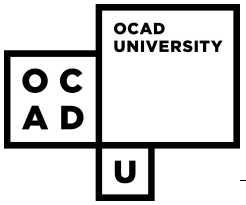

1983

Work — Our work in "Fuck yous, I'm goin' to bingo"

Baert, Renee and Donegan, Rosemary and Feldman, Susan and Fernie, Lynne and Fraticelli, Rina and Householder, Johanna and Kwinter, Kerri and Mason, Joyce and Mars, Tanya and Ritchie, Christina

This presentation was originally titled "Documents and Conversations". An ad hoc group of feminists from the Toronto art community began meeting last November to prepare a presentation that would discuss some of the issues of language, practice and process of feminism in art. I say ad hoc although it was not entirely so. What really happened was this: during the discussion following Tim Guest's lecture (September 21, 1982, "Intolerance: The Trouble With Social Realism", **Parallelogramme**, Vol. 8, No. 1), a question was raised in reference to feminism. After a very brief discusion, a male member of the audience remarked, "Let's get away from these peripheral issues." Well, a ripple did not exactly go through the crowd, but there was a strong desire to respond. So a couple of women in this group spoke to me about doing a presentation, I approached a couple of others, they talked to each other and we all talked some more together and what took shape was this group. We are: **Renee Baert, Rosemary Donegan, Susan Feldman (in absentia), Lynne Fernie, Rina Fraticelli, Johanna Householder, Kerri Kwinter, Joyce Mason, Tanya Mars and Christina Ritchie.**

February 16 at the Rivoli was a raucous night. Our vision for the presentation was to integrate our ways of recognizing and acknowledging the significance of the multiple, and frequently divergent, levels of analysis that emerged in our conversations. We wanted to carry the spirit of our conversations into our presentation; we wanted to disrupt the authoritative tone of the "lecture" and to open-endedly discuss some of our concerns as feminist cultural producers; we wanted to continue to interrupt and disagree with ech other. Well, a lot of that is very difficult in text form, especially the laughter. What follows are the bare bones.

The parts of the text identified in bold face are excerpts from recordings made of our conversations each time we met. All of the voices are ours, although it is not always possible to distinguish who's who.

FUCK YOUS, I'M GOIN' TO BINGO!

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALK
CHRISTINA RITCHIE

We've talked a lot. The conversations have been rich and homely and wonderful and confusing, but as Renee said the other day, "You must have the courage of your confusions.", so I'm going to characterize these conversations at their best as being like breathing. Susan Sontag, in "Mind As Passion"[1], says, "Breathing may be the most radical of occupations, when construed as a liberation from other needs such as having a career, building a reputation, accumulating knowledge." It is "beyond avidity. . . beyond achievement, beyond the gathering of power." If I can define feminism as an opposition to the gender-based injustices from which women suffer, as manifested in patriarchy, and if I am right in thinking that it is from such a group as this that a feminist critique of art will emerge, then I will define a feminist context as breathing.

"Feminism is not an aesthetic. It is a political analysis of the experience of being woman in patriarchal culture. This analysis becomes a state of mind, a way of being and thinking when it is relfected in one's life. It can be articulated in art, and the art itself can contribute to the process of analysis and consciousness. If art and life are connected, and if one is a feminist, then one must be a feminist artist — that is, one must make art that reflects a political consciousness of what it means to be a woman in patriarchal culture. The visual form this consciousness takes varies from artist to artist." —Harmony Hammond[2]

WORK — OUR WORK
ROSEMARY DONEGAN

To me, two of the basic principles of feminism revolve around "the personal is political" and the notion of "tying theory to practice."

As a result of my own readings, our conversations in this group and personal interviews with each of the other members of the group, I made a series of observations and generalizations about the work of each of us and its relation to both our political activity and the long-range development of feminist theory and critical language. I think that these observations are of larger interest, as they provide us with some clues as to how we, as producers (in common with many of you in the audience), perceive and experience our lives within a community — a community which locates its identity within a definition of "work", and confers respect based on the quality of "creative work".

The thing that I see we have in common is well developed *communication* skills — we are *literate* — in the full sense of the word. That is, we use language as a verbal, written, visual and an organizational tool. Our ability to communicate — to converse — is our great strength. It is what we bring, together with a wide range of experiences and practical abilities, to our work. Although, in terms of our work patterns we are irregular — and in terms of mainstream "career strategies" we are unorthodox — there are remarkable similarities in the productive skills that we use to develop and interpret ideas, as well as, to pay the rent.

We appear to work in either of two basic ways: as cultural producers and/or as cultural organizers. However, most of us actually work in a variety of modes. As Tanya Mars says, "We wear a lot of different hats and boots!"

As cultural producers we use language and experience to transform and adapt certain materials and technologies into new ideas. We are seeking recognition for our work, but not within the traditional hierarchical star system. We need recognition both to see our own self (and group) representation as an *image, a voice*, and to expand the definition of what authorship means: to make a statement; to make documents; and possibly to receive some form of economic reward.

As cultural organizers we work with the basic tools of communications — typing, editing, researching, writing, working with numbers, experience with budgets and good manners. And although this type of work is often merely an exercise of massaging ideas, it does allow us to act on some of our princples, while providing more concrete rewards of recognition and accomplishment. And it is within our intermittent employment as arts administrators and organizers that we do have some power, in the sense that it is recognized as labour and is occasionally paid.

As politically engaged feminists, our need to communicate and our ongoing critique of the dominant ideology and culture have convinced us of the obligation — the responsibility — to be personally engaged in the politics of our world. It is not *new* for women to be involved in the production and distribution of culture, nor is it new for women to be *talking* about art. What we are attempting to do is to utilize our political understanding of the world *and* our communications skills to create a strong infrastructure, a community, a physical context, to support and develop our own potential talent and audiences. It is within this framework that the feminist community has developed organizations and groups such as the Women's Cultural Building collective, the Women's Media Alliance, *Fireweed*, and the Women's Press. At the same time, we continue to work with the other alternate or parallel institutions of the arts community — the journals, the galleries and the production houses.

Even though feminists come in a variety of hues and stripes, the one thing we know is that we need to end our isolation and alienation. The tool we obviously have is the ability to communicate— and it is in talking and from talking that we are led to ideas, actions, activity. It is in this practical application of our creative abilities and organizational skills, working with ideas and images that we are able to produce, and therefore exist, in a more profound sense as women.

