

NAKARA

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

SEPTEMBER 1975

ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE



MAKARA, historically a beast of composite parts, having tired of modeling for sculptors and painters in Europe, having left the olive groves and museums to seek a new life in the land of the Rockies, and having decided that after several thousand years, it was time to get a few edgewise words in through the babble, then further decided she would find herself a magazine.

Now it must be remembered that MAKARA is a rare and magical combination of parts — and as the search wore on it became clear that she would not fit into the many specialist magazines of the day. She could not find her place in a motorcycle magazine, a dog-breeding quarterly, a rock newspaper, a journal of left/middle-left analysis, OR a sex magazine for young social workers whose names begin with W.

MAKARA just wasn't built that way (and in fact, if the truth be known, she seemed to vary a bit with the rising of each morning sun). And to make it worse, she was interested in just about everything, as long as it was new and different.

Accordingly, she looked for her place in the magazines of "general interest". Ah...here was a magazine on social issues, music and politics...but, no, not quite what she had in mind. Well then, here was a journal of arts and current events and astrology and scandalous occurrences! Perhaps...but no, not really her forum at all.

It was then that she realized the "general interest" magazines weren't quite what they claimed to be. They were men's magazines rather than people's magazines. And they were magazines for adults rather than for everyone.

Striking a lionlike pose against the horizon, MAKARA pondered. Clearly, a magazine would have to be created to help provide a balance. Someday, she dreamed, magazines would speak to (and from) all people (and beasts, however composite) but for that to happen people who were still in the background would have to make themselves a place from which to be heard.

That is how MAKARA came to start a magazine, and of course, it is just that: a start, and something new.



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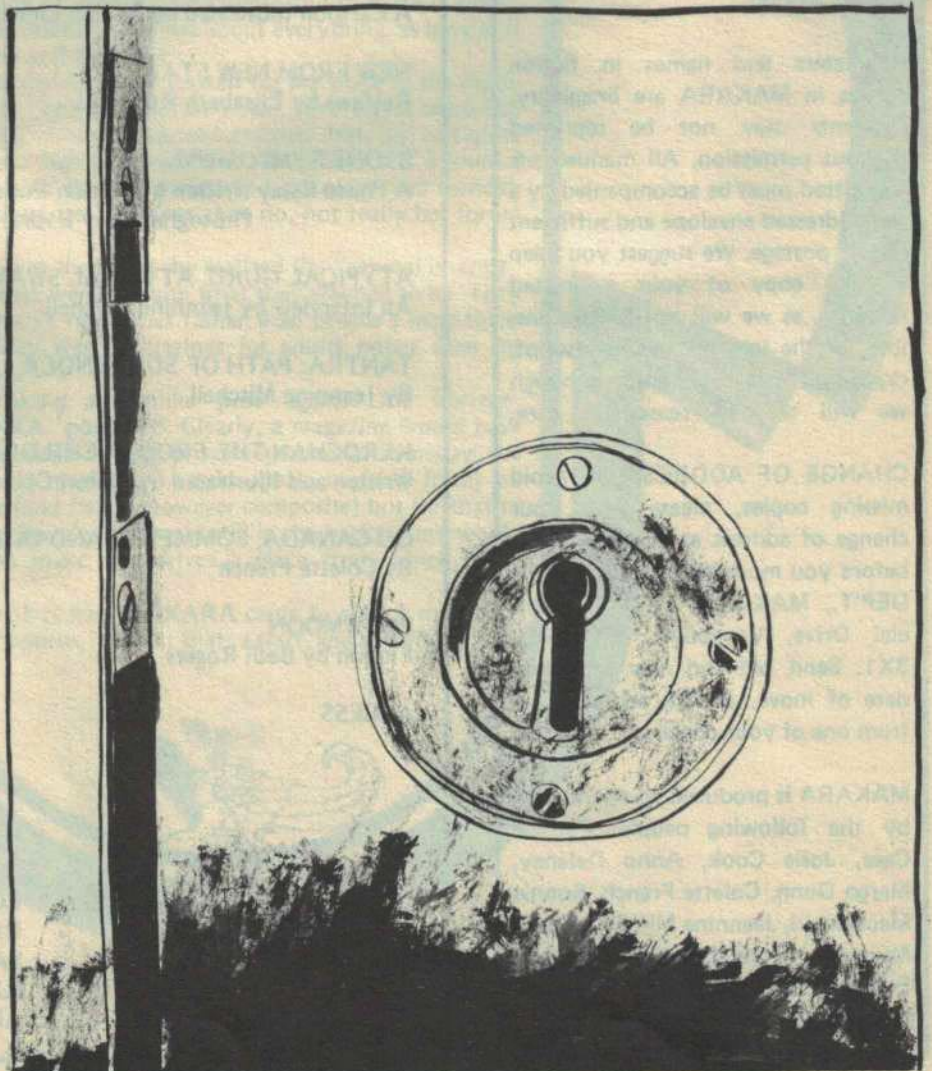


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WOMEN IN PRISONS: ORGANIZING BEHIND BARS

by Suzanne Fournier



Who is in prison? Canadian women's prisons are full of native people, repeaters, young people, graduates of the juvenile detention system, women too poor to make bail and women who are just poor. Only 1/4 of the women have Grade 8 education; 6% have gone beyond high school. Most prisoners are between 23 and 30 years old. 85% of women in provincial prisons are junkies, and their crimes were committed to feed their habit. These are crimes without victims (soliciting) and petty economic offenses (shoplifting, forgery and fraud). As a prisoner says, "Soliciting and junk are just like salt and pepper for these women — when you're hooked, you have to hustle."

Once you're in, it's hard to get out. A prisoner can finish her term, but if she's like 85% of women in prison she'll be back again — and for a similar offense.

Some of the women I see today I first knew as 12-year-olds in a juvenile facility; we seem to be growing old together. The community has not been able to find another way to deal with their many problems, and so I'm locking the doors behind them. The angry, frustrated child has become a hostile, unable-to-cope adult...

(American prison official)

It used to be at Oakalla there was a young offenders' unit, but then it was phased out for what the staff refers to as "political" reasons. Now 16- and 17-year-olds regularly form part of the prison population. This is Carey, now an ex-prisoner, 27 years old at the time Vera Rosenbluth of the CBC talked to her:

I went to the girls' school when I was thirteen years old, being very naive... Most of my juvenile experiences were all really really bad, and it had a lot of effect on me because I think that's when you go through most of your changes, you know, I became a woman at that time. You know, when you're a juvenile, you have no rights whatsoever, which is very very frustrating. I was thrown in many holes, and was not capable of doing anything. I was fed on bread and water and rations, thrown in a room with eight other girls, you know, eight girls in a room that was about eight by eight, maybe, with a blanket on the floor. It was just a nightmare...

