



NEW COLLEGE

AUG 12 1985

The clash between
gender politics
and

sports politics...

SEE STORY PAGE 5.

COURTESY CAAM&S

FEATURE

A MEMORY: Margaret Frazer died in June in Toronto. Deena Rasky remembers their friendship, from the days at music camp, to Frazer's last hours. "Very few people would have the grit to fight such a devastating disease," says Rasky. Page 3.

NEWS

REP BY POP: The woman who engineered a municipal referendum on nuclear disarmament, Ottawa mayor Marion Dewar, is now president of the national NDP - and she wants to make sure 50% of NDP candidates in the next election are women, and *not* just in losing seats. Pat Daley reports. Page 4.

L'R DU TEMPS: Québec women's centres have formed an association called L'R des centres des femmes. Its purpose? To secure adequate and permanent funding across the board, starting with \$1 million demanded from the provincial government. Marlene Wildeman reports. Page 9.

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PLEASE...** Though the Jewish American Princess is a common putdown of Jewish women, no one talks much about Jewish American Princesses, though their numbers are legion. Jacqueline Swartz comments on the double standard. Page 4.

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**Moving?**

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

What's in a name?**Broadside:**

Who is *really* responsible for the "Feminist Manifesto"? (*Broadside*, April 1985). The names given - Kate Andrew, Jan Barnsley, Megan Ellis, Debra Lewis, Frances Wasserlein - are obviously fictitious. Aliases, of course. I spotted that right away!

Mary Hemlow
Ottawa

Speaking our Piece**Broadside:**

This is to tell you how much we appreciated your review of *Speaking Our Piece* by Donna Gollan (June 1985). Besides being *really* well written, it raised some of the questions we hoped the film would raise. We are not 'maternal feminists'; rather we feel that women's traditionally assigned roles have led us to develop values, skills and experience which must be brought into the political arena of life if this planet is to survive.

Responsibility for nurturing in the home and community must be validated and shared by women and men, as must the responsibility for global nurturing. It is clear that peace, like everything else, is a women's issue.

Bonnie Sherr Klein, Terri Nash
Co-Producers/Co-Directors
NFB, Montréal

Northern Voice**Broadside:**

Here I am, a feminist, living in this small northern Ontario, one-industry town. It is called Iroquois Falls and is located north of North Bay, about 300 miles. According to the tourist pamphlets, Iroquois Falls is known as the "garden town of the north." I can't help but grin every time I come across the description. Certainly there are a few gardens around, but that can hardly justify the picturesque description Iroquois Falls was given.

So what does a feminist do in a male-oriented town? She tries hard to hold onto her sanity. Mind you, I wasn't always a feminist.

When I first arrived, I was your typical, loving wife, who cooked wonderful dishes and anxiously awaited her husband's return from a far off bush camp. Those were lonely days when I was too shy to meet people and preferred the safety of our small apartment. The love of my life was home rarely and long distance phone calls to my family were frequent. Those calls made me feel like I wasn't reaching out and touching someone; rather, I felt more depressed because I realized how far out of reach they actually were.

Nothing was familiar to me, not the French I heard around me, nor the constant talking about others which was so much a part of the small town atmosphere. I remember taking my first taxi ride and the driver telling me how much I was going to enjoy living in a small town. He cautioned me: everybody knew everybody else's business. Coming from Toronto, it fascinated and alienated me to see so much interest taken in other people's lives. Back home, you were just another face in the crowd. But in Iroquois Falls, people talked about you. It may not always be good, but at least they knew you existed.

That was my first impression several years ago and the town hasn't changed much. But I have. Due to some very important people in my life, I grew and changed, though I still feel lonely. But it's a different kind of loneliness that has taken over. I feel I am amongst the few feminists who are a minority that share the feminist perspective. To simply acknowledge yourself as such is similar to having the bubonic plague. People fear the word as if being a feminist means being a radical, man-hating woman. How can we make them understand that we are not out to expel them, but to add the word "equality" to their vocabulary.

I feel like a closet feminist sometimes, as I realize how gently I must introduce feminist views in order to reach a great scope of women and not frighten them away. It can be so frustrating and tiresome because often I feel like shouting out at the inequality and sexism being practised here. I remain optimistic as I realize change is possible. The wheels of progress have started to turn in the form of a consciousness-raising and support group which is slowly becoming a reality. Eventually, we hope to reach the women who need a place to go to for support and information for whatever the cause.

Alcoholism and wife beating are just a few of the more common problems. They're real and large in number, unlike the facilities for

the women. Only recently has a home for battered women been established in our area. For three to six weeks, the home offers ten women and their children the opportunity to re-examine their lives with the help of trained staff. This is just a band-aid solution though. Still, what is needed is a place where women can go to share and have access to new ideas, and views which will enable them to realize their self worth.

So while other feminists across Canada are struggling over issues to agree on and fight for, those of us in small communities are plowing ahead to educate women to just feel comfortable with the word "feminist". We have a long way to go. Even if the rest of Canada takes on the feminist perspective, it's isolated towns like Iroquois Falls that will stagnate if we let them. So, we go on.

Kim Gareau
Iroquois Falls, Ontario

Laughing Matter?**Broadside:**

This afternoon while at the Toronto General Hospital, having some blood tests done, I was quite dismayed and very annoyed by the fact that the main topic of conversation and source of laughter for the staff, was the fact that a man several seats over from me has AIDS.

Now I ask you, is this a laughing matter and a source of conversation? These are the so-called professionals whose hands our lives are in? The nurse doing my tests was very free with her comments and thought I would "be surprised by the people they see each day" and "how many there really are like him" (gay). Then the comment, "Oh, there goes another one."

I just thought I would bring this to your attention, as I am sure an attitude such as this is not only detrimental to an AIDS sufferer and the gay community as a whole but also to every individual in the care of the medical establishment.

Also, I would love to know what the nurse's reaction would have been if she knew she too, was treating "another one," this time a lesbian.

J. Richardson
Toronto

EDITORIALS**Feminism's Psychic Imperative**

Two conferences held recently in Toronto, the International Gay Association and another on gay history entitled Sex and the State, left many lesbian feminists feeling conflicted.

Where does a lesbian feminist fit in the political universe? Some activists (albeit homophobic) in the women's movement, wanting to make feminism seem as accessible and unthreatening as possible, feel that lesbians should keep a safe low profile. Elsewhere on the political matrix, within gay liberation many lesbians believe the goals of feminism are so diluted, especially in the area of sexuality, that feminism cannot engage lesbian activists in a serious struggle.

At various conference workshops, lesbians complained of the failure of feminism to cope with lesbian experience. Even if the Yankee chauvinism - many of the participants being American - did get in the way of hearing some of the speakers, the discussions were an important contribution to a dialogue that is already ongoing in our own communities.

Still, many lesbians felt that feminism had been unfairly maligned and they regretted that so many feminists kept silent while our politics came under such a strong attack. But this frustration assumes that difficult questions can be resolved within the time frame of a conference. As it is, the women who wanted to discuss butch/femme lesbian dynamics moved the discussion within an atmosphere of openness and appreciated the absence of judgement. The women who wanted to reclaim prostitution as a dissident sexuality brought up issues of commercial sex that feminism has to address. And regarding the

often-mentioned controversy over the Toronto's Women's Bookstore's refusal to sell materials called erotica by some and pornography by others, this is no longer an abstract issue, but part of our community experience, a community of both lesbian and non-lesbian women.

We mention all of this with the conviction that these issues should matter to non-lesbian feminists. In a future issue of *Broadside* we will be carrying a feature on the relationship between feminism and lesbianism. The article, we hope, will address some of the concerns raised by some of our readers who cannot understand why we carry any lesbian content at all. But feminism, whose psychic imperative is lesbianism, cannot afford to minimize the role of lesbian feminist activists.

This is Broadside

Item: Summer is upon us. To celebrate, the *Broadside* collective is holding a garden brunch - on Sunday, August 18, 12 noon - at the Beaches home of two of our loyal supporters. Come and join us for splendid food in super surroundings, perhaps take a walk on the beach, and come back for tea after. Tickets are \$25 each, and they are in limited supply, so call soon to make a reservation: Caroline, 967-1212, ext. 4216 (days) or 691-5459 (evenings). Don't miss it!

Item: Something else not to miss - a chance to subscribe, or re-subscribe, to *Broadside* at the

Neither can gay liberation, which went through a powerful political renaissance precisely because the gay movement was expressing a feminist critique of gender and a strong opposition to sex-role stereotyping.

In the meantime, *Broadside* recognizes why it is that lesbian feminists cannot call either political place home, and how difficult it is for lesbians to resolve all of the contradictions. Some believe that a feminist vision that does not embrace men is doomed, and that such a point of view should be emphasized. Others agree, but want to be plain practical, to declare with pride that if you intend to join the women's movement, get ready for some close contact with lesbian women, the clergy of the movement, feminism's basic drive and force toward total female autonomy.

old, cheap rates. On October 1, 1985, our individual, 1-year sub rate goes up to \$16, from \$13. Subscribe now, and you'll save \$3, or about 20%. Our cover price goes up at the same time, from \$1.50 to \$1.75, so it pays to subscribe now. Time's running out!

Item: In the feminist world of reversals, *Broadside's* traditional time for hibernation is mid-summer. So we are taking a break, for a month, after this issue is off the press. Don't expect to see a copy of *Broadside* next month, but look for us again on the stands September 25. That will be our October 1985 issue, the beginning of our 7th year!

Seeking Joy Over Difficulty:



DEENA RASKY

Margaret Frazer Remembered

by Deena Rasky

I am only one of many who can be called a friend of Margaret Frazer, who died last month, and I am honoured to have shared in a part of her life. Someone from Nellie's Hostel for Women or from the Holy Trinity Anglican Church, or perhaps an elder member of CAMMAC (Canadian Amateur Musicians/Musiciens Amateur du Canada) might give totally different accounts of this determined woman's active life and of her saddening cancer-ridden death. What is important is that her story continues to be shared with others.

Born in November, 1917, in Hamilton, Ontario, Margaret's childhood home was filled with music. Margaret read voraciously and dreamt of making the world a better place. She combined her interests by teaching piano in order to pay for her Teacher's College tuition and she later became very active in the Teacher's Federation. During her 33 years of teaching English and History at Bloor Collegiate in Toronto, she managed to devote extra time to underprivileged students. Often she slept less than five hours a night trying to get everything done.

We met the summer of 1980 at the Lake Rosseau Music Centre for amateurs near Parry Sound, Ontario. I was alone and feeling sorry for myself since most feminists had gone to the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival instead. I hunted around and found a woman who worked on an affirmative action program at OISE and tried getting a good debate going. "Oh no," she protested, "I only work there. I'm really not a strong feminist. If you want to talk to someone, you should talk with Margaret Frazer," pointing out a smiling silver-haired woman sitting in the choir section.

I didn't feel worthy enough to talk with her: here was a bona-fide pioneer feminist, a hard-working board member and fund-raiser at Nellie's and I felt like a mere junior part-timer in comparison. So it wasn't until back in Toronto that we connected, at a busy downtown intersection. She waved and we chatted just briefly enough over the din for her to invite me over to play some chamber music. I was in heaven. Here was a woman who successfully combined music making with feminism and she wanted to play with me!

We would spend long afternoons together; lunches lovingly prepared by Margaret, served on fine antique china. There'd be lots of talk, political, musical and general, sometimes a stroll through her garden, then we'd have a few glorious hours of music, primarily sight-read from her extensive collection. Even her walls seemed to welcome you with prints by Cézanne, Matisse, Pellé and small reliefs

by Frances Wylie. On the weekends we'd get together for piano trios or prepare to play for our friends or for CAMMAC events.

When Margaret was pleased, she'd do a little dance, clap her hands and shout "Hurrah!" There were many moments like this together, even if the hurrahs only meant we managed to get through a difficult piece or that we had arrived at our destination. She sought out joy over difficulty and that's what counted. This attitude kept Margaret going and reaching out to help others.

A long-time member of Nellie's hostel, Margaret uncomplainingly did numerous tedious jobs and faithfully worked on the books and went after funds. Her commitment virtually became Margaret's new job after retirement. At the opening of Jessie's—a place for unwed pregnant teenagers—she glowed with pride as we walked through the new quarters complete with toy-stocked playrooms and spanking new laundry facilities. It was this feeling of accomplishment that also got Margaret out on the front lines fighting for group homes to be established for ex-psychiatric patients or participating in peace movement rallies. What was the point in sitting at home feeling sad about world events when you could go out and change things? It was only logical for the women at Nellie's to name the Margaret Frazer House for ex-psychiatric patients in honour of the one who put so much energy into making the place a reality. Margaret would never call the place by its full name in front of her friends. Was she too modest about being a legend in her own lifetime or was she protesting the formality?

