

At School on the Street

BY MARY O'BRIEN

The most remarkable thing about the young woman on Toronto's Yonge Street was the look of sheer astonishment on her face. She was wearing student uniform, but the jeans were well-cut, the sneakers by Adidas, and the jacket a nicely lined piece of English wool. Prosperous, on the whole, and perhaps for that reason more astonished: she was, after all, being assaulted. Had she, like the girl beside her, been raised in Regent Park, she would have been less surprised that her assailants were policemen. Meanwhile, grabbing frantically at her sliding glasses, she was part of a tightly woven web of women who were steadily being pushed off the sidewalk by a disciplined wedge of Toronto's Finest. As she said afterward, "Now, *that's* education!"

This was a chilly Saturday evening in November 1977. It had all started in a serious but good-tempered enough way. Some months before this street scuffle, a group of Toronto feminists had put together a coalition to plan a protest march under the banner of Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW). Their concern was sparked by proliferating evidence of a rise in all those indicators by which tiny parts of violence against women escape the anonymity of "private" life and make slim headlines on the inside pages of the public prints. Increases in reported rape, wife-beating, and child abuse, together with the profitable proliferation of women-hating and sado-masochistic entertainment and advertising, were causing a wave of anger and concern among women, but very little constructive response from the male-dominated institutions of our society. WAVAW was formed to raise the visibility of this fact of female life, and to alert women to the need for concrete action.

It was quite by coincidence that one of the sleazy movie pits on lower Yonge Street booked in *Snuff* a few days before the march was scheduled to take place. *Snuff* had become a feminist *cause célèbre* in the United States. It was something a little different from the usual run of blue movies and masochism for the masses with which the hard-core porn industry creates and meets the needs of frustrated sadists. The makers of *Snuff* were attempting to turn an honest dollar by cashing in on cultism of the Charles Manson type. Women were not only to be depicted as enjoying degradation and torture on the fictional level; the movie makers claimed to have turned mere fables of victims and masters into a more authentic

thrill. They advertised that the woman who was subjected to death by slow dismemberment in the film was a real live woman being destroyed for the edification and orgasmic delight of her real murderer, and for the vicarious pleasure of red-blooded American boys. It is still not clear whether this claim was in fact a genuine one. According to the film's producers, the woman in question was an obscure and expendable native of South America, and no one either missed her or cared about her. The murderers were clearly to be a master race as well as a master sex.

U.S. feminists were outraged. Whether or not a woman had actually died, the message of the movie was that women's lives are insignificant, and that women will gladly suffer mutilation and death so that the sexual needs of their natural masters, however, kinky, can be met. More importantly, the movie proclaimed a new genre in the endless annals of woman-hating and woman-baiting, an adventure in celluloid which "raised" merely legitimate abuse of women to a religious level. What was planned was the creation of a new popular cult. Every Man a Manson; that was the giddy promise. The movie opened a vista of a high priesthood of Real Men in which orgasm by murder became a sacrament of the cult of the penis rampant, and the sin of being female could be expiated only in violence and blood-sacrifice. The fact that all this spiritual heroism was depicted in low-budget movies featuring ham acting, banal dialogue, and technologically crude cinematography was unimportant. When you're turned on at that level, man, you don't pause for aesthetic quibbles. Feminist protest demonstrations were organized in a number of American cities, leading to confrontations and many arrests.

Confronted with this masterpiece, the Theatre Branch of the Ontario Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations, which is the local euphemism for that censorship which all good liberals theoretically reject, decided that the actual dismemberment of the woman was rather

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strong stuff for refined Ontario stomachs. That would be cut. Otherwise, the movie was OK. In fact, it wasn't really "pornographic"; there was no overt sex in it. Feminists, of course, do not generally share the censors' view that sex is pornographic. Like most people outside the Theatre Branch, they hold the view that sex is a natural phenomenon and that non-exploitative sex is rather beautiful. For our political masters, evidently, exploitation is fine but sexuality is nasty, and especially nasty when nude.

