue" at a Canadian Images panel on feminism and pornography two years ago, as Mr. Testa claims. Over the last two years, I have spoken extensively across the country in academic and public settings, warning of the dangers of censorship, and the potential consequences of calling on the state to regulate the availability of sexually explicit material - in whatever medium. I have also written on the subject in a number of Canadian magazines, analyzing at length the problems of obscenity laws and proposed 'pornography' amendments to the Criminal Code. In articles and in a major series for *CBC Ideas*, I have discussed in some detail the reasons why sexist sexual representation - like all forms of representation - is a feminist concern, and why feminists should be working on producing alternative imagery and eradicating women's depressed economic status in order to combat it. As a matter of fact, I took up these themes in an article I submitted to the *Globe and Mail* in April, 1982, (enclosed and subsequently published in *Fuse* magazine). The article was itself a response to the misrepresentation of my position at the panel at Canadian Images to which Mr. Testa refers. I was very distressed at that time that the *Globe and Mail* reporter had hallucinated my orientation as pro-censorship even though I had introduced the panel with a rather stark statement of my rejection of censorship under all circumstances. (There is a videotape of the proceedings in case anyone would care to verify this.) At the time, the *Globe* did not see fit to print that article, citing "lack of topicality" as the reason.

Not only was my clarification of that situation rejected, but now I have been misrepresented again. In fact a number of feminists

who have taken stands against censorship but maintained a critical analysis of pornography have also complained that they are consistently misrepresented in the press as well. Typically, either our feminism is registered - in which case our rejection of censorship is somehow ignored; or our opposition to censorship is registered, in which case our feminism is somehow called into question. For reasons I do not entirely understand, the press until now has been unable to grasp what I think is a pretty elementary proposition. On a general level, Mr. Testa has not transcended this limitation, and his whole article suffers as a result. But more specifically, I am angered by the way that he has misrepresented me - to wit the way he attributes to me the sexist cliché of the "hysterical" Andrea Dworkin. I recall explaining to Mr. Testa that it would be misleading to use this term to describe Ms. Dworkin, even if it might pop to mind on first impression. This is because to most people the term connotes a person who is irrational and out of control. Ms. Dworkin is wrong, not irrational, and she is very much in control of herself and her place in the world. Her 'bellowing', in Mr. Testa's language, at the OISE Symposium, is a calculated - and judging by her following - extremely successful form of presentation. Her 'hysteria' is in the grand tradition of populist demagogues, a tradition carved out primarily by men, and utilized by a very smart woman.

There are a great many feminists who do not agree with censorship as a means for dealing with the whole gamut of issues symbolized by and embodied in pornography. There would be even more if the press reported us more responsibly.

Tory Victory?

Broadside:

Although her article "Manoeuvring the Minorities," (Dec '83/Jan '84) urges us to think of the future, the suggestion Eve Zaremba finally makes is surprisingly short-sighted. Certainly the prospect of a Tory victory in the next general election is alarming, but the realities of power mean that governments seldom fulfil either the hopes of their supporters or the fears of their opponents. Even in the unlikely event of a Conservative majority, the right will not be given a free hand. Moreover, this is Canada, and most of the issues which concern feminists as feminists are under provincial rather than federal jurisdiction. At present, the Tories and their Social Credit confreres are in power in eight of ten provinces; this situation has developed partially as a reaction to the longevity of Liberal predominance in Ottawa.

The long-term damage wrought by the destruction of the left by the centre would be far more severe than the short-term damage a victory by the right would bring. The right, even in power, will not find it easy to turn back the clock, but a weakened left will leave no foundation for real progress. Any social movement is in serious trouble when the defense of past gains overrides the struggle for new ones. Today Pierre Trudeau announced his resignation. No one knows what the future holds; but now is the time for daring, not defeatism.

Scott Proudfoot
Outremont, PQ

More Voices

Broadside:

I was very disappointed by the insensitive review of *Voices from the Shadows* ("Dispelling the Shadows," March 1984). The book, written by Gwyneth Ferguson Matthews, articulates the struggle of disabled women in a very moving manner.

Chris Lawrence criticizes the book for its apparent lack of feminist analysis. What exactly is her definition of feminist? And how does she expect women in wheelchairs to acquire it when even International Women's Day is not accessible to them? In fact, the posters for IWD in Toronto incorrectly indicated that Trinity United Church is not wheelchair accessible!

Furthermore, how many feminist groups make wheelchair accessibility a priority when determining where to meet? How many feminist publications include images of differently abled women and address their concerns? How many of us "feminists" are willing to challenge our own preconceived notions of ableism? It is not surprising that Matthews offers no feminist analysis when so much of what passes under that label is oppressive to her.

Lesbian invisibility is indeed a difficulty with the book. However, it is representative of the invisibility of disabled lesbians generally, and more particularly of disabled lesbians in rural institutions.

The author may well have met lesbians who chose to remain closeted. If it is hard to be an "out dyke" in a city like Toronto, one can only imagine the insurmountable obstacles in an isolated rural area when one is totally dependant on the state. And if one could gather such great courage, where indeed would one go?

In short, while Matthews may not have searched hard enough for a lesbian to interview (leading to tokenism, perhaps?), outside patriarchal forces may well have silenced the few voices that do exist.

Chris Lawrence also indicated disappointment with The Women's Press for not adhering to a feminist perspective. I found the book refreshing, specifically because it lacked such a party line. Both Women's Press and the author deserve praise for their attempt to educate the women's movement. After having read Lawrence's review, I am saddened to realize that there is still a long way to go.

Lilith Finkler
Toronto

Unfair pan

Broadside:

As most criticism published in *Broadside* is generally constructive and fair-minded, we at the Women's Press have never felt it necessary to respond to a review of one of our books. However, Chris Lawrence's seemingly thoughtless critique of *Voices from the Shadows: Women with Disabilities Speak Out*, in your last issue, requires us to do so. Lawrence pans the book because she says it lacks a feminist analysis. She writes "I had the feeling Matthews had just been dropped into the world recently, missed the women's movement..." Perhaps Matthews has, as may have most of the women interviewed in *Voices*. Throughout the book, they speak of their isolation, loneliness and frustration.

None of us can presume to claim that our feminism has developed in isolation. Our understanding of the world has grown through interaction with other women, through group activism. Does Lawrence expect that these women should have become politicized in a vacuum? And should feminists not be interested in their experience, pain, exploitation and struggle because they have not yet developed our particular analysis? We think so. *Voices*, for the first time, exposes the day-to-day struggle for survival of women with disabilities in Canada.

With an introduction written by two activists, the book provides feminists with some understanding about the thousands of women whom the women's movement has to date overwhelmingly ignored. Perhaps if enough of us read what they say, women with disabilities will not have to write to *Broadside* complaining that feminist groups make little effort to accommodate them. If enough of us listen to their words, perhaps next International Women's Day more of them can join us because we've made accessibility a priority. When enough of them do, other books will undoubtedly be written of which Chris Lawrence may approve.

Until then, we at the Women's Press applaud Gwyneth Matthews, who refused to give in to those who wanted to withhold her original findings as too 'depressing,' whose anger made the media sit up and take notice, and who wrote a manuscript that informs us all of our sisters' plight.

Margie Wolfe
for the Women's Press
Toronto



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A Day of Resistance



PHOTOS BY LEE GOLD

by Janice Williamson

I: The Action

"November 14, 1983, was a day of resistance for women nuclear protestors in Toronto. It was a day of reclamation of our power as women - a power we have been taught to bury. Our reclamation enabled us to demonstrate our resistance to Litton Systems' participation in the largest build-up of nuclear weapons in history; a build-up which is making companies like Litton Systems rich.

"On that day two hundred women sang, danced and read poetry outside the gates of Litton's management building. Yellow police barricades and lines of officers protected Litton from us. Twenty-nine women attempted to make a citizens' arrest of the president (Ronald Keating) and the corporate management for violating the Criminal Code of Canada." - Sara Adams, a defendant in the trial and an active member of Women's Action for Peace, *Our Times* (March, 1984).

The Litton action last November was my first political act of non-violent civil disobedience. Two days before, my commitment as a feminist and anguish over the proposed testing of the cruise missile, had led me to participate in a day-long non-violence training session organized by Women's Action for Peace. Originally I had planned to provide support during the action for those women committed to making their citizen's arrest, but, as Pamela Millar was to say during our trial, "For many of us, the revolution begins at the fence." As the women began their difficult progress towards the Litton management building, I took a few deep breaths, abandoned my pack, asked for a lift up and was catapulted over the fence.

On the other side, a chorus of 29 female voices addressed the assembled 50 or so police officers, two on horseback, many of them policewomen. We requested that the police assist us in our arrest of the Litton executive for his participation in a variety of "crimes against humanity" including: conspiracy to commit mass murder, fraud, possession of a dangerous weapon, making and storing an explosive substance and advocating genocide. The police did not offer assistance but instead charged us with petty trespass, and we were unceremoniously dragged to waiting paddy wagons.

Some of our T-shirts read "To remember is to end all war," on this the first of three days of civil disobedience during the November week of resistance. In all, 127 women and men were arrested protesting Litton's production of the guidance system for the cruise missile. After two court hearings several weeks later, the second judge would grant us the right to group trials and set three trial dates according to our day of arrest. The largest women's trial would begin February 20, 1984.

II: The Trial

Outside Etobicoke Courtroom 208 on Monday, February 20, 1984, a list of defendants was tacked to the wall: Sara Adams, Kari

Brown, Sharon Chimming, Helen Durie, Susan Dymont, Deborah Ellis, Kathie Froelick, Margaret Hancock, Teresa Hibbert, Colleen Howe, Leeann Irwin, Loree Lawrence, Rosalee Martin, Pamela Millar, Vicki Miller, Carol Milligan, Susan Milwid, Mary Moon, Wendy Moore, Ruth McMurchy, Nancy Prescott, Emily Smith, Marlene Tadman, Pamela Tadman, Nancy Watts, Janice Williamson, Sarah Winterton, Martha Waldon, Maria Loulidakis. 29 defendants were charged under the Ontario Provincial Trespass to Property Act and faced a maximum penalty of \$1000 fine and two year probation. The defendants came from Montréal, London, Ottawa, Kingston and upper New York state, so it was left to the Toronto members to act as agent and represent those from out of town. For two months a small group had met to organize our defence. Lawyer Marion Cohen participated as legal counsel and resource person. One of the defendants, Pamela Millar, in the midst of her bar exams, was to provide her research skills. The rest of the group had little or no experience with the court system.

We agreed to have a collective counsel which would rotate according to trial day and purpose. Thus, several defendants were assigned to work with our expert witnesses in developing their testimony. Martha Waldon consulted with engineer and peace activist Dr. Ursula Franklin of the University of Toronto; Wendy Moore developed testimony with Sister Rosalie Bertell, an international expert on the effects of radiation; and, I questioned sociologist Dr. Dorothy Smith of OISE. Teresa Hibbert, Pamela Millar, Marion Cohen and myself remained as counsel throughout the week, while several of the defendants, mother and daughter Marlene and Pamela Tadman represented themselves and cross-examined each other.

Midway through the first day of the trial before Justice of the Peace Bernard Gottlieb, the Crown finished presenting its case. Prosecutor Diane McAleer called three policemen, one policewoman and Ronald Peterson, Litton security services manager, to the stand. Elaborate descriptions of the fencing around the Litton management building and sometimes contradictory testimony as to the events of November 14 followed. In our cross examination of Peterson we established that Litton was in production that day, that the Litton management offices were indeed located at 1 Cityview Drive, in Rexdale, where we were arrested, and that Litton had been contracted to produce the guidance system for the cruise. Four and a half days of our defence followed with testimony from 17 defendants and our three expert witnesses.

Kari Brown told the court that "to speak of going over the fence belittled the purpose of why we were there." And, when the crown questioned me on the stand about whether I knew I was on private property, I appealed to Gottlieb, noting that these technical issues had nothing to do with my presence at Litton. "Feminism taught us the difference between the language of science and technology versus

the language of politics and ethics. (I silently thanked feminist theorist Sandra Harding for this formulation.) If we had intended to debate technicalities we would have come to court with surveyors, cartographers, fence-builders and pole vaulters as expert witnesses." Gottlieb allowed me to continue.

Each of the defendants described how she attempted to enter the management building by a variety of daring means - "jumping," "leaping," "flying over the fence." As the trial progressed, the defence counsel agreed with the Crown that to expedite the proceedings our defendants needn't describe the details of their arrest, but should restrict their testimony to the motivation and beliefs which led them to participate in the action at Litton. This agreement signified a radical reversal of any other previous trial proceedings concerned with civil disobedience at Litton, where defendants were either refused or badgered by the prosecutor when their testimony strayed from evidence directly related to the charge of trespass. Was it the novelty of our feminist defence, the collective defence counsel, the benevolent curiosity of Gottlieb, or a combination of the above, which enabled us to proceed with a thoroughly political trial?

Defendants throughout the week explained the philosophy of non-violent disobedience, and the analysis of patriarchy. "Mad ole men run government: cruise protester" headlined the Thursday Toronto *Star* article detailing Vicki Miller's testimony that "a group of mad old men are conspiring against the planet and our species." When Gottlieb became defensive about men who, like himself, opposed nuclear arms, it was carefully explained to him the difference between "masculinist" and masculine. We were not suggesting that all men supported war preparation and all women opposed them. The policies of England's Margaret Thatcher clarified this distinction. But, by the end of the fourth day of testimony, a central question remained. Would Gottlieb accept our challenge as outlined by defendant Hibbert: "We women refuse to maintain the cultural silence of the dispossessed."? It is clear what the challenge is to the law: Is it on the side of private corporations who make weapons for profit? Or, is it on the side of these defendants who pose their dissent and rationality against Litton's irrationality?

III: The Final Arguments

On Friday morning the final stage of the trial began. The week had been demanding and long. Justice of the Peace Gottlieb was sniffling with a cold and several of us were struggling through various stages of the flu. A few of us acting as agent and counsel worked most of Thursday night preparing our final arguments to the court. By now it was clear that we had developed a complex series of six defences.



Our submissions began with Pamela Millar's presentation of detailed legal cases and precedents supporting our defences. She cited Canadian and US law which justified our presence on Litton property to make our citizen's arrest of Keating. Documenting our second, "breach of peace" defence, she justified our interference in what we saw as Litton's "breach of the peace" in their production of the cruise guidance system. And, Millar referred to our "common law defence of necessity" which justified our actions since Litton's activities threaten us with serious harm and presented a far more serious crimi-

nal act than our simple petty trespass.

Earlier testimony by Sister Rosalie Bertell and Wendy Moore had introduced international law into the proceedings and Hibbert developed this line of defence: "There are thirty-four traditional wars now being waged on this planet. The Nuremberg Principles established in 1946 by British Parliament, and adopted by the UN General Assembly, of which Canada is a member, prohibit the threat or preparation for war. These principles of international law are binding on all citizens. Canada is breaking this law by funding the production of the guidance system and testing the cruise." Hibbert then referred to our fifth defence, Section 7 of the Canadian Charter of Rights, which guarantees us "the right to life, liberty and security of the person," a right which is denied by the production of the cruise, and the threat of nuclear war.

Our sixth defence was detailed by Marion Cohen who tackled the charges of trespass. According to Cohen the crown had failed to prove two crucial sections of the trespass act. First, the defendants were not, as required, "directed to leave its premises by an occupier of the premises or a person authorized by the occupier." In fact, defendant Brown had testified that she was "requested," not directed, to leave. The officer had asked, "Would you like to leave?" Brown replied, "No." And second, Cohen continued, the police were not properly authorized by Litton to direct us to leave in any event.

My own final argument to the court (see box) summarized some of the testimony of both defendants and experts, and outlined the defence of necessity which is often presented in civil disobedience trials.

On hearing our final arguments, prosecutor McAleer asserted that she had proven that we had trespassed, and criticized our feminist defence. Ignoring my statement, McAleer was puzzled that the issue of women's exclusion has been underplayed in our final submissions. And, misinterpreting our position, she complained that we didn't recognize the concern some men had shown to the threat of nuclear war. McAleer saw a contradiction, informed by a mysterious logic, between our reference to women's poverty and exclusion, and the presence of the more than one hundred women at Litton on November 14. "Weren't they free to act?" she asked. She wrapped up her argument with a plea to Gottlieb that an acquittal would give us "a ticket to do what we wished to do" and not "recognize the force of law and how it must guide our everyday lives." However, her final comments indicated the growing ambivalence of her position. "There is no evidentiary basis to provide that Litton has produced a perilous situation. In five or ten years the situation may be different. As of today's date, no crime is being committed at Litton."

On this day of final submissions, the Metropolitan Toronto Police Department had provided the courtroom with a generous half dozen police, compared with the one or two officers who had attended earlier in the week. All were armed, and carried protruding billy clubs. Was this their not-very-subliminal cue to the justice of the peace: "Make no mistake in your verdict. These are dangerous women."?