When we went to see Judy Chicago's Dinner Party in Montréal, we had to wait hours to get into the exhibit, though it was well worth it. We even lugged Chicago's costly catalog around to read the stories of the women represented on the plates. Margaret thought it would be wonderful if all women could have easy access to this information, regardless of finances. I only sighed in return. The next day we read the unbelievable had happened—the Judy Chicago show was coming to the stodgy Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto. "Hurrah!" The following week I got a phone call from Margaret asking all about typesetters and printers. She decided to assemble that booklet on her own. She fought with the AGO executive, she fought on the long-distance line with Judy Chicago's lawyer but she got it done so that the people who came to the AGO paid only a fraction of the cost to read Margaret's pamphlet about the great women throughout the centuries represented in the Dinner Party. The great irony was she made a profit out of the venture! Of course, this money was divided amongst her various causes.

Some of her spiritual strength came from her Holy Trinity church affiliation. The congregation made fighting injustices a priority. Someone tried to "clean up" Holy Trinity by appointing a super-conservative minister, but the congregation wouldn't budge. Margaret was proud of this church as one of the first in Canada to recognize gay rights.

I will always remember the Sunday service when Margaret and I played part of a Handel sonata for violin and piano. People were casually walking by us during the piece, but when a woman and her poodle strolled by, I nearly cracked up. This surely is a church with very few restrictions.

Margaret read about the goddesses, witches and the Gnostic bible—she was really excited about women having an equal role in the church and joined a women's spirituality group. Her own spirit was so strong, Margaret appeared in the dream of Kathleen, the young cellist from CAMMAC, the night she died. Margaret was waving goodbye and Kathleen, along with all of us waved back. The next day, there was a front page picture of Margaret in the *Globe and Mail* with a eulogy by her close friend June Callwood.

How did Margaret do it? Why did over 60 people continue to rally by her side morning, noon and night during her last days? What was the secret of this magical dear woman alone with her cat Cleo that got so many people to devote their time? Others have confirmed the answer—it was because she loved you the way you are, you were special and she gave fully of herself to you. She plucked that halo on your head and you could do very little wrong in her eyes. She always had time for you when she was healthy and zooming around doing a zillion other things for the world. She rarely asked for anything in return. She was a faithful friend and continued to love you even when she was on her deathbed.

The night I came over to stay with her on a shift, she was very close to the end. The cancer in her pancreas was eating away at her until she was a human skeleton, only her belly stood out bloated and her legs swollen from retaining fluid. I cried seeing my friend so disfigured. Very few people would have the grit to fight such a devastating illness, but the next morning she dressed herself, making sweet jokes about us wearing the same colours and talking politics at the breakfast table as if nothing was wrong. Her inner beauty would never die.

Our relationship wasn't always so positive. When we went travelling for two weeks to CAMMAC's Lake MacDonald music centre in Québec and to visit Margaret's childhood friend, Hope Huey, we suffered from "cabin fever". I griped about her incorrect gear shift-

ing on the highway and she had to angrily remind me she couldn't eat my undercooked vegetables and would prefer eating in the main dining room. Still we managed to stay cheerful, sleeping in a leaky tent, Margaret waking up at dawn hoping to see a pileated woodpecker. The three of us picked wild blueberries near Hope's home by St. Sauveur des monts. Hope's dog would communicate with a certain fish in the lake and each morning Hope would prepare fresh bread in her wood stove. Later we'd get some home-baked blueberry pie as a treat for our music-making. We'd do yoga exercises on the dock, swim some lengths of the tiny lake, canoe, or just hang out by the birdfeeders.

Retirement had been looked forward to by Margaret with her usual unconventional optimism. It was a time for someone else to shovel the snow, for cheaper transportation, better bank rates and, most importantly, more time to do things. I felt Margaret would live forever. Even though she was twice my age, she was so spunky, she lived for the present and the future, so I'd forget the huge age difference.

One of the happiest times for Margaret was when she and another teacher named Jean bought the house on Deloraine Avenue—the same house Margaret died in. There they lived together for 10 years until Jean decided to buy a house of her own. Who needs marriage anyway? A close friend of Margaret's had died and her husband proposed marriage. When Margaret refused, he became verbally abusive. She would have loved a longer-termed significant other in her life, but she explained: "It's just not in the cards." Anyway, who could have kept up with her?

Margaret's illness had merged her network of devoted friends from Nellie's, Holy Trinity Church and CAMMAC together as one team. Women with labyrinths around their necks worked with women with crosses or music symbols towards the common goal of Margaret's comfort in her last days. Political differences were movingly set aside during the memorial service as we all linked arms and sang Mary O'Hara's uplifting version of "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" from Margaret's tape collection. The funeral service was not unlike a feminist event, with fund-raiser Eileen Swinton standing up and announcing there was to be a Nellie's benefit on Wednesday and tickets were still available, adding that Margaret would have liked it. June Callwood spoke at the service: "We don't have Margaret Frazer any more but we have our better selves."

It'll be lonely again this summer at Lake Rosseau Music Centre. Margaret Frazer will no longer be there to share the music. ●

Dewar Delivers

by Pat Daley

"We are going to organize this party so that the rest of Canada won't know what hit them."

If Marion Dewar, mayor of Ottawa and, now, federal New Democratic Party president, has her way, one thing Canada will be hit with in the next federal election is a roster of 141 NDP women candidates. And, says Dewar, "There's no use having female candidates as tokens in every riding we're going to lose."

As 1,300 delegates to the NDP convention on the Canada Day weekend stood in Ottawa's steaming Civic Centre to applaud Dewar's acclamation, Nova Scotia NDP leader Alexa McDonough introduced the party's first full-time president as a woman with "superb personal qualities and awesome political abilities." Although acclaimed, Dewar had campaigned for three months to win the position, not knowing until the last moment whether she would have any opposition or not. Not all NDP factions were happy with her candidacy, some saying that she's not strong enough on unions, others that she didn't come up through the constituency ranks.

But the dynamic and confident Dewar says matter-of-factly, "My skills have always been the ability to encourage people to work and to animate groups."

The woman who handily won three mayoral campaigns as an openly NDP candidate, who co-hosted the Women's Constitutional Conference in 1981, who has been active in the peace and human rights movement, may be just the person to administer a party that, at this convention, seemed to come to its senses and firmly establish itself as a progressive alternative to the Liberals and Conservatives. An overwhelming reaffirmation of the NDP's policy to pull Canada out of NATO and the adoption of new, comprehensive policies on Nicaragua and the Pacific Rim acted to give the convention an air of solidarity and determination.



Marion Dewar.

Dewar's determination to shake up the party itself, expressed at her acclamation on the third morning of the convention, pulled it all together. She had campaigned on a platform of making the party more democratic by opening all meetings at all levels to members, providing financial assistance to elected delegates who cannot fund their own way to the convention, making internal party elections more competitive (it is currently a slate process), and actively drawing in francophones, youth and women.

"I am going to work very hard for you in the next two years," she told delegates. "But you're going to work too."

"We are going to show (Canadians) that women are going to be equally represented in decision-making in our country everywhere." Dewar means to start within the party itself by working to ensure that half of the candidates in the next federal election are women.

"The NDP for years has been light years ahead in policy on affirmative action," she says, "so we can be disappointed that there are no larger female numbers in the caucus."

Dewar, who is the second woman to have been elected NDP president, sees the federal party organization going into the ridings and actively searching out women candidates, giv-

ing them assurance and funding. (The NDP has established The Agnes Macphail Fund to provide financial assistance to women candidates.)

Dewar finishes her term as mayor of Ottawa on December 1, 1985 and will then spend the next two years working full-time - without pay - to organize the party. As for speculation that her own plans include a stab at the federal leadership, she would only say it would be wonderful if the NDP had a woman leader, adding that current leader Ed Broadbent is riding a wave of popularity at the moment.

Pat Daley is a Toronto writer and former staff member of the Alberta New Democratic Party.

Royal Putdown

by Jacqueline Swartz

It always amazes me to hear Jewish men who call themselves progressive, complacently referring to a woman as a Jewish American Princess, a stereotype that is not only crudely self-serving but just plain erroneous. Back in the days when young women traded their sexuality for engagement rings, and when most women did not expect to earn a salary, the label might have carried some descriptive weight. But today, when Jewish women, like most other people, have sex before marriage and expect to earn money, the JAP label says more about the man who uses it than about the woman it's supposed to describe. When it comes to labeling upscale consumers, North American culture, interestingly enough, is genderless: you don't see women yuppies called wuppies. Yet Jewish men, and even some women continue to use - and relish - the JAP label.

The Jewish American Prince term really hasn't caught on: Yet perhaps we should look at how it applies to some Jewish men. Enjoying his professional status and income, convinced of his high value in the social marketplace, the JAP may not know what he wants, but knows who he wants and she's not Jewish. Statistics attest to the fact that it is Jewish men who most often do the intermarrying. Years ago, this had a lot to do with the desire to move upscale, to escape the ghetto and enter WASP society (I wonder, for example, how many Jewish men marry Italian or Chinese women). Today it has more to do with escaping other things.

If women are the Jews of gender, Jewish men can be seen as their antisemitic counterpart. Like non-Jewish antisemites, their disparagement is based on potent myths and tenaciously held rationalizations. Jews, according to the stereotypes that offend us, are supposed to be clever and talented; ditto for Jewish women. Pushy and manipulative? The same label is pinned on Jewish women by Jewish men. What about unattractive but grossly sexual? Think about it. It's no coincidence that these same stereotypes are used to discount feminism. For in the eyes of the men I'm talking about, Jewish women are threatening, just like feminists. And of course it may be true that, as in the 1960s protest movements, in which Jews were prominent in numbers and leadership, many Jewish women are feminists.

But that's not so important here. It's not what they are but what they represent. It is still true that women who are feminists - not because they have good jobs but because they object to the values and arrangements of patriarchal society - are more likely to be "threatening" than women who seem content with the way things are. (It seems, surprisingly, easier for a male progressive or radical to live with a conservative-leaning woman than the reverse.) But when a feminist is also Jewish, she can be doubly threatening - a double feminist, if there can be such a thing. With this woman, the Jewish man might feel less distance, moreover; she has grown up in his culture, she understands him. He is not different, exotic, but a Jew like her. "With non-Jewish women, the silent sorrow-too-deep-for-words routine works," a man once told me. "With Jewish women I have to relate."

The other reason a Jewish woman can represent an intimacy that is unbearable is, of

course, that she evokes his mother. And everyone knows how grotesque are the mothers of Jewish men. Other men, especially those from Mediterranean cultures, talk about mothers who are domineering and smothering, but they do so without the tone of fear and rage (more or less controlled) that Jewish men reserve not only for their first source of good and evil, but for any woman who might subsequently represent her. Like the JAP, the Jewish Mother stereotype is a handy way to put down Jewish women. At the same time, the Jewish woman who does live with such a man may well be called upon to offer nurturing and maternal applause. If it's a mother he wants, then she may act like one - often at the price of her full sexuality. For the old pious image of the Jewish mother or wife pretty much excludes a female-centred erotic.

There are other binds. Women working with men in Jewish political groups, for instance, are expected to be intelligent and efficient. Yet their concerns as women are usually dismissed as marginal: "Let's deal with the important stuff and then we'll get on to the women's issues." Why is militarism, and more specifically its continuing version in Israel, not analyzed in such groups as a characteristic of the patriarchy?

Jewish women who embrace religion have their own poignant dilemmas. Orthodox Judaism teaches that woman's ordained duty is to sanctify the home. Yet unless a woman lives in a strict Orthodox community where marriages can be arranged, she may be single. She is then without real value, not quite a person. For the intensely committed Jewish woman who does have a family, where are the opportunities to make a lasting contribution to Judaism? Jewish women might be talented and diligent students, but they don't write the commentaries that stamp their place in history.

In Israel and in the diaspora, Orthodoxy is attracting Jews who want to live a spiritual life that is total and undiluted. But Orthodox women who go to the synagogue have a hard time feeling connected to study and prayer because they are roped off - not only from the men, but what is more important, from the Torah, the spiritual power spot. And how can they reconcile the version of the deity, advanced by many theologians as neither male nor female, with the strict assumption that the messiah will appear in the form of a man?

There are other barriers for women who are much less committed to Judaism. Conservative and Reform Judaism allow women to sit with men; some synagogues even call women to the Torah. But as long as everything outside the home is male centred (lacking even the female principle that Catholicism provides in the Virgin Mary), Jewish women stand on the spiritual periphery. Discrimination aside, even the new female rabbis seem to be worshipping in someone else's house.