What we in the feminist community are trying to do with the development of a physical infrastructure and context can also be elaborated at the level of an intellectual and theoretical approach. I feel that as feminists, our criticism and art historical analysis have the potential to bring together and integrate cultural criticism with an understanding of culture as a process of production. As cultural producers, feminists are developing ideas, texts and images which operate in the context of our inherited artistic codes, ideologies and institutional traditions. But they also exist alongside our own personal and group histories of family, reproduction, class, sexuality and experience of patriarchy. Therefore, it is obvious that our creative and organizational work cannot be classified as a singular activity, nor reconciled to a specific polemic. Our work and interests are best grasped and understood as a complex relationship of processes, ideas and products.

What I believe to be the promise and potential of feminism is the ability to analyse cultural production in relationship to cultural criticism, challenging the present separation of aesthetic criticism from the critique of the production of culture. As Adrienne Rich says, we are hoping to link the art of creation with the art of relation. And as Griselda Pollock has stated:

> *"Not only do we have to grasp that art is a part of social production, but we also have to realize that it is itself productive, that is, it actively produces meanings. Art is constitutive of ideology; it is not merely an illustration of it."*[3]

«. . . When women are with women and they talk about a feminist context, we automatically don't go into it really. We just assume certain things. Put that question in the Rivoli with a predominantly male audience and suddenly it needs to be questioned and clarified.
. . . Exactly. Maybe that's what we have to talk about.
. . . What we're trying to do is less to state than to convey — That's the reason we're all here, as opposed to one of us working away and having a heart attack, because we would in fact like to subvert any kind of a situation where somebody says "What do you mean by a feminist context?" in this kind of a way.
. . . And we'd all answer at once.
. . . Yeah, right (garble, laughter)
. . . What that talks about is a different relation to structure and a positioning of either the self or the subject or whatever else around it.
. . . Also connections through time, like memories and resonanaces.
. . . Is something in the past finished, or is something in the past about to come up again?

OUT/SPOKEN
RENEE BAERT

It's interesting to me that the title of this lecture series is *Talking— A Habit*, because the intention of the series has been to stimulate talk and discussion within the art community; whereas, within the feminist community talking really is a habit—

a personal and political habit— that we've incorporated into our lives. The genesis of feminism lies in the breaking of silence, that is, the collective naming, by women, of our experiences, perceptions and values as distinct from our directed realities— our authored rather than our authorized lives.

When women talk, not only do we give voice to our conception of the world, we also name, expose, and therefore undermine, the strategies employed to ensure our silence. Speaking, giving voice — or more specifically, giving muscular voice — is the primary taboo against women. It is a taboo that has been enforced throughout history, and enforced with sound reason, because the perception of women's outspokenness as a threat to the existing order is a valid perception: it *is* a threat to the existing order since its transparent intention is to change that order. For this reason women have been continually silenced — erased from history, denied and mediated in the present.

Adrienne Rich described the effect, and effectiveness, of this muzzling in her book of essays, *On Lies, Secrets and Silence*:

> *"The entire history of women's struggle for self-determination has been muffled in silence over and over. One serious cultural obstacle encountered by any feminist writer is that each feminist work has tended to be received as if it emerged from nowhere: as if each of us had lived, thought and worked without any historical past or contextual present. This is one of the ways in which women's work and thinking has been made to seem sporadic, erratic, orphaned of any tradition of its own."*[4]

The history that has been silenced is a history of opposition. The silencing has taken forms from the mild to the murderous, utilizing fully the magnitude of power encoded in social, educational, judicial, legislative and cultural institutions. While witches are no longer burned at the stake (the medical profession and the patriarchal church now being comfortably established), it is dangerously complacent to believe that these tools of repression cannot be readily reactivated in the service of a patriarchal value — as attested to not only throughout history, but in the well-financed and -organized attempts to dismantle feminist gains in today's resurgent political conservatism and religious fundamentalism.

Obviously the strategies — or, not to sound too paranoid, the conventions — by which women are silenced are also applied to other muted groups; there are, however, particular cross-class, cross-race dimensions to the disenfranchisement of women. The principle conventions of silencing are erasure (with its subcategory of tokenism), denial, and intimidation — although, when silence is successfully broken, conventions of mediation and appropriation become relevant variations.

The principle of erasure can be found in the classic Everywoman experience of saying something in a mixed group without receiving any response, then hearing a man say substantially the same thing to general reaction. So prevalent is this occurrence that it leads me to conjecture as to its pertinence to the processes of framing, by which thought and work by women that is "in the air" is seen to be given its recognized "form" by men. Women have often gravitated toward and been instrumental in developing less traditional art forms, only to be pushed aside in terms of recognition when the forms begin to gain cultural respectability. Or, perhaps the forms begin to gain their respectability by virtue of an interest on the part of men.

Erasure occurs primarily in the way women are written out of history. One of the chief undertakings of feminism has been a reclamation of our history— a history which has specifics very different from, and often at odds with, those handed down to us as our "universal" heritage. History is, of course, always in the making, so it is of interest to note a recent proliferation of texts in which the importance of feminism in post-modernist thought is acknowledged in the introduction, while within the body of the text, it is the work of male artists that is overwhelmingly enshrined. Documentation of the reality of persistent discrimination against women at every level of the art "system" enters history as a single paragraph out of the 400 pages of the Applebaum-Hébert report. Similarly, it is a well-known fact that the large majority of students in art schools are female. The ratio of male to female, however, rises steeply when considering public recognition through exhibition, or full-time tenured teaching positions. The ratios are in inverse proportion to the "prestige" of the position and this cannot readily be explained on the basis of "quality".

Denial operates primarily as a process by which, if what women have to say does not coincide with the male perception or definition of reality/value, or if their views are not presented in a way that is acceptable to men, their point of view is simply discounted. Hence an overheard conversation at the recent Monumenta exhibition, in which a male artist, after loudly provoking a successful female artist about her work for a half-hour, finally dismissed her argument with a flourish and the words: "I'm sorry, but the pitch of your voice is just one note too high for me to be convinced by the sincerity I read on your face." Of course, there is no limit to the reasons women may be invalidated— from the cut of their hair to the form, content or materials of their work.

Intimidation is the final recourse of censorship, its methods ranging from physical assault to emotional threat. Sexual harassment, endemic to sexist society, has not bypassed the training and professional grounds where artists work; thus in Toronto, the recent sexually-based assault on a performance artist during her performance, perceived by her assailant as a legitimate expression of his disdain for her art. Lest this be dismissed as an aberrant act, it is worth noting that in pursuit of legal redress, the victim came to be viewed in many quarters as the aggressor, the aggressor the victim.