Carey's treatment in "juvy" at least prepared her for the women's isolation unit at Oakalla, commonly known as the hole.

Fifty women prisoners staged a sit-in last July at Oakalla to demand the abolition of solitary confinement and the complete overhaul of the "warden's court." The latter refers to a pseudo-judicial process which deals with breaches of discipline — everything from attempts to escape to swearing or laughing too loudly, all of which can land you in the hole. Say the women prisoners:

Personality conflicts are often behind the reason for a person being charged in the first place. A prisoner is guilty before she even gets in the door.

As a result:

We demand the right to be represented, to call witness of our own choice, and to be judged by an unbiased person independent of the prison administration.

Of the hole, an Oakalla matron asks, "And how would we operate without it?"

It is the ultimate threat and sanction, like the strap in the public schools. But it's also used to warehouse people who don't even rate special punishment, like a woman who's psychotic-suicidal, awaiting transfer to Riverview Mental Hospital; a prisoner who's afraid of getting hassled by other inmates or a woman who's freaked out and set fire to her regular cell. That's what reporters on a press tour of Oakalla last July encountered, when they inspected the stark underground cells containing a bare bed, a small window near the ceiling, a single unshaded lightbulb, and a bucket in the corner. They also encountered a woman who'd been in and out of foster homes since she was eight, now a seventeen-year-old. According to another inmate who knew her, she's spent more time in the hole in the past six months than out of it. Said her friend:

It's the first time she's been in jail, she's just a child. The hole is so degrading. What happened was that they told her to strip her clothes off, bend over and spread eagle in front of the deputy warden, who's a man. She just flipped out and started kicking and scratching. Around here, you have to flip out, just to get some attention.

One thing you won't get if you flip out at Oakalla or at any other Canadian women's prison, unless you're especially favoured, is a visit from a psychiatrist or any other medical personnel. There is

one psychologist among 600-plus inmates at Oakalla. One psychiatrist works on a part-time basis. Women prisoners at Oakalla had this to say in a list of demands issued in July '75:

Inmates are seldom given a complete physical examination and are refused permission to see the doctor even upon request. Persons needing hospitalization often are totally ignored or made to wait for an unnecessary length of time.

Coming into the prison, women are doused with Cuprex, a strong-smelling chemical to rid them of lice — whether they have them or not; and guards make it their business to remind prisoners about baths, but essential medical attention like Pap smears for cervical cancer or pregnancy tests are unknown. A California prison worker reports the following experience:

One prison doctor's explanation was "We only do a Pap smear if there is some indication that it is necessary — if we find a lump or something down there."

When it was pointed out that the smear was a preventive measure, and that if there was already "a lump" then the appropriate time for a smear was already past, he seemed bewildered: "I don't understand what you're saying," he said.

In fact the one grievance put forward by women who staged a sit-in last summer at Oakalla that was not mentioned by men in a related sit-in was the lack of medical attention. A reporter talked to a woman prisoner shortly after the demonstration:

Girls are here for lengths of periods and I don't know anyone in this institution, and I have asked around, that have ever had a complete physical examination.

Q. There isn't a full-time doctor?

A. There isn't a full-time doctor. There's a doctor who comes in once or twice a week, an admitting doctor who comes in every evening but he will not see anyone except the new admittances.

Q. Do you get an examination when you're admitted?

A. No, you do not get an examination. You're there for about a hot two minutes. He asks, are you a drug addict, do you need something; if you say, yes you're a drug addict, you're wired, O.K. five days withdrawal, seven days withdrawal, methadone, night medication and you're out the door. He's in

and out, five to ten minutes; he's gone, he's through with all the girls.

On that same press tour last July an inmate told her story:

Like before I went to the hospital I was refused twice to see the doctor and when I went to the hospital I just about died. And I was given no attention here at all. When I went to the hospital they had to give me a major operation... Now I'm getting attention since I had the major operation, they realized something was wrong with me.

Reporter: They told us that they take people down to the VGH (Vancouver General Hospital) when they need proper medical attention. Does that happen?

Well I wasn't taken. I knew something was wrong with me and they refused me even to see the doctor here.

Another woman prisoner told the whole story:

Our clinic staff are completely negligent. There was one girl (Louise Lewicki) who was sick for two days, very ill, she was being carried around. They sent her downstairs to Records to go to court. The sheriffs from Vancouver city came in, they took one look at the girl, they said this girl is ill, we don't want to take her. And they turned around and they called her clinic. They said "Oh, she's been into something", so they turn around, they send her to court. Immediately upon arrival at the city bucket in Vancouver a doctor was called, she was sent directly to the hospital because the girl was very ill. She had a bowel obstruction and the toxemia was right through her system.

Louise Lewicki was 31, a junkie, in jail awaiting trial on a murder charge. In early September, she hanged herself in her cell at 10:45 a.m. with the sash from her own dressing robe.

Women don't get any relief from rigid social stereotyping in prison, especially when it comes to job-training, or so-called rehabilitation. A prison worker notes, "Women are getting less. Yet women's needs are greater. There are more women who do not have work experience or training, and it is therefore more difficult to reintegrate women."

In Canada, the Royal Commission on the Status of Women found that most rehabilitation planning seems geared to male inmates. What is available



for female prisoners in Oakalla and similar provincial institutions are occasionally, typing, hairdressing, and as an official of the do-good Elizabeth Fry Society of B.C. says: "There is also a course in power sewing, and then in the domestic duties that the girls perform there is of course kitchen work, cooking, and a fairly extensive laundry service." Too bad that these skills aren't particularly marketable and that women prisoners aren't going to be any more suited for a job going out than they were coming in. Why domestic skills? Says the Elizabeth Fry Society official: "You have to realize that the educational level generally speaking in Oakalla women's unit is pretty low. You have all the way from the illiterate up to grade four, grade six, grade eight, with the odd one that has completed high school and may indeed have a year or two of university." Certainly a good rationale for providing rather than denying education. Says an inmate:

Well the educational facilities are bad here. They're worse than in the men's. We don't have any schoolbooks for the teachers to work with. They're very lax about this. Girls awaiting trial are not allowed to go to school because they have to go outside to go to the school house. The teachers are tied up down the hill (at the men's unit) and cannot be here every day so we can't attend school very regularly.