Even the most accomplished and talented Jewish women can still be laughed off by a Jewish man as a JAP. Isn't it time for Jewish women to stop participating in their own discrimination, to stop laughing and to call the label what it really is: false, offensive and unacceptable.

Jacqueline Swartz is a Toronto feminist writer.

BROADSIDE'S Beaches Brunch



Ingrid 85

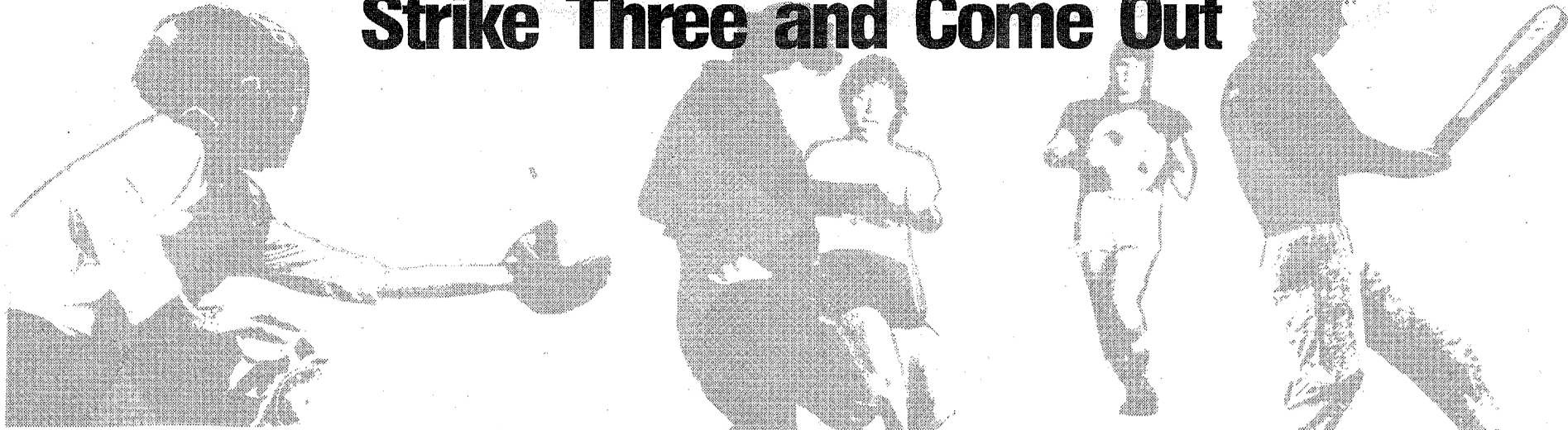
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Strike Three and Come Out



KATE LAZIER

by Helen Lenskyj

Since the beginning of women's mass sporting participation in North America, about a century ago, femininity and heterosexuality have been seen as incompatible with sporting excellence. This view has led to two conclusions: that sport makes women masculine, or that physically active women are masculine at the outset. With Freudian psychology making inroads into the sexology business over the last half century, the term 'masculine' applied to women has generally come to mean 'lesbian'.

It is not coincidental that efforts to establish the 'abnormal' sex-role identity and sexual orientation of female athletes coincided with the current wave of feminism, nor is it a new tactic to attempt to discredit women who enter sport, politics, business or any other bastion of male supremacy.

On the question of sex-role identity, a favourite claim in social psychology is that female athletes experience lower levels of acceptance by peers, and, as a result, higher levels of role conflict. A related, equally popular branch of research has investigated the sex-role orientation of female athletes, proposing that psychological traits termed masculine or, more recently, androgynous, predispose certain females to sport. In short, a female athlete cannot possibly be a *real woman*.

Some of the earlier studies found support for these theories, but it soon became clear that role conflict and masculine sex-role orientation among female athletes were neither universal nor inevitable. In fact, substantial numbers of women were happy with both their sporting achievements and their femaleness. Unperturbed by these findings, senior academics and undergraduate phys. ed. students alike persisted in their efforts to show the existence of role conflict and masculine orientation, their combined efforts serving to strengthen the ideological bases of sex inequality in sport.

There are important links between issues of sex-role identification in sport and research in the area of female homosexuality concerning so-called tomboyism. Surprisingly, terms like 'tomboy' and 'Amazon' had quite positive connotations early in the century, but by the 1970s they were rarely complimentary, and women in sport were only too aware of the innuendos. It was in this context that sexologists identified childhood tomboyism, cross-gender wishes and preference for boys' company and activities as components of "Childhood Gender Nonconformity," an apparently terminal condition which, they claimed, was a predictor of lesbianism in adult life. Presumably, tomboys had a prob-

lem with timing: had their preference for boys' company occurred a few years later, during adolescence, they would no doubt have received the experts' seal of approval.

The explanation of the term 'tomboy' offered by John Money and Anke Ehrhardt in *Man and Woman, Boy and Girl* (1972), left no doubt as to their biased assumptions regarding sex-appropriate behaviour. Tomboyism was characterized by enjoyment of vigorous outdoor activities, especially boys' ball games; preference for functional, utilitarian clothes and hairstyles; little rehearsal for motherhood through doll-play or babysitting; late interest in boyfriends and a higher priority assigned to achievement and career than to "romance and marriage"; high achievement in school and high IQ. Clearly, Money and Ehrhardt considered the 'normal' girl to be mindless, low-achieving, passive and conforming—merely a mirror for the male ego.

Studies of homosexuality in the 1970s, noting that tomboyism was not as "innocuous" as commonly believed, reported that between 70% and 82% of lesbians had been tomboys, compared to 16% in the general population. The authors had difficulty, however, in explaining the 16% figure, since this was more than five times the current estimated rate of lesbianism. Further challenging the tomboy/lesbian hypothesis was a 1977 study which showed that 51% to 78% of women considered themselves to have been tomboys.

Later anecdotal reports showed that a clear majority of successful women in politics, law, business and the arts, as well as sport, shared the same view of themselves as tomboys during childhood. (Sexologists will soon be theorizing that all successful women are lesbians!) Two explanations are possible: firstly, that the association between tomboyism and lesbianism is tenuous, and, secondly, that the socializing effects of compulsory heterosexuality are more pervasive and powerful than it is commonly assumed.

Alternatively, it is possible that the girl who prefers boys' company and boys' games is acting out of pragmatic motives: she has no doubt observed that boys at play enjoy greater freedom and independence than girls. Her Cabbage Patch doll and her Easy Bake oven are hardly suited to the kinds of outdoor locales favoured by boys—places which often have the added advantage of being beyond the range of adult surveillance.

The tomboy argument rests squarely on a prescriptive and circular view of masculinity and femininity: it is assumed that girls should play feminine games, which are labelled feminine because girls have traditionally played them. If they deviate from this pattern, their new activities are not defined as

feminine, because males, as members of the dominant group, have the ultimate powers of definition and redefinition. Instead, the girls who pioneer new patterns are labelled masculine or deviant.

While the masculine style in sport is held up as the norm, it is not considered 'normal' for girls and women to emulate it; hence, the comment, "she plays like a boy (man)," is double-edged. A 1979 manual on coaching women's sport stressed the importance of femininity in appearance, clothing and deportment, identifying masculine mannerisms which contributed to the public's negative attitudes towards women's sport: gum-chewing, profanity, poor posture and loudness of voice. In a similar litany, a softball player quoted in a recent issue of *Chatelaine* identified behaviour which contributed to the "uncomfortable (gay) stereotype": "Women ball players can look like a bunch of rowdy broads—short haired, and chewing gum—but that doesn't mean anything."

The issue of athletes' sexual orientation became a topic of wider public discussion in 1981, when a lesbian relationship involving professional tennis champion Billie Jean King was the subject of legal proceedings. Sports journalists jumped at the opportunity to put their pop psychology to work. Lesbianism in professional tennis and golf was explained as a byproduct of situational factors related to travelling: the all-female setting, the loneliness of going on tour for more than half the year, and the problem of country club lechers. It was also suggested that many heterosexual women saw their place on the playing field as cheerleaders, not athletes.

Attempts to downplay the alleged association between sport and lesbianism have recently taken a creative turn with the growth of a capitalist, patriarchal enterprise otherwise known as the fitness industry. Experts set about proving that fitness and muscle tone derived from sporting participation had a positive effect on female "sexual performance": they were more active sexual partners, had greater stamina and were uninhibited about their bodies. Male experts appeared particularly eager to prove this association, probably because they had a vested interest in validation, believing that they would be the beneficiaries of women's new brand of 'sexiness'.

In an alternative application of the 'sexy athlete' theory, American pentathlete Jane Frederick, quoted in *Sports Illustrated* following the Billie Jean King case, listed the same characteristics as reasons for the incidence of lesbianism (or, in her own case, bisexuality) among athletes—namely, their joy in being physical and in rediscovering their

bodies. The 1982 film *Personal Best* supported Frederick's theory in part, portraying a lesbian relationship between two pentathletes who were muscular, attractive women.

Publicity surrounding the King case had at least the short-term effect of strengthening the institution of compulsory heterosexuality, although these events marked the beginning of more open discussion on topics formerly cloaked in secrecy and innuendo. Developments in the feminist movement and the gay rights movement were responsible for much of this change in attitudes and practices, making it somewhat easier for both lesbian and heterosexual athletes, separately or jointly, to confront these issues. At the annual conference of the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Women and Sport, held in Vancouver in June, this feminist organization, formed in 1981, held its first public workshop on sport, gender and sexuality.

Although the question of sexual identity was a concern of this workshop, it was emphasized that the issues covered a broad scope, affecting all women regardless of sexual preference. The whole range of epithets directed at women who challenge traditional notions of femininity—from "pushy" and "ambitious," to "muscular" and "unwomanly," to "masculine" and "lesbian"—represent attempts to discredit women's personal integrity in general, and their sporting achievements in particular. Several participants stressed the need for solidarity, so that women may come to recognize the repercussions of the sport/sexuality/power connection for all women in the male-dominated world of sport, and so that the issue of sexual preference can no longer be used to divide CAAW&S members and to subvert their advocacy efforts.

These kinds of debates are relevant to all women, not just to high-profile competitive athletes. The same standards of heterosexual glamour expected of the young Olympic gymnast also constrain the overweight woman in a fitness class. The same definitions of feminine sport that excluded the adolescent girl from a boys' international soccer tournament keep the five-year-old girl from playing street hockey. The same heterosexism that renders an athlete's personal life more important than her sporting performance also distorts media coverage of other women in the public eye. And, in the homophobic world of sport, the visibility of lesbian athletes in international competition, and the success of lesbian leagues in recreational team sports, attest to lesbians' courage in challenging patriarchy on all fronts.

Helen Lenskyj's forthcoming book is *Out of Bounds: Women, Sport and Sexuality*.

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Global Reference

Sisterhood is Global: The International Women's Movement Anthology, by Robin Morgan. Anchor Press/Doubleday: 1984.

Reviewed by Alice de Wolff

In her preface to *Sisterhood is Global* Robin Morgan describes how she began to think about compiling an international anthology similar to *Sisterhood is Powerful* almost immediately after publication of the latter in the late 60s. The first book documented US women's experiences of oppression and organizing, and partly because of the formative period in which it was published, it contributed to the mobilization and to the shape of what we now understand to be the radical feminism of the second wave in North America. This new book attempts a similar, much larger and more complex project, and it intends a similar effect.

Sisterhood is Global represents a tremendous amount of work; taking five years to compile. It represents the research, translation and production work of a team of 34, the written contributions of 77 women from 66 countries and the United Nations, and Robin Morgan's fundraising, coordination and editing. It is not a book that is likely to be read from cover to cover. In the process of trying to keep the contributions to a manageable size, the team developed a format where each three-to-seven page contribution is preceded by a statistical prefix. The prefixes are often as long as the contributions, and attempt to provide a short demographic, economic, legislative, historical/herstorical background of women's condition and status in each country. The result is a kind of volume which most people assess by reading about one or two countries they know well, and then, as many women have done in my presence over the past several months, begin to make comparisons amongst countries they are curious about.

The theme of Morgan's introduction is the unity of women. Her focus is not on the movement, or organizing, but on establishing the existence of internationally common conditions of women's oppression. In what appears to be a summary of the material in the contributions, she argues that "patriarchal control over women's bodies as the means of reproduction is the crux of the dilemma," and that "the centrality of women's right to choose whether or not or how and when to bear a child is incontrovertible— and is inextricable from every other issue facing women." Women's unity is that we can all be raped, battered and experience the labour of childbirth. All other complexities described in the contributions are treated as examples of how this central oppression plays itself out. The important, and central, category for her analysis is gender. She considers other categorizations, like class, and even race, to have been "invented by patriarchy to divide and conquer." Her insistence on the unity of our oppression is coupled with a rage against expressions of difference among women— whether it be analytic or in our actual relations.