This, then, was the movie which was being shown on the very route which the WAVAW protest march had the

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permission of civic authorities to travel. Many of the women who came to the march wanted to centre the demonstration on the theatre and attempt to close down the "show." The organizers of the march demurred. They had a carefully planned and legal program, including some excellent street theatre, and they were understandably concerned that a violent confrontation would jeopardize the effectiveness of feminist street politics in the future. After heated debate, a compromise was reached: after the scheduled events were completed, women who felt strongly about the film would return to the cinema and make their protest.

What happened turned lower Yonge Street into something that resembled the set for *Dog Day Afternoon*. Only the helicopters were missing. A group of women erupted into the theatre, and the swiftness of this invasion stopped the movie. Scuffles broke out with the theatre staff who, with the outnumbered pair of cops who had tagged along from the march escort, called the riot squad, known in Toronto as the Metropolitan Police Emergency Task Force. One woman was said to have knocked over some valuable projection equipment, but the management of Cinema 2000 has not sued for this damage, as threatened at the time. Five people—three women and two men—were arrested, and charged with offences ranging from public mischief to possession of a weapon (a decorative penknife). These trials are still (May 1978) pending. Yonge Street was barricaded off for a couple of blocks, crowds gathered, paddy wagons purred off, and the couple of hundred unarrested women demonstrators were "dispersed" by squads of police officers whose blocking and tackling was much more disciplined and effective than anything that the Toronto Argos have ever put together. Stirring as these events were, however, they were less impressive than their consequences. Women had shown that they could shut down an anti-woman movie, which was important in the short term. In the long term, and much more significantly, a new feminist political force had ar-

rived on the Toronto scene. WAVAW was born. As our astonished young friend had remarked, this *was* education.

It wasn't an easy birth, but it was sustained, as birth always is, by a sense of profound female achievement and a limitless potential for the future. It was strong, as birth always is, because these women took an active, sometimes painful and quite frightening, part in it. This was for real, this street sisterhood. It crossed old factionalist barriers and brought many women into feminist politics for the first time. The group transcended old and troublesome barriers of class, ideology, and sexual orientation. The reason that it was able to do this was not some sudden mystical communion, nor inexplicable changes of heart. The reason was grounded in reality: these barriers could not exist because violence against women does not recognize these barriers either.

After birth, of course, comes nurture, planning, and responsibility. There were endless nightly meetings about strategy. The movie-house was picketed steadily for more than a week, with a rousing but peaceful turnout on the following Saturday. The police mounted guard on the cinema and kept a careful eye on the picketers. Some of these men quite clearly did not relish the task of appearing to enjoy it, and turned a blind eye when passing males voided their disapproval in gobs of beery spit, muttering oaths and indecent imprecations, and made unsubtle stabs at breasts and buttocks. After a couple of weeks, the management of the cinema was offering *Snuff* at half price, and a few days later it was withdrawn. In that interval, WAVAW had been busy.

It is difficult to assess whether the actions of WAVAW shortened the run of the movie, or whether, as some of the shrill media messiahs preached, all the publicity gave *Snuff* a box-office boost. This is now an academic question. It is more important to ask if that astonished young woman was right when she said that snuffing out *Snuff* was an education. What did these women learn?