Intimidation through ridicule and belittlement is also a powerful tool of emotional blackmail. By trivializing, whichis to say effectively denying or

«. . . What does feminist say in that particular picture? I mean, what does the rubber glove say, because that's a really interesting example.
. . . That's my environment and it's real.
. . . And that's what a lot of people have done historically, in painting, who didn't introduce any new school of painting — basically they introduced a different kind of subject matter, a different kind of content.
. . . But a rubber glove in a Still Life really questions what is beautiful, what is real, what can be valued — what can be *still*. Not the kids, not the dog, not the soap in the sink.
. . . But it's also possible to analyse it on a more metaphorical level, like— the glove, the hand, existence — Michaelangelo. It could be the new Michaelangelo! (laughter)»

KING	QUEEN
OLD MASTER	OLD MISTRESS
BARONET	DAME
SIR	MADAME
GOVERNOR	GOVERNESS
COURTIER	COURTESAN
MASTER	MISTRESS
ELIGIBLE BACHELOR	ELIGIBLE SPINSTER
HE'S A PROFESSIONAL	SHE'S A PRO

evading the importance of the issues being raised, the female point of view is invalidated. While accommodation to the prevailing ethic can produce token rewards, the lack of such accommodation imposes heavy sanctions. Hence, at the most colonized level of self-denial, the disclaimer, "I'm not women's libber", although the expression is more commonly used these days to express an idea articulated and legitimated by feminism, as in "I'm not a women's libber BUT. . . ". This is called "having your cake and eating it too." In its updated version, it is also called "post-feminism", though how it is possible to have "post-feminism" when there is no "post-patriarchy" has yet to be explained. At the very least it involves a blinkered disregard of well-documented realities, though possibly it resides in the adoption of the ethic "every man for herself".

Historically, women have been denied access to the production or dissemination of cultural forms, so we have lacked the resources to incorporate our encoded meanings into a common symbolic tradition. Our heritage has been the accumulated meanings of male experience. This is not to deny this point of view (though resistance to what is being expressed may be appropriate), but to insist that it is incomplete. While more women today have more latitude in more areas than at any other time in history, it is apparent that our experience of the world demands a different and enlarged vocabulary of expression.

We are of a generation of women which, we are led to believe, has unprecedented entitlement for full engagement in every aspect of society. Furthermore, we are urged to believe we have entered a glorious "post-feminist" age in which only the most diehard recalcitrants would still belabour the "narrow" issues of feminism when access to the "universal" is now attainable. But the social constructions of our world, and the constructions of language which perpetuate that world, work powerfully to restrict the nature and perceived value of our participation — and motivate our continued application toward alternatives. An understanding of the biases against the female, encoded in language itself, is an essential precondition to understanding the processes by which silencing occurs.

We all employ a common language, but the language does not serve us equally, because women have not had an equal share in the formulation of its meanings.[5] Language is neither neutral nor value-free; it is a carrier of social assumptions. The structure of language situates "minus male"[6] Simone de Beauvoir described woman as Other, and she described as well the implications of this duality: "A man is in the right in being a man: it is the woman who is in the wrong."[7] The point of view of our language perpetuates a male monopoly on meaning, a monopoly that becomes entrenched as we organize our experiences within inherited and assumed categories of meaning.

Language operates pejoratively against women in a number of ways, beginning with the burial of women in language by the use of the generic "he/man", a linguistic convention (formalized in law in the 19th Century) which ensures the erasure of the female image from the concepts, activities and history embeded in language. The constructions of language provide a positive reinforcement of male identity, while females are required to accommodate, translate and transform these usages which implicitly and explicitly exclude them.

The pejorative happens in other ways. Apart from the substantial lexicon of abusive words which describe the female, for which there is no equivalent in number or character applying to men (they would, in any case, be evaluated differently), the semantic base of our language ascribes gender value as positive for male, negative for female. Words which are "named female" are devalued, while those which are "named male" are enhanced. This process transcends the descriptives applied to traditional masculine and feminine realms. The work or concept described need not be gender-specific: if the gender is known, the work or concept will be evaluated differently — and described in traditional sex-based vocabulary. You're read by your sex, and you're read differently depending on what sex you are.

We can employ an example from the past to illuminate this persistent and insidious process. One male reviewer of the first edition of Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* likened the author to a "rough sailor with a powerful imagination"; a review written after her sex was known likened her to a "bird fluttering its wings against the bars of its cage, finally sinking exhausted."[8] Of course, women are not only "read female", they are also subject to evaluation "as a female", as any judicious reader of book, film, theatre or music reviews can attest: an artist will be seen as a woman first, an artist perhaps. . . depending. *Globe and Mail* columnist Norm Snider provided a pertinent variation on this use of gender language in a recent description of the mighty talents of jazz musician Joanne Brackeen. "Brackeen's approach to the piano," he writes, "exemplifies drive, power, intensity— in a word, macho." For successfully attaining the masculine register, she is awarded the highest honorific he can bestow: honorary status as male. Given the depreciation of the female register, this does ensure a certain respect, though it is of course an appropriation.

The most telling comment on the status accorded women, after all, is the way that words which apply to the realm of the female have been debased over time, no matter what their origins or how positive their original meanings. In a society where women are devalued, the words which refer to them naturally assume negative connotations. "Gossip", an archaic term to describe a close friend, now provides a male interpretation of women's conversation— our rich interaction and praxis— and names it idle, trite. "Liberation", a perfectly proud word when applied to various movements of emancipation, becomes depreciated by virtue of its association with women: the diminutive "lib" is deemed more apt. "Feminist", a positive badge of identification when used self-descriptively, enters the point of view of common language as a jaundiced term.

One of the things the feminist movement has done is to re-examine the notions present in our symbols and language and describe them different-

ly. When Betty Friedan was writing *The Feminine Mystique*, she made repeated reference to "a problem without a name".[9] Not surprisingly it had no name, since for men it was not a problem. New concepts such as "sexism", "male chauvinism", "sexual harassment", etc. have entered the common vocabulary. It is not necessarily a new topic that is introduced, but a new perspective. What has permitted this process of work to develop over the last two decades, without becoming entirely lost to pejoration and negative evaluation, is the development of a feminist context of production — although, predictably, this context itself is subject to the processes of devaluation and denial.

Through the creation of feminist presses, galleries, events, networks, production and distribution centers, political action groups, social services, and so forth, women have been successful in bypassing the system of male validation and registering their point of view with an identified and clearly responsive audience. This is not to say that women do not aspire to, or have entitlement to, or even receive in token amounts, full recognition in the "legitimated" institutions; it is rather to recognize that the patriarchal point of view that remains entrenched within these institutions offers severely limited opportunity and criteria for our participation. The meanings we wish to express cannot be readily grafted onto a patriarchal framework; a radical reconception and expansion of the notion of the "univeral" is required.