Rehabilitation is a concept that doesn't mean much to most women inside. An Elizabeth Fry worker talked to Carolyn, a 27-year-old prisoner, in Oakalla for trafficking and other drug-related charges:

Q. Has anything constructive or anything that you could call good happened to you while you've been here?

A. No. I can't think of a single thing. Except that I've gained twenty pounds and I haven't used (heroin) for eight months.

Q. So you're healthier physically.

A. Yeah. It hasn't done my attitude any good at all. In fact, it's made it worse. I'm a lot more hostile. Their whole trip is rehabilitation and how do they expect you to rehabilitate yourself. They're always saying to get off junk, stay away from it and 8 out of 10, 9 out of 10 people here are junkies. They're going right back on the streets when they get out of here, doing the same thing. That's all you ever talk about in here. It affects anybody, even people

that don't use it. When they come here, they start thinking about it. I know they do. One thing leads to another and when you think about it the less likely you are not to try it.

Q. Does that have anything to do with the fact that there's not really anything to do here? If there were other things to do, would people still be pre-occupied with thinking about junk?

A. Oh, yeah, because of the people that are in here. You can't really have programs in a place that's like this anyway. I don't get off on the idea of people coming in from the outside, and they're the only people who bring programs in. I know most of the people I've talked to don't like it. It's too much like you're on display and they're in here doing good works for you, for their benefit. Usually their whole lifestyle and that just doesn't have any relationship to us, you know, so you look at them like they're from the outside here to do a good trip.

Q. So how do you feel about doing this interview, do you feel the same way?

A. Well, I imagine you're doing a good trip for yourself. I don't mind. It's something to do. And besides I was going to rap off about this place.

"Corrections" people like to put the blame on inmates for not taking part in what little training is offered. Whether or not a woman wants to be a hair-dresser is not taken into account. In any case, training for the minimum-wage, sweatshop-type job market is pretty redundant. You can pick it up anywhere.

The majority of people in prison have not been convicted of any crime, but they get the worst treatment anyway. Fifty-two percent are awaiting sentencing, their only crime being too poor to raise bail money. At Oakalla, conditions for remand prisoners are second only to the hole.

Male remand prisoners are warehoused in overcrowded conditions, two to a nine-by-five-foot cell with a couple of bunks and a toilet. The women remand prisoners are in with the general women's population in motel-type rooms in a building which resembles in look and smell a mental hospital. Women remand prisoners even lose the few rights a sentenced prisoner has; as an inmate points out:

Girls awaiting trial are not allowed to go to school because they have to go outside to the schoolhouse. I feel that the 'waiting-trials' (remand prisoners) should be allowed to go to school. I feel that the waiting trial people should be allowed on prison grounds. They are still in prison. Why must they be locked up? Security risks. He says it's not the warden, he says Victoria says we're security risks as long as we're waiting trial. Some of the girls are sentenced on one thing, waiting trial on something else, and they're probably out on bail on the thing they're waiting trial on. And they're still classified as waiting trial. The judge they appeared in front of believes they will appear in court. So why hold us back here from going on to the prison grounds?

Remand prisoners in the men's unit get two long corridors for recreation and an outdoor asphalt yard. Women remand prisoners don't get any access to recreational facilities. Says an Oakalla inmate:

Now this is a prison. Even on the grounds it's a prison. But girls who are awaiting trial, which are approximately three quarters of the population here, are not entitled to go even up to the ballpark which is within the grounds. They're not allowed outside.

Not that the regular prisoners have adequate recreational facilities either:

Our recreational opportunities are just about nil. The gymnasium (which doubles as a portable chapel on Sundays) is too small and the so-called rock garden, commonly referred to as our playpen, is totally inadequate.

Native people are one percent of B.C.'s total population. Inside prison walls, that figure is closer to 40%. It's not just that native people are poor; most have to deal with an alien culture that attacks their self-respect and undermines their ability to support themselves economically. In Oakalla Correctional Centre in Burnaby, B.C., Mary, a native woman in perhaps her late teens, serving time for fraud and petty theft charges, told a prison worker about her history:

I came from the reserve to here. It's the Greenville reserve, near the Nass River — Nishga Indians — and it's about a hundred miles from Terrace B.C. We were sent out like really young, to residential schools. And before you go to them residential schools, they give you a course, a little training where you learn how to wash your hands before supper, hold your spoon and fork properly and say 'please', 'you're welcome' and 'thank you'. I didn't know that much English before I went away so adapting from that kind of life, that kind of society to this one is pretty hard. When I finished grade seven they sent me down to Vancouver. It was really hard. The first boarding school I was in I didn't get along because I guess I did something wrong at the breakfast table and I got slapped across the face for that, so I moved out of there and eventually quit. I finished Grade eight and I couldn't handle it because there weren't that many Indian kids, you know, in these schools, and just the change, it's a hard change to go through. And then going from there on to the street, you know. When people come to town there's different people supposed to be helping you, like Indian Affairs, and you have to fight them just the same way you fight society.

I quit school in Grade eight and there was a space of two years. I came down for upgrading and I got pregnant and I had my baby. That made it even harder, because I didn't want him to be as equally mixed up as me. I didn't want him to be sent to different places like I was. I want him to realize that in order to survive and live with things we have to live with, it's really important that he learn our language and learn the old ways. To me, it's really important that he doesn't forget it. They're doing an experiment of animals transported from one area to another — you might have seen it on TV. I relate to that because some of these animals, they didn't survive where they were brought — taken from the North and put somewhere else. And I can compare myself to that.

Residential school was really like Oakalla. The windows didn't have

bars but there might as well have been because you were institutionalized, you got up at a certain time in the morning, had your breakfast at a certain time, you could play for an hour after lunch and supper and then have a bath and go to bed. Punishment was really crazy. Four or five flights of stairs you had to wash with a toothbrush, and if it wasn't clean, do it over again. Another punishment I remember was holding your hands up for hours and hours and if you put your arms down you had double time to hold your arms straight up in the air without taking them down for a rest. You had to write on a paper 500 times, 'I won't speak my own language, I won't speak my own language.' Oakalla — well, I'll tell you, the food is much better here, we go for walks, you have to earn your money for tobacco whereas residential school, if your family didn't send you money you didn't get anything. Myself, you know I'm not shaking rough times, but I like to be with my son. That is the most precious thing to me. Otherwise it's not so hard because I think I've been through it before — not in prison, but something like it.