There is as yet no clear answer to that question, but it is possible to do some preliminary analysis. The sort of creative excitement and sense of political potential that the affair generated have not yet abated. Predictably, WAVAW was wooed by forces from the maverick left and from the established right. A few radicals, those who persist in seeing their motley bands as revolutionary vanguards, had some sort of notion of enlisting these women as rank-and-file troops in violence class struggle. There was some effort to persuade the group to mount some more violent confrontations, but this did not work. Many of the women who took part in the action are socialists of one kind or another, but serious Marxist women are increasingly coming to doubt that women can rely on class struggle to liberate them from oppressive forms of male dominance which are so clearly pre-capitalist and supra-class. Such women are quite indifferent to sneers about "bourgeois feminism" and "neo-suffragism," for they recognize that autonomous feminism cannot grow di-

rectly out of unmodified male supremacist ideologies, even an ideology fathered by the superb intellect and compelling humanity of Karl Marx. Such women know that we must develop our own theory, our own practice, and the new political forms which can embody these. One of the most persistent features of feminist political organization has been a profound distrust of those hierarchies of power on which the male political imagination persistently petrifies. It doesn't seem to matter much whether "leadership" lies in the hands of self-appointed revolutionary vanguards, or in elected élites which protect the interests of corporate capitalism, or a straightforward fascist dictatorship. It seems to many women that men, historically, have been and are endlessly and dangerously infatuated with the notion of The Strong Man. Feminists generally reject dictatorial modes of organization and the personalization of power, but they are not so naive as to suppose that after centuries of this kind of stuff clear alternatives will be self-evident. What they do understand is that such alternatives must be worked out from the standpoint of women, by women and for women.

WAVAW does not lend itself easily to conventional organizational or class analyses. It has no executive, no leader, no office bearers, no heroines, or perhaps only heroines. Each meeting is chaired by a different woman, and ad-hoc committees arise when they are needed and silently pass away when they are not. No one pretends that this makes life easy: decisions emerge slowly, almost imperceptibly, strategies are fiercely and lengthily debated, agendas stretch, sage, and change in mid-stream and snafus are no unknown. By masculine standards, all this is hopelessly inefficient, which no doubt satisfies those slaves of the stereotype of the giddy woman. Yet out of this cumbersomeness there is gradually growing a rich vein of practical experience, the exhilaration of getting things done without rigid chains of command, a new dimension to the notion of democracy, and, above all, a sense of creating new and vibrant social forms of working relations among women.

WAVAW was not beguiled into the confrontation route. The price in arrests, subsequent legal costs, and personal sacrifice was extravagant. No tragic heroines, no sacrificial lambs. This is not to say that women are wedded to a philosophy of passive resistance, or that there were not some pretty good shoves and kicks launched by outraged women. In fact, the whole question of permissible violence is a difficult and by no means settled one for the Women's Movement.

WAVAW finally decided to take what came to be called the City Hall route. There were several reasons for this, but it should be stressed that an expectation that palpable support and positive action by the City Fathers would be forthcoming was not one of them. In fact, WAVAW may have been overly pessimistic here, for there was a small victory in that the women on City Council supported WAVAW's request to be heard with a rare display of female solidarity, and Alderwoman Anne Johnston in particular

proved to be a valuable ally. What resulted from these meetings with Toronto City Council, Metro Executive, and the mayor, in terms of dealing with *Snuff* and its aftermath, was nothing at all, except a few high-sounding resolutions. What WAVAW actually hoped to achieve by these activities was, in the first place, some media attention. It was recognized, of course, that such attention would include the usual misrepresentation, coy jeering, condescension, and vulgar put-downs that constitute the media response to feminist initiatives, and this proved to be the case. However, the issue became news, and WAVAW acquired a civic presence and some welcome recruits, so that their first objective was achieved. The second strategy did not work. WAVAW knew that an attempt would be made to co-opt the budding organization into Mayor Crombie's "Clean Up Yonge Street" campaign. It had been hoped that WAVAW's rejection of these blandishments might provide an opportunity to open up some public debate on the defects of this campaign, but this did not happen. In fact, by May 6th, 1978, the mayor's clean-up squad felt able to announce with considerable self-congratulation that Yonge Street was now purified. This is arrant hypocrisy. To be sure, the body-rub parlours have become less blatant, but the movie houses which peddle "acceptable" levels of exploitive sex continue to operate, printed filth continues to pour into the city from south of the border, and women and children continue to suffer sexual harassment on the streets. Meanwhile, the federal government, not to be outdone, proposes to change the name of rape to that of indecent assault. As one recent *Globe and Mail* correspondent notes, they have failed to define decent assault.