There is no denying the impact of feminism in our society — though we do well to remember the consistent rollbacks of feminist gains in other periods of history. Feminism today is a currency and thus subject to manifold processes of mediation, appropriation and use. Within the hierarchical value system or patriarchy, however, each new currency displaces, and is in turn displaced by, another. The mythology of "post-feminism" encourages an abandonment of feminist perspective in favour of an order of reality that has failed as yet to incorporate our meanings or allow us equal valuation. Feminism is neither an aesthetic nor a passing "movement"; it is a political and social understanding of the world that demands not momentary attention, but a fundamental change.

Feminists recognize that men and women occupy a world whose meanings are designated by men, and that women also occupy another world of meanings and experience, to which we aspire to give voice. We recognize that men have not only been our silencers, they have also been our allies. But we also recognize that that support is not only sparse, it is conditional. It can be, and has been, and is being, withdrawn when interest flags, or if our interests, our point of view, or our vision conflict with theirs — as they necessarily must. There isn't much space within the patriarchal system to accommodate feminist definitions of meaning. That system has the bulk of tools at its disposal to ensure its perpetuation. It is we ourselves who must encode our meanings, keep our symbols alive, and introduce an unmediated tradition of feminist meanings to the common vocabulary.

« "Why do men feel threatened by women?" I asked a male friend of mine. (I love that wonderful rhetorical device, "a male friend of mine." It's often used by female journalists when they want to say something particularly bitchy but don't want to be held responsible for it themselves. It also lets people know that you do have male friends, that you aren't one of those fire-breathing mythical monsters, The Radical Feminists, who walk around with little pairs of scissors and kick men in the shins if they open doors for you. "A male friend of mine" also gives — let us admit it — a certain weight to the opinions expressed.) So this male friend of mine, who does by the way exist, conveniently entered into the following dialogue. "I mean," I said, "men are bigger, most of the time, they can run faster, strangle better, and they have on the average a lot more money and poewr." "They're afraid women will laugh at them," he said. "Undercut their world view." Then I asked some women students in a quickie poetry seminar I was giving, "Why do women feel threatened by men?" "They're afraid of being killed," they said.»

—Margaret Atwood[10]

CHANGE-THE-RECIPE FEMINISMS
LYNNE FERNIE

I'm neither a critic nor a writer of theory, but I'm going to talk about a motivation and structure which informs theory within our belief system - from the point of view of having been on the experiencing end. These remarks are intended to apply to the patriarchal model of authoritarianism that institutes and trains our *genuine* desire to be active and influence the world: the system which we are forced to employ and which co-opts us.

Feminist analyses are based in direct experience and birthed within constant and continual opposition and ridicule. We can't participate in feminisms by grafting the ideas or rhetoric onto an existing system because, while they have utilized and been affected by academic traditions, they do not proceed from them. In fact, they challenge the authoritarian model and foundation upon which Western thought is based. They are not analyses from which the intellectual content can simply be extracted: we have to take an emotional risk and go through the uncomfortable, even painful, process of perceiving and abandoning the familiar comforts of our trained and colonized response/defense patterns.

One of the meanings of the feminist saying "The personal is political" refers not only to the fact that *whatever* we do (or do not do) has political implication, but also is a recognition that we must be

«. . . a friend of mine, a wonderful playwright, said that she has to go and read all the men's writing in order to do research for her women's plays. She said that's where the blood and soul of women is — in other words, they were informing those writers, constantly. . . their names aren't there but their blood is and their work and their information and we're still doing it. And I think that's why we're feeling fed up with wanting to nuture them anymore, because they take the ball and run with it but they don't run in the right direction — they run for the goddam goalpost!»

actively, emotionally, experientially engaged in the building of our lives — whether it is through writing theory, art-making or direct political action. Feminisms refute an "observation-only" stance and they insist that the schism between the worlds of emotion and intellect is a false and dangerous one. The investigation of our personal motivations, fears, inadequacies, defenses and transferences is as important as *any* theory or structure we come up with. Otherwise, they will continue to be split into *theoretical rhetoric* (the way things pretend to be) and *real politik* (the way they really are).

There have been a number of pro-feminist men associated with feminist artists and cultural producers for a number of years in Toronto, but it is only recently that, with a few exceptions, I've begun to hear men publicly utilizing feminist analyses in their critical thinking. In fact, at the Rivoli one night, I heard Victor Burgin sounding far more authoritatively feminist than most feminists would ever *care* to be, and while he is no doubt a pro-feminist man, he seemed to reproduce his feminist analysis as *only* a theoretical construct. I had the horrible realization that, given the historical parameters of the systems of validation and the sexism in our culture, men were likely going to make more "important" feminist art and have more "important" feminist insights than we would ever want to. I began to feel kind of queasy — that something dangerous was happening with the appropriation of feminist analyses into an authoritative theoretical discourse. It bothered me all that week, and one night I jotted down a few of my thought about the general stages or means of appropriation of women's challenges and the strategies that the patriarchal system adopts to ensure its ideological control. The following stages operate simultaneously in our culture — the ideological edge does not encompass all of society at any one time:

First, there is the effort to exert complete control over women: denial of access to education, property, freedom of movement. This is done, ostensibly, for our own good, either because we are too fragile and sweet to face the cold hard world of men, or because we once gave Adam an apple after his afternoon nap.

Second, there is the overt acceptance of women's equality into the existing structures (after a tremendous fight): we now have the right to enter into the political and academic arenas, to fight for the same jobs and basically to enter into the world of men. Most of us are wiped out on the bottom rungs of the hierarchical model this world is based upon, but the few of us who do "get to the top" are prominently featured as token women, while the statistics as to the condition of the rest of us are somewhat downplayed. There is a lot of deception during this stage, both linguistically and otherwise, as we are encouraged to think that theoretical rights are the same thing as real politiks. At this stage we have two kinds of feminism: *piece-of-the-pie feminism*, where women accept the existing structures and simply want access to all positions within them, and *change-the-recipe feminism*, where women begin to see that the structures need a profound overhaul and change — a subversion and re-orientation of the way power is used.