Morgan has acquired a certain sympathy for and a lot of information about women in other parts of the world, but it has not fundamentally influenced how she thinks. The kind of position she takes in the introduction has repeatedly been shown to be inadequate over the past decade by third world women, and North American and European women of colour. In forum after forum, women have said that an exclusive concern with gender as an analytic and strategic category is possible only from a position of privilege. It doesn't describe their lives. These are not 'anti-feminist' positions, not in the least because these women are issuing similar challenges *as women* to other movements and ways of thinking about class or race. They in fact begin to show us that we must understand women's oppression as a complex conjunction of gender, race, class and sovereignty issues in order to know how to build the bridges Morgan and the book's contributors are concerned about. (See Cecelia Green's article in the current issue of *Fireweed*.) It is not comfortable ground to stand on. More pointedly, it is a position which insists that we examine our personal and public relations with each other. How might our sympathy for each other be acted on amongst women who are members of opposing armed forces? What does the relation of 'sister' actually mean when one woman is a manager/employer and the other a cleaner/employee? Is 'sisterhood' necessarily egalitarian, or are we talking big and little sisters?

Morgan's argument is carried through into the organization of the statistical prefixes. These are the most problematic parts of the book. Their intent is both to be informative,

and to display information in ways which make it possible to 'see' the similarities and unity in oppression. By using the same categories across all countries, no matter that they are new feminist categories, while trying to maintain a brief format, the research has fallen into standard problems of taking out of context and distorting details of women's lives. Each prefix reproduces demographic and economic statistics, although even the basics, as Morgan herself recognizes, are poor descriptors: "Women are not considered 'economically active', and our labour doesn't appear in the national accounts— the Gross National Product or Gross Domestic Product." (*Ms*, March, 1985) These are followed by short descriptions of government, gynography (policies and practices of marriage), divorce, abortion, welfare, homosexuality, incest, rape, prostitution, herstory and mythography.

In order to assess this material I have had to ask for help from a number of my friends, knowledgeable feminists from perhaps a dozen of the countries researched. We have found that the information is not easily interpretable, and is in some instances sufficiently unclear as to be inaccurate. In the South African prefix, for instance, there is a confusion between legalities and organizations associated with Namibia and the other 'homelands'; and a critical misunderstanding of the political situation by the inclusion of the name of a woman involved in a banned party. In the Norwegian prefix there were omissions of both a significant older activist gay and lesbian association (Association of '48), and current feminist research on prostitution.

While a friend was doing the comparative reading I described earlier, a conversation took place which illustrated for me some of the problems with the combination of the format and the kind of research: "Did you know that women sleep in railway stations in Russia?" "No. But do they tell us that women sleep in doorways in Toronto?" "No." This launched a speculation about the differences in how women and men might come to live in doorways and stations in both Canada and Russia. The most useful part of a comparative approach is that it can create new questions. It seems to me that the best compromise between comparative procedures and a feminist approach to research which insists on maintaining the contexts of women's lives, are studies which allow both the researcher and her readers to do in-depth investigations of what appear to be similarities. The brevity and unreliability of the collection means that it generates good questions, new questions, but is not the source that it appears to be on first grab for sinking into sufficient complexity to answer them.

The strength and the value of the book is in

the contributors' pieces. Each woman was requested to describe the present status of women in her country, their basic situation, worst obstacles, greatest strengths, cutting-edge issues, existing organizations and possibilities for uniting women, and how women in other countries might effectively offer support. Short bibliographic notes help make it clear who each contributor is, and where she stands and has worked. While reading each account, I found myself fascinated with how it might have been different if another woman had been the contributor. Simone de Beauvoir's piece of political writing on the movement in France is a small gem. (What if someone from Psyche. et Po., the school of neo-femininity as she calls it, had written the piece?) Stella Quan's image of the 'daily bread' of Guatemalan women, especially of Indian women, as being horror and coping with loss: the death, injury, disappearance, of their children, friends, co-workers, husbands, and communities has stayed powerful for me since I first read it. (It could not have been written by a woman involved in 'affirmative action' within the government.)

Greta Nemiroff's piece reminded me of how easily Canadian feminist activity can be described as, and how much of it actually has been, part of the liberal/feminist project of capturing the state. (I wanted her, or someone else, to try to capture the distinct and complex features of Canadian feminism. A woman who has organized with women workers, or who is involved in the difficult debates we have had around shelters or pornography, would have told a different story.)

The last part of Nemiroff's article raises the question about our relations to each other in a way that is close to home. I think it is the clearest when we claim sisterhood with Indian women. Some Canadian women's organizations have rallied when they have recognized personal discrimination by Indian men, and when there is a clear case of legal discrimination by the government and the courts. But we find it very hard to recognize that white women and Indian women were and are actively involved in two opposing political projects: the maintenance of the sovereignty of the Canadian state and the claims of land and nationhood by Indian communities. There are gender battles within each. The current challenge of 'sisterhood' in this case must be to actually develop feminist positions around land claims, and not dismiss the differences in our positions as false divisions. The women who have written the articles on the Irelands, New Zealand, South Africa, Israel, Palestine, are grappling with similar challenges: the most hopeful part of the collection is that they have been willing to do so honestly and in writing.

A final note about relations: I think it is worth noting that the association of the researchers and contributors has been extended through the recent formation of the Sisterhood is Global Institute, constituting what *Ms* magazine has heralded as the "First International Feminist Think Tank," and the 'new' entry of women into the arena of foreign policy. (*Ms*, March, 1985) The claim of "newness" has been a bit of puzzle. After all, women, including organized feminists, have been involved in foreign policy throughout the century, most prominently around efforts to establish peace and disarmament. And certainly during the past decade thousands of feminists, including several of the contributors, have been involved in the debates and conferences and research and programs concerning development and women, which is squarely within the realm of foreign policy. The contributions to the book itself are a testament to women's international activity. What I think a reading of the organization of the book makes clear is that the discovery of the international arena and foreign policy by North American radical feminism is 'new', and is being followed by the establishment of several free-standing organizations like the Institute, which intend to enter international diplomatic relations.

Thanks to the friends who helped with their knowledge of individual countries.

Alice de Wolff is an Albertan working on a thesis on international development and policies about women.

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Sisterhood is Sexual

by Laurie Bell

Coming out is usually a difficult process for any lesbian. Coming out when you are a Catholic girl can be traumatic. Coming out when you are or have been a Catholic nun almost exceeds comprehension. But come out they have, in the book *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence*, edited by Rosemary Curb and Nancy Manahan, two former lesbian nuns. *Lesbian Nuns* represents a triumph for some and a scandal, even sacrilege, for others.

It goes without saying that the Catholic authorities are not delighted. In Boston, their influence was sufficient to initiate a phone campaign that cancelled an appearance by editors Curb and Manahan on a local television station. But the authorities are unable to stop the presses and apparently incapable of discouraging sales.

Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence is a collection of forty-nine autobiographical stories from former and present nuns who are lesbian. Their stories, indeed their very lives, are dismissed by some as extreme and criticized for bringing scandal upon the thousands of innocent "consecrated virgins" who are religious women. But in the words of one contributor, "Lesbian nuns I know are going to dance! In the convents this book will go around like hotcakes." Many believe that the silence has been deafening but the silence-breaking will be equally disturbing.

It is difficult to grasp the concept of lesbian

nun. As Rosemary Curb stated at the recent gay history conference in Toronto, Sex and the State, "The world cannot conceive of the intersection of lesbian and nun." These stories are told by women who are the madonnas and the sluts all wrapped up in one. Nuns have been traditionally reduced to servants without gender, without sexuality and without sexual orientation. Nowhere in this scheme is there room for sexual activity. These stories reveal that behind the grail there are women who are discovering their identity and daring to live that out.

While each of the stories has a certain uniqueness, the stories as a whole are identified by the editors at Naiad Press as having resemblant patterns. Most but not all of the nuns in the book are Americans who entered the convent in the 1950s and left after Vatican II in 1965. The editors found that the nuns had been Catholic girls who recognized that they did not wish to become wives and mothers, that they wanted to pursue their education, that they were not attracted to men, and that they enjoyed the company of their "sisters." Many of the nuns, including Curb, accounted for the difference between themselves and their girlfriends who cared about boys and marriage as a calling from God towards religious vocations. But as one contributor put it, "What red blooded lesbian wouldn't have enjoyed my high school? Hundreds of teenage girls and dozens of nuns nestled cozily together." The stories in *Les-*

bian Nuns challenge the accepted scale of women's sexuality. Curb notes that an inherent affinity might exist between lesbians and nuns, "frequently being mistaken for one another today, since we often travel in female packs oblivious to male attention or needs."

The convent has provided an almost inevitable though painful women's community for many Catholic women to discover their sexuality and often their first loves and sexual relationships. By the same token, the convent can function as a haven for women who are too terrified to confront their own lesbianism. The contributors note that many of their sisters carry on deep emotional attachments but fail to recognize the sexual dimension of their relationships. The convent can also serve as an all-women's communal closet. But some, and perhaps even more with the release of this book, are summoning up the courage to name their own experience.

The book was released three months ago, not so much with a whimper as a bang. An early appearance on the Phil Donahue show pointed to the kind of recognition, interest and variety that their book would receive: "I don't think this kind of topic should be on (TV) during Holy Week," commented one audience participant; "Thank God" was the response of another.

It was predictable that the book should cause some controversy. No one expected the traditional elements of the Catholic Church to applaud. Recent developments have brought concern and criticism from lesbians and feminists as well. Naiad Press has sold the rights to excerpt from the book to *Forum*

magazine (which then appeared in the June issue) and movie rights to ABC-TV. There seems to be a host of opinions on these decisions. The editors are concerned primarily with the failure of Naiad Press publisher Barbara Grier to obtain permission to sell their work to the mainstream media from individual contributors. Most women express concern about the sensationalizing of a very delicate subject. Clearly, the opportunity for profit took precedence over a respect for the lives and wishes of the contributors and editors. (See accompanying statements from editor Curb and publisher Grier.)

But given that the stories have appeared in *Forum* and that soon they will be the basis for a made-for-TV movie, can anything be gained from it? I think so. Carter Hayward, a lesbian feminist theologian from Union Theological in New York, suggests that coming out, to the extent that it invites voyeurism, challenges a heterosexist society to acknowledge our presence as homosexuals. Surely many *Forum* readers, television watchers, even those who read *Lesbian Nuns* will be prompted by curiosity and intrigue. Nevertheless, they will find themselves confronted by the stories of forty-nine very honest and articulate women brave enough to call themselves both lesbian and nun. These readers, along with women in religious communities and the Catholic Church membership at large, will have to come to terms with that reality. If they do, perhaps they too will dance.

Laurie Bell is presently in Nicaragua with Christian Witness for Justice and Peace.

Outreach and Outrage

Excerpts from a statement from Barbara Grier regarding *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence*, June 1985.

It was near the end of January, 1985, when we first knew that *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence* would skyrocket. By this time we had already sold 19 excerpts from the book for serialization to various publications including *Forum*, *Ms.*, *Soujourner*, *Christopher Street*, *Bridges*, etc. Never at any time was the sale, for \$2000, to *Forum* anything but public knowledge; we announced it in *Publisher's Weekly* as well as in our own national mailing. In mid-March, Rosemary Curb and Nancy Manahan, editors of *Lesbian Nuns*, having seen an issue of *Forum* magazine, expressed dismay at the sale; and soon afterward a handful of women began to object in the feminist presses. By then it was not within our ability to change anything, no matter what we did.

Why did we sell excerpts to *Forum*? Surely not to cause this controversy. And surely not for money. In the context of publishing, \$2,000 is hardly worth mentioning.

All periodicals have different audiences, and our simple wish was to open every avenue possible to women for this book (and in consequence for other Naiad Press books), to find the widest audience for what we viewed as a momentous and beautiful book on a subject yet to be addressed in our literature. The number one goal of Naiad Press has always been the dissemination of material about lesbians to as many lesbians as we can possibly reach.

Many women read magazines about which there is sharp disagreement among lesbians and feminists. *Forum* magazine, however it is judged, does have a history of publishing material by lesbians and feminists, most recently Germaine Greer. And while our own intentions in dealing with *Forum* were the very best of intentions, we understand and accept that some women disagree with our position, and we are grateful that most of these women continue to support us.

For myself, I am deeply sorry about the sale to *Forum* for one reason: that I have hurt the women involved. Never before in my life have I knowingly done anything to bring pain to any group of women, and I am devastated by the pain which has been caused.