When Gottlieb thanked us all for our submissions and left the court (until March 7) to consider his judgement, we wondered how he would process our defence. As we were to dis-

— November 14, 1983

cover later, our consciousness raising hadn't really proceeded beyond mezzanine level.

IV: The Verdict

Our judgement day fell between two polarized events. On Tuesday, March 6, a Canadian Federal court judge rejected Operation Dismantle's injunction against the testing of the cruise saying that there was no persuasive evidence that testing the guidance system would "jeopardize humanity or bring on nuclear holocaust." Ironically, on March 8, the day following our trial, we would celebrate International Women's Day.

On Wednesday, March 7, however, we all returned to Courtroom 208 where once again six armed police dotted the walls. Three more stood outside in the hall, deliberately lying and obstructing the entry of five of the defendants into the court until after the judgement had been read.

In his judgement, Gottlieb praised the defendants for their "courtesy and coopera-

tion," and thanked the three expert witnesses who were "a delight to have in the court." He referred to the variety of our defences from "the Criminal Code, the Charter of Rights, the status of women, the effects of radiation, international law, and the defence of necessity," presented "with sincerity and zeal by the defendants and agents." He didn't want "to divide issues on a gender basis," since statements like "the mad old men of government" were counter-productive. He noted the previous day's Canadian Federal court decision supporting the cruise test and quoted extensively from US Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortes' pamphlet "Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience" where, it would seem, history is rewritten. According to Fortes, the American civil rights and anti-war movements were supported solely by legal protest and devoid of civil disobedience actions by hundreds of people. Gottlieb assured the court that "most of us share the desire for peaceful existence and a nuclear free world.

But," he said, and here was the catch, "the charge concerns trespass at Litton." Thus, he found us guilty.

McAleer requested that we each be sentenced to a \$250 fine and a year's probation. However, the defendants and agents responded with a number of counter proposals. Since women earn 62% of the male wage in Canada, Pam Millar suggested that we be fined 62% of the recent \$50 fine given to the mixed gender trial the week before. She continued, "The law required that we be found guilty, but justice doesn't require that we be punished." I pleaded for a symbolic \$1 American (or 80¢ Canadian) fine to symbolize Canada's moral and economic servility to the US and our participation in war preparations. The day before Prime Minister Trudeau had announced with cynical duplicity that the testing of the cruise missile did not make Canada a nuclear power. Marion Cohen pleaded that any probation would "chill the freedom of expression of the defendants about a very important issue."

One cent was the fine suggested by Ruth McMurchy, who hoped the justice of the peace had "listened with his heart" to the testimony of his defendants.

In his sentencing, Gottlieb said that he did not doubt the sincerity of our beliefs or that we had acted out of conscience. He did not want to punish us, but to deter us from breaking the law. Therefore, he gave us all suspended sentences except the three women arrested twice during the week of resistance, who were given fines of \$50 each. However, we were all placed on six months' probation, but assured that this would not restrict us from all legal expressions of political dissent.

Was this a victory? While we weren't acquitted, Gottlieb did listen to all of our testimony, and, unlike the other trials, he accepted the submissions of our expert witnesses. Several weeks earlier, in the first group trial, another judge had fined each of

LITTON, page 11

One Final Argument

I will speak to our common law defence of necessity which reads in one of its most rigorous definitions as follows:

We believed on reasonable and probable grounds that serious harm would befall ourselves or some other person.

The situation was one of clear and imminent peril such that no other course of conduct was reasonably possible. The offence committed gave rise to less harm than that sought to be prevented.

The impassioned testimony which the defendants have submitted to the court for the last five days attests to the honesty and sincerity of our beliefs. And, the expert witnesses who have spoken to the court have provided expert evidence supporting the "reasonable and probable grounds" for our beliefs that "serious harm would befall ourselves or some other person." The nature of this "serious harm" has become gruesomely apparent during the proceeds of this trial.

Secondly, we have proven to the court in a variety of ways that our actions on November 14 and 18, 1983, were taken because "no other course of conduct was reasonably possible." A number of the defendants repeatedly spoke of their exclusion from access to power and of how masculinist institutions controlled us economically as well as controlling weapons and technology. Sociologist Dr. Dorothy Smith gave expert testimony as to the minimal role women play in the decision making of our society. She also pointed to the qualitative difference this exclusion makes in our culture. While military strategists speak statistically of the projected number of dead in a nuclear war, women have been socialized to relate to the individual body as sister, as brother, as mother, friend, lover, father, child - not as an empty cypher in an endless column of numbers.

As well as this institutional exclusion and lack of a representative woman's perspective, we know that women are less capable in economic terms to affect social change. Women make up the majority of the poor in Canada and while the number of poor children in Ontario increases by 20 percent a year, the Canadian Defence Budget of over \$7 billion in 1982-83 also increases by 20 percent a year. You have heard testimony on the economics of the arms race from these women who make up the majority of the poor in Canada. You've heard from women who have struggled to raise seven children on their own, and from women of ethnic minorities who remain underrepresented politically in Canada.

These and other women have expressed to this court how they have exhausted all available alternatives in their attempt to stop the production of the guidance system of the cruise missile at Litton and the testing of the cruise missile in Canada. They have spoken to workers at the Litton

factory through pamphlets and organized meetings. They have attempted to reach the Canadian government, which supports Litton's activity with over \$48 million in research funds through, as Martha Waldon described, "signing petitions, writing letters, and publicly demonstrating with hundreds of thousands of other Canadians." The government has not responded. Litton Systems has not responded. We have conducted educational sessions for the public, and in the case of seventeen-year-old Maria Loulidakis, provided workshops for fellow high school students. Seventeen-year-old Nancy Jane Prescott testified that after pamphleting and demonstrating she had "not only a right, but a duty to go to Litton" and express to the public her fears and feelings.

Our expert witness, Dr. Ursula Franklin, testified that "the arsenal of civic action that the citizen has is limited because of the nature of nuclear war. We have to look for preventative techniques that take into account that afterwards there will be no-one left to hang." Defendant Vicki Miller testified about why she went to Litton: "Silence is complicity. I cannot be a part of those who commit the sins of commission. I felt I had to be there. I didn't have a choice."

The situation we confront is clearly one of 'imminent peril.' You heard Susan Milwid express her fears for the present and future of her two small sons. And as Marlene Tadman printed out, the business of military defence wears cruel disguises when a subsidiary of Litton is found to be in the process of constructing camps in Honduras to train mercenaries for the invasion of Nicaragua and El Salvador. The peril is here. You've heard testimony as to the cynical imbalance world military production places on its citizens. One half of the world's population, that is, 2 billion people, live on an income equivalent to world military expenditures.

How do we know the peril is imminent? Defendant Martha Waldon reported on the latest American military policy developed to take advantage of the new capabilities of the cruise missiles. She spoke of their first strike strategy, to strike "early and deep," and not necessarily at military targets. What is the imminent danger? Waldon reported on the figures provided by the Cambridge Study Group on Nuclear Disarmament, where 3,707 false alarms of a nuclear attack were recorded in an eighteen month period from January 1979 to June 1980. Dr. Ursula Franklin described the cruise missile as "different in kind, unmanned, undetectable since it travels at a low altitude, and it is cheap as weapons go at two million dollars." Franklin clarified the significance of the guidance system constructed by Litton. "The cruise can be launched from air, sea and ground. . . . Its delivery system can be as commonplace as an ordinary truck." And while the cruise missile has been around since World War II, the guidance system is key to the new political and military conditions which have developed with the cruise. According to the Litton Systems

(Canada) product catalogue, the system they produce "does more than provide guidance." It also, in their words, "issues the warhead arming command." In other words, the cruise missile guidance system triggers and targets its nuclear warhead. And the blast power of the average nuclear warhead expected to be carried by the cruise causes six times the destruction of the Hiroshima holocaust.

The Mewett and Manning *Criminal Law* textbook published in 1978 cites the Morgentaler case and defines the following as the task of the court in response to the common law defence of necessity:

It is not the absolute certainty of the projected harm that is required but the accused's belief based upon reasonable and probable grounds that the harm will occur.

In this court yesterday, Sister Rosalie Bertell testified, and more than satisfied this requirement of the court by pointing to the gruesome reality that 16 million people have already been damaged by nuclear production since it began in 1945. She continued, "The casualties have already begun in World War III and continue at the rate of 200 per day. We know that in the case of nuclear war, to prove the "absolute certainty" of the projected harm would be an abject horror too terrifying for any of us to speak. It is enough to know that every year from 38,000 to 78,000 workers and others die from the effects of radiation in the production of materials for nuclear weapons.

The doomsday clock has now moved forward from where it stopped during the Cuban missile crisis twenty years ago, to two minutes before midnight. The whole world is watching the hands move closer. Thirty thousand women gathered last year at Greenham Common in England to demonstrate their concern. Millions marched through Europe and the United States. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians have marched through the streets of Toronto, Vancouver, Montréal, Edmonton, Calgary and cities in the Maritimes. We can't afford to play a wait-and-see game. There is nothing to wait for and there will be nothing left to see.

On November 14 and 18, all of the women defendants before this court put themselves at personal risk in the service of their deeply held beliefs. On the witness stand we heard these women over and over again testify that they acted out of a conviction as individuals morally responsible to act in opposition to the war preparations which go on every day in Rexdale (home of Litton Systems), an ordinary suburb where many citizens live their lives oblivious to the danger in their midst. Marlene Tadman said, "There is no contradiction between non-violence and action. We are morally committed to act." And her daughter Pamela testified, "We have had to go beyond ourselves and our own daily needs of work, of home, of eating and sleeping. We can run and hide or we can take full responsibility for our actions." And, why do we act? Wendy Moore said yesterday, "It's almost

impossible for anyone to hold in their minds what is going on in this world." We hold in our minds this madness that is a world bent on self-annihilation. Dr. Franklin testified that the increased tensions of the cold war in the escalated production of nuclear weapons has two psychological effects on human beings. First, it creates feelings of helplessness, and second, feelings of fear and apprehensiveness. On November 14, these feelings were experienced by more than the women involved in the non-violent civil-disobedience. I spoke with the desk sergeant on my release from 23 Division in Rexdale. He said, "Technology is out of control. There is nothing that we can do. I fought in a war and I'm terrified."

On November 14 and 18, we took hold of our terror to motivate us to act. The women and men who accompanied us to Litton and the 29 defendants before this court today refuse resignation, refuse passivity, refuse inaction, refuse denial in the face of this terror that is World War III.

We went to Litton as sisters and we have prepared and presented our defence collectively as, in your own words your honour, "a sorority" - a deeply political and ethically engaged sorority. We have invited international experts on the sociology and status of women in our society, on the cruise missile and the effects of advanced technology on our lives, and an international expert on the tragically ongoing effects of radiation on our population. We, the defendants, have also presented our own testimony in good faith and often accompanied by tears of impassioned rage and sorrow.

Our strength lies in our collective representation of the concerns of hundreds of thousands, of millions of citizens in this country and around the world who have demonstrated their opposition to the cruise missile.

Pam Millar said, "In the history of social change, it is always people who take personal risk that change the course of history." We ask that this court address our ethical, political and moral concerns, and not resort to the technical language of the prosecution as to where the fence is, how high is the fence, how high did we jump.

We present ourselves to the court not as criminals to be convicted, to be punished, but as a community of women who chose life over death, creative politics over the politics of exterminism, non-violent action over sleep, silence and complicity.

We are charged in this provincial court with petty trespass. When you balance this charge on the scales of justice with the knowledge of Litton's production of components for the guidance system, a system which is part of war preparations for a war we cannot even speak of, a war that is already claiming lives, it is evident that the offence we committed "gave rise to less harm than that sought to be prevented" according to our defence of necessity. It is the moral imperative and justice of this court to acquit us.

- Janice Williamson

MOVEMENT MATTERS



Reproducing the World

by Philinda Masters

The feminist political community is bilingual territory: English and Marxist. Having been fairly well educated in English, I've had little trouble reading and understanding Virginia Woolf or even Shakespeare. But the Marxist dialect is another matter. I did not learn the meaning of "historical materialism" or "alienation at the point of production" at my mother's knee. I've had to struggle hard to learn the language.

But the rewards of the struggle are worth the effort. How else could I understand Mary O'Brien when she talks of "alienation of the male sperm at the point of conception," or "the social relations of reproduction"?

O'Brien, author of *The Politics of Reproduction*, spoke to a full house at U of T in March. Her topic was *Reproducing the World* - "a somewhat arrogant title," said O'Brien - meaning not only creating our subsistence needs (ie, food, shelter and clothing), but also creating new human beings. In Marxist terminology, reproduction has referred solely to the former, the importance of the latter (ie, birth) being given short shrift in all patriarchal ideologies, Marxism included.

O'Brien's thesis is that, while women's experience of birth is integrative, men suffer an actual alienation from the biological world at the point of conception, and that thereafter they must *invent* their relationship to reproduction as they struggle to find an antidote to that knowledge of alienation. The need for struggle is the underpinning of patriarchy: men experience their need for integration through antagonism - their "malestream" philosophy is based on a dualism of separation: man vs. nature, man vs. woman, art vs. work, abstract vs. concrete. Because women give birth, it is a concrete experience, and we don't have to find ways to integrate it into our knowledge of the world. But with an ideological sleight-of-hand, men have reversed the essence of reproduction: while

motherhood and birth become abstract, and fatherhood concrete, virility becomes more important to procreation than fecundity and fatherhood more important to the continuation of the species than motherhood.

In a show of power, based on violence (ie, antagonistic struggle) in both the public and private realms, men have claimed the right, over women, to acknowledge and name the child. The principle of uncertainty of fatherhood, the epistemological basis of patriarchal ideology, is mediated by the power to name.

Only recently, with contraceptive technology, have women begun to reverse the trend and reclaim the right to choose parenthood, and the power to acknowledge and name. At this point, there is an urgency for feminism to reinterpret the natural and social worlds, away from a dualistic philosophy and towards an integrative one, towards a total understanding of reproducing the world based on the truth that we *all* share this planet, and that the "we"-ness of that sharing has been obscured by the so-called universal "us" of *man-kind*. Learning from the patriarchal experts is like going on a diet, according to O'Brien: "I can't live on the dubiously nutritious diet of malestream thought."

In the question period following O'Brien's talk, the usual phenomenon occurred: in a room of over 100 women and maybe 10 or 20 men, four out of five questions were asked by men. The prevailing wisdom is that women are too wimpy and unassertive to speak up and that men are naturally pre-emptive and like to show off. I can't accept that all those women are wimps, so taking a leaf out of Mary O'Brien's book, I'm suggesting that men experience a need to struggle with the Other, in this case the speaker, that women don't. They need to bounce their sense of Self off the Other to find some sense of integration, to mediate their alienation from the Other through asking all those questions.

•••••

Version Québec

"Language is magic. It makes people and things appear and disappear."

And with Nicole Brossard's opening remark I felt I might get what I'd come to hear. This was at the 'Version Québec' panel held at OISE on January 31st, a wide-ranging discussion of how sexism in language affects the visibility of women, of how meaning tumbles through an inherited understanding of 'man' implying 'humanity', of how the absence of the female personal pronoun affects the course of that tumble to exclude half the world.

Nicole Brossard was one of three feminist Québec writers brought in by Resources for Feminist Research to deliver something of her culture to a predominantly English-speaking audience. Gail Scott, journalist and novelist, spoke as an Anglo-Québécoise writing in a minority language. Denise Boucher's play had recently appeared in translation as *The Fairies are Thirsty*. The panel addressed, among other things, the ephemeral, undocumented qualities of women's traditional

work. Cooking, washing and nurturing seem to disappear into thin air. It was imperative, they stressed, that women not allow their cultural energy to escape into that same void.

The hall was packed although the poster was ambiguous and nothing had reached the community calendars so it must have been word of mouth. Because OISE is built over the subway, the panelists had to compete with trains, and without microphones (or translators) things had to be guessed at from time to time. A dedicated audience worked hard to catch what so closely concerned them but there did seem to be equal and opposite forces at work against the transmission of that very message. I didn't see any press attending so it will be up to the individual abilities of people attending to disseminate what was said that night. Even as women were exhorting one another to make themselves visible in language and image, that bright bubble of talk was ascending only to burst somewhere off in the wings. It made great, ironic theatre to witness yet another occasion at which our culture escaped into thin air.

- Sarah Sheard

The Radical Feminist Organizing Committee

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA - The first American radical feminist organization has recently been formed. The Radical Feminist Organizing Committee is composed of women from every region of the country and from Canada. Some of its members are new to the movement. Others were instrumental in creating the women's liberation movement in the late '60s. RFOC was created to provide both a forum for the development of theory and strategy and a center for action.

RFOC seeks to build a strong independent women's movement to struggle collectively against male supremacy. It is not sex roles, bad laws, or "the system" that are the problem. Men as a group are the problem, and they have to change. They will not change, they will not stop oppressing women, until we organize to stop them.