'CRIME IS ON THE RISE' blare the headlines, and women's crime is leading the way. As the Vancouver Sun editorialized, "Female criminals are more active than ever before and if they haven't yet achieved equality with the male they're shooting for it." Psychologists and the press blame 'Women's Lib' — useful for accounting for everything from crime to increasing male impotence. Somehow the notion of women leading a freer life seems to mean that they'll demand greater access to areas of oppression, and those especially oppressive to women, like prison. At the United Nations Crime Conference, international delegates challenged the assumption that crime among women is on the rise due to new freedoms. Said the delegate from Cuba, "It's an absurd conclusion that women's struggle for equality makes them more inclined to crime." Jamaica's representative stated the female crime rate in Jamaica where women make up more than 40% of the labour force has remained stable in the last decade. His

THE INITIAL DEMANDS OF THE PRISONERS' UNION:

1. abolition of solitary confinement, a "cruel and barbaric means of punishment."
2. complete overhaul of the "Warden's court."
3. establishment of regular and adequate medical attention.
4. a better staff training programme and screening process.
5. improvement of recreational facilities.
6. an end to censorship of personal mail.
7. a more responsive attitude from the corrections branch central classifications office which gives short shrift to the needs of inmates, and ignores recommendations from its own officers and from wardens in deciding to which institution a prisoner should be sent.

For more information on women in prison, contact the Prisoners' Union Committee, #304, 307 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C. Call (604)-669-3723.

suggestion was that the assumption of freedom leading to greater crime among women was one that did not correspond to the experience of developing countries. A Canadian court worker cited a rise in female crime, but found more significant the fact that a high percentage of women prisoners are in for drug-related offenses, "many acting under the influence of men to whom they are attached."

In fact, a lot of women prisoners seem to mainly hurt themselves. A provincial court judge stated:

A lot of crimes are ones that are destructive to women themselves ... they inflict harm only on themselves. I don't consider them generally as being dangerous to the public nor are they particularly against public policy. For example, most of the women that I encounter in the court system are there because they are heroin addicts or MDA addicts or involved in some other drugs. Very seldom are they involved in the trafficking of drugs; normally they're involved as users ... or perhaps girlfriends or associates of the big-time traffickers. Another area where you see women in jail or in the courts frequently is shop-lifting. Again, all right, they're stealing private property, but the amount of self-destruction is almost greater than the danger to the public.

How about Maureen? She was arrested this year on a shop-lifting charge and ordered by the court to undergo psychiatric examination. Parents unknown, age unverified, diagnosis uncertain; they sent her to Oakalla. When it seemed she might be self-destructive, she was put in solitary confinement to "protect her from herself." Psychiatrists and most corrections officers feel isolation causes severe emotional distress, if not insanity. Not guilty of any charge — a remand prisoner — Maureen was made to wait for her examination in the hole of Oakalla women's unit.

Women in prison are taking matters in hand. Sure, there have always been spontaneous strikes and other forms of disturbance in prisons; a major uprising among prisoners at the women's unit in Oakalla occurred as



recently as 1972. The women got a new bathroom, and now guards and administration officials are quick to point out its shiny tiled interior on prison tours. They got public attention too, and there was some public hand-wringing about the living conditions there, but the impact was quickly dissipated because there was no organized or sustained follow-up by the prisoners or any outside support group. Then in July of this year, 25 to 30 women sat down in Oakalla's women's unit gymnasium and refused to return to their cells all night. The sit-in was in support of a similar action taken by male prisoners at Oakalla. It wasn't just another prisoners' protest, and the fact that a majority of women prisoners were signed into the first 'local' of the Prisoners' Union wasn't the only difference. It signalled a new attitude; a change that one woman prisoner described in the following way:

Committees and meetings and stuff like that — they don't make any difference. We've got to organize and we have to stick together. That's the last thing they (the prison officials) want. We're going to get it together.

Organizing a union in prison is easier than it would seem at first glance. Jail populations are relatively stable even while in flux. For example, although 25 people might come and go in a week at Oakalla women's unit, the same faces keep reappearing. It's not your average union membership, but at least the prisoners are no longer just relating to each other as people who happen to be serving time in the same place. They are working together as a community.

Some of the continuing outside support is provided by the Prisoners' Union Committee (PUC), a group consisting largely of law students, lawyers and other individuals with an interest in working toward radical changes in the prison system (see 'Access' in this magazine.)

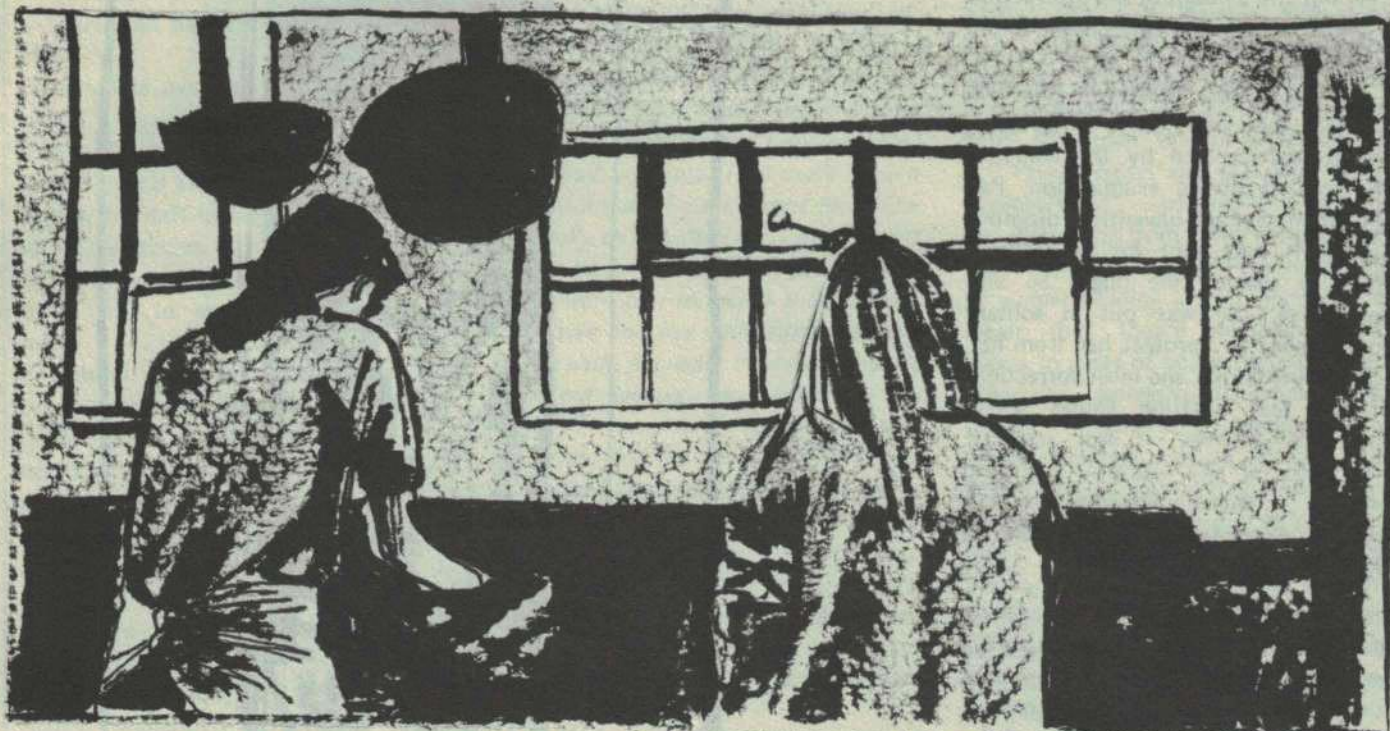
Prison officials have a way of dealing with inmates — they've usually found a way to blunt demands or make gripe sessions die a natural death by never taking the demands anywhere. "They try to make a prisoner feel isolated. That way, you don't have much strength," says a prisoner. Together, women prisoners at Oakalla