Third, there is the appropriation of feminist analyses and insights into the existing patriarchal institutions of discourse. While this may appear to validate feminisms, it in fact allows these institutions control over their context and limits the vision and the radical threat this vision poses. Feminisms thus becomes one of the "radical" theories in the linear succession of ideas and can be safely prepared to take its place on the historical shelf of past movements. The stage is now ripe for the term "post-feminism", which has begun to appear in the media recently, and the call for women to embrace the next, supposedly more sophisticated term of humanism.

Well, we don't think it's been that easy, because the fourth stage, historically at any rate, has been the passing of reactionary and regressive laws which control and restrict the freedom of women. This is done in the name of "humanism", "protecting the family or the unborn", or in the face of a more important crisis. It is the beginning of this process that the term "post-feminism" is disguising.

> *«The urge to leap across feminism to human liberation is a tragic and dangerous mistake. It deflects from our real sources of vision, recycles us back into old definitions and structures, and continues to serve the purposes of patriarchy, which will use "women's lib", as it contemptuously phrases it, only to buy more time for itself — as both capitalism and socialism are now doing. Feminism is a criticism and subversion of all patriarchal thought and institutions — not merely those currently seen as reactionary and tyrannical.»*
>
> *—Adrienne Rich*[11]

Mirroring the recent (pressured) trend in the patriarchal order toward accepting women and, even, adopting some feminist rhetoric into the existing structures, there is a fair amount of participation by women in Toronto's art communities. That this adoption is often a veneer of rhetoric rather than an integration and/or a transformation of organization — or an understanding of feminist issues and organizational models — became evident to me at the recent A Space Annual Meeting for the election of a new board of directors.

There was an often heated discussion about the (now current) Board members' desire to expand the boundaries of A Space's mandate to include work from different cultures and classes through an overhaul of the bureaucratic structure and an emphasis on a more active membership. During a lull in the discussion, a question was raised: *What about art?* a man exclaimed. In the context that this question was raised, there was (what I thought) an unconscious inference that some of the changes being discussed, i.e., the entrance of the work of and by lesbians, people of colour, overt gay men, or immigrant people — in short,

non-dominant groups — as well as the suggested political and structural changes, would somehow automatically cause an immediate currency devaluation of the art and ideas embodied by A Space.

If our cultural institutions remain unchanged, and if history is any indication of the patriarchal absorption of and reaction to challenge, (and I think that it is), we are likely to find very few women or lesbians, etc., enshrined in the future Art Hall of Fame, or as in the case of the business world, getting past middle management on any more than a token level, or for very long. But the point is not whether a woman could gain this dubious distinction; it is whether she should want it, given its values and mythologies, hierarchical traditions and its almost inevitable co-option or erasure of women's contributions.

It seems to me, as a feminist, that protecting this western high art tradition and its interpretive grid of valuation is somewhat equivalent to protecting white, male hegemonic political systems. Opposition to the expansion of these boundaries using an unconscious, uninvestigated "concern" about quality is in fact a subscription to a fundamentalist model: it is, in effect, casting a vote for "God", the conservatives and all white neighbourhoods.

I'd like to look at the patriarchal model upon which this text is based. Our cultural conditioning is based upon the belief that a competitive and hierarchical society will produce effective leaders and thinkers, and that these "winners" will produce the greatest benefit to society. They will also, if lucky, receive the greatest prizes society has to offer — fame, fortune, maybe even a page in the Encyclopaedia Britannica someday. So, naturally, everyone wants to be the smartest boy on the block.

How does one get to be a "winner" — to have influence? First of all, with rare exceptions, in this society one has to be white; secondly, one has to be male (as we know that only males can be counted upon not to go hysterical); thirdly, one has to be born into or be able to identify with an appropriate class; fourthly, one has to be hierarchical model and begin to create one which is pretense of heterosexuality; fifthly, one has to develop the necessary motivation; sixthly, one has to hone the skills and competitive instincts which allow such a boy to climb the ladder and deal with his rivals; seventhly (and this is dependent upon the above), one has to work within a validated and authoritative tradition, using validated and authoritative language (even if he is going to rebel from it): one must learn the ropes and be taught to climb them.

This hierarchical model informs the entire history of our civilization: it is the "real politik" required of a boy to gain the credibility necessary for his theories to have influence. Although there is considerable rivalry between differing theories, each with its army of adherents and disciples, eventually *one* of these interpretations "wins" and has primary influence on our lives. The absolutism of a given theory in practice, even if historically temporary, which results from this model, ensures that the parameters within which theoretical change can occur remain rigidly set. It is a closed system within which each theory and each successive theory rivals and then replaces one another as *the* interpretive grid though which we experience our lives.

But, looking for one theory to apply at any given time seems to me to be very much like looking for "One True God"— the Ultimate and All-Powerful Father enshrined in the myth which sanctifies the hierarchical model. Its system of ascension ordains the sexism within our systems of racial, sexual, economic and social class barriers.

This model and motivation also informs art theory such that we often find re-interpretations and re-definitions of "quality" or "meaning" springing out at us almost overnight. We find out, for example, that *all* large works of art are now egotistical and monumentalist, when last year they were considered heroic in vision and scale; or that *only* formalist concerns and "art for art's sake" are valuable for the progression of man; or that figurative representation is the only interesting thing in town; or that figuration is atavistically playing into the hands of fascism and capitalism; or that putting plexiglass on drawings is now pretentious, rather than protective.

In a similar manner, we are often presented with an art history as if it were a series of decades governed by seemingly radical or regressive art movements, each movement governed by a major need and isue, ungrounded in the political and social movements of the time in which it was being produced, and answered with an arbitrary set of values and interests — and we are then introduced to those neat little decades as either regressive and reactionary, or progressive and radical, depending upon the theorist's interpretation and the year of our stay at art school. (This is not to say that decisions in theory are not motivated, or based upon problems or conditions arising because of and with the flow of circumstance *within* the parameters of the model.) But this is a forced art-historical hegemony and it is as fascist as any other forced political or cultural grid. It is a system in which feminists and other minority groups and our work, even today, are not valued nor perceived according to the intention of our work, but our work is interpreted and valued (or de-valued) within the parameters and mythologies of the dominant aesthetic-intellectual theory — which it often has nothing to do with. In fact, it is often in direct opposition to the boundaries these parameters ordain. The definition and real politik of the western art model rigidly excludes us from entrance *on our own terms*. By dismissing early, often exloratory work for its lack of "quality" or recognizable standards, this model and its adherents parallel the greater society's exclusion of women's meanings and the potential development of women's work from its basically male tradition.