We do not plan to work within the system. Rather we propose to confront the institutions of male supremacy through direct action of various kinds. We also hope to do political organizing through CR, a speakers bureau, pamphlets, and the work of the local RFOC groups.

Radical feminist politics is the only requirement for membership. We will not work with anyone who advocates heterosexual or lesbian chauvinism. Two types of membership exist, one active and one at-large. Both types of membership require agreement with the principles set forward to RFOC. To receive the principles and dues information, write to the Radical Feminist Organizing Committee, 109 Ellerbee St., Durham, N.C. 27704. We will send you more information.

Index of Women's Media

WASHINGTON, DC - The 1984 *Index/Directory of Women's Media* has been released to aid increased networking for the movement through the use of all forms of communications media. Listed in it are: 408 women's periodicals, 101 women's press and publishers, 79 women's bookstores, 59 art/graphics/theater groups, 33 women's film groups, 31 music groups, 20 video and cable groups, and 33 regular radio or TV programs on women.

In addition, the *Directory* lists women's news services, columns, speakers bureaus, writers groups, editorial and public relations groups specializing in women, courses on media and women, distributors, directories and catalogs on women, plus 25 media organizations and 54 special library collections on women. Entries are arranged geographically, and the larger categories are followed by an alphabetical cross index. Over 400 individual media women and media-concerned women have listed themselves in the Individuals' Section.

The *Index/Directory of Women's Media*, is used in many ways, a few of which are these: women with new books, films or other media products who want to get notice of their work out to other women and to the public, can find periodicals and other women's media interested in helping them get their information out; writers can locate

publishers, periodicals and writers' groups; presses can locate women's bookstores and vice versa; women with regular radio and TV programs can contact music groups for material.

The Index part of the *Index/Directory of Women's Media*, indexes the previous two years of *Media Report to Women* - "What Women are Thinking and Doing to Change the Communications Media." This annotated index of women's media activities and research provides a valuable resource for the women's movement in recording the steady expansion of the movement's outreach. (WIFP, 3306 Ross Place, NW, Washington, DC, 20008.)

Kristina Potapczyk Trust Fund

TORONTO - Sexual harassment is a problem cropping up more and more frequently. Kristina Potapczyk is just one woman who has been subjected to this indignity. Unlike many women in this situation, however, Ms. Potapczyk decided to act and in April, 1983 she filed a complaint with the Canadian Human Rights Commission in Ottawa against her former employer, M.P. Al MacBain.

After initial meetings with Ms. Potapczyk, the Commission recommended that in a case as complex as hers, she engage the services of a good lawyer. Toronto labour lawyer Mary Cornish agreed last May to represent Ms. Potapczyk. From the end of August through November, Cornish made submissions to the Human Rights Commission. After reviewing the submissions of both Ms. Potapczyk and Mr. MacBain, the Commission substantiated her case and appointed a tribunal in December. A hearing date has been set for April 9th.

A committee has been formed to direct the personal campaign of Kristina Potapczyk because she is a young woman with limited resources. Doris Anderson, president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, among others, is involved in helping Ms. Potapczyk. A trust fund is in place and personal appeals are being made through a mail and publicity campaign.

A trust account in the name of the Kristina Potapczyk Trust Fund is being established at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Donations may be sent to: Kristina Potapczyk Trust Fund, c/o Box 1060, Station 'F', Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2T7.

Sexual harassment is a subtle infringement of rights and a very difficult one to define. It has taken a great deal of courage for Ms. Potapczyk to step forward and name her former employer. While we cannot predict the outcome of the tribunal, the Canadian Human Rights Commission feels strongly enough about Ms. Potapczyk's complaint and firmly believes that she has a case. Clearly, this woman needs the personal and financial support of the community to maintain legal counsel throughout the tribunal hearing. She should not be denied the opportunity to fight this case. This has already consumed a year of her life and increasing legal costs. She needs your support.

Any inquiries may be addressed to the Director of the Kristina Potapczyk Personal Campaign, Elaine Lomenzo, (416) 366-7610.

- Michele Landsberg

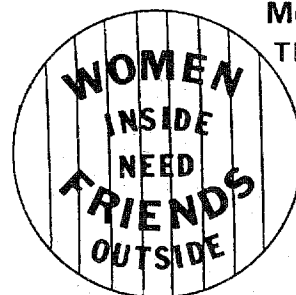
Membership in:

THE ELIZABETH FRY SOCIETY OF TORONTO

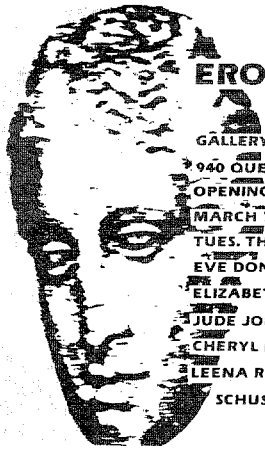
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Supports • Direct service to women in trouble with the law • Public education and Advocacy in criminal Justice. A UNITED WAY AGENCY with a 30-year history of community service.

Individual \$10. Group \$10. Friend \$25. Patron \$100.



Statement on Alter Eros Festival



EROS EAST

GALLERY 940
940 QUEEN ST. E.
OPENING MARCH 7, 8 P.M.
MARCH 7th TO MARCH 21
TUES. THRU SUN. 2-7 WED. 2-9
EVE DONNER, PAULA FAIRFIELD,
ELIZABETH PHILLIMORE,
JUDE JOHNSTON, EDITH LOW,
CHERYL MITCHELL, VALERIE POCOCC,
LEENA RAUDVEE, NANCY WOODRUFF,
SCHUSTER GINDIN.

The process of organizing the Alter Eros Festival, formerly titled Feminist Eros, has involved an unfortunate split within the group of women, individuals and representatives of cultural organizations, who have been working on the festival since September. Recently one of these organizations, Womenfilm/Womenart, has withdrawn from the festival, taking with it the Canada Council Explorations grant that was to have been a major source of funding for the festival. The names of a number of individuals and groups had been listed on the grant proposal without having been consulted in advance. Womenfilm/Womenart is now planning to use the money, granted partially on the basis of the professional reputations of these women, to pro-

EROS WEST

A SPACE 204 SPADINA AVE.
OPENING MARCH 17th, 2 P.M.
MARCH 17 TO APRIL 14
TUES. TO FRI. 10-6 SAT. 12 TO 6
DIANA BRAUN-WOODBURY,
MAGGIE CELESTINO,
BRENDA-LEAH DIZZELL,
BETTY KASER, NANCY KEMBRY,
GRACE SVARRE,
FRANCESCA VIVENZA
JOAN BORUTSKI,
CATHERINE CARMICHEAL,
CINDY DEACHMAN,
ANA PALMA DOS SANTOS,
ADRIENE TRENT.

duce a different Feminist Eros festival. They have circulated a letter presenting their version of the controversy. What follows is a statement on behalf of the Festival Coalition, the group that has organized the festival, minus the two women who make up Womenfilm/Womenart.

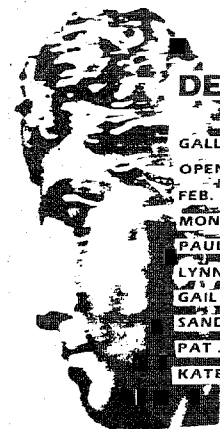
The idea for the festival coalesced around projects that were being developed separately by Women's Perspective, A Space, Gallery Nine Forty, and Womenfilm/Womenart. Womenfilm/Womenart was working on a film about feminist art, specifically work dealing with issues of sexuality. They decided to produce a festival and use its events as the main body of the film. Since the other three projects were gallery exhibitions, also related to sexuality, it seemed obvious to incorporate them into the festival. A group of women began meeting to plan activities. Representatives of the above organizations were included, and attempts were made to bring in a wide spectrum of feminist visual artists, performance artists, poets, theatre groups, etc.

Womenfilm/Womenart had a grant under the COED program to hire employees. They started out by hiring two, but in less than two months they had fired these employees, without notice or separation pay. The conflict was

based in fundamental political disagreement over operating methods. It gradually became clear that Womenfilm/Womenart regarded the festival as "their" project, regardless of the lip service they paid to their concept that decision-making power was in the hands of a "collective." The other women who attended the meetings had no illusions of being a collective, though they were committed to a democratic process.

The Explorations grant application was prepared before the two employees were fired. From that point on the situation deteriorated. Other people were hired sporadically, but the positions for which funding had been received were for the most part left vacant, an omission which demonstrated lack of a sense of responsibility toward the chronically underemployed feminist community. The Explorations grant was to have provided artists' fees and assistance with production costs. Instead, we are witnessing another feminist event produced by volunteer labour.

Many attempts were made to work with Womenfilm/Womenart, and on February 5 they agreed to work as one organization within a coalition to plan the festival and



DESIRE

GALLERY 76, 76 McCaUL ST.
OPENING FEB. 28, 8 P.M.
FEB. 28 TO MARCH 14
MON. TO SAT. 10-5
PAULA CORNWALL,
LYNNE FERNIE,
GAIL GELTNER,
SANDRA GREGSON,
PAT JEFFRIES,
KATE WILSON.

prepare the final budget that was necessary before the money would be released to them. However, within a week they had reversed their decision and withdrawn from the festival. As the money had not been released, the Coalition sent a letter to the Canada Council requesting a review of the situation by the jury that had made the selection.

This action was controversial, as it was felt by some that it threatened the principle of arts organizations spending their grant money according to priorities which are subject to modification at the discretion of the organization, without further review by arts councils. But a request for an investigation into possible misrepresentation in obtaining funding, or misuse of funding, is not a challenge to the policy of arms-length funding. Rather, it is the only means of recourse in such a situation. This festival was conceived of as a celebration of feminist art. For it to be run by an organization composed of two women, who have control over the funds, is directly contrary to the nature of feminism.

Phyllis Waugh
for the Festival Coalition
Toronto

Moving?

Send Broadside your subscriber's address label with your new address. Please give us 4 to 6 weeks advance notice.

exposure to these myths makes "normal" men believe that women really ask for it. And to the women who didn't see it for what it was in "The Censor," *this mean you too.*

It is precisely because of this sex stereotyping in pornography and my own consciousness of what happens to women who make X-rated films, that I have begun to view pornography as a *practice* of sex discrimination and not an *idea* or even speech. In other words, I've realized that the pornographer's speech, is at some time or other woman's life. With this perspective I'm working on developing legislation, similar to initiatives taken by Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon in the US that will allow women to sue pornographers for damages if they have been coerced into sex acts in the making of pornography, or if they are forced by consumers to replicate sex acts in pornographic materials (more in a future issue of *Broadside*). This kind of litigation removes cops and censors - all the machinations of the state authority - from the scene and empowers the victims to redress the damages done to us through pornography.

So, my pro-censorship views are changing. But that does not mean that I can be complacent about what pornography, Gordon Lawson style, is and does.

As a member of the *Broadside* collective on leave, I knew that "The Censor" would be shown with "Born in Flames." It's just that I last saw "The Censor" many years ago, before I had begun my own painful exploration of the subject of pornography. Now I feel like I have a different pair of eyes. I wish people in that audience had had the same eyes. They would have understood that Gordon Lawson may be right on track about the dangers of censorship, but he's almost as dangerous as the pornographer when it comes to the representation of sexuality.

(Note: This article was also sent to FUSE magazine as a letter.)

and a lounge area on the second floor of the new store.

To celebrate the move and the tenth anniversary of the store's inception, two days of special events are being planned. There will be an Open House on Friday, May 4 and Saturday, May 5 from 10:30 am to 6 pm. On Friday evening, Helen Porter will present "Women in Folk and Fairy Tales," storytelling for adults, and on Saturday evening there will be a poetry reading with poets from Toronto. During the day on Saturday, there will be live music in the second floor lounge area. In addition, there will be a sale on books and records during this time.

Re-acquaint yourself with the bookstore or come out and discover a new friend. Once again the bookstore would like to thank the women's community across Canada for helping make this move a reality and we look forward to our second decade with renewed energy and a commitment to serve the women's community.

Razed Bookstore Rises

TORONTO - The Toronto Women's Bookstore has risen from the ashes and is gearing up for a move to its permanent location at 73 Harbord Street. The store has been operating out of a mini-location at 296 Brunswick Avenue since an arsonist set fire to the store on July 29, 1983. Although the arsonist was attempting to burn the Morgentaler clinic situated in the same building, it was the bookstore that took the brunt of the damage, with over 90% of its stock being destroyed. (The arsonist was subsequently arrested and sentenced to two years in jail).

The intervening months have been filled with rebuilding the stock and numerous fundraising activities. Proceeds from these activities coupled with individual donations have amounted to over \$30,000. This money has been used for renovations, a wheelchair ramp

MOVEMENT COMMENT

Plasticine Prurience

by Susan G. Cole

I want to make a few comments about the kneejerk anti-censorship sentiment that abounded on an otherwise wonderful night with Lizzie Borden, Honey and "Born in Flames" at the *Broadside/FUSE* benefit screening on February 24 in Toronto. I'm speaking of the audience acclaim for Gordon Lawson's film "The Censor."

For those of you who weren't at the Music Hall, or even for those of you who were, let me do a brief review of the narrative and the style of Lawson's film. Lawson uses plasticine figures in animation to stand for the members of the Ontario Censor Board as they rate a sex film, the participants of which are also plasticine. The Censors watch as the sex players go at it in varying positions. (As they are plasticine, this is obviously not a sexually explicit film). They watch and comment; they are alarmed and full of "oh dears," "I wouldn't do those things," "my, my," etc., while they *may* be enjoying the spectacle. In the end, the Censors throw darts at a dart board to determine the rating. The Chairman breaks a tie finally by throwing a dart right at the BAN section of the dart board.

The main text of the film is that official censorship is arbitrary, hypocritical, bureaucratic, and paternalistic, a point of view with which it is difficult to disagree. But the underlying assumption of the movie, and of the audience as I experienced it, is that there really isn't *anything* wrong with a skin flick, that the hypocrisy lies in the fact that sex films are really groovy, funny in fact, as the couple swings from the chandeliers, and that the Censors spoil our fun. Obviously Gordon Lawson, and the members of the audience who giggled throughout the sexual romp, do not have the slightest idea what is and what goes into making a pornographic film.

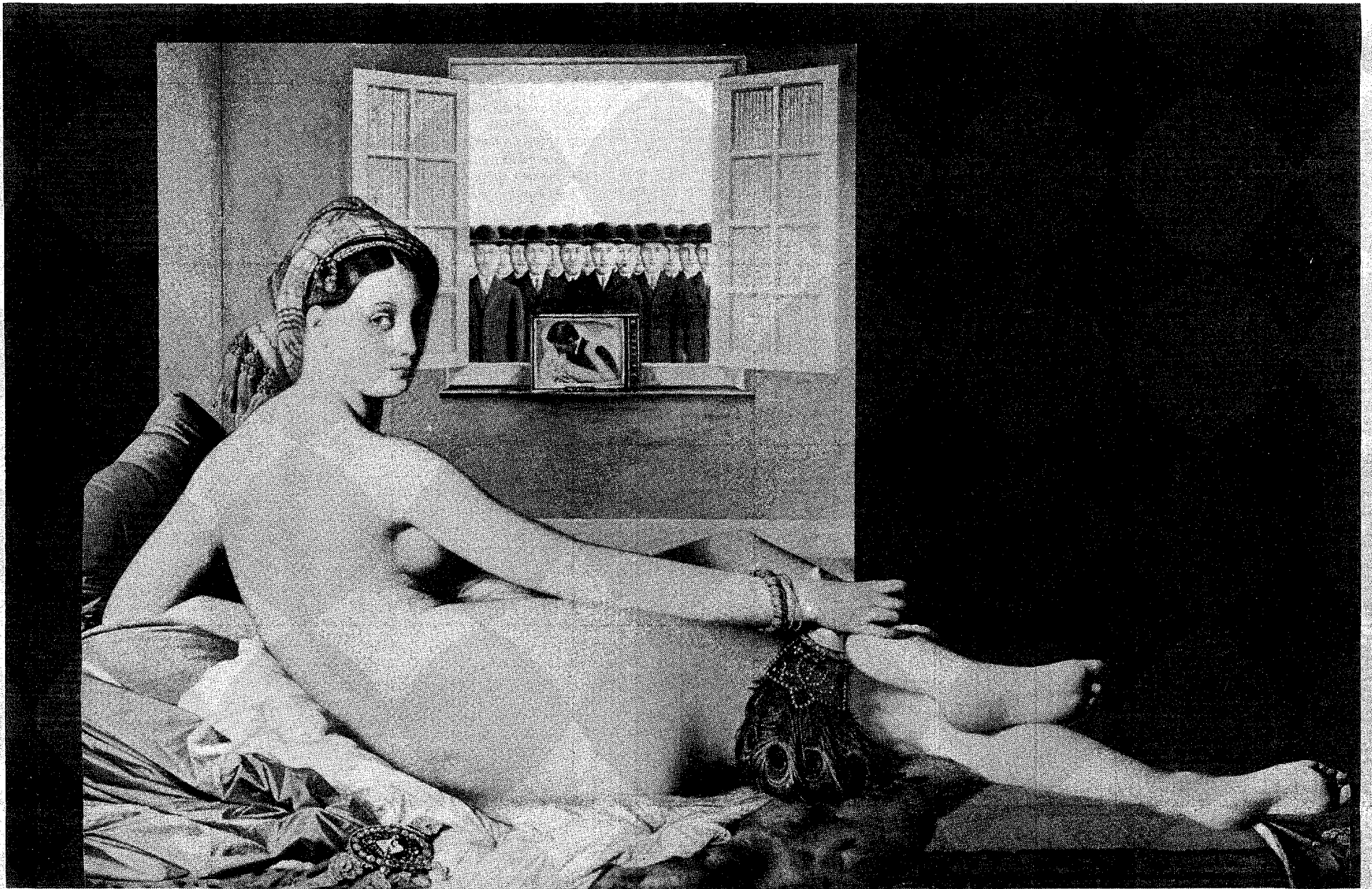
Let's be clear here. Lawson isn't pretending that the Censor is hacking away at great art. No Jane Fonda and a paraplegic John

Voight in this one, no Tin Drum references or Pretty Baby allusions. This was straight-ahead sex, with the typical pornographic conventions, the kind of materials that are often glossed over as "non-violent," hard core pornography. Those of you who think that Lawson is referring to that "mutual erotica" we talk so much about (and never see) must have missed the female partner's black underwear, those standard trappings of female sexual slavery, and the obnoxious reference to the dog in the scenario - as in the Censor's exclamation "oh no, a dog."