What has really happened on Yonge Street is that working women have borne the brunt of offended male morality, and this was exactly the point that WAVAW had wanted to make, but it did not get out beyond the walls of the mayor's sanctum. Prostitutes and body-rub masseuses, of course, are not widely regarded as working women. Every man knows that prostitutes sell sex (A) because they like it so much that they can't get enough or (B) because they are too stupid to do anything else or (C) because they are man-haters wantonly spreading venereal disease among innocent men. In a society where all social relations are wrought within the market ethos of supply and demand, prostitution is strangely perceived as working by virtue of supply alone: the demand is created by the supply, but not vice versa. In the last few months, a long procession of busted and out-of-work hookers have trudged unnoticed into Old City Hall to see their dreary livelihood

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sacrificed for the greater glory of David Crombie, who is now electioneering in a district where very few prostitutes can afford to live. Of course, many of their customers and quite a few of their employers live in Rosedale, but, like the pimps, none of these have been much affected by the clean-up. They are simply riding out the whole elaborate hoax while they use the time to look for premises and



Photo by Moira Armour.
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profits in other parts of the city and suburbs.

WAVAW was dropped like a hot potato by City Hall when it became clear that the organization was no pawn in the big mayoral morality lottery game, in which women were the exclusive losers. Nonetheless, the whole City Hall exercise was useful within the limited expectations that had informed its inception. The battle against violence against women remains to be fought, but the experience gained in snuffing out *Snuff* was, in the widest sense, educational. Politically, the issue of violence against women has proven to be not only an urgent one, but a unifying one, as the action of the ideologically diverse women on City Council demonstrated. There are a lot of women who have not responded to the clarion calls of earlier feminists, which appeared to urge women to destroy the family, support abortion in all circumstances, help to organize trade unions for prostitutes, demand wages for housework, or abandon heterosexuality. There has never been a widely based social forum in which crucial feminist questions could be debated without filtration through the distorting mirrors of the institutions of male supremacy, and many women clearly had difficulty in relating such versions of issues to their own experience. Violence against women is different. On the streets, in houses, in shopping centres, at work, in hospitals and clinics, in courts of law,

in every corner of our social space, violence and harassment is something that millions of women know in their bodies, in their minds, in their lived lives. The developing resistance to this situation is a potent force for solidarity among women. Working women, immigrant women, welfare women, native women, young women and old women, gay and straight and celibate women, women in factories and women in schools, black women and white women, city women and suburban women, rural women, little girls, wives, mothers, daughters, sisters: women *know* about violence against women. What we do not yet know is how to resist it, but we are learning, and we are learning together and learning fast.

Clearly, strategies of resistance must cover a wide range of objectives and some of these will seem more urgent to some women than to others. We need to hammer out the specifics of necessary legal reforms and then work for them: we have to create new kinds of political organization; we have to develop theoretical grounds for our activities: we must give support and practical aid to violated women. We have to study the relationship of violence against women to the economic basis of our society: we have to help women organize to resist not only economic exploitation, but endless sexual harassment and indignities on the job. Mini-bosses, for example, cannot be permitted to sit and leer at closed-circuit pictures of women workers changing their clothes. We also need to tackle boldly the sacred bull of censorship, and say what we will not tolerate as "entertainment." We have to resist the trend to sado-masochistic and subliminally violent advertising: to redefine motherhood while keeping a wavy eye on the geneticists; to strive to re-establish women's oldest profession of midwifery and take back childbirth as women's business. We need an organized and insistent campaign to enforce the allocation of resources—the monstrous profits from the pill, perhaps—to develop safe and effective contraception. There is plenty to do. The order of priority of these and other objectives can be worked out only by an autonomous women's movement, and they clearly reach beyond the issue of violence against women to questions of radical social transformation. This is a historical task of considerable magnitude, calling for a creative unity of thinking and doing. It is a task well beyond the present capacity of WAVAW, but WAVAW has begun a process of identifying resources and developing strategies. It also now has public image. WAVAW has no funds, therefore it not only has no central office, but does not even boast a telephone. Yet somehow women are finding WAVAW, bringing problems and suggestions and energy and outrage and a new confidence that women can shape the conditions of their lives.