I have sold serialization rights for many books to many publications in the past. All such contracts, including the one with *Forum*, specify the right to edit or condense—but no publication has ever done that before. I knew there was nothing sensational in the book; I naively believed it impossible to convey anything else. It never dawned on me that by editing and condensing, the tone of material could be skewed. I bitterly regret my naivety, my stupidity. I feel the most incredible anguish at the pain this has caused to the women whose pieces were actually involved, to all the women who contributed to the book, to Nancy Manahan and Rosemary Curb.

While we have done our best to ameliorate

this pain so unintentionally caused, the views expressed by some women remain beyond our power to address, or even understand. It defies logic that some women feel that from the very beginning this book should have been somehow exempt from all the laws of publishing, that we should not have been allowed to use our expertise to publicize and promote this book, that we should have somehow had clairvoyant sensitivity to the feelings of each of the 50 contributors. One woman, for example, feels that only nuns and ex-nuns should have been allowed to see the book, that it should have been restricted to a select few and not made available to the rejoicing women in this country and worldwide who will soon read it in their own languages.

Others object to the sale of the movie rights to ABC. There is the supposition, against all evidence to the contrary, that ABC-TV will sensationalize the film and give grievous offense. We received many offers from movie producers in Hollywood, but we deliberately chose ABC-TV because of its track record with such sensitive films as "Consenting Adults" and "Something About Amelia," and because of the built-in restrictions on television due to the audience it serves. The network, on its part, asked Rosemary and Nancy to act as consultants on the film, and a consulting contract is being negotiated by them at this time.

Some have asked if we have changed because of the controversy. Our philosophy has not changed, but because of our experience with *Forum*, never would we consider selling anything to them again, nor to any magazine within the same category. As I say this, though, I hear in my head that terrifying drumbeat of censorship.

Because of the success of the book, our mailing list has grown at an enormous rate and we have been overwhelmed by unsolicited manuscripts, among them proposals for other anthologies. Although we are presently committed to two other anthologies on various subjects, because of our experience we will look more closely at doing anthologies in the future.

On the very personal side, any joy I might have felt at the success of this book has been mitigated to non-existence. To be attacked is a new experience for me, and so painful that for a time I seriously considered stopping publishing. How could anything be worth this anguish? But others with greater perspective than mine, including my lover and partner, Donna McBride, have persuaded me that nothing could be gained by such an act except to do more damage. And so Naiad Press will go on.

My hope is that one day an essential truth will be seen—that the book itself looms larger than any controversy. As I have stated before, I believe that *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence* is the most important lesbian/feminist document to appear in the past two decades. I am proud that I sought the book for publication. I am incredibly proud of having published it.

None Too Happy

Excerpts from a statement from Rosemary Curb, co-editor of *Lesbian Nuns*, sent to alternative women's publications, June 1985.

Let me try to express the personal grief which has been constantly with me for the past three months—even before *Lesbian Nuns: Breaking Silence (LN)*, the book which I edited with Nancy Manahan, was in print. Frankly, I have taken to heart every question and criticism. I am not trying to excuse or defend myself but only to give you insight into the context in which I acted or didn't act and to share my feelings with you. I will try to put the controversy in our current historical political climate.

I am pleased that more people than I had ever imagined are reading our book and finding our statements about our transformations a personal inspiration for empowerment and growth. I am disturbed, however, by any attempt to sensationalize our lives or to objectify us as freaks or sexual perverts. I think that reprinting sexually explicit portions of three stories with a titillating introduction in *Forum* magazine has that effect. Since I feel that not only the contributors to the book but the entire lesbian feminist community has been harmed, I would like to articulate my own feelings about these issues as honestly and clearly as I can.

In the beginning was silence. Then our silence became words, and the words appeared in print as the transmutation of the pain of our flesh and souls. The whole fruition of *LN* feels "incarnational." I am not exaggerating my grief and fury at the desecration of the book which was my non-stop labour of love for three years to say that I feel like a mother who, after an exhausting painful labour, gives birth to a beautiful and truly incredible baby and then feels the baby ripped from her arms and raped before her eyes.

Now let me take full responsibility for my ignorance back in the summer of 1983 when I signed Naiad Press's standard contract. I did ask questions, but I also made some assumptions, which with the wisdom of hindsight seem downright naive.

When Barbara Grier called me in 1981 and asked if I knew Nancy Manahan and asked the two of us to co-edit a collection of lesbian convent stories, I felt ambivalent—excited at the prospect of both the process and product but also resistant about adding another major project to my overcrowded schedule and perhaps about dealing, as I knew I would have to, with all my own buried pain on the topic. I knew that Grier was a pioneer in lesbian publishing, and it seemed, therefore, appropriate that Naiad should publish what we all assumed from the start would be an historic volume. I was and I am grateful for the enormous work which Grier has accomplished in uncovering our lost heritage: her bibliography *The Lesbian in Literature* has been the life-line for generations of lesbian readers. She

spoke out boldly as a lesbian long before most of us discovered "our Sapphic selves."

It never would have occurred to me to say to Barbara Grier at contract-signing time, "You would never sell pieces of this book to the male pornography market, would you?" First, I assumed that anyone who calls herself "feminist" fully understands the history of women's oppression and the connection between pornography and violence against women. Because such consciousness has been part of my daily life ever since I started a shelter for battered women in Joplin, Missouri, in 1977, I never thought to question another sister's consciousness. Second, our contract clearly states regarding other rights, such as translation, serial rights, abridgement, etc.: "The Publisher undertakes to inform the Editors whenever a proposal for such an arrangement is offered and to consult with the Editors in regard to the terms of such proposal." Even without such a statement in the contract I couldn't imagine a feminist publisher using or selling a book not only against the wishes of the writers but in direct violation of the stated purpose of the book. Later I learned that, legally, "consult" doesn't mean a thing.

Was it my arrogance to assume that the book spoke for itself? I assumed that nobody could misread our book which I mailed off to Naiad early in July 1984 before leaving for almost two months in Australia. I thought it was very special material—more sensitive and vulnerable than fiction—and I assumed it would be treated as such. I couldn't imagine that anyone could miss feeling how fragile our lives, how painful our struggle for language. Yes, I confess that Nancy and I were both too trusting.

At the National Women's Studies Association conference in June 1984, Grier bragged about what a success *LN* would be. Of course, I hoped it would be a success too. But I think now that we had different notions of "success." When Grier asked, "How would you like to be on the Phil Donahue show?" I knew her penchant for exaggeration, so I considered it in the same category as, "How would you like to fly to the moon?" I assumed that *LN* would be promoted, distributed, and marketed the way books from Naiad and other small feminist presses always are. I also assumed that I would be consulted and that my wishes would be respected regarding promotion of the book. I realize now that I should have been more "confrontational" regarding every stage of production.

I learned about the excerpts having been sold to *Forum* about the same time all of the contributors did—in the February *Publisher's Weekly*. Grier had sold the pieces in January while I was in England. Actually *Forum* was the last thing I noticed amidst the flood of

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Danger/Anger — Choice/Change

by Randi Spires

One of the ways in which theatre works is by holding a mirror up to the community from which it arises. Through seeing their lives reflected onstage, the members of that community gain a sense of group validity and individual self-worth. In addition, by being able to look at their community, warts and all, from a new perspective members become able to see things they might otherwise have missed.

Over the past few years gay men have become increasingly visible on Toronto stages. Gay men have been able to see themselves in everything from Broadway imports like *Torch Song Trilogy* to the homegrown efforts of playwright Sky Gilbert. And while there have been numerous feminist productions over this same time period, portrayals of lesbians have been nonexistent. That is one reason why Gay Bell's play *Danger: Anger* is so significant.

The play, which was performed at the Theatre Centre and produced in conjunction with the seventh International Gay Association Conference held in Toronto in July, tries to show the connections between the struggle for women's reproductive rights and the Gay Liberation Movement. The operative word here is choice—the choice whether or not to continue a pregnancy and/or the choice whether or not to physically love another woman.

The play is addressed to two basic audiences, heterosexuals involved in the pro-choice movement and political lesbians who may or may not be working in that area. The play informs straight pro-choicers that the fight is not just one for reproductive rights but is also a struggle for the full sexual autonomy of all women. One supposes that most of those involved in the movement are comfortable around lesbians but, as Gay Bell says, homophobia can be a subtle thing. It's one thing to support gay rights, quite another to be at ease watching lesbian affection on stage. For lesbians, the play's greatest value lies in finally being able to see their sexuality given public theatrical validation. This experience may serve as an educative awakening, bringing home just how rarely this occurs and how much it is needed.

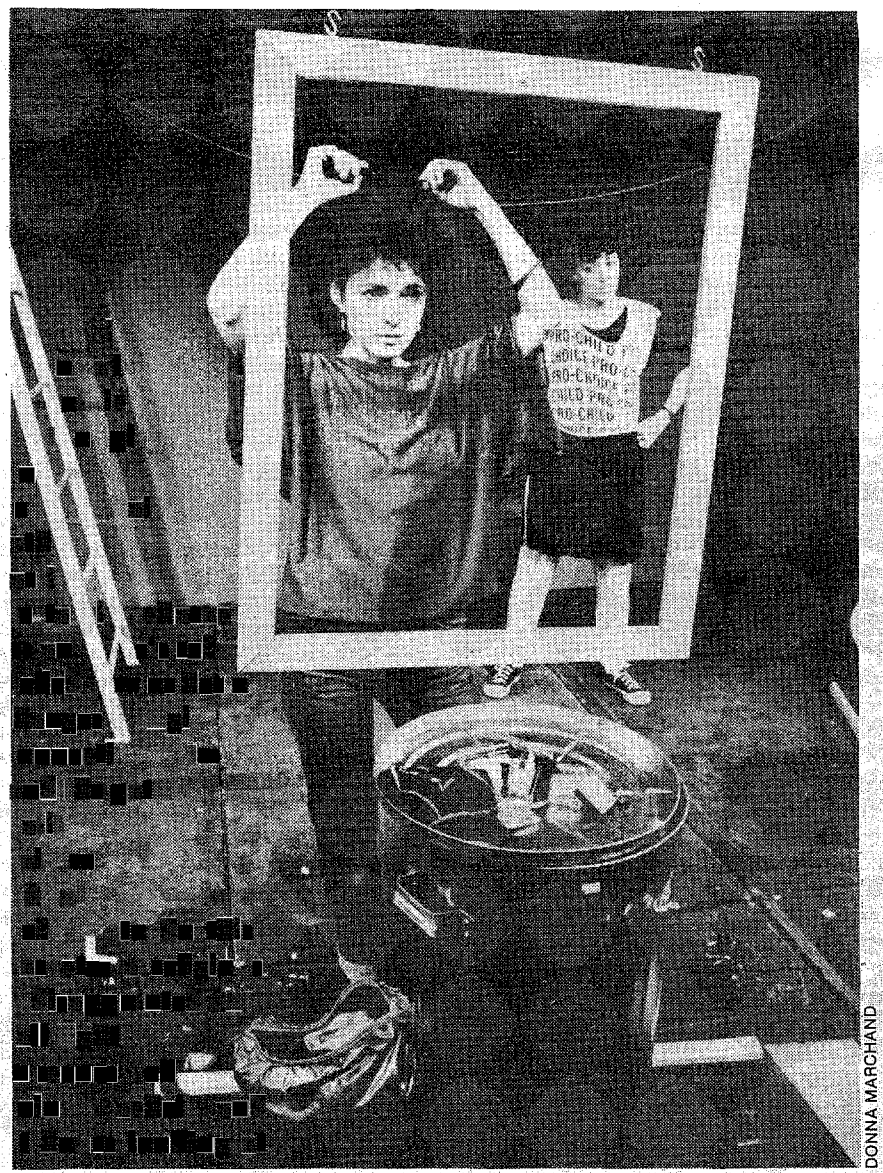
Danger: Anger may also mark a turning point in Gay Bell's career. Previously Bell was well known in the women's community as a writer and director of agit prop pieces, many of which were performed in politically significant outdoor spaces, such as Queen's Park or in front of the American Consulate. Agit prop involves the use of broadly drawn highly symbolic characters who do what they do because of what they represent rather than acting from

more personal motivations. With *Danger: Anger* Bell tried to do something a little bit different while still retaining a political focus.

While she did write the first couple of drafts of the play herself, the final result is a collaboration among Bell, the four main actors, the two dramaturges and others. Bell said she found the actors' input particularly valuable in forcing her to properly establish character motivations. At other times an actor's refusal to do or say things that repelled him or her on a gut level forced major changes. Originally, Bell, in order to draw the connection between the anti-choice movement and the patriarchy's need to keep women's sexuality under control for its own use, had the main male character indulge in rape fantasies about the lesbians, but actor Randy Parker refused to do this, preferring to make his character a religious fanatic. Bell may have been disappointed but, as she said, it worked out all right.