The audience thought this was quite amusing. Do Lawson and other chortlers know that Linda Lovelace fucked a dog for a pornographic film with a gun at her head? Ask yourselves this: do you really believe that women actually *choose* to fuck dogs so that boys can film the event and make money out of it? The truth about Linda Lovelace is one of countless nasty tidbits that go by the wayside as the "regular" world forgets that you can't have a pornographic film without a good deal of rape, coercion, pimping and sexual slavery.

I was particularly taken by Lawson's myth-making about sexual encounters and how they begin. Remember? Man walks up to woman, exposes himself, she takes off her clothes and follows him for a session of sexual ecstasy. Pornographers have been doing that for years - making sexual harassment and assault seem like a sweet "proposition." The woman in this case has the typical hard core reaction - she grasps the nearest wavering penis. It's the old business about women being primed for sexual adventure at all times, so depraved as to welcome an act of sexual aggression. How many women do *you* know who, if she encountered a flasher on the street, would proceed to the nearest bedroom? What is compelling about this stuff is that the researchers studying it are finding out that exactly this posture of pornographers causes viewers to trivialize rape. Prolonged

Redefining Eros



"Closed System": collage by Gail Geltner, displayed at the Desire Show of the Alter Eros Festival.

by Dorothy Hénaut

My body talks.

When I get tired, my body says, "We're exhausted, let's go to bed!" And if I'm too busy, for too long, too often, it catches a ghastly case of the flu, and I *have* to go to bed. I swear it *reaches out* to catch the flu! And then it says, "I told you so - you should have gone to bed when we said!"

And when my body is hungry - it makes so much noise I can't hear myself think! My stomach is demanding! It does not like to skip meals - no way! My body is so anxious to be plump and satisfied it gains a pound just walking past the chocolate cake factory next door to my house. I don't eat desserts - I absorb them through my pores!

When I smoke a little weed, my lungs say, "We don't want this stuff down here!" But my toes say, "We do! We do!"

I have learned to live with these contradictions. I have also learned to listen to my body.

And my body likes to talk about sex! It know what it likes! It never learned guilt properly - it was just too busy enjoying itself, I guess.

I can't remember when I had my first orgasm. I know by the age of twelve I had learned to explore every nook and cranny of my thighs and stomach and breasts and mount of Venus. My hands and my vulva and clitoris were fast friends - they were pals! They could pick up their conversation before the lights were out.

With the help of mirrors and some bending, I figured out what it looked like. A girlfriend or two was curious enough to exchange explorations around the age of twelve or so (what a great age!). I lived in the country, so there were lots of places to get away from prying eyes.

Then around fourteen I started dating. For a whole year I hated kissing. My first kisses dissolved into unappetizing dribbles and were rather a turnoff. Eventually I dated someone who didn't drool, and started liking it.

Then began the whole minuet of the advancing hand. My breasts said, "Oh boy, we like this!" (being hoisted out of their 1950 cotton armour and toyed with clumsily). I said to my boyfriend, "They may be small, but they've got personality!"

Then my thighs said, "Oh super! We love this!" as my next boyfriend played snakes and ladders up my legs. Somehow I remained a virgin for several years, probably because my head kept saying, "Slow down, slow down! You're young yet!"

A year or so later my next boyfriend not only discovered my love grotto - my love grotto discovered his *tongue*. "Omigod!" it said, "more, more, more!" I mean, can you imagine my luck! I cheerfully lost my virginity in a house under construction in the neighbourhood. Again, I blessed the advantages of living in the country, although, on one occasion, while making love under a pine tree on a beautiful moonlit night, we had to hold *very still* while a curious skunk sniffed its way around us.

There were some serious advantages to growing up in the forties and fifties. One was that you didn't talk about sex. My parents were so discreet about sex (though they made sure I knew about the "facts of life" and my own body's processes, which they taught with great respect), that they took silence for abstinence. And they didn't lay any guilt trips. None. It was clear to us, as my brother and I would suddenly round a corner and find them necking in the stairway, that physical affection was a Good Thing. It was just assumed it would be for later.

It was also clear that when one's clitoris trembled one's heart trembled too. I didn't screw around - I fell in love. My heart fluttered along with my hormones. They were united, they were a pair, they were siamese twins. And if my brain told my heart, "This guy is a dope!" or my heart asked my brain, "Do you think is guy is two-faced?" my whole body would be turned off so fast it made my head spin. My brain, my heart and my body were like the three musketeers - all for one and one for all. No schizophrenia here! - they sang harmony, a regular barbershop quartet.

I suppose with that amount of highly focussed energy,

it was inevitable that I would run away and get married at an early age. At 18, my Easter vacation from the Sorbonne in Paris ended up as a honeymoon with my French boyfriend/husband. I will be eternally grateful for that, because I added the French culture to my own, I have two much loved children from that marriage, and my body and I tripped out on pregnancy, nursing my daughter and son, and learning how to cook up a storm - all sensual delights, even if my intellectual life left something to be desired.

Now let's skip a few decades! My marriage lasted ten years, and I divorced 20 years ago. Time to really learn about love, lust and loneliness.

The loneliest I ever felt was during my marriage. I've really enjoyed living alone. I have also loved deeply, but failed to keep that love alive. I have treasured some sexy friendships - men and women whose friendship and affection nourished a light and lively lust. I have made tentative exploratory forays with new acquaintances that didn't pan out.

My body has had some interesting dialogues over those years - including some pretty nasty arguments - especially with a boyfriend who wanted to get my sensuality under his control. He said, "Your breasts are far too uppity and demanding, so no touching, hands off!" Well, my nipples were pretty put out at being neglected, so after a while, he said, "I guess I'll touch them again now," and they screamed and yelled and said "Not on your life! Not you, fella!" Of course, he was on the way out, and nobody else tried that one!

I've gotten a lot older and a lot choosier. I have learned a helluva lot. And my body has kept talking to me.

Now, when Bonnie Klein and I started working on the pornography film that ended up being *Not a Love Story*, my body said, "Oh boy, this is going to be exciting!" and it got rather hot and juicy in an anticipatory way. When we started, we knew we didn't like the violent porn, but we thought we might like the sexy stuff.

At the very beginning, I had a great time at parties, because researching the film made it legitimate to talk about sex, and people were very attracted to the subject, and to me. It really started out looking like a gas - porn

50-50 Sex...

by Joanne Kates

Come all the way in, love,
it is a river
with a strong current
but its brown waters
will not drown you.
Let go."

from *Unclench Yourself*, a poem by Marge Piercy

Is it because I'm in my prime? Is it because I call no man boss, sir, husband? Is it because my anger flows like April rain? Is it because I'm still in love with the man I've been living with for five years? I get more and more horny. There isn't a more ladylike way to put this. Eros isn't ladylike. It has to do with delicious stirrings between the legs. As time goes on I get those stirrings more often. It reminds me of when I was young.

I was a sensuous little girl. I loved the feel of the sun on my naked body in the summer. I grew up skinny-dipping in crystal lakes in the summer, loving my hard little body whizzing down ski slopes in winter. I touched myself often and joyously, for as far back as I can remember. Other people, regardless of gender, were of great and frequent erotic interest.

I gave most of that up in adolescence. My father left our house. My mother acted crazy. I was sexually molested time and time again by an older male cousin who was also a dear friend. Mohair sweaters and being able to do the jive and talk flirty became the *sine qua non* of young womanhood at Forest Hill Junior High.

I gave up being sexy. It was as simple as that. You weren't allowed to touch women; men had begun to act dangerous; and what precious little erotic territory remained unscathed was solitary, hidden and secret.

I grew up sexually active because that was the only way to get a guy, but I didn't feel much, for feeling it was not safe. And besides, how could you feel anything when the whole sexual encounter was taking place on somebody else's terms and the point of it was to please them so they'd want you?

Much has changed. I feel younger now than I did at 18, and by younger I mean more intact, less damaged, and ergo more erotic. I spent my late twenties and early thirties being furious at men, allowing myself the rightful anger I'd been denied for so long. I was angry at my cousin for molesting me, at my father for leaving, at every man I ever slept with for fucking me over (and over and over and over) and at every man I met for reminding me (no matter how hard he was trying to be inoffensive) of every man who'd ever hurt a woman. Given that I'm heterosexual, this anger produced many interesting conflagrations in the bedroom. It wasn't easy for me or for any man who chose to hang in through the anger, and the big news is that I wasn't alone with my anger. Men listened. For years I had complained ad nauseam about men and their nasty habits to my women friends, but getting the anger out directly, *at men*, was more productive.

as sexual liberation and all that.

But my body and I knew better the minute we walked into that first sex supermarket in New York, and saw the women in their cages, treated worse than animals, because animals don't understand all the words used to degrade and belittle them, and women do. My heart almost stopped. My stomach felt leaden. And my cheerful smiling pussy went into deep freeze. The films, the endless rows of magazines, the pitiful, pitiless customers, they all yelled silently, "contempt," "hatred," "vengeance!" "fear!" "loathing!" "control!" "Ain't no sex here!" said my body. "This is not a fit place to be!"

But there we were, right smack dab in the middle of pornography, for almost two years making the film, and another year and a half, talking to audiences all over the country, all over the world, clinging to the audience because they thanked us for making the film, and suffering with the audience every time because pornography *hurts*. It hurts every damn time I see it. And it hurts men as well as women.

Those years were mostly celibate years. Deathly chill. It was organic. My head and my heart were in pain, and my body said, "I'll keep you company; I feel it too."

In the film, Susan Griffin says, "Our bodies know that spirit and matter go together, that emotional feeling and physical sensation go together."

I think that is a human truth - at any rate a female truth. We really prefer to be *whole*, to love and be turned on at the same time, to build deep and complex relationships of emotional bonding, physical excitement, intellectual affinity and political/social complicity.

Personally, I find nothing quite as erotic as a good

I began to miss them. I theorized (in the absence of fresh empirical evidence) that it might be possible to love men as friends, to cherish and hug them as I cherish the women in my life. I started to wonder if there might not be others out there as loveable as the one I lived with. I had always conceived of him as an exception, and I realized my misandry was showing.

The solution was simple: Make friends with men. I've been doing it for just over two years. The road is not exactly strewn with roses, and this is where Eros rears its head. The men I befriend make mistakes, of course. I yell at them when they're sexist. We fight. We make up. That part is simple. The confusing part is that I don't seem to want to make friends with men I'm not sexually attracted to. I label that internalized oppression and I don't know what to do about it, although I optimistically suspect that it will pass once I've made up my mind more firmly that men are human beings rather like myself.

This brings to mind the relationship between sex and power. I feel sexual more than I did a decade ago because I have more power now. Coming out as a lover of men in these pages is one example of the power to thumb my nose at the "Feminist Central Committee" that has (in our imaginations) sat in judgement against feminists who consort with men for purposes other than reproduction. I have more power out there in the world. This is a class issue and I think it's important. I make good money. I'm successful at what I do. I have a house, a car, a dog, a cabin and seven chickens in the backyard. I don't have to answer to anyone for all of that, and that independence is eroticizing. And in the most intimate arena there is the power I have with Leon, my mate. I'm as attracted to him now as I was five years ago and I credit our fighting for that. For our fighting I credit my anger, and he also deserves credit, for learning to have his various and sundry feelings out loud, so that our fights don't have to be like the sound of one hand clapping.

We fight about power all the time. In the kitchen he turns to me while we're cooking and squabbling and he says: "You really want to be in charge in the kitchen, don't you?" "You're damn right," I tell him. In the car when he drives and I navigate and he doesn't trust my map reading, I yell at him: "You don't trust my navigating. You want to control it all." "You're right," he says. And then we negotiate. We carve up the power pie out loud, trying always for a 50 per cent share each.

I haven't had this much power since I was a toddler, before it was all taken away, and I love it. I love myself for insisting on my rights and I love Leon for putting himself on the line, every day, in order to hack out a new path through the thicket of male/female relations. All of that, especially my power, makes me regularly and happily horny. Being able (and encouraged) to reveal the depths of my anger, along with the sorrow and the pain that a conscious woman can't help but feel today, seems to produce intimacy. And intimacy of course is the most erotic situation there is.

Joanne Kates is a Toronto freelance writer and newspaper columnist.

political discussion! Eroticism to me is a celebration of those multi-layered bonds.

Oh yes, and *equality* turns me on. I am turned off by domination, either mine or my partner's. Equality may ebb or flow like the waves in the sea, but under the surface the equality is there, intrinsic equality between men and women.

By now you are thinking, "This whole damn chorus is out to lunch! Where does this talking body think it's living, Paradise? This is the real world here! This is a world where we were taught to hate our bodies and honour our souls, hate ourselves and honour our husbands, hate our sexes and honour our parents and priests, hate our communities, and honour money, hate our intelligence and honour fashion. And to fear everyone, including ourselves. And pretend not to. And be cool, laid back - and get laid! This is a world where you're grateful for an orgasm from time to time, and ecstatic for a tender word! This is North America, folks! Let's have no illusions. No bafflegab. What's this "love" shit? Love equals marriage equals the whole damn patriarchal shebang, the TRAP! Damn the patriarchal family! No bonding here! Let's hear it for lust! Let's fuck!"

Or better yet: "To hell with men, let's just love women. We'll deal with the questions around bonding amongst ourselves. It's complicated, but it isn't so vicious. Tenderness and turn-on can meet and meld here, and still leave us open to a sense of freedom. And we'd be building a feminist world!"

SHOULDER, page 14

If Freud were a woman...

by Mariana Valverde

The feminism of the late sixties emphasized sexual liberation as one important, or even *the* most important, way in which women could reclaim our power and begin to enjoy our bodies. However, it quickly became apparent that acting in a sexually liberated manner did not always result in real liberation. Endless doubts and heartbreaks about non-monogamy, about faked orgasms, about the political incorrectness of heterosexuality, more or less stifled that first wave of sexual liberation.

During the seventies, feminist theory and practice continued to develop, and to raise even deeper questions. Violence against women, pornography, jealousy among women, all these became visible as never before, and cast a lot of shadows over our sexual desires. By the early eighties, things had become so bad that to think of sex was to get a headache. As 'sexual liberation' became associated only with the narrow politic of gay males, we women got to the point where celibacy was a serious contender for the spot of most viable alternative.

Fortunately, 1984 seems to be bringing some good news on the sexual liberation front. We are still cautious, critical, and post-utopian; but there is a move to reclaim some of the good things about sexual liberation. Feminists, especially lesbian feminists, are vindicating sexual experimentation, varieties of sexual experience, and the need to express what Audre Lorde has called 'the power of the erotic', even as we proceed in the struggle against violence and sexist representation.

But in the present discussions, women's sexuality is no longer seen as women's participation in something called sex. We have a whole feminist context for examining traditional ideas and for reflecting upon our experience. We know that the question is not so much about sex in general - whether sex should be repressed or sublimated or left to explode - but rather about *women's* sexual needs and wants. We are looking at female sexuality in the context of our collective history as women and in relation to our economic and social oppression. So perhaps it's time to seriously re-ask Freud's old question; What do women want? We know what we don't want, and we are beginning to understand how we got into this mess. So the question about our erotic needs comes back to us - the return of the repressed - and we ask the old question with a new emphasis: What do *we* women want?