signed up the first "local" of the Prisoners' Union. After the July sit-in, at the talks between prisoners, their lawyer, a media representative and the prison warden, male inmates followed the women prisoners' lead in insisting that they be allowed to confer with their lawyer alone — a basic collective bargaining procedure.

A woman prisoner talks about the future:

This place is ugly. It's always been easy to get people to say we hate this place. We've got to do more than that, like organize and tell them we don't want people opening our mail or listening in on our visits. We've got to be the ones who determine how we're going to live in here.

We've got to get a focus, make a first serious demand. Say: 'We demand the right to collective meetings, to discuss what we're going to do. We demand the right to make decisions.' And it's going to take a lot of action by people inside — getting as many prisoners as possible, and getting people outside, people in the community, aware of what's going on before anything's going to change.



REHABILITATION and TRAINING...

CAN YOU WEAR EARRINGS IN THE WOODS?

By Nora D. Randall

It's 6:30 Sunday morning. I shake Siobhan again. She says, "I'm too tired."

I say, "You can sleep on the train." She's up then so I go downstairs and make breakfast. We're just sitting down to our eggs when Diana knocks on the door. It's time to go.

Siobhan and I live together in a collective. She is six and I am twenty-eight. All summer I've wanted the two of us to go on a trip together. Now, in the middle of August, she and I are going up to McGillivray for the New School summer project. She's staying a week; I'm staying three days.

When I first asked her I said, "Do you want to go camping with me?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "At the mine?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's too hard. You have to climb all these mountains."

"What do you have to worry about," I said. "You don't weigh 200 pounds." She laughed.

So now we are on the way to the BC rail yard in North Vancouver: Frankie, a nine year old veteran of three trips up the mountain, Diana, six, who went up to the mine for the school trip, Siobhan, who went on the same school trip and me, who has never climbed any mountain.

We are standing in a subdued circle waiting for Barbara, New School teacher and summer mountain leader. The train is loading and Diana is starting to cry when Barbara arrives with Jan, another summer staff member. On her way to the ticket window Barbara notices Diana crying and clutching her mother's hand. Barbara says to Diana in passing, "Going through your separation anxiety I see. I was hoping I'd miss it." Diana sniffs and her tears disappear.

On the train Barbara sets Diana in her lap so she can see her mother waving to her.

"Wave your hankie," Barbara tells Diana. Soon Diana is talking about what's in her lunch.



Siobhan is sitting quietly next to me watching Barbara and Diana. Barbara notices Siobhan and says, "You're wonderful, Siobhan."

"No I'm not," says Siobhan.

"Yes you are," Barbara says, getting up and leaning over Siobhan.

"No," says Siobhan.

"Tell me you're wonderful," says Barbara.

"N-O," Siobhan spells nervously.

"Say you're wonderful."

"Y-E-S."

Barbara grabs Siobhan's hand and raises it in the air and yells, "Hurray!"

Standing on the track at McGillivray we shift packs getting ready for the hike ahead. Everybody carries a pack except Diana who has a small bag. We take some things out to lighten it and she carries it. Diana asks Frankie as we set off, "Can you wear earrings in the woods?"

The hike is four and a half miles of switch back trails worn into the sides of two steep mountains. This is the part I've been wondering if I can do since I decided to come. Soon I am sweating and breathing heavy. I stop and face down the hill. Jan and Barbara stop also. They don't mind. They say we are making really good time. At one of the stops Barbara says, "When Sandra and I did this we'd already stopped for lunch twice by now."

Jan says, "I had blisters by now the first time I did it."

"You should call this Horror Story Ridge," I say. Feeling restored we go on. The children talk and walk up the trail stopping when we do though they never actually became out of breath. Toward the end when there is only a mile of mildly ascending road between us and the mine the adults and children separate. Barbara says that on each trip the adults upon reaching the road go faster and the children begin to linger. I worry that they might become frightened when they can no longer hear or see us, so when I reach the end of the switchback I holler across the gully.

"Siobhan!"

Back comes, "We're coming. What do you think we are, lost or something?" I finish walking to the mine.

As we approach Barbara calls to Niki, her 15 year old daughter, who is also working on the project. She has been at the mine a week and spent the night before we arrived alone. When we enter the cabin she says, "You guys are early. I didn't expect you til 4:30." It's 4:15.

At supper we talk about the hike.

Diana says, "I wanted the mine to just appear right in front of us."

"You aren't the only one," I say. We all laugh. It's over. Later a man staying in a nearby cabin asks me, "What is the school teaching the kids?"

I shrug and say, "If you're six years old and you know that you can walk 4.5 miles up a mountain carrying your own pack, that's something."

It's something if you're twenty-eight.

After dinner, Niki says, "Who's doing the dishes?"



Siobhan says, "Not me."

I say, "Why not?"

Jan says, "You'll have to do them sometime. You can do them together." Later the three of them lined up over pans of soapy water discuss whose hair was found in a kool aid glass.

Later still Frankie and Diana are off somewhere and Siobhan is swinging from the loft ladder.

"How do you feel?" asks Barbara.

"I don't know," replies Siobhan.