In developing the lesbian scenes Bell, along with actors Cayle Chernin (Rachel) and Janine Fuller (Gay), spent hours looking at what the women would say and how and why they would say it. They discovered that in representing heterosexual interactions an actor has a large number of already established subtexts and conventions to work from. For lesbian relationships such things don't exist. As a result they found that they had to begin breaking new ground, to begin building a new lesbian theatrical language.

While the play and the characters in it are certainly fictional, the work does draw the audience in by making references to numerous factual events, no doubt familiar to most of the playgoers. For instance, Gay is the lesbian daughter of a Sudbury mining executive who has been living a comfortable if somewhat restricted existence in that city. She gains the courage to leave home for the freer but more precarious life of a political activist after an encounter with the 1967 Abortion Caravan gives her a vision of women empowered through sisterhood and struggle. When Joan (Marilyn Churley) decides to go for an abortion at the Morgentaler clinic she gets caught in the middle of the July 1983 police raid. At one point, while Rachel and Gay are browsing in the Toronto Women's Bookstore, they discover a book on Morgentaler with the epithet "Jew!" scrawled over his face. In real life Chernin did find such a defaced book, although in a different store. Later, as the two lovers return home late at night drunk on alcohol and infatuation, they come across Joan's fanatically anti-choice, Joe Borowski-worshipping boyfriend, trapped in the flames of the Women's Bookstore, which he has just set ablaze. (The original site of the Toronto Women's Bookstore was below the Morgentaler



Joan (Marilyn Churley) prepares to go to a pro-choice demo with her friend Rachel (Cayle Chernin).

talor Clinic. In July 1983 an arsonist destroyed the store while attempting to burn down the abortion clinic.)

Cayle Chernin is excellent as the heretofore straight woman who falls in love with the lesbian she first meets in a public washroom. Almost as good is Janine Fuller as Gay. She has the difficult job of being at once an archetypal lesbian and a distinct individual. Randy Parker is completely believable as Joe, a working-class boy consumed by consumerism. He worships his oppressors (the Roy Thomsons, the Conrad Blacks) while dreaming of walking among them. Subconsciously he knows he'll never make it to their level, so he channels his energies into eventually acquiring all that is suitably macho: a sporty Corvette, a baby boy, control over his girlfriend's sexuality.

The most effective interactions in this production are those between Rachel and Gay. Some of the scenes between Joe and Joan lack

well developed tension and therefore believability. While I have no difficulty believing that a man like Joe would hit his girlfriend, the buildup to that event, as presented in this play, didn't quite work.

Lisa-Beth Glassman's clever set gave the actors three basic areas in which to perform, while allowing the audience to surround the production. Unfortunately the company did not get into the theatre until three days before opening night and had not fully accommodated themselves to it. Consequently it was sometimes hard to hear the dialogue in the farthest arena.

Bell hopes to remount the play this fall, if she can find a suitable space. Hopefully, by then many of the kinks in this production will have been ironed out. There is enough that is valuable in the play to make such an effort worthwhile.

Randi Spires is a Toronto feminist writer.

Extra(Ordinary) Fiction

Extra(Ordinary) People, by Joanna Russ. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984.

The Hero and the Crown, by Robin McKinley. New York: Windwillow Books, 1985.

Reviewed by Sarah Eliot

Science fiction/fantasy proves a fertile soil for innovative and radical writers. There is the richness of tradition and mythology to explore while the "what if" nature of the genre allows one to recast it in a radical manner. Equally significant, the "alternate" reality posited will stand as implicit allegorical comment on the "real" world of the reader. For, after all, the alternate world in any science fiction is just that: the other to which we are the one. Similarly, in reshaping the mythological underpinnings of a story, an alternate symbolism emerges, providing dialectical commentary on normal imagery. Thus, if man is the accepted hero/explorer, what happens in a universe where men no longer exist? the wickedly humorous premise of James Tiptree's "Houston, Houston, Do you Read. . . ." How would humanity shape images in a gender-free world such as the society in Ursula LeGuin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*? For feminist writers, the potential exists to create not only alternate realities but to reshape potent mythology, eschewing the normative patriarchal perspective.

The Hero and the Crown by Robin McKinley retells the story of the dragonkiller who saves the world with his magic sword. In place of an armour-plated St. George, McKinley presents the singularly unpopular princess of

Damar. Aerin goes dragon hunting smeared with a foul-smelling ointment called kenet which protects the wearer against the flame—not as visually heroic as shining armour but, given its herb base, much more holistic.

The novel, in many ways a heroine's "bildungsroman," deliberately juxtaposes the accepted heroic development of continuous brave deeds with Aerin's lengthy efforts of trial and error. No magician appears (initially), kenet in one hand, winged horse by the other. Aerin spends two years retraining her father's lamed war horse and even longer working out the right proportions for the kenet recipe. We follow her exhausting and exhaustive endeavours through endless notes of scorched fingers to success. When her father initially dismisses her discovery as superstitious nonsense, Aerin replies, "It's not nonsense, it's merely unspecific."

In possession of this "magic"—knowledge no one else would make the effort to learn—Aerin commences her dragon slaying in similarly understated fashion. She awkwardly dispatches two unremarkable but nasty dog-sized ones. Not having prepared for the event beyond wearing the yellow glop, she finds herself woefully unprepared for the speed and agility demonstrated by her diminutive foes. She survives only because dragons are unoriginal thinkers. One dragon relaxes after flaming Aerin, "knowing it had killed her," thus allowing our heroine time to decapitate it. Obviously, dragons don't believe in kenet either.

The essence of heroism emerges as perseverance and learning. Time is spent, days stretch on and there is always one more step to

be taken. Descriptive short shrift befalls the actual battles, whether with dragons, magicians or invading armies. Such actions may be necessary but heroism lies before, in the preparation, and after, in the reparation.

In so much fiction, victory sounds the end of the work, the struggle concluded. Male heroes in particular tend to ride off into the sunset (on horse or by spaceship). Defeating the bad guy—that's all there is. No doubt it's their nurturing, domestic upbringing, but female writers are more inclined to keep their protagonists around afterwards, picking up the pieces as it were. Aerin's heroism is rooted in this sense of continuity. Her magic sword heals as well as cleaves. Her retraining and labours result in the eventual restructuring of the army and equestrian practices for generations. She not only inaugurates the new day, she stays to see it effected.

One last accomplishment that should be stressed concerns McKinley's subtle use of role-modelling in her feminizing of the heroic myth. Aerin is not a popular child. She's too tall, her mother was rumoured to be a witch and her hair's the wrong colour. The physical defects are matched by her character deficiencies. Damarian girls are expected neither to kill dragons nor to practice swordplay. This accepted truth survives, as does the dragon's expiring thought that flame always kills. Past experience bows to present iconoclasm producing future change. When Aerin rides out of the small village she has rescued from the dragons, a boy and a girl run out to bid her farewell. "The girl grew to adulthood remembering Aerin's smile, and her seat on her proud white horse." A learned truth sup-

plants an accepted truth.

The Hero and the Crown won this year's Newberry Award for young adult fiction. It is devoutly to be wished for that more young (and other) adults would read this magical work and fewer would lap up the lessons from feeble enterprises like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*: the mythos depicting violence with no effect, carnage without responsibility and heroes existing in an endless present who disappear before tomorrow.

Joanna Russ's latest offering, *Extra(Ordinary) People*, comprises five separate short stories ingeniously linked by the presence of a "tutor" and "schoolkid" who study each episode presented. This felicitous "meta"-structure cues the reader to consider not only what she reads but the act of reading itself—how she reads. Form and content continually engage in dialectic play as the reader embarks on a rigorous examination of knowledge: How do we know what we think we know? How valid is what we know? Does what we know depend on the manner in which it's presented? Do we know like the dragon thought it knew what are the consequences if one's most prized—or stabilizing—truths get burnt?

In "Souls" we are introduced to our 12th century heroine, the precocious but apparently demure Abbess Radegunde. The first kind of knowledge: what literary antecedents exist for "Radegunde"? In the most popular epic of Renaissance England, Spenser's *The Faerie Queen*, the name is Radigund and she is an Amazon warrior, rejected in love, who passes her time defeating male knights, dress-

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MOVEMENT MATTERS

Timely Funding

by Marlene Wildeman

Québec's 96 women's centres are in danger of closing down if adequate and permanent funding measures are not soon secured. One hundred and forty delegates representing 76 of the province's women's centres (3/4 of which are located outside Montréal) gathered for a 3-day founding convention in Montréal in June, with the primary purpose of establishing one recognized voice with which to address funding agencies, specifically, Québec's Ministry of Social Affairs.

To date, the women's centres have been operating with the help of a shifting and often threadbare patchwork of federal, provincial and municipal funding, volunteers and charitable donations, but with the federal government's recently announced plan to move job creation schemes over into the realm of private industry, paid women's centre workers now face the possibility of having their salaries withdrawn and centre volunteers are increasingly having to be put to work researching and re-organizing existing financial sources. Centre staffers and organizers lament the fact that much of their time and energy still goes into the unceasing struggle for funding while their real goals, women's autonomy and well-being, receive only what time and energy is left.

The first official Québec women's centre was set up in Montréal in 1972. By 1980, there were ten, and in the past five years, nearly 100 local women's centres have sprung up all over Québec in response to the needs of women whose day-to-day lives are changing at a rapid and often overwhelming rate. Orientation varies from centre to centre but at each centre the women who come for help find support, information and organized assistance. A Secretary of State study recently showed 65 different kinds of activities offered by Québec women's centres but one concern common to all centres is the prevention of violence perpetrated by men against women. Of note, 80% of women who make use of these centres are housewives going through serious domestic crises.

The name opted for by convention delegates, "L'R (pronounced 'lair') des centres de femmes," with the 'R' standing diversely for:

- 1) 'l'ère', meaning 'the era of Québec's organized women's centres';
- 2) 'réseau', meaning 'network of';
- 3) 'regroupement', meaning 'the grouping together of'; and
- 4) 'l'air', as in 'fresh' or 'change of'.

"L'R" has presently collectively lodged 42 demands for provincial government Social Affairs Ministry subsidies for the year 1985-86. Last year, the Ministry of Social Affairs awarded grants ranging from \$10-15,000 to fifteen women's centres. As a minimum, "L'R des centres de femmes" would like to see the Québec government assume its social responsibilities toward the women of the province by guaranteeing each centre's annual rent plus an annual salary for at least one full-

time staffer. The 42 demands come to a total of \$1 million, one-fifth of that awarded to Québec's shelters for battered women.

At the closing session of the conference, "L'R" defined itself as a feminist organization to be directed by women and women only, and emphasis was placed on the urgency for the development of unified financing strategies as well as the need for solidarity among the various centres.

It is hoped that this "regroupement" will not only stimulate public recognition of the services offered by the women who staff and organize these centres but that, united, they will be able to exercise a strong arm in bringing political pressure to bear.

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Please contact Bobbi Waddell at 491-8664 in Toronto, or our toll-free number, 1-800-461-5112, for questionnaires and more information.



Doctors for Choice

TORONTO— There's a new banner on the streets of Toronto, announcing Doctors for Choice. This new organization is a timely voice of support from members of the medical profession to the pro-choice movement in Ontario. It is timely for several reasons. Women's right to control our reproductive functions remains as tenuous as ever. The appeal court is expected to give an unfavourable decision in this round of the Morgentaler case. Mount Sinai Hospital is likely to cut back its women's referral clinic through inadequate funding. The midwives are being challenged in the coroner's court.

It is still not a good time for women although we have Section 15 of the Charter "guaranteeing" our equality and only 16% of Canadians totally oppose women's right to terminate her pregnancy. Even the Canadian Medical Association favours abolition of the therapeutic abortion committee system as unworkable. Doctors for Choice advocates repeal of the present abortion laws and the establishment of free-standing clinics to ensure access, privacy, support and safety for women who choose abortion.

The group began to evolve in April 1985 when five Toronto/Hamilton area physicians announced their intention to train to do abortions at the Morgentaler clinic. Its first action was to protest to the Manitoba College of

Physicians concerning the unreasonable suspension of Dr. Morgentaler from practice in that province. A similar group, Physicians for Choice, is active in Manitoba already. Since April, the Ontario group has grown in size and scope and is committed to an active role in the debate here.

The focus of the group is twofold. It provides a voice for pro-choice doctors and a forum for education concerning the medical issues of abortion. The crucial need for accurate information is no better shown than in relation to the film, *The Silent Scream*. It is the particular project of Doctors for Choice to provide pro-choice supporters access to the film and to a critique and rebuttal of it. *Ms* magazine has described the film as "a 28 minute right-wing horror show" and it seems to be replete with lies and manipulation. Nevertheless, right-wing groups are promoting it widely in Canada and it is fuelling the misguided passions of the anti-abortionists in the second wave of the abortion debate. Doctors for Choice is planning screenings of the film together with the documentary, *Response to the Silent Scream*, in the fall.