This belief in *one* absolute authority, in its North American manifestation, requires this repression of diversity by the very nature of its striving toward singularity; with its motivational emphasis on "son rivalry", it dictates "father killing" as the major way for transference of power, for change of interpretation. It requires revolution and results in revolution — the exact return to the point from which one started, although often with an expanded rhetoric.

As a feminist, I no longer trust any promise of

«. . . I was reading Susan Sontag's introduction to Barthes' little essays and she was talking about the crisis in art and literature and language that we've run into, and as I was reading it I was thinking, well it's true because if we accept, with a few exceptions, that the whole structure, the very myths themselves, not just the literature, has been a dialogue of male with male, then eventually it becomes a monologue, and that monologue is bound to run out of possibilities. Of course it's a crisis. It's like you stay in your room all by yourself and never come out. Or like when you did your article and heard one thing from one person — then you simply don't write another article. So this attitude ensures a monologue, and as someone said, a predominantly homogender monologue. . . if any particular group has power for that long, you simply run out of things to say and run into crises. . . I mean, I was just taking a giant biased leap. . . »

change *within these parameters* of revolution. To me they seem like the same old king in new clothes, and they will result in the same old thing: a new order which reductively dictates the boundaries of action and excludes our work and lives.

We are fed the propaganda line that it's human nature to be competitive, to strive for domination and control. Well from our experiences, our readings of feminist analyses, and our conversations, it is more than evident that this *one* aspect of human nature is powerfully reinforced and instituted. The systems that the hierarchical and competitive stance informs, and from which it is likewise ensured, result from a homo-gender theoretical monologue over millenia. Now, for the most part, no matter what the rhetoric of freedom, there is an internalization and transference of this model into new rhetoric and systems. These systems, when they come into domination, have the same result: Jehovah's jack boots come down.

In terms of our lives and our art, the patriarchal motivation for an absolute authority is as inadequate as the concept of a single all-powerful father-god is primitive. Do we need to interpret our lives and the events which occur in them according to one or another dominant theory within this belief system, or, as in the case of feminists and other depowered groups, have our lives and experiences re-interpreted upon us? It has been dangerous and destructive for us to have interpreted our experiences through this prevailing myth. It is dangerous for all of us to continue to act as though *one* of anything — or one of us — should strive to supersede all others. It is stupid to continue to participate in our colonization once we have recognized this model and motivation.

But the particularly strong training and education of the male ego towards identification with this motivation towards "God" — in human terms, to be the smartest boy on the block — has effectively instituted a gender-alliance against the demands of women to institute change *on our own terms*. It is an alliance which crosses cultural, social, economic and class barriers. For where feminists should be finding allies and comprehension for the subversion of the patriarchal mind from groups of oppressed men, we often find a deeply ingrained sexism and reliance on our subjugation for their feelings of power, of "masculinity". But as feminists aware of the historical subjugation of our challenge, we feel that we have nothing to lose and a lot to gain in trying to kick the shit out of the system.

Because of our work with feminist collectives over a number of years, we know that it is possible to work within and with a number of diverse and appropriate values and contexts. In fact, most of us have to, becuase we are continually working within and transiting between the feminist, lesbian, gay, art, and academic worlds — to name a few — each with a substantially different construct of circumstance and values. We have found it possible to abandon the authoritative stance and the structure of authoritarian discourse, and believe that its long past time for us to abandon the hierarchical model and begin to create one which is based upon and reflects the multiplicity and diversity in our individual and collective communities.

MEN AND POST-FEMINISTS
TANYA MARS

In the words of Tina Turner, "This is for the men (ugh), from the women (uhh, uhh). . .

The current shift to the right has had its effect on feminists. We are encouraged to believe that we have achieved our feminist goals and now live in a truly equal, non-sexist, post-feminist era. Feminists are no longer painted as raging radical politics — but as strident status-of-women types with out-dated axes to grind.

After a performance here, a Toronto (need I say male) art critic politely remarked that it was too bad that the work was so didactic — especially since women no longer faced the kinds of discrimination and domination dealt with in the performance. I was aghast. . . however, I could not convince him otherwise, as he assured me he spoke with authority since some of his best friends were post-feminists.

We are not living in an era of post-feminism. Women have not achieved equal status with men — not even in the art world. Indeed, *even if* we were living in a post-feminist society, we would continue to embrace our feminist thoughts and perspectives. We would not abandon them — we would have no reason to.

And now, even the small number of pro-feminist men who dared to align themselves with the feminist position are threatening to withdraw their support. They've had enough, they say. They feel betrayed, maligned — unrecognized and unappreciated for their support. They're tired of "The Feminist Analysis" creeping persistently into *every aspect of their lives.*

I ask myself: Whatever happened to the much-touted male virtue of patience? Women have been oppressed for thousands of years, and maybe we've been a bit pushy lately, but the current wave of feminism has been vocal and strong for less than twenty years. The inequality is obvious.

I think it's time for *this* community to recognize that token female representation in art shows is **not enough.** That being nice (read: tolerant, sympathetic) to women artists is **not enough.**

I advocate **action.**

In order to achieve mutual respect and avoid further alienation it is imperative that men take it upon themselves to read feminist material, to fight sexism in every way they can, and to engage in a dialogue with women and other men about the gamut of feminist concerns.

I am not maligning individuals. I accuse only those who are complicit in maintaining the support of a patriarchal system that is openly misogynist.

A PRO-FEMINIST PRIMER
JOHANNA HOUSEHOLDER, TANYA MARS & RINA FRATICELLI

Now I'd like to introduce our merry methodology: "A Pro-Feminist Primer" of politics, sex, and art; subtitled: "Didacticism can be fun", or, if you thought that was didactic, wait until you get a load of this! It's the comic relief!

Performed as a cheer by T.M. & J.H.

A is for ABORTION, AMAZONS and ART
B is for BELIEVING BRA BURNING BROADS
are smart
C is for COLLECTIVE
D is for DIVORCE
E is for the E.R.A., EROTICA and EQUAL PAY
(da dum, da dum, da dum, dum, dum)

F is for FREE love, FREE sex, FREE daycare on
demand
G is for les GUERILLERES and GRANTS for
GIRLS— how GRAND
H is for HIS HUMANISM, HIS HERPES and
HIS HYPE
I is INTUITION, INEVITABLY right
(da dum, da dum, da dum, dum, dum)

J is for JUSTICE
K is for KUNST
L is for LESBIAN, LIBIDO and LUNCH
M is MANIFESTOS, MACHISMA and MOM
N is for NEW IMAGE, NEUROSES, NUANCE
O is for OTHER ORAGANIC delights,
OCEANS OF ORGASM night after night
(da dum, da dum, da dum, dum, dum)
P is for PATRIARCHY (beat) POST-feminists
adore
Q is QUEEN street QUALITY—the
QUINTESSENTIAL bore
R is REAL politiks, RADICAL REVOLUTION
S is STRIDENT SISTERHOOD, our SEXUAL
evolution
T is for THEORY, T-GRACE and TRUST
U is for UNITED: get on or off the bus!!!
(da dum, da dum, da dum, dum, dum)

V is for VICTORY, VALIDITY of VOICE
W's WISE WITCHES, OLD WIVES and
WOMEN'S choice,
X is for X-rated, EX-lovers and EXCESS
Y is those Y-CHROMOSOMES
that got us in this mess
Z is for ZEE END
of ZEXIST ZENOPHOBIC ZEAL—
and after you've done your homework
come on down, let's make a deal!