"Come over and write your name on my back, Siobhan," Barbara says.

"Oh ya," says Niki. "You used to have me do that all the time when I was little. Before I could spell my name you had me draw sailboats."

"Siobhan, come over and write your name on turtle's back." Siobhan goes over and takes a few tentative pokes at Barbara's back, then swiftly draws a rectangle in the centre.

"What's that?" Niki asks.

"A box with a monster coming out of it," Siobhan replies.

"Draw something else on turtle's back," says Barbara. Before bedtime all the children have drawn something on "Turtle's" back.

When it's time to go to bed Siobhan breaks into loud sobs trying to get enough blankets from Frankie and Diana. Frankie and Diana say Siobhan wants her own way. Siobhan says she does not. That it's Sarah who always gets what she wants. Sarah is the other six year old who lives in our collective. She is not on this camping trip. Barbara raises her head from the pillow and says, "Listen, this is important. Siobhan is mad at Sarah." Diana tells Siobhan that she should lie down and go to sleep. She'll feel better in the morning.

Siobhan says, "I can be upset if I want to be."

"How do you feel, Siobhan," says Barbara. "Are you mad?"

"Maybe!" says Siobhan.

"Are you sad?"

"Maybe."

"Are you pissed off?"

"Pissed off and mad are the same thing," Diana chimes in.

"No they're not," says Barbara. The children settle down and are soon asleep.

Barbara says, "Niki, will you make your poor mother a cup of tea?" By the time the tea is ready Jan and I are asleep but Barbara stays awake to drink it.

The next morning Frankie and Diana ditch Siobhan and return to ask if the two of them can finish off the kool aid.

Barbara says, "How many kids came up the mountain?"

"Three," say Frankie and Diana.

"How many kids did you just ask for kool aid for?"

"Two," they say in some confusion.

"All right, why don't you guys start taking care of each other?"

"Well, how would we know if she wants kool aid?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

"Well Niki already said we couldn't have any, and besides

we're going to get the saws and Siobhan won't come with us."

"Ask her about that then."

"Well Siobhan ..."

"The reason I didn't come with you was because I wanted to put mosquito stuff on my back," says Siobhan lowering her head and turning away. "And I don't have any."

"Do you want some mosquito lotion?" says Frankie. "I'll put some on your back." They disappear to the loft and the mosquito lotion and Barbara says, "There, they'll be all right for the next half hour."

We then settle down to coffee and conversation. Jan, Barbara and I try to explain to Niki, who has not read *Fear of Flying*, what a "Zipless Fuck" is. Niki thinks the term belittles men. In the rambling conversation that ensues I am surprised to hear Barbara discuss among other things, Christianity and Existentialism. It ends with Niki saying, "I think if I understood everything you just said I'd have a nervous breakdown."

Barbara says, "Don't you think she's beginning to look a lot like me?"

To which Niki replies, "What do you want to do, give me a complex?"

"No dear," says Barbara, "You have me, that should be enough for anybody." Niki gets up to make coffee.

Siobhan is crying in the loft as Diana and Frankie clamber down the ladder.

"Diana, come here," says Barbara in her first authoritative declaration. Diana goes to where Barbara is lying down and Barbara puts her arm around Diana.

"Listen," Barbara says, "There isn't a person in this cabin who doesn't love you madly. None of us will let anything bad happen to you. You'll have all the information you need before you need it. So why don't you just relax, enjoy yourself and stop playing games. Just relax." Niki returns to Barbara and asks, "One lump or two?" We laugh.

Later all seven of us are working in the woodpile. The adults sawing and chopping. The children hauling and stacking.

Barbara has a chain saw which she bought with her salary from the project. She brings it out to cut up the large logs. She oils it, gases it up and "rams the grease gun in the little hole." Then she tries to start it. There is nothing wrong, it just starts by random chance and we have to keep pulling the cord til it co-operates. First Barbara, then Niki, then Jan, then Barbara again and it starts. Siobhan, Frankie and Diana sit on a log behind Barbara and the saw. They are clearly awed. It took fifteen minutes to start the saw. It takes five minutes to cut the logs. Barbara shuts off the saw and we all laugh at the anticlimax of it.

At night Siobhan comes to me and says, "Can I go home with you tomorrow?"

I say, "Ask Barbara."

"Barbara, can I go home with you tomorrow?"

"No. The contract is, if you come up the mountain you stay til Saturday. So do you want to tell me what the problem is?"

Siobhan begins to cry and crawls into Barbara's lap. She tells Barbara all the mean things Frankie and Diana and Sarah have done to her. After a while Barbara says, "Well what do you think this is doing for the situation? They're sitting there across the table doing diddley-do and you're sitting here with me crying. Do you want to tell them how you're feeling?"

"No."

"Well do you want me to talk to them?"

"I guess so."

"You guess so?" Barbara rises and goes to Diana.

"Siobhan would like to talk to you."

"Well tell her to talk to me."

"I want you to go over and ask her what she wants."