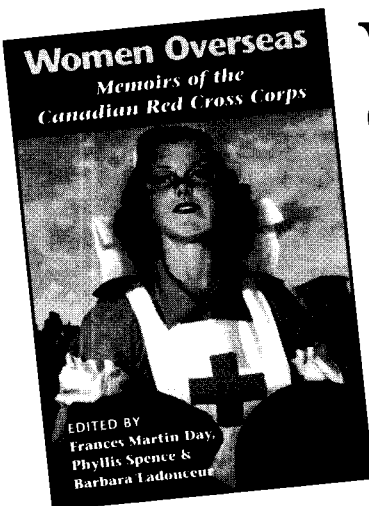
And what of education? Our young friend on Yonge Street experienced street politics as education in the most transformative sense. She was not, however, expressing a conventional view of what education means, and parents and educators are not perhaps ready to include street politics among desirable educational experiences. As far as

educational institutions are concerned, the liberal tenet that education represents a force for human liberation and equality of opportunity has become very frayed at the edges. Study after study has shown that educational systems reinforce existing class and gender stereotypes and foster a radically unequal distribution of life chances and choices. Educational institutions are generally a conservative rather than a liberating force in society, and educational bureaucracy has proven itself resistant to the goodwill and hard work of countless dedicated individual educators and concerned parents. It is simply not likely that educational structures as presently constituted can change society, but this does not mean that we simply undertake a quietist vigil until such time as a new society changes education. There are important transitional tasks that educators can undertake. In terms of violence against women, there are needs that women educators can tackle at once. While it is true that violence is systemically incorporated in our society, the experience of violence is nonetheless a very personal thing. The woman confronting the rapist hardly has time to meditate on her situation as the bitter fruit of centuries of male education in the right to dominate, or as a manifestation of the alienation from humanity that is integral to the capitalist mode of production. What she has to do in the first instance is to defend herself against her attacker, and in the second place protect herself from the laws that are designed to protect him. These things are practical and can be taught.

The inclusion of courses in self-defence for female students in school curricula is an urgent and practically attainable project. These should not be "extras" offered by concerned teachers, but credit courses designed to ensure that these young women know how to defend themselves physically and psychologically, and have well-grounded knowledge of the lawlessness of rape and rape laws. Schools can do something, too, in teaching young women that sexual harassment on the job can be expected but must not be tolerated. Whether the schools are yet ready to deal with the question of assault in the bosom of the family is a much more "delicate" and difficult question. But the self-defence question is urgent. For years, women have listened to the argument that it is better to be raped than to be badly hurt. Let us strive to present a more cogent argument to rapists: it is better not to rape than to get badly hurt. This can be done if girls are taught the arts of self-defence and given the confidence to use these skills at an early age. Educators can take the initiative in seeing that this happens. In this way, active resistance to violence against women can begin with a systematic erosion of the teaching of the inevitability of female passivity, and as such present a challenge and an opportunity to women educators, to parents, and to female students.