This latest evidence of the active support of the medical profession is to be welcomed as a positive recognition of the relationship and responsibility of women towards our reproduction. Our choice is central to our equality.

— T. Brett Dawson

Feminism and Peace

TORONTO— An anthology of articles, documents, fiction and poetry by Canadian women, edited by Deborah Gorham and Janice Williamson, will explore the political practices in our history, as well as some of the theoretical controversies that have developed in writings about women and peace.

The first section of the anthology, "Women and Peace 1910-1980," includes social historical documentation of Canadian women's position between the two world wars. It will also document the work of women peace activists during the fifties and sixties. From the issues developed in these initial articles, the second section "Women and Peace in the Eighties," traces the heterogeneous concerns which confront contemporary feminists around the issue of peace.

What are the environmental imperatives in a nuclear age? What important critiques do feminists make of contemporary attitudes towards science and technology? How is peace research limited in its refusal to examine feminist issues like violence against women? Feminist activists currently strategize across a broad political spectrum. What kind of intervention are they making in electoral and environmental politics through demonstrating, organizing, lobbying and civil

disobedience? What kind of coalitions conserve these differences while finding common ground? What are the analytic and pragmatic links feminists make between class, gender and militarism? How do we theorize the relation between feminism and peace and avoid essentialist reduction? How do ethno-cultural and regional differences among Canadian women today interweave into a set of feminist peace initiatives? How do contemporary cultural representations of women enact and critique the effects of nuclear politics?

Publication of the book is made possible by funding from the Canadian Studies Program, Secretary of State. The Toronto feminist publisher, The Women's Press, will produce the book in the fall of 1986. In order to make this publication date possible, our deadline for submissions is November 30, 1985. Documentation of anti-militarist events organized by women, articles and poetry or short fiction related to the topic would be welcome. Maximum length of articles is ten to twelve manuscript pages, and, we will be able to offer a small honorarium to the authors. Abstracts of papers to be written, or copies of previously published work, should be forwarded as soon as possible to: Janice Williamson, 36 Columbus Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6R 2S2; (416) 536-0578.

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Doubly Disabled

by Joanne Doucette

A feminist analysis of gender, power and sexual assault began with the white, middle class, able-bodied women who were the mothers of the second wave of women's liberation fifteen years ago. These women experimented, working back from their personal realities to formulate feminist basics. They claimed that their analysis was universal for women, and feminism spread as these basics were recognized by more and more women. The acid test for theory was and remains, "Is this true for me, for my life?"

Disabled women are applying this analysis of gender and power to their lives and whispering, "Yes, yes, this is true. I have known this." And a Pandora's box is opening that those in power say should stay firmly shut.

Rape is an act of violence, not uncontrollable passion. The powerful don't get raped. The powerless do. Who are the powerful? White, middle-class, able-bodied men. And who are the powerless? Women, people of colour, the aged, the poor, children, the disenfranchised, the disabled. The disabled are those who are unable for reasons of health, or physical or mental impairment, to do what the normal person can do. And who is the normal person? The white, middle-class male. Women are automatically disabled by virtue of gender. Those we call "disabled" (hearing impaired, blind, mobility handicapped, have learning disabilities, or invisible differences such as epilepsy, etc.) are disabled and disempowered by the attitude of the powerful to us.

Last May 5, as part of Rape Awareness Week, Toronto women met in a forum called "Sexual Assault and Disabled Women." We looked and found no studies, no research on sexual assault and disabled women. In a society where even the most obscure variety of subspecies of a species of minnow has been categorized, classified and counted, there's no "hard data" on sexual assault and disabled women.

Such information might be very dangerous in the wrong (our) hands. Yet it's too late. Pandora's box is already open.

Disabled women are identifying our experience, naming our reality. Most of the disabled women I talk to say, "I didn't know it was a problem," and then they tell me about a cousin exposing himself, a friend who's an incest survivor, an acquaintance who was attacked while waiting at the bottom of an unlit ramp for Wheeltrans, or the attendant or the doctor who fondled them.

Twice as many disabled women as able-bodied women are sexually assaulted, according to one researcher. Women meet in the disabled consumer's movement at conferences such as PUSH Central, talk formally in caucuses, and informally, as women have always done, "chatting together." We break out of isolation and find we have common experiences. And one of these is sexual assault. We are the targets for the violence of men who claim their power over our bodies.

Anger develops momentum like a hurricane with a still calm core of rage. We want to fight back. We want to take part in the women's movement, but does the women's movement want us? We need more than just ramps. We need accessible information (TTY's, Braille, signers) and we need women's events and services advertised in the disabled press in formats open to us. We are meeting together to work for this - to lobby, to organize, to fight back. We're holding forums, speaking out, writing. We want accessible Take Back the Night marches, self defence courses and services such as rape crisis centres, sexual assault clinics, phone lines and incest survivor groups.

But the disabled women have experienced the heavy hand of the social service delivery system more than anyone else. We want services, but we want services that are feminist, that will help us find our power rather than control us and reinforce our powerlessness. We do not want a medical model of rape where everyone, including the rapist, is seen as the victim of individual pathology.

Pandora's box is open. We won't shut up.

Joanne Doucette is a disabled feminist living and working in Toronto. She is involved in forming an action group with disabled women.

Lesbian Nuns, from page 7

promotional materials from Naiad, since I had no idea what *Forum* was until mid-March, when Nancy went out and bought a copy and we looked at it together in shock and disbelief. Grier told us that there was no way she could buy those stories back "for a million dollars." It seemed more important at that time, two weeks before the book appeared, for me to emphasize the positive value of the book rather than go screaming to the media with, "Lesbian writer denounces lesbian publisher" even before the book was out. I feared that the controversy and not the book itself would get all the attention. Furthermore, I was convinced that there really was nothing anyone could do to prevent the *Forum* publication.

What seemed most important to me when the book was launched the last weekend in March in Alabama was to emphasize the women's studies and consciousness-raising value of the book as a whole in order to counter all the sexualizing and sensationalizing already suggested. I pushed down my own accelerating fury. But it wouldn't stay down. I was slowly and intuitively trying to decide what to do. Furthermore, I was grappling with the charge that my condemnation of the *Forum* sale stemmed from my classist and elitist assumptions about lesbian readers. Not everyone has the privilege of feminist consciousness-raising and women's studies, I chided myself.

After I spent two days with Grier and Donna McBride in Philadelphia and NYC in April, I recognized that there was no way that I could communicate my position to them. Needing some way to stop what felt like a forest fire of subsidiary sales late in April, I began talking to a lesbian feminist attorney in Washington, D.C. I knew that there was no way I could repair past damage, but I hoped to prevent future misrepresentation of our lives. My hope that we could avoid making a public spectacle of our disagreement was evaporating.

In May, Grier announced to me and to the press simultaneously that she had received offers from movie producers and had verbally agreed to an ABC-TV movie. I tried to stop her. I doubted that the producers of any major TV network would respect our vulnerability or treat our lives sensitively. Grier informed me that the movie contract was no concern of mine.

Shortly after, I met with a lesbian feminist attorney in San Francisco who knows book contracts and entertainment law. She was able to get Grier and McBride to agree to come to a meeting in May to renegotiate our original contract. Since I had requested the meeting, the attorney asked me to state my wishes first. I said that our obvious difference in basic values and our inability to communicate made my association with Naiad feel like a bad marriage and I wanted a divorce. I said that Naiad promotion and sale to *Forum* sexualized our lives and trivialized our strength. I offered some suggestions about how I would have promoted the book more honestly. I said that I felt I was beyond negotiating, but I would try.

Nancy Manahan said that she was not displeased enough with the original contract to initiate litigation but that she would not stand in the way of my gaining more decision-making power for the editors. What she was most concerned about was our all staying together. She pointed out that she and I had always had an excellent working relationship, because we respected each other's differences. She hoped that she could stay as close to me as she had always been and also stay on friendly terms with Barbara and Donna and that our meeting could be a model of sisterly behaviour. Although I can't speak for Nancy, I know that she also feels sickened and outraged at the *Forum* publication. She feels that, although Grier and McBride made a terrible mistake, they acted in good faith in selling our stories because they possess a "missionary zeal" to spread lesbian literature everywhere.

On behalf of Naiad, Grier and McBride conceded veto power to the editors over certain other rights, such as serialization. Thus there will never be another *Forum*. But I did not get Naiad to agree to give any money directly to contributors. Of course, they have no legal obligation, but I would like some moral restitution for the damage which the "misjudgement" cost so many of us. I would like to see Naiad sponsor a weekend rural retreat for *LN* contributors or make some concrete effort to heal our pain.

I claim full responsibility for my ignorance and lack of assertiveness. I am sorry if I passively permitted a situation which has caused so much pain. I hope we can all get through this anguish to a stronger, wiser future working together for all our sisters. ●

Russ, from page 8

ing them in women's clothes and forcing them to do unspeakable things - washing and sewing. The author's (male) attitude toward her activity is, of course, traditional:

Such is the cruelties of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the
shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly
bynd,
T'obay the heasts of mans well ruling
hand,
That then all rule and reason they
withstand.
To purchase a licentious libertie.
But virtuous women wisely understand
That they were borne to base humilitie...
The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto V

The lesson to be derived from the male Renaissance perspective is subservience; role reversal is inappropriate. So, it appears, starts the lesson for Russ's Radegunde when she is sent back to a remote northern abbey as "a good cure for such a rebellious soul as hers." However, by the time of the story's action, she has succeeded as abbess and everyone considers her a saint. That her saintliness coincides with the town's prosperity is only fortuitous.

Then the Vikings come. There are no heroics, no magic is invoked. Practicality rules. The townspeople are sequestered in the underground passages and the treasures are hidden. All hail to God to "strike down the impious strangers." Lesson two: Don't count on God to undo man's wrongs.

What follows is a moving dialogue between Radegunde and the Viking leader, Thorvald. What the Abbess knows is that conversation keeps all options open and that winning an argument costs fewer lives than winning a fight. Even though the ploy fails, the Abbess continues to talk, weaving doubt and uncertainty around the Vikings like a chain: What if we do not respond as you are accustomed? What if we give to you willingly all the precious objects you seek that lives might be spared? What if I heal your sick even after you have killed and maimed my people? What will happen when I set your world order on its ear?

When Radegunde sits by a young Viking who brags about his rape of one of the nuns, she informs him the nun has gone mad. The

boy replies she was stupid as even beasts do it, to which the Abbess says, "Never yet heard I of a gander that blacked the goose's eye or hit her over the head with a stone or stuck a knife in her entrails when he was through." Their talk continues in this increasingly unpalatable vein until the boy cries that the Abbess is trying to kill him. "No, my dear, I simply don't want you to die a virgin." Knowledge becomes a tactile experience which can wound where it cannot change.

A dramatic narrative shift occurs during the dramatic monologue as the Abbess prays, or rather talks, to God. Recasting our sense of the story's first part like a hand movement rearranges our view of the kaleidoscope. Radegund is revealed, no longer as saint but as witch - or perhaps only as one who is not understood:

So, people, is your Radegunde a witch or a demon? Is she full of pride or is Radegunde abject? Perhaps she is a witch. Once, long ago, I confessed to Old Gerbertus that I could see things that were far away merely by closing my eyes, and I proved it to him, too, and he wept over me... And then we prayed and I told him the power had left me, to make the poor old puppy less troubled in its mind, but that was not true, of course.

The novella culminates in a miraculous transcendence as the Abbess unites with other blazing people on a hill. She fades away with them leaving behind her revenge on the Viking leader. When the little boy who has narrated the story tells her that changing Thorvald into a good person is no revenge, the Abbess states: "I did not change him. I lent him my eyes: that is all... No revenge... Thinkest thou so, boy?... Think again..."

To think like no one else of your time thinks, is this knowledge of a saint or a witch? To think you know something and then to think again - form follows content as a reader undergoes mental gymnastics similar to those confronting the characters in Russ's stories. Is the gentleman of the second story really so, or is he a she? Clues and confusion abound. Readers are no more privy to total truth than the characters. Knowledge involves work. Sweat it out: it will tone your mind.

Sarah Eliot is a Toronto writer.

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WEEK OF AUGUST 1

● **Thursday, August 1:** Donna Marchand, singer/songwriter, at the Club Ivory. No cover. 414 Church Street. Info: 977-4702. To Saturday, August 3.