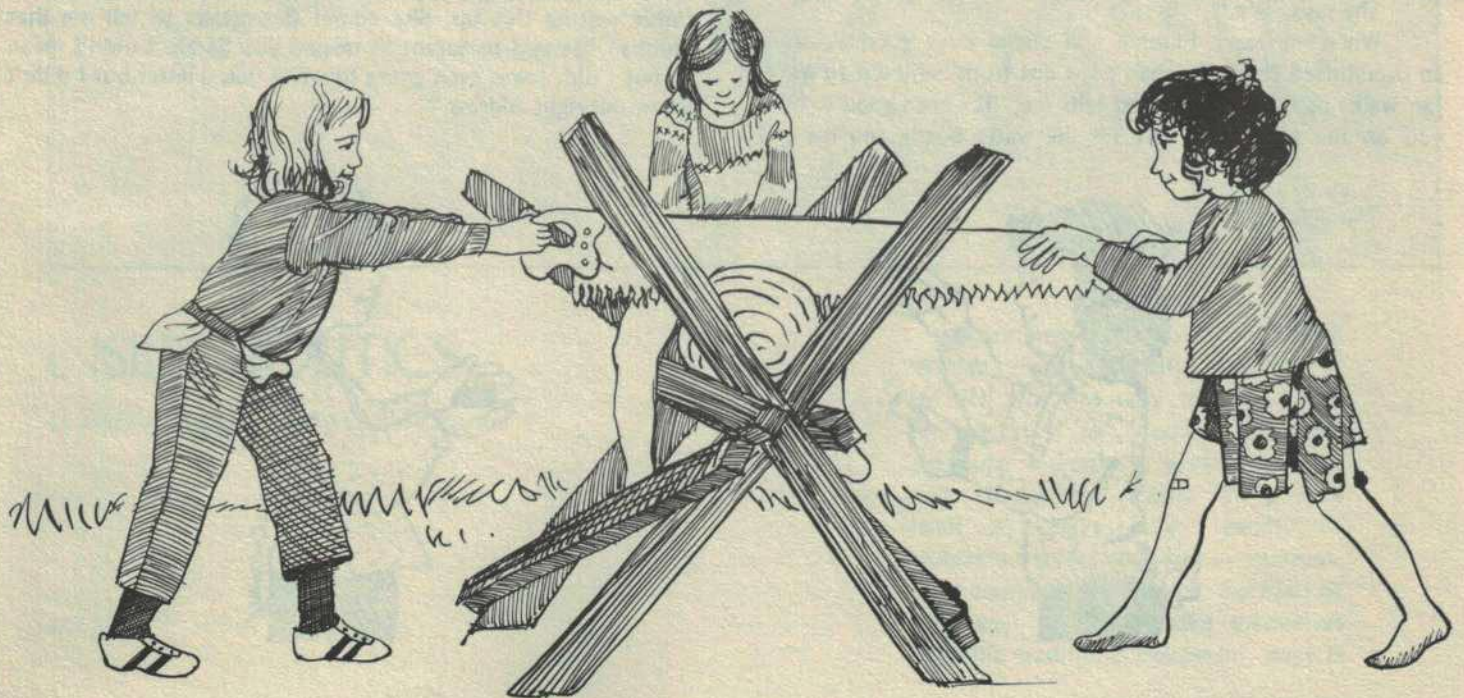
"Well she can come tell me. I don't want to go ..."

"I want you to." Diana goes to Siobhan.

"Siobhan, do you have something to say to me?"

Siobhan: "No."

Barbara: "Siobhan."



Diana: "What do you want to say to me?"

"Nothing," says Siobhan. "But just be nice to me."

They then spend the next fifteen minutes discussing how this can be done. Soon they are off playing in the loft and Frankie, Jan and Niki are playing knock out whist.

The next morning at breakfast, Barbara asks Siobhan, "How are you feeling?"

Siobhan says, "Okay."

With that Barbara goes out to pee off the porch.

Niki says, "Go to the outhouse; it attracts the bugs."

I say, "Niki, what a terrible thing to say to your mother."

Niki says, "Well it's true."

Siobhan and Diana are playing peacefully together now.

They slept together last night and kept us all up for awhile with their giggling.

When Barbara returns, Niki reads this story out loud to the group. When Niki reads, "Diana, there isn't a person in this cabin who doesn't love you madly," Diana covers her ears with her hands. People laugh at different places. They are interested. I am pleased.

Barbara and I will have to leave soon to hike down the mountain, so we go out to look for a fallen tree to keep the group in firewood. We find one above the cabin. This time I help Barbara with the saw and am actually holding it when it starts. I pick it up quite startled. It's very loud and the vibrations shake my arms and body til I feel numb. Barbara makes the first two cuts. Then I make two. By now Jan has joined us and she makes a cut. This means that all the adults in camp have now used the chain saw. We begin splitting up firewood and the girls show up to load it in the wheelbarrow and play in the sawdust. Feeling more confident about the saw, Niki and I tighten the chain when it gets too loose.

Now there is only time left for a hurried lunch and goodbyes. Niki makes a list of things she wants Barbara to bring up for her birthday party. Siobhan asks me to take her cup down with me.

I say, "You can take it with you on Saturday."

She says, "Ya."

When we leave Frankie and Diana wave goodbye from an overstuffed chair. Siobhan pops out from behind it to wave. Jan walks us to the porch and tells me, "It's been good to have you on the mountain." We fill the water bottle and leave. I

find going down much easier than going up though Barbara finds it harder. I am amazed to see some of the steep places we climbed up. We reach McGillivray an hour before our train. Time to see empty beer bottles loaded on a train for Lillooet and to hear the story of a woman's calamity-ridden last year and a half.

Saturday night I say to Sarah, "Do you want to go with me to pick up Siobhan?"

Sarah lights up and says, "Yippee, is she coming home?" Before we leave Sarah takes three pieces of peppermint toffee out of her hiding place to give to Siobhan. On the way to the station Sarah talks continually. Of the moon partially hidden behind a cloud, she says, "It looks like a burnt cookie."

The train arrives and the campers appear: Niki, Jan, Frankie, Diana and Siobhan. The children have all washed their hair and are stunningly clean. I keep my eye on Siobhan. She wades her way to Sarah. At the same moment they hold out presents to each other. Siobhan has brought Sarah a piece of butterscotch toffee wrapped in tissue. Almost immediately Sarah is at my elbow.

"Look," she says, "Siobhan brought me a present."

Ina arrives to pick up Diana and I overhear this conversation.

Frankie: "Diana's hat fell in the outhouse."

Siobhan: "But it's okay. It's clean again."

Frankie: "Ya, we rolled it in disinfectant."

After awhile the excitement begins to die down and we leave. All the way home in the car Sarah tells Siobhan this neat idea she has for building a Barbie house. When I can get a word in edgewise I ask Siobhan if she had a good time after I left.

"No way," she says. "We had to wear pants and shoes and stockings every day. And chop wood and take seven loads of wood to the cabin every day and put it away too!"

Josie, Siobhan's mother, says, "Work never hurt anybody."

"Yuk!" says Siobhan.

"As a matter of fact it's good for you."

"Yuk!" Josie and I are delighted at the conversation.

At home Josie puts Sarah and Siobhan to bed while I finish writing this up. She comes downstairs to tell me that Siobhan has said to Sarah: "I missed you Sarah. I didn't mean to but I did. I was even going to write you a letter but I didn't know our right address."





INSIDE POLITICS

As told to Josie Cook and Elizabeth Rupert

Feminists often claim that having women involved equally with men in politics will not only lead to a fair representation of women and their particular interests in government, but will change the nature of politics itself. As long as only a handful of women are selected to run by cautious, male-dominated parties on the basis of how well they can make themselves resemble traditional politicians, there is

They wanted someone able to articulate the concerns of women, who would ensure that the other candidates would have to address themselves to the problems that women face, the basic idea of women's rights, and the involvement of women within the party.

of course no way to test this proposition. There has, however, in recent months, been at least one political campaign that did involve women fully, in which women themselves selected a candidate on the basis of her stand on issues concerning them — the Rosemary Brown campaign for leadership of the New Democratic Party. We asked Robin Geary, Rosemary Brown's assistant, to tell us about it: How were NDP women able to field a candidate of their own? Did the participation of many women in this campaign make a difference? What was it like to be closely involved? Very briefly, here's the gist of Robin's reply; all quotes are hers.