If you asked a feminist group that question, the group would probably answer: we want economic power and an end to violence against women and better daycare. Well, that's what our International Women's Day posters have been saying, and it's all true. But those aren't really wants; they're needs. Nobody passionately longs for good daycare. We need daycare and other services so that we can... do what? Sit around in meetings plotting how to get money from the government? I hope not. And as lesbians, we *need* to be free from harassment; but once we're free as birds to walk down the street with a lover, what will we do?

Men are quite explicit about their erotic wants. Gay or straight, they all seem to want more and better sex, with more partners, with less guilt. Some men also want more affection and love. Well, that's good for them. But what do *we* women want?

I don't know. I don't even know what I personally would want, if I didn't have to cope with my oppression and with the world's injustices every day. Would I want to lie in bed all day making love? Well, much as that seems appealing, after one day of decadence I'd be eager to go to work or even to go to meetings. Do I maybe want access to large numbers of sexually liberated women for my sexual pleasure? Well, again, I've always thought it would be nice if there were baths for lesbians, but in my limited experience, casual sex is generally better in the imagination of the deprived than in the actual experience. More to the point: if I could have a sexual slave who would do anything I wanted with/to me, what would I want? I'm still not sure.

I certainly know what feels good, and I'm not overly shy about getting it. But if I let my imagination fly unfettered, it sort of slumps like a tiny bird that hasn't learned to fly. Crash. I can recall momentous sexual experiences, and I can vividly anticipate or fantasize others - but there's never any particular mystery to my fantasies. If I feel horny, I think of my lover or of a current crush. And what I imagine would certainly not surprise anyone. So, I seem to know with *whom* and even *when* or *how* I want sex. But eroticism is about the *what*, the brass tacks of sex.

FREUD, page 14

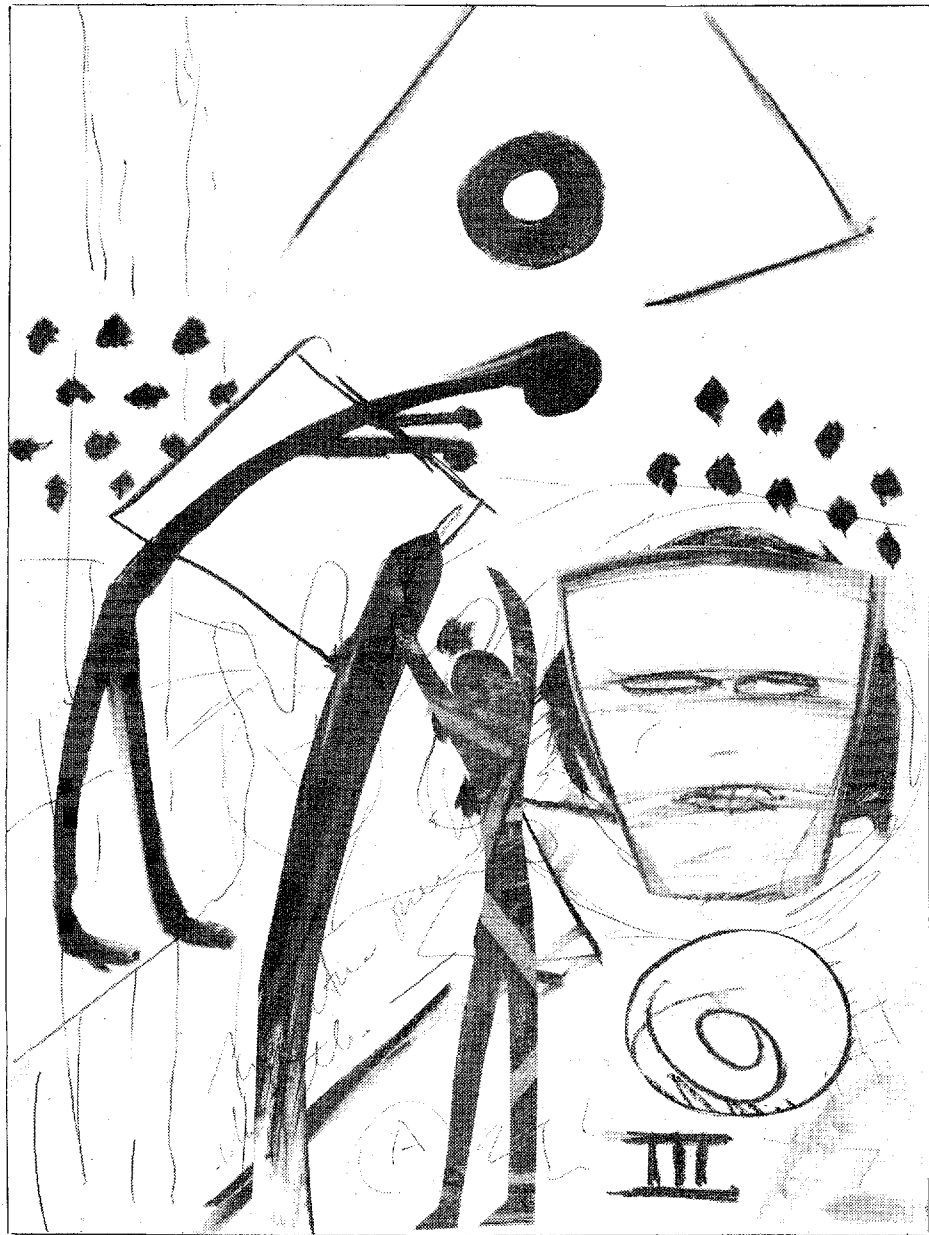
ARTS

Desire: An Out-of-body Experience?

DESIRE, from page 1

tive and sponsored by A Space, at Gallery 76. It ran from February 28 to March 14 and featured the work of six women - Paula Cornwall, Lynne Fernie, Gail Geltner, Sandra Gregson, Pat Jeffries, and Kate Wilson. The same group, along with many other artists, exhibited in the Women's Perspective '83 show and out of that experience arose a desire to show together again. Although these particular women had for some time been politically aware and active around the issues of pornography and female eros, they had not all approached the question yet from an artistic viewpoint. Sandra Gregson proposed the idea of a desire show with the aim of coming to grips with explicitly erotic images from the female perspective. However, as those of you who saw the show will have noted, there were few specific images dealing with female sexual desire. Lynne Fernie explains the frustrations of trying to create figurative work around this subject matter, which is what she set out to do in the fall of 1983 when she started to think about how to represent eros and desire between women. She was immediately beset by fears of misrepresentation. "The visual language of our bodies is so corrupted," she says, "that it is impossible to use the image of the female body without being misunderstood and falling prey to the voyeur. The secret and invisible nature of lesbian society has protected us from being appropriated by the mass media in quite the same way as heterosexual women. When I attempted to create a visual expression of sexuality between women, I realized that I would be providing information for the voyeur, of whichever gender."

The female body as an image, regardless of its context, has been so denigrated and objectified that the real person inhabiting the body is no longer there. In the absence of the person it is impossible to use the body in order to communicate something from the heart, i.e. something erotic. Absence is a major theme of Lynne Fernie's work on Desire. She did a large painting on one of the gallery walls in ink and graphite - not a mural, but a painting which cannot be removed, which by being on the wall is de-objectified. It is, she says, "an appearance of absence" - a dark shadow figure against a black wall, casting a long shadow, with the caption "I wanted to tell you a story about two women in the city, about how our bodies remember each other. I had forgotten, for a moment, that our bodies are icons of language; that my story would have been somewhere where I was absent."



LYNNE FERNIE

Fernie speaks about "viewer codes." The viewer comes to a show with pre-coded ideas and cultural references, she says. We must realize the kinds of viewer codes we are dealing with when we display work on female desire and eros. Think of the way in which the female body is exploited in advertising for a start, and you get some idea of the network of negative connotations and associations programmed into the code. Gail Geltner's wonderfully witty collages show how artists can

begin to scramble the code. In a series of three - Rising Up, Closed System, Curtains for Venus on the Half Shell - Geltner takes familiar images of the female nude executed by famous male painters and, by placing them alongside other images, in a particular context or arrangement, makes pithy, ironic, political statements. In Closed System, (see page 8) Ingres' Grande Odalisque reclines on a couch, looking out at the male painter/observer. Through the open window behind her, both

woman and viewer/painter are observed by an army of Magritte's bowler-hatted businessmen floating in a blue sky with puffy clouds, and inside the room, under the open window, a man kisses a woman in a back-bending embrace on the TV screen.

"The interesting thing about this show is what it does *not* disclose," says Fernie. Since the real person is absent, driven out by the viewer code, Fernie feels she must withhold from her work erotic images involving woman's body, as a way of presenting the problem and thus helping to clear the code. She sees her contribution to this Desire show as preliminary work, to clear the way for explicitly erotic material. The viewer must be de-conditioned before s/he can appreciate truly erotic images. Although not all artists share her approach, Fernie has felt the need to start out with this kind of predominantly cerebral exploration in order to clarify her own concepts of eros sufficiently to find new artistic paths of expression, and until she finds out how to maintain control over representation when she discloses her work.

In addition to the wall painting, Fernie exhibits five drawings entitled "Desire begins with the body," from a series of twenty which she showed last December at Powerhouse Gallery in Montréal. The series forms a narrative, and the order of images is interchangeable to form various narratives. The drawings are about "birth, joy, dignity, animality and carnality," Fernie says. She uses animals, specifically a primitive form of wolf/dog, evocative of the jackal Anubis (god of funeral rites and leader of the dead to judgement in Egyptian mythology) whose image recurs in much of her other work. There are two reasons for these animal images; first, to overcome the problem of gender depiction. When she did a nuclear warfare series, Fernie used stick figures and, even here, she ran into problems. "The stick figure is considered to be male and universal. How do you create a female stick figure which will be interpreted as universal? A stick figure with tits is female, but it is no longer universal." Between animals the division is one of sex rather than gender, probably due to the fact that animals are non-verbal, which is the second reason for Fernie's choice of animal rather than human images in dealing with desire. "What differentiates us from animals," she says "is that we understand language." She goes on to quote Adrienne Rich: "What kind of beast would turn its life into words?" The language of the visual artist is represented in Fernie's drawings by rows of alternating triangles, squares and circles, the basic three dimensional forms found in nature, along with the cylinder.

Mother couldn't have been more wrong when she assured us that sticks and stones would break our bones but words would never hurt us. We are both verbally and visually colonized. "You can write three paragraphs to explain the meaning of one word," Fernie says, "but how do you change the meaning of an image back to a more accurate representation of what that image stands for?" This is the question to which the Desire show at Gallery 76 addresses itself. It takes collective action to change things: action by aware, creative people, engaged in the ever-evolving struggle with the arts and disciplines which make up culture. Lynne Fernie is enthusiastic about the "immense activity" which is going on amongst Toronto feminist artists. She cites the formation of Women's Perspective and Women's Cultural Building a year and a half ago as instrumental in stimulating this activity, and in insinuating new meanings into both the visual and verbal languages.

The development of feminism from theory to activity is as natural and inevitable as the exploration of female eros arising out of protest against pornography. The developments are parallel and synonymous. After a period of negative reactivity, establishing what we don't want, it becomes necessary to posit an actively antithetical force - in this case the re-establishment of a long-suppressed female

ALTER EROS

ALTER EROS: a feminist festival being organized by A Space, Artifacts, Gallery 940, Pelican Players, Nightwood Theatre, Women's Perspective, Women's Cultural Building, Toronto Women's Writing Collective.

Confirm event information by calling 947-0290 after March 23.

HOLY COW! A GODDESS BAZAAR
563 Queen W.
Pelican Players presents this 12-hour performance event which celebrates the sexual, menstrual, intellectual, creative & reproductive power of women.
Drop in at your leisure. For ticket info call 656-7075.
Directed by Robin Bellisly Entres.
Designed by Susan Taylor.
March 31, April 7, April 14
from 12 noon to 12 midnight

EROS WEST
A Space, 204 Spadina Ave.
Opening March 17, 7 pm.
March 17 to April 14, Free.
Tues - Fri 10 to Sat 12 to 6.
Joan Barolski, Diana Bawn, Woodbury, Catherine, Carmichael, Mirog, Celestino, Cindy Peachman, Winona Lee, Duzell, Betty Kaser, Nancy Kennedy, Ana Palma Dos Santos, Grace Svarre, Adrienne Trent, Francesca Ventura.

VIDEOTAPES: WOMEN'S SEXUALITY
A Space, 705 Spadina Ave.
Including work by: Valerie, Leonard, James Lindman, Caroline Murray, Phyllis Maxwell & Jane Wright.
Curated by Phyllis Maxwell.
8 pm April 21
\$3.57 members.

EROS EAST
Gallery 940, 940 Queen E.
Opening March 7, 8 pm.
March 7 - March 21.
Tues, Thurs, Sun 2-7.
Wed 2-9. Free.
Eve Donner, Paula Farhela, Elizabeth Philmore, Schuster Golan, Jude Johnston, Edith Low, Cheryl Mitchell, Valerie Rocco, Laura Rautava, Nancy Woodruff.

WOMEN'S PERSPECTIVE'S DESIRE ENVIRONMENT
563 Queen W. 947-0290.
Featuring the Diana D'Amico, the Desire Supermarket, the Goddess Closet, a Friere, and more.
Running 10 April 20, 4-8 pm Tues Fri, 12-12 Sat, 12-6 Sun.
Admission \$3 unless otherwise specified.

DESIRE
Gallery 76, 76 McCaul St.
Opening Feb 28, 8 pm.
Feb 28, March 14.
Mon to Sat 10 - 5 pm Free.
Paula Cornwall, Lynne Fernie, Gail Geltner, Sandra Gregson, Pat Jeffries, Kate Wilson.

A POETRY PERFORMANCE EVENT
April 5.
Poets: Gay Allison, Ayana Black, Gisèle Domonique, Nancy Kasper, Roberta Morris & Charlene Sheard.
Musicians: Lucie Ballek, Harriet Hume & Barn Taylor.
2 pm opens open (Come for dinner) Performance at 6 pm at Underground Railroad Restaurant, 775 King St E.
For reservations call 869-1400.
Organized by Women's Perspective, A Space & Toronto Women's Writing Collective.

ALTER EROS ORGY OF ANOTHER FEMINIST CABARET
Benefit for the Festival.
Featuring poets, musicians, and other women entertainers.
8:30 pm March 13
at the Horseshoe Tavern
Queen at Spadina.
Tickets at 10¢. Toronto Women's Cultural Bldg. & Plaza.

WOMEN'S ADVERTISING
Judith Fraser, York University Sociology professor, gives her ever popular slide presentation on means of women in advertising.
8 pm April 10.

BOOK LAUNCHING
of *Love Letters* by the Selected Poetry of Sharon Stevenson. A controversial work published post-humously by Ring Press.
8 pm April 20. FREE.

WOMEN'S MUSIC
Featuring Sex Change, Herakles, & others.
8 pm April 21.

IT'S A PALAMA PARTY!
Bring your home movies, videos, stories, and your P.P.s. No boys allowed at this one! We've got the popcorn.
8 pm April 11.

Broadside

principle (which is vital at this point to save humanity) - to establish for ourselves and the world at large what we do want, and need. This process is occurring in a synchronistic manner all over the world. It is this dynamic struggle that will ultimately change the verbal and visual languages which characterize civilized humanity, along with the languages of music and science.

The Desire show was interesting from the point of view of the variety of styles and approaches displayed. Sandra Gregson's work has a strong emotional impact - expressionist, large oil pastels. Paula Cornwall's figurative oils are strongly atmospheric. Kate Wilson showed some particularly interesting and sensual pieces - small chunks of wood, gouged into and painted on. More of her work can be seen in a one-woman show at A Space in the fall. Pat Jeffries' canvases are free and colourful fantasies such as the Snake Goddess, and the Rewards of Chastity, a sculptural version of which can be seen in the Eros West sculpture show running at A Space, 204 Spadina Avenue, Toronto till April 14, along with the work of twelve other women.