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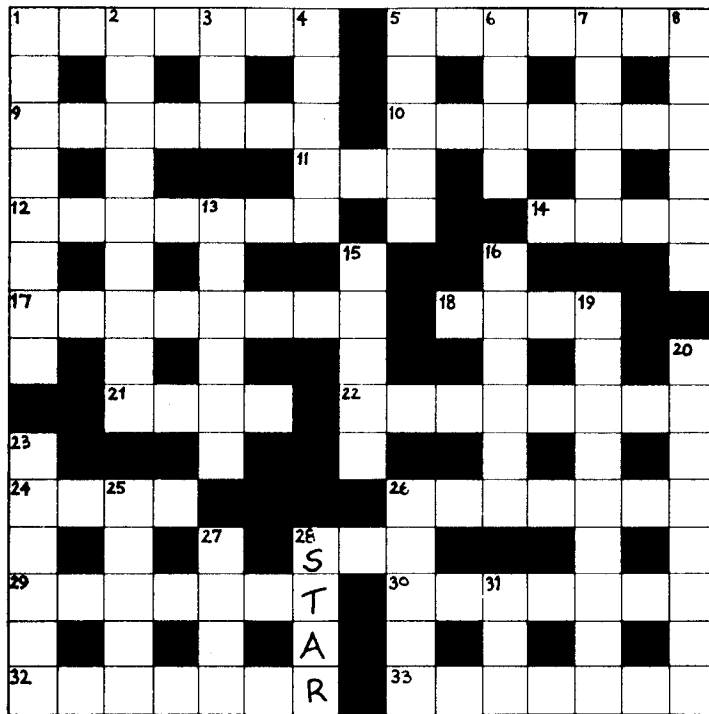
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Mary O'Brien

ACROSS

- 1 Large room in unhealthy mess symbolically masculine (7)
- 5 Mother of pride (7)
- 9 Don't confide in him! (7)
- 10 Old wheel politician to go again (7)
- 11 I'm in the modern age. Help! (3)
- 12 Lie lady in a philosophical way (7)
- 14 Regrets, this miss (4)
- 17 Toe starts, perhaps, but leaves (8)
- 18 Constructive for a spinster, not so for a carpenter (4)
- 21 She has vision (7)
- 22 Move a bundle, by sea presumably (8)
- 24 Peeping cats? (4)
- 26 Not its own beginning, real mixed up later. Sad business (7)
- 28 Novel woman (3)
- 29 Juice to take out (7)
- 30 After this, you have to deal (4, 3)
- 32 Occasionally a synonym for 1 ac. (7)
- 33 Once she meant justice, but men made her vengeful (7)

DOWN

- 1 Irishwoman protests, gives birth to nationalists (8)
- 2 Professionals who play (9)
- 3 Jewelled woman (paste, no doubt) (3)
- 4 Wander from a big fish without confused spirit (5)
- 5 What men think they are universally (5)
- 6 Men swear it, don't necessarily keep it (4)
- 7 Choose your woman, the best (5)
- 8 Point to confusedly staid madman (6)
- 13 In a position to plead error (like Trudeau or Clark) (6)
- 15 Crease or uncrease (5)
- 16 Occur in mishap pending (6)
- 19 In favour of lots, draws out (9)
- 20 Praises a saluted form (8)
- 23 Literally a motherless child? No, mythologically (6)
- 25 Ancient woman's cap religiously appropriated (5)
- 26 Lawbreaker attacked, we hear (5)
- 27 What women are of earth, season (4)
- 31 If mothers are backward he'll be everybody's uncle! (3)

Across	1	Phallus	1
2	Lionness	5	
3	Tattler	9	
4	Retread	10	
5	Aid	11	
6	Ideally	12	
7	Otis	14	
8	Testator	17	
13	Warp	18	
15	Seer	21	
16	Shipload	22	
19	Toms	24	
20	Funeral	26	
23	Extract	29	
25	Last cut	30	
26	Ejector	32	
27	Nemesis	33	
Down	1	Patriots	
2	Actresses		
3	Lil		
4	Stray		
5	Lords		
6	Oath		
7	Elect		
8	Sadist		
13	Leader		
15	Press		
16	Happen		
19	Protracts		
20	Adulaters		
23	Athene		
25	Mitre		
26	Felon		
27	Salt		
31	Sam		

Answers

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