● **Thursday, August 1:** The Lesbian Speakers Bureau presents a reading and discussion of "Stepping Out of Line" with co-authors Nym Hughes and Yvette Perrault. 7:30 pm. 519 Church Street. Wheelchair accessible. Free.

● **Friday, August 2:** "Women and Spirit," sharing and exploring our womanhood through the Goddess. Hockley Valley. Info: Janice Canning, 625-5465 and 656-8760 or Susan Ruben, 536-2594. To Monday, August 5.

● **Friday, August 2:** Notso Amazon Night at the Cameo. 95 Trinity. Info: 368-2824.

● **Saturday, August 3:** "Spirit of Turtle Island," a Native Women's Festival sponsored by Womynly Way and Dakota Ojibway Productions, with a Saturday concert featuring Alanis Obomsawin and Maria Campbell, and workshops on Sunday. Tickets: \$5 advance (Toronto Women's Bookstore, DEC, SCM and the Native Canadian Centre). Wheelchair accessible. Interpreted for the hearing impaired. Trinity-St. Paul's, 427 Bloor St. West. Info: 925-6568. To Sunday, August 4.



The Heretix, in concert August 16.

WEEK OF AUGUST 4

● **Monday, August 5:** The Women's Group, an open lesbian discussion group, 519 Church St. Community Centre. 8 pm. Info: 923-2778. Also Mondays, August 12, 19 and 26.

● **Tuesday, August 6:** Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto are looking for more young women (under 25) to join their support group, 519 Church St. Community Centre. 7:30 pm. Info: 923-2778. Also Tuesdays, August 13, 20 and 27.

● **Tuesday, August 6:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120. Also Tuesdays, August 13, 20 and 27.

● **Wednesday, August 7:** "Sardines, Nine Views from a Can" opens at Sparkes Gallery. 693a Queen St. West. 7:30 pm. Info: 368-6756.

● **Thursday, August 8:** Lesbian Phone Line open tonight for calls from women. 7:30-10:30 pm. 533-6120. Also Thursdays, August 15, 22 and 29.

OUTSIDE BROADSIDE

TORONTO WOMEN'S EVENTS CALENDAR

•• **AUG./SEPT. 1985** ••

Compiled by Catherine Maunsell

● **Friday, August 9:** Lydia Adams Davis, singer/songwriter from New York, and others. New Trojan Horse Café, 179 Danforth Ave. \$4. Info: 461-8367.

● **Saturday, August 10:** The Trojan Horse Café presents the Heretix in concert. Special Occasions permit. 9 pm. \$4. 179 Danforth Ave. Info: 461-8367.

WEEK OF AUGUST 11

● **Sunday, August 11:** The Toronto Rape Crisis Centre sponsors a Lesbian and Children's Picnic on Ward's Island. Follow the purple flags. Bring food, games, musical instruments, etc. From 12 noon. Info: 964-7477.

● **Friday, August 16:** The Heretix, an all-women rock band, plays at DMZ; part of A Space music series entitled "Variations: Three Evenings of Urban Music." Tickets available at Toronto Women's Bookstore, DMZ, and the Bam Boo. 337 Spadina Ave. Info: 364-3227.

● **Friday, August 16:** Bonnie Le Clair, singer/songwriter, at the New Trojan Horse Café, 179 Danforth Ave. Special Occasions permit. Sponsored by Womynly Way. \$4. Info: 461-8367.

● **Saturday, August 17:** Used book, tape and record sale, a fundraiser for Womynly Way Productions. Clean out your library and record collections. Trinity-St. Paul's, 427 Bloor St. West. 10 am-1pm. For pick-up and info: 925-6568.

WEEK OF AUGUST 18

● **Sunday, August 18:** Broadside Beach Brunch. Join us for brunch, at home in Toronto's Beaches area. Garden splendour, gourmet food. 12 noon. 35 Courcellette Road. \$25. Reservations: Caroline, 967-1212, ext. 4216 (days) or 691-5459 (evgs.)

● **Tuesday, August 20:** Womynly Way Volunteers Meeting. Volunteers needed by Toronto's women's music production company. General meeting is mandatory for all women interested in working with Womynly Way. Trinity-St. Paul's, 427 Bloor St. West. 7 pm. Info: 925-6568.

● **Friday, August 23:** Women's Independent Thoughtz (WITZ). A seminar/discussion group for the exchange of ideas and creative endeavours in art, literature, philosophy and political thought. 7 pm. Topic: Beach Party. Info: 536-3162 or 766-9496.

● **Saturday, August 24:** B&D Express - Cancelled. See September listing.

WEEK OF AUGUST 25

● **Monday, August 26:** Open film screening at A Space. Bring your 16 mm, 8 mm, super-8 mm home movies, works in progress, etc. 204 Spadina Ave. 8 pm. Info: 364-3227.

● **Tuesday, August 27:** May Lynn Renn presents an evening of blues, jazz and folk at the Free Times Café. 320 College St. Info: 967-1078. Also Wednesday, August 28.

OUT OF TOWN

● **Friday, August 30:** The Second Annual Canadian Women's Festival featuring Wondeur Brass, Lillian Allen, Dorothy Livesay, Heather Bishop, Connie Kaldor, Sheila Gostick, Sherry Shute, Gwen Zwick, and Catherine MacKay. Info: 3D-161 Stafford St., Winnipeg, Manitoba; (204) 477-5478. To Sunday, September 1.

SEPTEMBER

● **Monday, September 2:** The Women's Group, an open lesbian discussion group. 519 Church St. Community Centre. 8 pm. Info: 923-2778. Also Mondays, September 9, 16, 23 and 30.

● **Tuesday, September 3:** Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto are looking for more young women (under 25) to join their support group. 519 Church St. Community Centre. 7:30 pm. Info: 923-2778. Also Tuesdays, September 10, 17 and 24.

● **Friday, September 6:** Notso Amazon Night at the Cameo. 95 Trinity. Info: 368-2824.

● **Saturday, September 7:** A Giant Yard Sale will be held by the Elizabeth Fry Society. Donate books, records, stamps, linen, kid's toys, household items, etc. For pick-up and info: Joan Pritchard, 924-3708.

● **Saturday, September 7:** Canadian Women's Movement Archives' Fundraising Yard Sale. 10 am to 6 pm, 15 Washington Ave. (If you have clothing, books, furniture, etc., to donate, call 597-8865 or drop off at 455 Spadina Ave., Ste. 215.)

● **Monday, September 9:** The Women's Art Resource Centre (WARC) holds its next meeting on the topic 'Incorporating as a Non-Profit Organization.' 455 Spadina Ave., Room 215, 7:30 pm. Info: 593-0058.

● **Friday, September 13:** Take Back the Night Rally, with live entertainment. Location T.B.A. Info: 964-7477.

● **Saturday, September 14:** Take Back the Night Dance, sponsored by the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. The Party Centre, 167 Church St. Info: 964-7477. \$5 advance, \$6 door, available at Toronto Women's Bookstore, Glad Day Books, sliding scale tickets at SCM.

● **Saturday, September 21:** B&D Express performs at The New Trojan Horse Café, with Boo Watson (piano and vocals), Deb Parent (drums), Joanne Park (bass) and special guest Linda Robitaille (sax). 179 Danforth Ave. 9 pm. Licenced by LLBO. \$4. Info: 461-8367.

● **Friday, September 27:** 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: T.B.A. Info: 536-3162 or 766-9496.

● **Saturday, September 28:** Holly Near in Concert at Convocation Hall, U of T. 8 pm. Wheelchair accessible with special seating for hearing impaired. Tickets: \$8.50 to \$13.50. A Womynly Way Production. Info: 925-6568.

'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.

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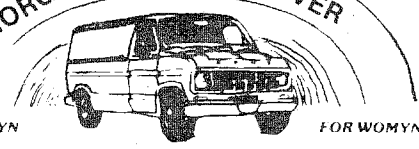
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WOMEN'S CENTRE at U of T seeks experienced co-ordinator (part-time) for fall. Please send letters of interest to Room 51B, New College, 21 Classic Avenue, U of T, Toronto M5S 1A1.

BED AND BREAKFAST for women, \$25 per night. Danforth and Pape area. Judy (416) 461-9148.

WANTED: Non-smoking, cat-free activist dyke seeks bright one-bedroom or big "spinster" apartment. Cheap; prefer west side. Kate. (416) 927-7699/364-6320(w).

PRAYER GROUP: wish to start one for lesbians, discussing women relating to the Bible, and forming community. Beaches area, (416) 465-0611.

WOMEN'S CAMP at Tapawingo, near Parry Sound. Thanksgiving weekend. Friday evening, October 11 to Monday, October 14. \$87, includes meals and accommodation. For info, call after September 3: Susan (416) 921-4755, or Kye (416) 967-7118.

COOKING FOR HEALTH without Dogma (but a little bit of chicken). Change your diet with our cooking/nutrition class. One night a week for six weeks, starting mid-September. College/Spadina. Diana (416) 979-2319 Charna (416) 593-6591.

WOMEN: Have you ever participated in some form of counselling or therapy as a result of a sexual assault experience? If so, we are interested in hearing from you. Confidentiality assured. Research approved by the University of Waterloo. For more information call Chris collect at (519) 743-2482, Tuesdays 7 pm to 10 pm, and Wednesdays 9 am to 12 noon.

CANOEING INSTRUCTION: Beginner or intermediate. Get some beginner skills. August. (416) 465-0611.

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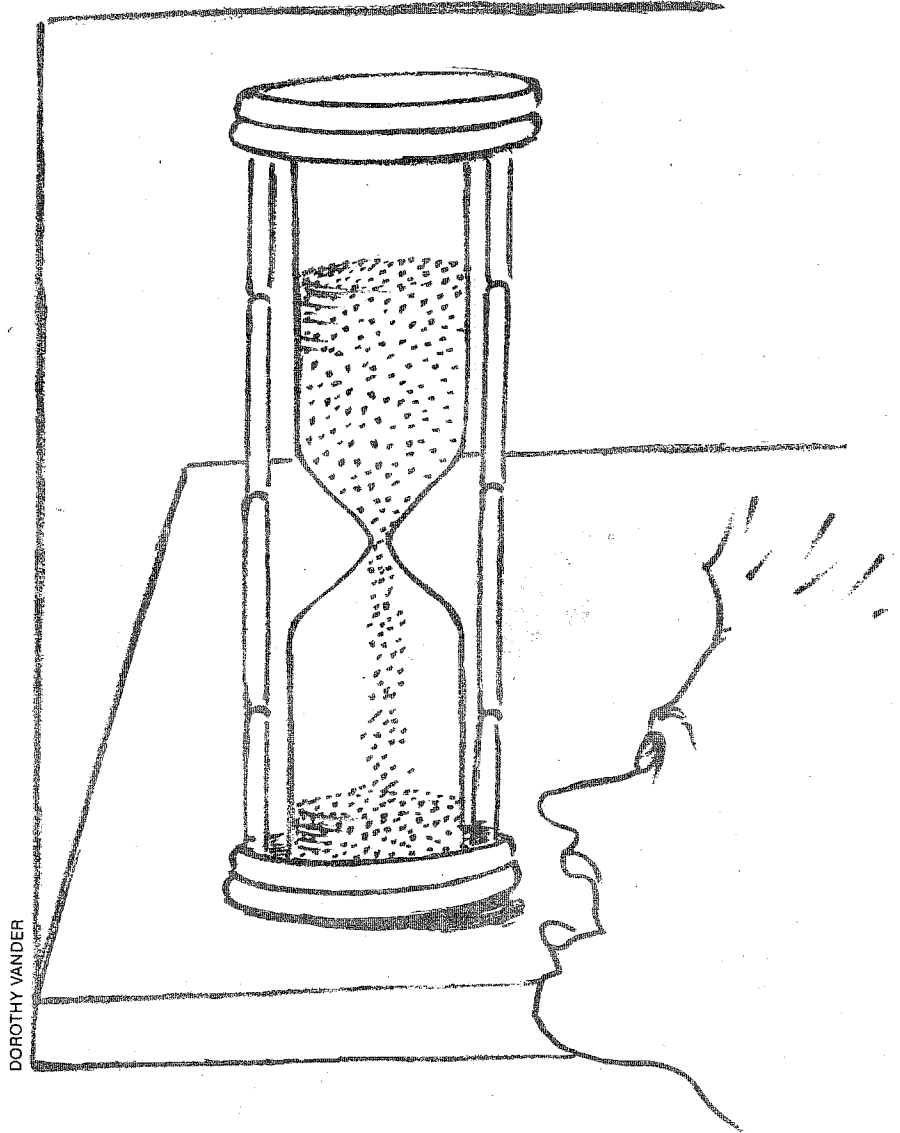
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