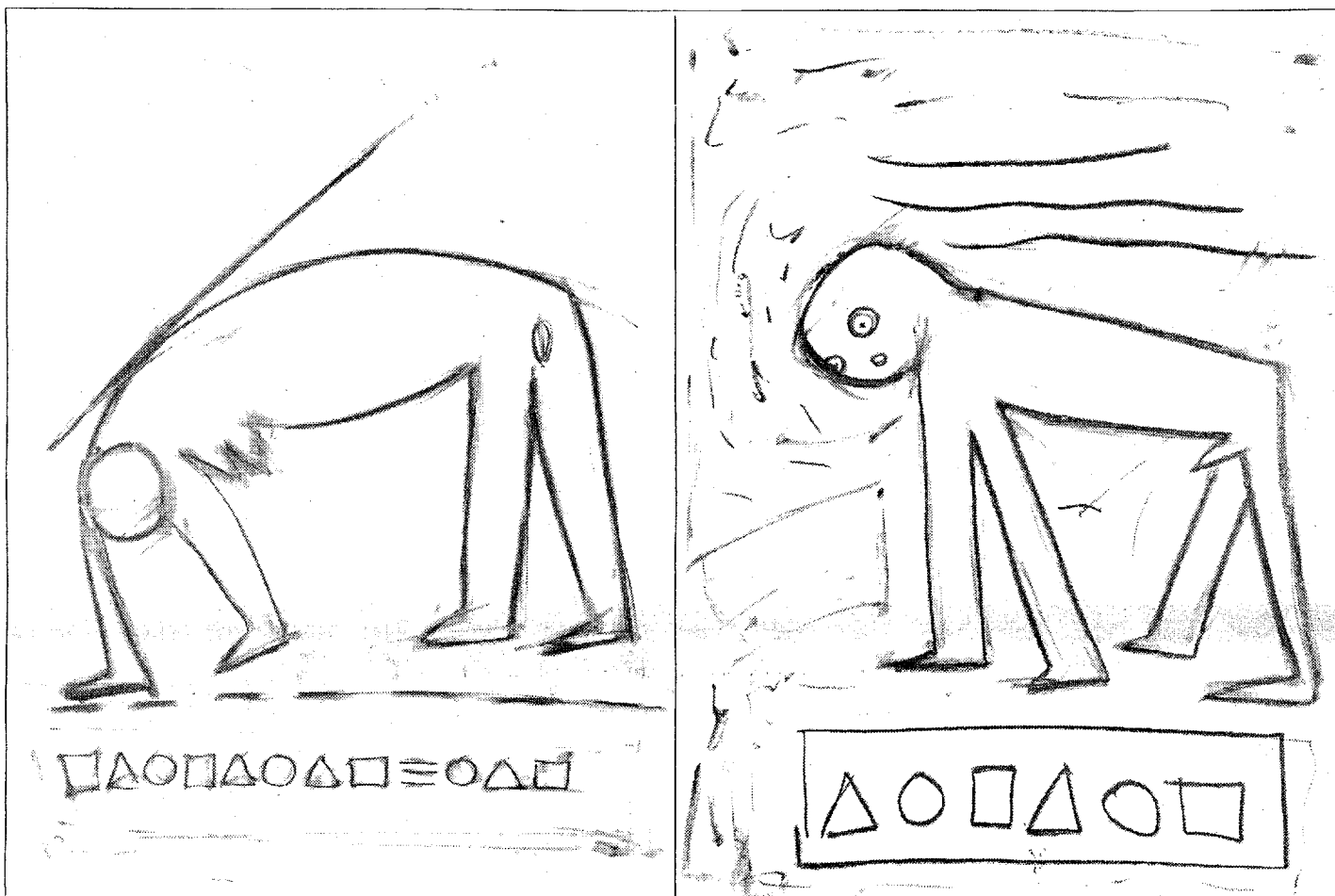
"We are born with desire," says Fernie, "and that desire is mediated and controlled through language. The problem is not sex, it is sexism." Sexism has permeated and polluted the language of the artist. Now it is necessary to seek new images which will simultaneously expose the codes and create a fresh language. Fernie further clarifies her focus on the subject with an example of an image from her series of "Desire begins with the body" drawings. She was afraid of offending her viewers with the image of a woman on all fours, "not because there is anything wrong with the position itself," she says "but because of the connotations of such a position, which include woman on display, woman abused, woman vulnerable." There is nothing degrading about an animal on all fours. It is a natural position for an animal. Nor is there anything wrong with the image of a baby crawling around on all fours. Even a man on all fours is not particularly ridiculous or vulnerable. The thing about a woman on all fours is that, through a man's eyes, she is primarily fuckable, and therefore vulnerable. A woman might first associate such an image with a woman down on the floor playing with her child, or with a woman scrubbing the floor. An artist should not have to go through all this intellectual speculation before she is free to use a certain image. Our bodies have indeed been abused out of existence as Fernie says.

The female body is a piece of dead language and woman is absent. Unless feminist artists wish to create for only a limited audience of feminists, it is essential that they find a fresh means of communication. The Desire show is a good beginning.

The Eros East show, featuring paintings, drawings and photography, ran for two weeks during March at Phyllis Waugh's Gallery 940 on Queen Street East. It was an exciting show with an abundance of readily accessible images. There was a wryly humorous painting in the store-front gallery window - a woman splitting in two, entitled "Sometimes I Feel So Torn," by Edith Low. This had quite an impact from the streetcar. Jude Johnston made her comment on eros by displaying two pornography texts. One was personalized and transformed into the positive by substituting the first person for all the third person pronouns. And the other was

totally depersonalized and exposed by the omission of all pronouns. Paula Fairfield's work addressed itself to the phenomenon of Harlequin Romance and the soft pornographic wedge inserted into the emotions by such fantasies of strong men, rough handling and helplessness. There was a beautifully painted atmospheric dream image by Elizabeth Phillimore - a large red canvas entitled "Invasion" with sinister hippo-like creatures swimming through a blood swamp, and men's heads bobbing in a separate body of liquid. There was also interesting work by Cheryl Mitchell, Nancy Woodruff, Valerie Pocock and Eve Donner; photography by Leena Raudvee of Pam Patterson's performance piece "Unwinding," and wonderful photographs by Schuster Gindin of playwright Robin Endres with her daughter at the age of one year, both naked, and sharing the joy of the mother/child relationship.

These images of mother and child capture the essence of eros in the sense of the whole, of which sexuality/sensuality is only a part, along with heart, mind and spirit. Pornography is sensation without feeling, or the activity of the body without the inclusion of the heart and participation of the emotions. It is the ultimate rift in the Cartesian/Newtonian split-level patriarchy which highrise we survive in. It is no accident that these images of a woman and her child capture the wholeness of what we strive to express in eros, because we do start out whole, and become gradually fragmented and disembodied by life as lived in the patriarchal west. The activity of feminists in re-establishing the feminine principle in the world is one of piecing the broken body together so that the woman who lives in it will no longer be absent, and so that she will again be able to speak, in the language of wholeness. ●



LITTON, from page 5

the 63 defendants \$75. And, in the same court only hours after we were sentenced, Justice of the Peace Kashuba would refuse the defence testimony of four young members of the Peace Camp charged, like us, with petty trespass at Litton, and sentenced to two years probation and fines from \$300 to \$500 each. Are we to believe that justice is not arbitrary?

For many of our defendants, a real victory would have been acquittal. Defendant Hibbert addressed Gottlieb after his sentencing, interpreting the probation as "an admonishment, a punishment," not a deterrent. Central to Gottlieb's guilty verdict was his refusal to "internalize" our defence and hear our plea that the manufacture of nuclear weapons poses an imminent danger to the world. Susan Milwid commented later that "our concerns were invalidated. We don't want to be in a situation of 'I told you so.' That's my greatest fear."

What was my response to the trial? Sara Winterton described the justice of the peace as "a big father" who had listened to the "ladies," as he called us. For me, the trial was like a return to the patriarchal nuclear family. Black robed, perched on this throne above the throng, the law of the father reigned over the courtroom. We were the dutiful daughters gone wrong. The crown prosecutor (the queen?), like the nuclear family mother, expressed her divided affections, supporting from time to time the pleas of her daughters, but, in the end upholding the authority of the father.

These curious feelings were compounded by a sense of isolation. Once the trial begins, one struggles against alienation, even when working as a collective. Defendants are forced to respond to a specialized legal language in a public space which makes them the interloper watched over by billy-clubbed and pistol-wielding police. And, throughout the week of our trial, aside from a handful of close friends and family, there was very little

support in the courtroom by women in the feminist community. Perhaps this was a result of the out-of-the-way location of the courtroom, but more to the point, it is symptomatic of the controversial status of civil disobedience as a political strategy for change. Forgotten are history's women and men who risked more serious terms of imprisonment and physical harm in struggling for women's vote, improved working conditions and a non-racist life.

How would I evaluate my participation in the November action and our trial? Martin Luther King Jr. described how "non-violent direct action seeks to create a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue." But this doesn't explain the revolution that occurred inside of me: what I learned about myself, group process, the legal system and the politics of this nuclear era. I echo Ruth McMurchy's response to our verdict: "The value of the action stands alone no matter what the judgement. It's always an educational experience for the person who goes through it, for the people around them, for the reporters and the people in the courtroom who are exposed to what we are doing and why we are doing it. But even if all that didn't happen, it would be important for me to keep doing it."

As we left the courtroom that day, a Canadian Defence Department spokesman announced that the cruise testing is just the beginning, for "the United States has asked Canada to approve a new list of military weapon tests which could include "artillery equipment, helicopters, surveillance and identification systems, advanced non-nuclear munitions, aircraft navigation systems and the guidance system for more advanced unarmed nuclear missiles." We are supposed to feel consoled that the list does not include "tests for chemical and biological weapons or armed nuclear weapons."

I return to my home south of Toronto's

Junction Triangle where local residents have just learned that the Canadian General Electric factory down the street is processing 550,000 tons of uranium a year for Ontario Hydro in an area with more than 3,000 immediate residents. Our work - our revolution at the fence - has just begun.

Note: My thanks to Marion Cohen and members of the Women's Action for Peace for their assistance in producing this article. And I am grateful to Judy Oleniuk, Ollie Shakotko, Vivien Smith, Jane Springer and

Miriam Walker for their support. The opinions expressed and any errors or omissions are my own. We have incurred substantial debts in planning and organizing the action, and in conducting the trial. Financial contributions would be gratefully appreciated: Make cheques payable to: Women's Action for Peace - November 14th, 790 Markham Street, Toronto, M6G 2M5.

Janice Williamson is a graduate student in English at York University and a member of Women's Press.

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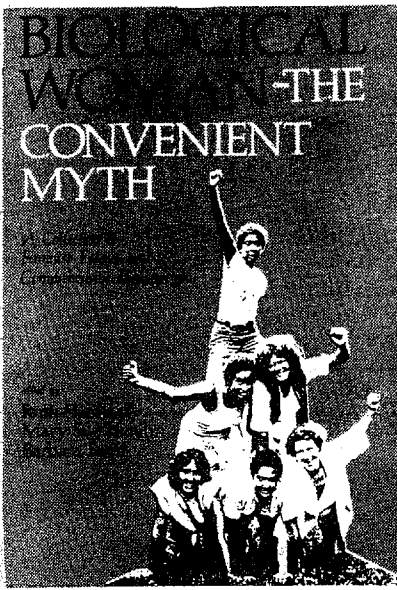
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1 TORONTO April Fool's Concert 2 p.m. Trinity-St. Paul's United Church	5 NEW YORK Frans Brüggen on Tour with Tafelmusik 8 p.m. Metropolitan Museum of Art	6 TORONTO Frans Brüggen, recorder, with the Tafelmusik Orchestra 8:30 p.m.
9 MONTREAL Frans Brüggen on Tour with Tafelmusik 8:30 p.m. McGill University	15 TORONTO Free Chamber Music Concert 2 p.m.	20 TORONTO J. S. Bach's St. John Passion with the Tafelmusik Chamber Choir and soloists 8 p.m.

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Political Science



Biological Woman - The Convenient Myth.
 Edited by Ruth Hubbard, Mary Sue Henifin and Barbara Fried. Cambridge, Mass.: Schenkman Publishing Co., 1982

Reviewed by Judith Johnson.

Biological Woman is an update of two earlier volumes: six of the articles included come from the earlier volumes, and six are new. The contributors use an interdisciplinary approach to investigate the interaction between biological science, the culture and women's biology from a feminist perspective. The book includes a carefully organized and extensive bibliography.

Much of *Biological Woman* is taken up with criticizing and documenting the effects of sexist science. As the editors point out in the epilogue, much of the published work supporting a sexist point of view is "so poorly thought out and conducted that the results would be rejected by reputable... publishers... if (it) did not provide so-called scientific legitimization of... discriminatory practices against women." Five articles on health issues and three accounts of women's experiences within the scientific community describe the

devastating effects of sexist biological science.

Ruth Hubbard's article "Have Only Men Evolved?" deals with the interaction between popular beliefs and evolutionary theory. She shows how Darwinism in the nineteenth century and sociobiology in the twentieth century both fit in with and justify the social roles of women and men. Hubbard argues that science ought to be viewed in context: "There is no such thing as objective, value-free science. An era's science is part of its politics, economics and sociology: it is generated by them and in turn helps to generate them." For example, sexist language affects many scientific descriptions. Hubbard cites a contemporary ethologist who describes the behaviour of genetically identical plant cells as "male" or "female," depending on whether they "actively crawl or swim" or remain "passive" during reproduction. The assignment of sex here is purely arbitrary; sex is assigned on the basis of a sexist interpretation of behaviour, not on the basis of genetics. In addition to criticizing androcentric science, Hubbard also stresses the importance of doing feminist research.

In "Social Bodies: The Interactions of Culture and Women's Biology," Marian Lowe examines environmental effects on sex differences in body size, strength, bone structure, hormone levels and brain development. Biologists, particularly ecologists and psychologists, have developed sophisticated ways of looking at organism/environment interactions. When it comes to sex differences, however, many scientists tend to assume that innate biological differences account for all differences in social roles. Given the prevalence of this assumption, it is impressive that Lowe is able to document environmental influences on sex differences as well as she does. Perhaps her most important conclusion is that "in general, observed sex and race differences in behaviour would explain only a small part of our social hierarchy; even if merit and ability were the most important factors." Of course, even if there were evidence

for sex and race differences in "merit and ability," it does not follow that sexism or racism would be justified. Sexism and racism deny people opportunities to do things that they are capable of doing. Lowe, sensibly, also argues against using "a knowledge of the origin of sex differences as the basis of our own vision of the future."

Two articles on the menstrual cycle and on menopause discuss how natural events in women's lives are seen as medical "problems." Both articles show how our experience of these events is influenced by social attitudes towards them. When women are angry, irritable or disillusioned, doctors attribute these "moods" to biology, often prescribing dangerous "cures" for them. Rather than subjecting ourselves to sexist and dangerous treatments, women should decide for ourselves what constitutes healthy menstruation and menopause, and which problems we want treated.

Beverly Smith's article "Black Women's Health: Notes for a Course" consists of an annotated bibliography organized into a syllabus. Smith includes films, slide presentations and a lot of imaginative literature, which she finds "valuable, much more so than most articles in medical journals, because... (it is) vivid, whole and accessible to all types of students." She points out that material dealing with all the factors affecting Black women's health - racism, sexism, classism and heterosexism - is virtually non-existent. Smith describes her syllabus as an attempt to gather the concepts necessary for an analysis of these factors.

Naomi Weisstein's account of her scientific career, "Adventures of a Woman in Science," reminds us of what women are up against when we try to practice science - any science at all, not just feminist science. Women are blocked when we apply to university, when we apply for jobs and when we try to get funding for our research.

Biological Woman includes valuable work on the interactions between science, sexist attitudes and social practices. It suggests areas

where further work is needed, such as the interplay between sex, race and science or between sex, class and science. The bibliography includes references to material on subjects which are not discussed in the book, such as eating, ageing, addictions, disabilities and exercise.