AUTHORING AND AUTHORITY:
(A note on the limitations and complications of Affirmative Action)

RINA FRATICELLI

As feminist artists, we are often asked to explain or justify our continuing involvement with such "separatist" organizations as Women's Press, *Fireweed*, Room of One's Own, Women in Theatre, or the Women's Cultural Building collective. Why, we are asked, can't women simply bring their aesthetics, sensibility, vocabulary and, even, politics to bear on the cultural community through existing art institutions — in a non-compliant and direct way, of course? Why, when there are no longer formal barriers to our full and equal participation do we choose to ghettoize ourselves and our work in such a "restrictive" manner?

It is tempting to ignore such loaded and naive questions, but they consistently mask critical misconceptions about the nature of feminist activity in the area of culture. For at the heart of these questions there is the peculiar notion that women are without power and authority in our society simply because we happen to find ourselves, inexplicably, outside those positions which *carry* with them power and authority. According to this interpretation of the "woman problem", all we have to do to correct this unfortunabte accident of history is to dislodge enough of "them" from those good jobs and, when we have insinuated enough of "us" into these positions, a golden equilibrium will have been achieved. Then we can all frame our international women's day posters, and call it a revolution.

Clearly, this is an extreme case of mistaking the symptom for the disease. Women's lack of authority does not stem from our lack of positions of authority. It is the reverse: we do not hold or have access to positions of authority because patriarchal society views women as *intrinsically* lacking in authority. And to believe that the full emancipation of women will be accomplished through the fulfillment of affirmative action quotas is a little like believing racial integration will rid the world of racism. For, to give a parallel example, moving a Black into a "high status" neighbourhood is far less likely to raise the status of the Black — in the eyes of a racist society — than it is to lower the status of the neighbourhood. Briefly, it is not "where we are" that is devoid of authority, but "we who are there" that negates our authority.

I want to make it clear that I am a committed supporter of affirmative action; I recognize the therapeutic value of treating symptoms to keep the body alive while working at healing the root condition. However, I don't believe that having more women positioned in conventionally structured institutions is going to radically improve the status of women in a society which accorded women such a low status in the first place.

GENDER BLINDNESS

«A very high proportion of thinking is andro-centred in the same way as pre-Copernican thinking was geo-centred. It's just as hard for a man to break the habit of thinking of himself as central to the species as it was for him to break the habit of seeing himself as central to the universe. He sees himself quite unconsciously as the main line of evolution with a female satellite revolving around him as the sun was once thought to revolve around the earth.»
—Dale Spender, Man Made Language

Like a particularly nasty strain of influenza, the persistence of the myth of absolute, unfettered quality is remarkable. Quantum physics aside, the male-centred universe will have none of the relativity of values. And so, with reference to the subject of affirmative action, we are most likely to

hear, in horrified tones: "You mean you actually want this _____ (fill in the blank with one of the following: award, position, salary, grant, commission) to be determined on grounds *other than* pure quality?" We have learned to translate this as: "You mean you want *your* standards and criteria to replace *ours*?" Or, there's the ever-popular: "You mean you *want* to be considered a *woman* artist? As if we were not. As if there were a choice. As if, by skillful sleight of hand we might succeed in drawing attention away from this fact and actually succeed in "passing" as small, high-pitched, bumpy men. Art may have no gender, but as Lucy Lippard has pointed out, artists inevitably do. As do jurors, art school faculty members, artistic directors, critics, and patrons of the arts. All of whom first define "good" and "bad" Theatre, or the Women's Cultural Building collecdefintions — to the exclusion of áll others — until we have all lost sight of the (male) source of this and the specific cultural, historical and political origin of the judgement. For . . .

> *«If quality is admittedly elusive, why is it that foundations (or theatres) ignore women with* **qualifications** *. . . far exceeding those of male colleagues who do receive grants?"*
>
> *—Lucy Lippard, From the Center*

And so, if we are not yet ready, (to the distress of our "humanist" friends) to take up our positions in that glorious effort to serve the unqualified, universal, objective deity of ART; if we are not yet leaping at the privilege (which, we are regularly informed, our personal achievements and the last wave of feminism have long since won for us), of contributing as full and equal partners to the production of Canadian **culture**, it is because women have all along, forever, been contributing to the creation of cultural artifacts, producing cultural symbols, events and ideas. But these contributions have been efficiently erased, suppressed, marginalized, or when all else failed, appropriated. And they continue to be today.

It is therefore the androcentricity or gender-blindness inherent in the structure and organization of conventionally defined art institutions which answers the question, "Why separate feminist institutions?" And this same androcentricity which explains the incomprehension of the questioner. For in an androcentric society there is no place to accommodate women's meanings (physical, symbolic or otherwise). Women's meanings or women's content cannot simply be "added on" to the sexist structures. This central, crucial fact describes the limitations of "additive" affirmative action. We have, finally, like Copernicus, to rechart the universe, adjust the sights and focus of our telescopes, and redraw our maps in order to have women's content enter into the fabric of culture — to say the unsayable, to imagine the unimaginable.

And for those who continue to urge the expediency of the mainstream art scene as medium for feminist work, I'd like to close with these words from Adrienne Rich:

> *«i try to understand*
> *he said*
>
> *what will you undertake*
> *she said*
>
> *will you punish me for history*
> *he said*
>
> *what will you undertake*
> *she said»*
>
> *—Adrienne Rich, Collected Poems*

YEAH, BUT . . .
KERRI KWINTER

After about two months of meetings, we tried to identify one general question to describe the direction that our presentation was going. As you've already heard, we asked: Why a segregated practice, now, when we have lived through and understood its limitations and connotations? I liked this question. For me, it encompassed an implicit contradiction to the group. On this point our theory was inconsistent with our practice.