Hubbard, Henifin and Fried do an admirable job of combining good science and good feminist analyses. They use science as a tool, not as a substitute for religion:

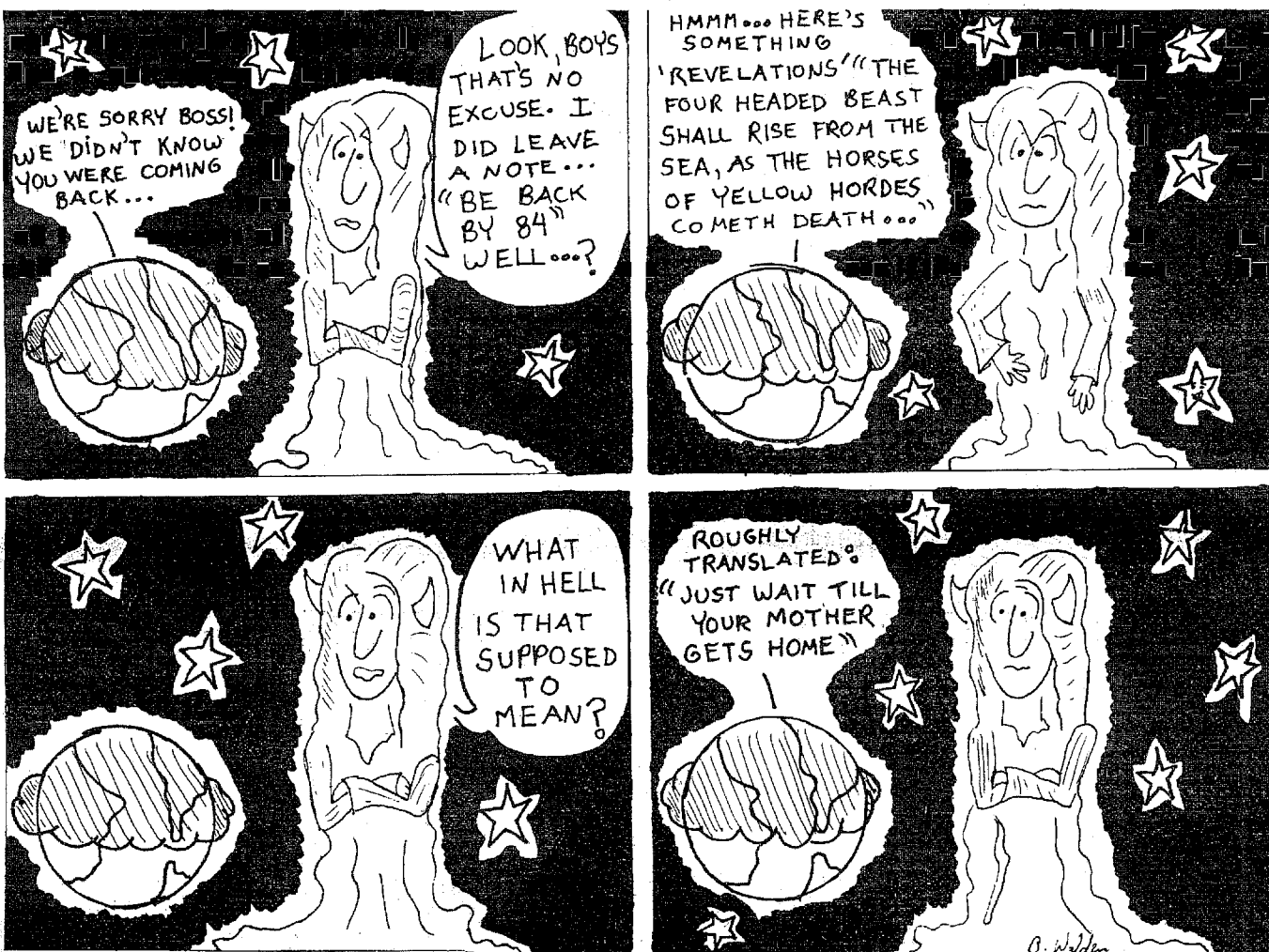
Science is just one way of making sense of natural events; there are others. We must try to select from among them those that yield a sense that is consonant with our ideas of human dignity, free from sexual, racial, and economic oppressions. We must also insist that the technology we build must improve our lives as the people who must live with it define improvement, not as it is defined for them by the "experts."

The contributors to *Biological Woman* have a critical awareness of both the uses and limitations of science. Science should serve people, they argue, people should not serve science.

Judith Johnson is a graduate of geology, now studying kinesiology at the University of Waterloo.

JUDGEMENT DAY

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CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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Street Life: Hookers on Davie

by Donna Gollan

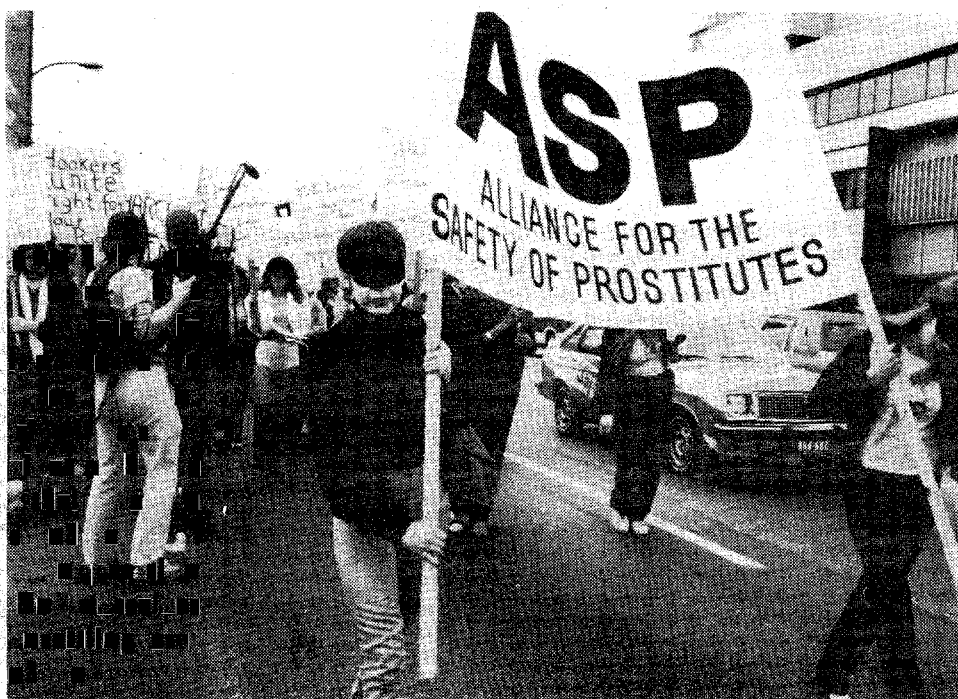
Janis Cole and Holly Dale have made more than a dozen films together, many of them about the troubled lives of women living on the fringes of society. *P4W: Prison for Women* was their most recent documentary. Completed in 1981, it is a sympathetic portrait of women in Canada's only federal prison for women. Perhaps it is inaccurate to describe it as sympathetic; in fact, it simply provides a chance for these women to tell us about their lives. In listening to each woman's story of personal betrayal, foolish decisions, male oppression and often self-destruction, we find ourselves capable of a surprising and unsettling empathy: there but for the grace of God...

Hookers on Davie, a film about Vancouver prostitutes, remains true to the Cole/Dale style of personal interviews and self-exposure which allows us a touch at the truth of more difficult lives, provided we can interpret the words. Cole and Dale purposely avoid heavy-handed tactics which explain the texts or reason out the subjects' lives. There are no voice-overs or experts present to psychoanalyze the prostitutes. There are only people who sell sex for a living who are willing to tell us a little about their lives, their jobs, and their attempts to organize through ASP, the Alliance for the Safety of Prostitutes. The question is, are we capable of listening?

In speaking to Holly Dale and Janice Cole after seeing the film myself, I asked them how they expected their audience to react. They frankly admitted they expected their film to be controversial. Indeed, it is their aim to make unsettling films. The point is not to convince the audience of one particular viewpoint, nor to produce a film that will answer all our questions about prostitution in Canada. The point is to start us thinking.

In order to think, however, it is necessary that we listen. And it is very difficult to listen to what prostitutes have to say about their lives, simply because they represent to us as women the crystallization of our prescribed sex role and its ultimate degradation, power and defeat. Prostitutes threaten women who live within the boundaries of "normal" heterosexual society by flirting with those boundaries but rejecting the taboos that prevent us all from overtly demanding payment for services rendered.

Women who sell sex to men, sell a kind of sex in which they themselves receive no pleasure whatsoever. In eliminating the kind of equality of pleasure that our society admits ought to happen between two consenting adults, or at the very least between husband and wife, we have to redress that imbalance with money. Not just a little money, but as much as the market can stand, or put another way, as much as men will pay for it. If we all feel, as women, that pressure to dress for the



male gaze, satisfy the male appetite and perform for the male ego, then it is prostitutes who take those implied rules of our sexist society to their limit. Certainly they acquire power in so doing, since they demand nothing psychically in return for complete submission, but only money, a currency men in our society can clearly afford. Judging by the women in the film, it is a wise-cracking, strutting power that can be taken from them at any minute by a "bad date" with a knife or a gun.

A prostitute may have sexual power over men because she is prepared to play the stereotypically submissive role that supposedly excites them, while faking her own pleasure, in any kinky form which he demands. But power based on submission lasts only as long as he will allow. We have already seen how this power relation does not work for nice, gently bred, "good girls" through feminist analysis of women's roles in our society. We see now it does not work on the street much faster, where according to one character, "it gives the male population a license to murder."

As each of the hookers on Davie Street tells her story directly to the camera, we are required to look closely for the pain and listen between the lines. Joey, a quiet, dignified woman with a drug habit to support, explains that at fourteen, she wanted to hurt her father, but she wound up hurting herself. Bev, an outspoken, energetic woman, explains that she has never found a job that paid as well as just "being a woman." Bev has a seven-year-old son to support, and as we hear her story unfold throughout the film we discover that

she has been a prostitute for six and a half years. None of these women speak emotionally of their beginnings. It is up to us to hear the quiet desperation or to ignore it, as we choose.

Ricky perches beside a bathroom mirror, her image reflected from all angles as though she has nothing to hide. She explains that when she accepted money for turning her first trick at thirteen, it took a school friend to point out to her that she was a whore. Where do the boundaries begin? "It had nothing to do with my upbringing," she explains over and over again, "I had a very strict upbringing." Can we hear something she can't?

If there is one thing in this film that really points up female sex role stereotyping, it is the men who appear in it at varying stages of their sex changes in order to become women. Jackie has completed her sex change and explains to us how hard it was to make her mother understand her desire for such an operation. She claims to have felt all along that she had been born into the wrong body, that she has always been a woman at heart. She is the only prostitute who cries while telling her story. She is soft and "feminine" and a little bit more helpless than the women who tell of their troubled lives with a steely-eyed cynicism. Jackie had internalized a role, not a gender, long before her sex change was completed. When asked why she still works the streets, she counters with a question: "Who will hire me at forty-one?" We hear this same cry often enough from newly divorced women, worried that their "wifely" skills have no market value.

While Jackie responds to "bad dates" (i.e. men with knives and guns who demand they sex free of charge) with terror and profound relief that she came out alive, Michell responds with a knife she keeps concealed on her person. Michelle has hormone-induced breasts and is working to get the money for the rest of her sex change. Michelle is the prostitute we see most often at work. She is brass and outspoken, extremely proud of her breasts, and the most effective ASP organizer that Davie Street has. Michelle has not internalized either standard sex role, but maintains a kind of flirtatious aggression that "dates" obviously find very appealing.

Unfortunately the lifestyle and the sexual ambiguity are wearing a bit thin on Michelle's nerves. Life is a lot easier for all of us if we just slip into that realm of what's expected of us, rather than attempting to carve out new roles for ourselves. Michelle works the street despite a loving and supportive mother who would like to see "Mark" put his three years at UBC or fine artistic talents to work. Michelle is on the street because she feels she is a freak. In fact, she is a pioneer and I wish, like her mother, she would work on her art and so tell us more.

Finally there is Curtis, who worked the streets as a boy for two months, then became Tiffany when he realized there was better money in it. Nobody is denying that prostitution pays well, though the film stresses that hard economic times have hit everyone. The point is, it pays well for women in a way that few other jobs which are traditionally women's jobs do. It does not take much training, just the training most of us have got by the age of fourteen. As Michelle's mother does not hesitate to tell us: "They're not doing it for fun."

Go and see *Hookers on Davie* on April 5 at the Bloor Street Cinema, catch it at Cineplex during its Toronto run or at the Vancouver film festival in May. But don't go expecting a film about a group of women organizing with ASP and shouting feminist slogans. These women are aware of the kinds of things they have internalized, but they see them as survival skills.

There are a lot of mums and dads who suffer from terminal smugness because their sons stay sons and manage a certain discretion in their use of prostitutes and pornography. They're smug too because their daughters fake their sexual pleasure within the boundaries of marriage, which makes it perfectly legitimate. Smug people do not have great listening skills. When "Mark's" mom turned to the police for help, frantic about the kind of danger her son was putting himself in and unable to understand his desire to change sex, they responded kindly: "Don't worry, he'll never reach 21."

Scraps of Women's Lives

by Amanda Hale

It's trendy to do women's theatre these days. But in many cases "women's theatre" means theatre performed by women rather than theatre dealing with women's issues. This is the case in *Talking With* which recently finished a run at Mercury Theatre, under the direction of Jon Michaelson. The show consists of eleven dramatic monologues written, one suspects, by a variety of writers despite the single pseudonym "Jane Martin." The mysterious Ms. Martin is represented by a group of lawyers who handle copyright and royalties on the script. Despite a certain lack of emotional depth, *Talking With* is amusing and thought-provoking, and there are some spirited performances by Annie Szamosi, Tasha Simms, Patricia White, Anna-Louise Richardson, Cheryl Wagner, and Barbara Nicholson.

The show deals with a wide variety of material, some of which borders on the obsessional. Each character shares her inner world with the audience, revealing a particular interest or pre-occupation which then transcends itself and becomes a metaphor for life. Lamps, performed by Cheryl Wagner, is about an elderly woman whose passion is light, in all forms, from the many lamps in her apartment, to the inner light of people she encounters. For her, the most exquisite light is the fading light: the final savoring and anticipation before the light goes out. There is an American baton twirler, played by Annie Szamosi, who comes out in full majorette costume and shares with the audience her evangelical passion for twirling. This piece could be called *The Zen of Twirling*, because

it is shown as a vocation which leads the twirler to god: the middle-American way of getting off-centred by focussing on an alienated form of power outside the self. There is also a deep-south, down-home snake handler of the religious snake handling tradition, played by Anna-Louise Richardson. Her occupation leads her to atheism, and a more grounded form of religion - love of humanity.

All the pieces are upbeat and optimistic, even the fine monologue *Marbles*, in which a woman tells about her mother's dying of cancer. The mother, finding she had only three months to live, placed ninety crystal marbles in a jar and dropped one to the floor at the end of each day. The daughter repeats the process in the telling. The dropping of the marbles and the noise they make rolling about the stage has considerable impact in this otherwise static, quiet piece.

One of the best pieces is *Scraps* performed by Patricia White who enters in a bizarre costume of multi-colored scraps, sparkly stockings, a half-mask and ostrich feathers on her head, pushing a roaring vacuum cleaner. She is the housewife who has opted out of the real world and goes to Oz each day when her husband goes to work. Sometimes she even escapes to Oz in the middle of a boring dinner party. Her husband never suspects, even when she covers the kitchen floor with yellow linoleum. This is a very funny piece, but there is no sense of seeking a solution to what is in fact a disastrous and pathetic situation.

Another interesting monologue is *Marks*, about a beautiful woman whose husband

leaves her because, after fifteen years of marriage, she is "unmarked by life." She is subsequently cut on the face in a parking lot by a would-be rapist, and her life begins. The scar makes her interesting to people and she finally begins to be marked, in a more positive sense, by relationships with people. She gets tattoos all over her body as mementos of the people who have most significantly shaped her life. The interesting though implicit points here are that marriage can be a kind of half life with no opportunity for development or "marking," and that destruction of this woman's empty, mask-like beauty completed the liberating process. Many of the monologues could have gone in different directions if these sorts of underlying threads had been picked up and pulled to the surface.

Other characters are a rodeo girl, an actress, a woman in labor, and a bag lady whose greatest desire is to live at MacDonalds. But the peculiar thing about this show is that none of the women really touch the audience. In a sense they are superficially drawn, going for humour and entertainment (of which there is plenty) rather than in-depth character. When you deal with a character's obsession you reveal only one dimension of a multi-faceted personality. Although there may be a case for arguing that an obsession is the key to a personality, we do not get to the root of these characters because we see only the symptoms, while the root causes remain implicit. Furthermore, each woman is isolated within her monologue, placed out of time and context, so the entire responsibility for her extremity falls on her.

Now that "the woman question" is so popular and commercially viable, it is more important than ever for us to be discriminating and refuse to settle for less than full-bodied, multi-faceted representations of women; to ensure that our concerns are not placed out of context, trivialized or dealt with superficially. The one thing we cannot sacrifice is heart, and there is a strange lack of it in *Talking With*. I suspect the omission is in the writing because, despite good acting and direction, we really don't care too much about these characters. They're all so happy in Oz, in MacDonalds, on the labor ward, and in their lamp-filled apartments. Of course it is easy to be happy in solitude, in a fantasy world. But pure happiness is one-dimensional and unrealistic. There is the real world out there to be dealt with, and that is where the real growth occurs.

Three words about the set: it doesn't work. The set is a series of black flats with huge rips in the canvas, and flaps peeled back to reveal the gashes. Naked, bald, white plastic department store mannequins are placed in front of the flats. The set designer, Francine Tanguay, is trying to convey the self-revelatory nature of the show: women stripping, baring their souls, opening their hearts, etc. But unfortunately, due to the adulteration of our visual language, the overall impression is of an S&M scene. Ripped canvas and naked mannequins were unfortunate choices. Perhaps she could have worked more with color and abstract shapes to create the mood she was after, and one suitable as setting for a variety of pieces.

SHOULDER, from page 9

That's true, my dear sisters, but you can't deny chemistry, and the sheer physical chemistry, added to the intellectual electricity and the emotional currents - deep and strong like the St. Lawrence River - that bond me to my man, my struggling, joyous, tender, visionary, committed, sensitive, open, exciting man, are powerful erotic stuff.