First of all, before we get completely sucked in to the question, we have to ask: What's so segregated? We, and other feminist groups, have been described as segregated, exclusive and separatist for years. But who's calling us that? One evening's discussion per week does not a segregated practice make.

On one hand, everyone in this group does some kind of cultural work and, as often as not, engages in this activity with men. But in the course of our discussions, we found ourselves happily united in our blanket definitions, suspicions and jokes about men. When we pointed out our contradiction we covered ourselves by distinguishing our attitude as anti-patriarchy, not anti-male. This sort of meant that we decided to see a difference between "the patriarchy" and "the male". Nonetheless, we were unable to figure out what measure of each (if any) existed, *a priori*, in the other.

We spent a good part of a few meetings trying to answer the question: What do you think about a man who calls himself a feminist? This turned into the question: Can men be feminists? The only good answer that we could come up with, besides NO, was: Only the men you're friends with that day. Then Joyce told this story:

> *«This is the story of a friend of mine, who was having dinner — or drinks or somethings — with a man one evening and during the course of their conversation the film,* Not a Love Story, *came up. He said that most of the women, with whom he had talked about the film, had thought — in spite of whatever objections they had with it — that it was an important film. He asked what she thought. She paused a moment and then responded — with , I think, incredible*

presence of mind — "Well, what do all the men *that you've talked to about the film think?" And he realized that he had never actually discussed the issues or concerns of the film, in any detail, with another man."*

So, what was going on at that table?

This story left me with a suspicion that for some men, Feminism has become a dependable and persuasive heterosexual currency. In the 1980's a "feminist sympathy" had replaced the "I respect you now and, sure, I'll respect you in the morning" routine.

But what about those men who don't use feminism in that way? Are there any? I don't know.

After our "segregated" meetings had been going on for a while, the doors flew open and, inevitably, we began to share some of our best lines and best ideas with the rest of our lives. Then I found that our jokes about the patriarchy (or were they about men?) had hurt and alienated what Margaret Atwood calls "a male friend of mine", a man who had actively supported and campaigned on Feminist platforms.

I listened to his emotional and angry reasons. I felt bad. I wanted to find, in my reaction, maybe a more solid answer to this contradiction. As I listened though, I heard myself thinking: I care. . . But I don't know if I care. . .

VALENTINE
JOYCE MASON

I want to talk a bit about how this relates to producing work. It has to do with finding a voice. And finding a voice is, in part recognizing that what you have to say is worthy.

Work that I recall as feminist, or powerful, often has parallels to what has been happening in our discussions over the past few months — that is, work that is open-ended; that demands a certain level of engagement and intervention; that demands a "reader", an interpreter. This observation can be related to our ongoing practice, as evidenced by our presentations here tonight, or interpreting other (closed) discourses of dominant culture, of society, and even of our personal relationships. Constantly imposing this analysis on our lives and on our work, when we come to produce something, it inevitably contains these influences.

We have a desire for engagement — we want exchange and we want change. And we're finding that this does not allow for an equally closed, even if alternate, system. Within these open-ended and allowing-for-nuance forms, strong statements can be made. (That's the stuff they squirm about and identify as didactic.) But as much as it allows for the things that we need to say and as much as we recognize the radical implications of these statements, (and even of our ability to make them at all), our need for impact continues to be frustrated. We sense our impotence because our words and forms continue to be misinterpreted and disgarded.

But we do continue. As Tanya says, "We have to say those things over and over and over and over again."

And so, for those who still wonder (as well as for those who know), "Why a women's separate sphere?", I have a few thoughts:

For the laughter;

For the opportunity to say things which are not statistically proven;

To make unqualified (by "objective" objections) statements;

To express the truth of a feeling;

For the rythm and the flow, the hysterics, the silence, the screeches, the voices and the acknowledgements of conversation.

I don't have a "theory". I have responses and opinions. I want to be able to express them without defense — with the sense that they are allowed, encouraged, incoporated and reflected within the experience of others.

Laughter.

To develop a pride in stridency — a proud striding racket which is a demand to be heard more than to convince. And this is perhaps why (not laziness, although, too, maybe busyness) I have no "theory". This is also why some men can be more authoritatively feminsit than any feminist would care to be. It is why I don't pull quotes from texts in the academic fashion of supporting the irrefutable argument. All my arguments are refutable. They are nevertheless right.*

I read, when I have the time, and I listen, and I experience, and I respond to these, and I incorporate them in my way of interpreting the world — the world which, to a great extent, I want *changed*.

I look for the things that I want to keep, to allow. And I find these things around this table and in our talks.

*This is not intended as an absolute, but as an acknowledgement of the non-absolute nature of "truth". This has to do with authority and multiplicity.

«. . . This is Carlyn's story about her friend who works in a day-care centre where they have these play sessions. They have a little playhouse and they tell the kids to go in and do what ever they do. The kids are three and four years old, pre-school. They told a little girl and two little boys to go into the kitchen and do whatever they would do in the kitchen for breakfast. So they go in there and the little boys sit at the table in the play kitchen and the little girl puts on the coffee. She makes all this coffee, she pours it into cups and she throws the cups on the table and she says: "Fuck you's, I'm goin' to bingo!"
. . . Well, there's hope then. . . (laughter)»

NOTES

1. Susan Sontag, "Mind As Passion", *Under the Sign of Saturn*, New York: 1980, pp. 203-204.
2. Harmony Hammond, "Horseblinders", *Heresies*, No. 9 p. 45.
3. Griselda Pollock, "Vision, Voice and Power: Feminist Art History and Marxism", *Block*, No. 6, p. 9.
4. Adrienne Rich, *On Lies, Secrets and Silence: Selected Prose 1966-78*, New York, 1979.
5. Cheris Kramarae, *Women and Men Speaking*, Rowley, Mass., 1981.
6. Dale Spender, *Man Made Language*, London, 1980.
7. Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, 1972, Penguin.
8. Carol Ohmann, 1971, "Emily Bronte in the Hands of Male Critics", *College English*, No. 32, 1971. Quoted in *Women and Men Speaking*, Cheris Kramarae, Rowley, Mass., 1981.
9. Betty Friedan, *The Feminist Mystique*, 1963, Penguin.
10. Margaret Atwood, "Writing the Male Character", *Second Words*, Toronto, 1982.
11. Adrienne Rich, p. 134.

The next issue of **Parallelogramme** will include texts from Diana Nemiroff, a Montreal critic and curator;
Clive Robertson, a performance artist, writer and editor from Toronto; and the concluding lecture in this series which is to be announced.