I, who have savoured my bachelorhood, my freedom, my solitude, my own company and that of my friends, I who have taken my body off on joyous adventures and have come home, sometimes thoroughly pleased, and sometimes thoroughly pissed off, I who felt lucky to have loved once, and was contentedly pattering along towards an eccentric and cheerful old age, I feel a deep commitment towards a man with whom I can stand eyeball to eyeball, belly to belly, and shoulder to shoulder facing the world, intervening in the world. Totally voluntarily. I don't feel any less free.

And never in my whole life has my body lived such ecstasy, such delight, such discovery, such trust. The joy, flickering, rippling, thundering and exploding like cosmic fireworks. Rising deeply from my belly and crashing against the cosmos along with his. Then the tenderness settles down around me like petals of snow and fire, my toes wrap around his toes, telling sensual tales, my heart feels warm and nurtured, I snuggle against his shoulder and we talk and talk as our bodies say "Wowee - are we lucky!" and fall contentedly to sleep.

My body says, "This is what we've been waiting for - almost fifty years! Let's hear it for wholeness! Let's hear it for love! That's eroticism!"

Dorothy Hénaud, a feminist film director with the NFB's Studio D (the Women's Studio), produced Not a Love Story, and is now researching a film on three Québec feminist writers.

FREUD, from page 9

I suppose it's natural enough, for a woman anyway, to have certain difficulties in being sexually innovative in the imagination and in reality. After all, it took me 22 years to find out that I was attracted to women - it never crossed my mind before that. And, since I quickly made up for lost time once I found it out, I can assume that it's not so much fear or shyness but rather the conditioning I

got as a girl that's at fault. All of us were trained, with more or less success, to stifle our childish delight in our own bodies and in the bodies of others. The training was designed to make us *feel* good only if and when we *looked* nice in the eyes of boys and men. So our relationships to our own bodies were strangely mediated and artificial.

Similarly, we had a certain native instinct about what clothes we liked to wear: but, good consumers that we were, we lost that native instinct - it atrophied through lack of use - and we grew to like what was fashionable. Again, our sense of physical identity was no longer direct; it had to be mediated through the marketplace.

Perhaps most importantly, our most basic natural instinct, hunger, was distorted and suppressed beyond recognition. Distorted, because junk foods destroyed any pleasure in proper meals and in good cooking. And suppressed, because after we had become unnaturally addicted to sugar and grease we reacted by going to the opposite extreme. The fear of fat took over. Boys could eat Big Macs and chocolate bars without any visible effects; they were bigger, and were getting more exercise. But us girls stopped growing and stopped exercising at about the same time. So there was a grain of truth in our irrational fear that if we ate when we were hungry, we'd become as big as balloons. In this way, our own instinct for nourishment became an alien monster lurking within our bodies.

Our sexual wants were either diffused in the anonymity of fan clubs, or strictly channelled so that only socially appropriate boys were seen as attractive. And even if we felt like a good fuck, we knew we couldn't give in to our instinct, for then we'd lose any social status we had, and probably lose the boy in question as well. So the battle for self-control was fought mostly in the kitchen, in front of the open fridge, rather than under the sheets. For boys, self-control was not raping their girlfriends: for girls, self-control was ignoring the flow of saliva as we went past a bakery (Freudian metaphor intended).

For me, the self-contempt I experienced because I was a couple of pounds overweight was followed by an intense period of self-mastery - which successfully culminated in severe anorexia. With my instinct for food totally under control, I felt superior to everyone else. But my instinct for sex was not completely squashed; it escaped my instinct police. And interestingly enough, as soon as I began to have sex (which I enjoyed a lot), my anorexic patterns vanished. Years of self-mastery were

erased in a single night of abandon. (None of the doctors I had gone to see ever thought of prescribing sex as a cure for anorexia.)

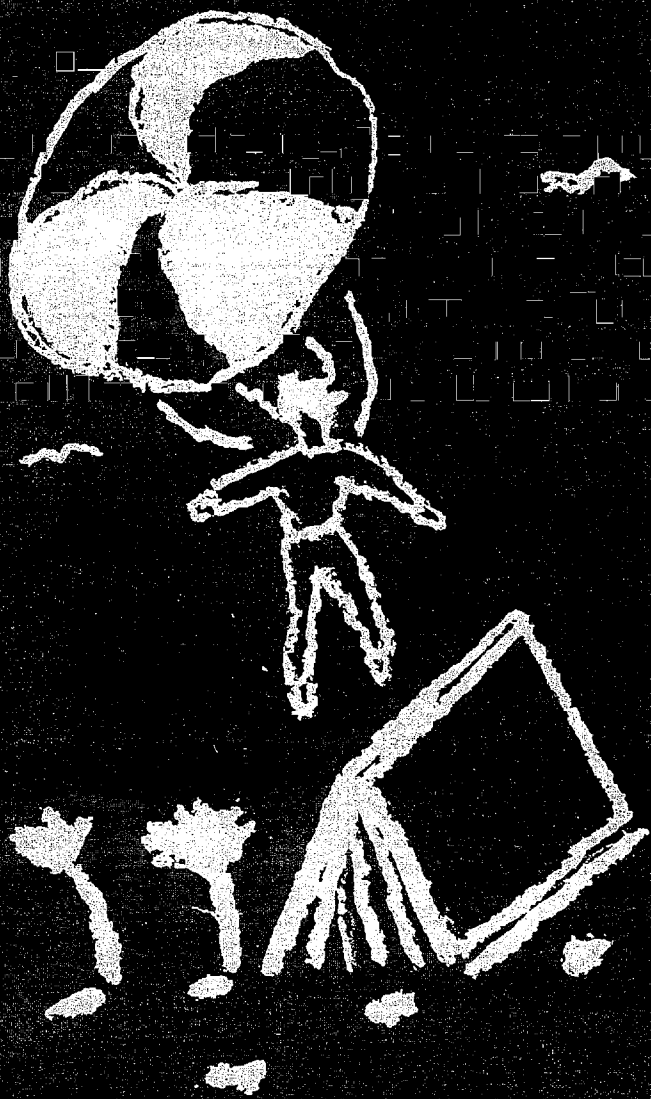
As I began to enjoy my body's sexual wants, I discovered that it was possible for my own body to know when it was hungry and what it wanted to eat. Just as I could enjoy sex without paranoias that I was a secret nymphomaniac, so I could enjoy a pasta dinner without fear of giving in to insatiable monsters in me.

If Freud had been a woman, maybe we'd now think that hunger, not sex, is the underlying force governing individual development. But whether we look at the question of wants from the point of view of sex or the point of view of food, the same truth emerges: that we have a long way to go before we can even *think* about what we want. The first thing we need is to see wants as friends and not as enemies, to get rid of the self-image many of us have, which is that we're ladies on the outside but raging monsters inside. And then we have to learn to take pleasure in our wants. Not just in the satisfaction of wants, but in the very conjuring up of new wants. After all, gourmets enjoy good menus as much as good meals.

Mariana Valverde is a Toronto activist in lesbian, feminist, and peace politics.

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TORONTO WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE

Week of April 1

- **Sunday, April 1:** The Desire Environment presented by Women's Perspective features a Desire Supermarket, a melange of found and created objects of desire. A project of the Alter Eros Festival. 563 Queen St. W. Info: 967-0290. To Friday, April 20.
- **Sunday, April 1:** Toronto Poetry Workshop with instructor Libby Scheier, author of *The Larger Life*. 796 Crawford St. 11 am. Info: 534-7635. Also Sundays, April 8, 15 and 29.



- **Sunday, April 1:** Lesbian Mothers Pot Luck Brunch. Food and friendship. 1-4 pm. Info: 465-6822.
- **Sunday, April 1:** The Buddies in Bad Times Theatre production of *Lacey or Tropicsnows*, a musical by Sky Gilbert about a Canadian poet's life and loves while exiled in Brazil. The Theatre Centre, 666 King St. W. \$6.25-\$7.25. Info: 862-0659. To Sunday, April 8.

- **Monday, April 2:** Tech-knowledge/Trinity Square Video Workshop on Introduction to Studio. Instructors: Nora Hutchinson and Adam Clarke. 299 Queen St. W., Suite 501. \$45. 7:30-10:30. Also Tuesday, April 3 and Wednesday, April 4. Info: 593-7165.

- **Monday, April 2:** The Women's Group, a support group for lesbians. 8 pm. 519 Church St. Info: Raechel, 926-0527. Also Mondays, April 9, 16, 23 and 30.

- **Tuesday, April 3:** Eros West, an exhibit of women's visual art, a project of Alter Eros, sponsored by A Space. A Space, 204 Spadina Ave. Tuesday to Friday, 10 to 5 pm; Saturday, 12 noon to 5 pm. Info: 364-3227. To Saturday, April 14.

- **Tuesday, April 3:** Lesbian Phone Line, open tonight for calls from women. 7:30 -10:30 pm. 960-3249. Also Tuesdays, April 10, 17 and 24.

- **Wednesday, April 4:** Altered Eros, A Question of Desire, a discussion based on themes from the Alter Eros Festival. 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Wednesday, April 4:** Women Behind Bars, a camp parody of women's prison films of the 50s with Roz Kelly of Happy Days fame. 9 pm show will be a benefit for the Gay Community Appeal. Basin Street Cabaret, 180 Queen St. W. Info: 598-3013 or BASS. Also Thursday, April 5.

- **Wednesday, April 4:** Toronto Poetry Workshop with instructor Libby Scheier, the author of *The Larger Life*. 796 Crawford St. 9 pm. Info: 534-7635. Also Wednesdays, April 11 and 18.

- **Wednesday, April 4:** Lesbian Phone Line general meeting. Interested women, prospective volunteers welcome. 7:30 pm. 348 College St., 3rd floor. Info: 960-3249.

- **Thursday, April 5:** World premiere of *Hookers on Davie*, a sympathetic feature documentary by Janis Cole and Holly Dale (*P4W: Prison for Women*) about street prostitution on Vancouver's Davie St. Dale and Cole will attend the screening. Bloor Cinema (at Bathurst). 7 pm. \$5 (\$4 members and students). Followed by a week long run at Carlton Cineplex.

- **Friday, April 6:** Stringband performs at the New Trojan Horse Cafe. 179 Danforth Ave. 9 pm. \$4. Info: 461-8367. Also Saturday, April 7.

OUTSIDE BROADSIDE

TORONTO WOMEN'S EVENTS CALENDAR

APRIL 1984

Compiled by Catherine Maunsell

- **Saturday, April 7:** Pelican Players present Holy Cow! A Goddess Bazaar, a noon to midnight performance event celebrating the sexual, menstrual, intellectual, creative and reproductive power of women. A project of the Alter Eros Festival. Upstairs at 563 Queen St. W. 12 noon. Info: 656-7075. Also Saturday, April 14.

- **Thursday, April 12:** Two Night Stands, short theatre pieces by Amanda Hale, Artifacts and others, a presentation of the Alter Eros Festival. 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290. Also Friday, April 13.

- **Friday, April 13:** Women's Independent Thoughtz (WITZ). A seminar/discussion group for the exchange of ideas and creative endeavours in art, literature, philosophy and political thought. Topic: Ancestor worship in China. Info: 766-9496 or 536-3162.

- **Saturday, April 14:** Ruth Kidane presents Pulcinella and Judit, a Punch and Judy puppet show with politics for kids, as part of the Alter Eros Festival. 563 Queen St. W. 3 pm. Info: 967-0290. Also Saturday, April 21.

- **Saturday, April 14:** Sappho's Garden Party, a lesbian and gay dance organized by the Gay Community Dance Committee. Two dance floors, one disco and one rock/new wave/women's music. The Concert Hall, 888 Yonge St. 9 pm - 5 am. \$7 advance, \$8 at door, \$5 after 1:30 am, available at Glad Day Books.

- **Saturday, April 14:** Benefit dance for Canadian Action Nicaragua. Featuring the Cee Dees. 8 pm. 300 Bathurst Street (south of Dundas). \$5.

Week of April 8

- **Sunday, April 8:** The Alter Eros Festival presents a poetry/ performance event with Ayanna Black, Gay Allison, Gisele Dominique and others. The Underground Railroad, 225 King St. E. Info: 869-1400.

- **Sunday, April 8:** Holly Near in Concert, with Susan Freundlich interpreting for the hearing impaired. Convocation Hall, U of T. 8 pm. Reserved seating tickets: \$8.50-\$13.50, available at Toronto Women's Bookstore, DEC and BASS outlets. Special seating available for the hearing impaired at \$11.50 from the Canadian Hearing Society (964-9595, TTY 964-2066) Free childcare—call to reserve: 925-6568. Sponsored by Womylny Way.

- **Monday, April 9:** Tech-knowledge/Trinity Square Video Workshop on Studio Production—experimental techniques. Instructors: Liz Vander Zaag and Adam Clarke. 299 Queen St. W., Suite 501. \$45. 7:30-10:30. Also Tuesday, April 10 and Wednesday, April 11. Info: 593-7165.

- **Tuesday, April 10:** Women and Advertising, a slide show presented by York University professor Judith Posner, sponsored by the Alter Eros Festival. 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Wednesday, April 11:** The Alter Eros Pajama Party—no boys allowed! 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Wednesday, April 11:** The Notso Amazon Softball League is holding a general information meeting. 519 Church St. 7:30 pm. Info: 967-7440 or 466-9341.

- **Wednesday, April 11:** Danceworks 34, "Spring Rolls"—combination dance/performance art show, with the legendary Sylvia Zirnaek. Harbourfront Brigantine Room, 8 pm. Tickets: \$5/\$7 (available at box office). Info: 533-1487.

Week of April 15

- **Wednesday, April 18:** The Alter Eros Festival presents an evening of readings with Judith Doyle, Marlene Phillip and Maureen Harris. 563 Queen S. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Thursday, April 19:** Women's long weekend at Camp Tapawingo near Parry Sound. Thursday to Sunday or Monday (optional). \$75-\$95. Info: Susan, 921-4755.

- **Thursday, April 19:** "Pop culture, avant-garde and the politics of sex," a talk by Sue Golding, writer and graduate student in political science. Sponsored by the Lesbian and Gay Academic Society, U of T. Rhodes Room, Trinity College, Hoskin Ave. 8 pm. Info: 924-6474.

- **Friday, April 20:** The Alter Eros Festival presents a book launching of *Gold Earrings: The Selected Poetry of Sharon Stevenson*. 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Saturday, April 21:** "Celebration of the Healthy Woman of the 80s"—workshops, talks, classes, demonstrations focussing on the physical and mental health of all women. Sponsored by the YWCA. 10 am to 4 pm. Harbourfront, 235 Queen's Quay West. Free. Info: 961-8100.

- **Saturday, April 21:** The Alter Eros Festival presents a night of women's music, featuring Sea Change, Heratix and others. 563 Queen St. W. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

- **Saturday, April 21:** A Space presents Videotapes: Women's Sexuality curated by Phyllis Waugh, part of the Alter Eros Festival. A Space, 204 Spadina Ave. 8 pm. Info: 967-0290.

Week of April 22

- **Thursday, April 26:** An Exhibit of mixed media drawings by Robbin Yager. West Gallery, Justina M. Barnicke Gallery, Hart House, U of T. Artist present Thursday, April 26, 12-2 pm. Tuesday to Saturday, 11-6 pm. Info: 978-2453. To Thursday, May 24.

- **Thursday, April 26:** The Joy of Life (The Demons are Dancing), a sculptural installation of painted wood pieces by Rachel Rotenberg. East Gallery, Justina M. Barnicke Gallery, Hart House, U of T. Artist present Thursday, April 26, 12-2 pm. Tuesday to Saturday, 11-6 pm. Info: 978-2453. To Thursday, May 24.

- **Friday, April 27:** Arlene Mantle performs at the New Trojan Horse Cafe. 179 Danforth Ave. 9 pm. \$4. Info: 461-8367. Also Saturday, April 28.

- **Saturday, April 28:** Anti-cruise demo, organized by the Peace Petition Caravan Campaign. Info: 535-8005.

May

- **Friday, May 4:** Grand Re-opening!—open house and sale at the Toronto Women's Bookstore's new location: 73 Harbord Street. 10:30 am to 6 pm. Storytelling, prose and poetry readings, live music, refreshments. Info: 922-8744.



- **Friday, May 4:** Lizzie's Annual Cabaret, sponsored by Elizabeth Fry Society. 7 pm, Palais Royale Ballroom (1601 Lakeshore Blvd.). \$20. Info: 924-3708.

- **Saturday, May 5:** CARAL 10th Annual Meeting, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Rm. 72, Learning Resources Centre. 9 am. \$25 (includes lunch); \$5 limited income. Register by April 20. CARAL, PO Box 935, Station Q, Toronto M4T 2P1.



'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*.

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POT LUCKS for lesbian alcoholics. Friday, April 13, will be first of regular social gatherings for recovering alcoholic or addicted lesbians. For further information call Valerie (416) 967-7118 or Liz (416) 465-1605.

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