NDP women held a conference in Winnipeg in the summer of 1974 at which they resolved to strike a committee to actively search out a woman candidate to contest the leadership of the party. They wanted someone able to articulate the concerns of women, who would ensure that the other candidates would have to address themselves to the problems that women face, the basic idea of women's rights, and the involvement of women within the party. So during that year women were talking to women across the country, trying to find the best person to run. Consensus gradually coalesced around Rosemary Brown, an able politician who had never subverted her feminist nor her socialist principles for the sake of her public "image," either in her successful campaign for election to the B.C. legislature or in her former career as Ombudswoman for the Status of Women Council in Vancouver.

NDP women's caucuses as well as other groups and individuals across Canada urged Rosemary to run. Ontario women got together a petition and sent one of their number to B.C. to talk to her in person and others wrote or phoned. Robin's immediate reaction, being a friend as well as a woman with strong political interests, was somewhat ambivalent: *"I was at that stage sort of torn. I thought, Fantastic! That was my first reaction, Just fabulous, we really could do it, mount a very serious campaign, she would be a good candidate and it would be great for all the women of Canada to have her running.*

But then I thought, My God, can we really put her through it?" Robin was aware, as Charlotte Whitton said a long time ago, that a woman must prove not just that she is equal to a man, but much better. She is subjected to much closer and more personal scrutiny. *"If she coughed it meant she had a weak chest and probably shouldn't run — it was very much like that."*

Meetings were held in Vancouver with people who had worked with Rosemary during the '72 provincial election and people concerned with running a woman candidate. They decided they could do it, and Rosemary agreed to run.

One of their concerns was that Rosemary's leadership bid would not be taken seriously but considered just a sop to International Women's Year. (Even after four months of increasing media respect as interest gradually shifted from her wardrobe and children to her ideas and the issues she raised, candidates at the convention who were running well behind her were asking her to deliver her delegates to them when she was defeated. Presumably they assumed that her success on the first ballot merely indicated the party's wish to prove itself neither sexist nor racist and that she would be dropped early on.) Many women expressed concern that the campaign address itself to all the issues and not just women's rights, though others considered that the most important issue. As it was, *"the very first piece of literature to come out of the campaign dealt with the fact that all these problems, of energy and natural resources, environment, poverty, labour, etc. and women's rights are all very much intertwined... that, if you call yourself a socialist with an understanding of the needs of people and the misuse of energy and natural resources you must also have an understanding of women's rights and feminism ... they aren't separate; they are part of the whole problem of our society."*

Another concern at first was money. Women in general are either poor or dependent. *"Also, it is believed that women won't give monetary sup-*

port; they'll give time and energy, but not money, even those who aren't poor. Well, that's a mistaken belief, according to our experience. It just flooded in; it flooded in in small quantities, five dollars and ten dollars and one dollar; a lot of people just sent one dollar and it was very welcome. I think that this was almost the most heart-warming of all, the fact that so many people saw that it was important that we were able to mount a good campaign. The other thing is of course that many women, if they had a talent or expertise in a certain field, they gave it ... it made such a difference to our campaign material, that although it was cheaply done it was very well presented and graphically beautiful."

Another thing Robin found moving was the number of old CCF members "who sent in donations or who wrote the most wonderful letters ... people who really liked what Rosemary was saying, who felt that the party had departed from the principles of the Regina Manifesto ... they were sending one dollar from their Mincome cheque. I found that absolutely marvellous, all these years, and they could still be actively involved."

Once Rosemary agreed to run and it was seen that an effective campaign could be mounted, the hard work began; getting supporters out to the crucial meeting at which delegates were elected to the convention, ensuring delegate support, getting out the literature, organizing the leadership tour. "I had this continuing nightmare, that Rosemary would arrive maybe in the right place with the wrong speech or the wrong place with the right speech ... Hilda (Thomas) was just fantastic ... while we were sort of still sitting in a dither and a panic she could get information and put it together ... all those thousands of words and hundreds of plane bookings, complicated flight changes to get Rosemary back to the legislature in time for the sitting ... it really was a nightmare. I remember one day she needed some campaign literature and everybody else was really busy ... so my 8-year old came home at lunch time and I said, Look, you can't go back to school

because you're going to have to come and work the gestetner. So Vanessa was responsible for one run of, I think, the first campaign bulletin."

It was not at all unusual for children to be involved in this campaign. Women in Victoria put on a crafts fair to raise money, and their children created a doodle-art poster to sell. Speaking of the display stands that each candidate maintained at conventions, Robin said, "At the stand, both at the provincial convention and the federal convention, our stand was staffed by kids most of the time. They were passing out buttons or posters or campaign literature. Our campaign literature was all run off on the gestetner except for our last printed leaflet — that was a beautiful leaflet — the design and lay-out and the translation (it was bilingual) were all donated by a design studio owned by women. The posters were brightly coloured, there were big photographs, it had a gay feeling about it, and the kids around too — it was really nice. There was a very lyrical, warm, very human feeling about the campaign."

The feeling was catching. Robin told us of a friend who was supporting another candidate for what he considered to be very practical, rational reasons. "The last night, Sunday night, we had this long discussion, and I told him I thought politics was a passion of the heart as well as of the mind. After the balloting, he came rushing up and embraced me and said, The heart won! Politics is a passion of the heart also!" For those of us who believe that wise decisions require the subliminal data that informs intuition as well as conscious reasoning, this sort of thing is encouraging. Robin also mentioned Muriel Smith's speech nominating Rosemary. "Muriel is a very beautiful, soft, quietly-spoken woman, who gave a speech which had most of us in tears, about the New Politics, what women can bring to politics. I can't remember very much about it because I was so terribly moved" But the heart remembers what the mind forgets.

At the convention, Rosemary's supporters continued to conduct their

"There was a very lyrical, warm, very human feeling about the campaign."

affairs with the same unusual style exhibited during the campaign. They refused to make any deals or accept any favours or to play "the numbers game," their meetings were open to all, and no one was excluded from the decision-making process. This confused and alarmed some old-time conventioners. The salesman who was requested to take back the case of liquor his company had donated was flabbergasted; other candidates could not believe that Rosemary's delegates would not be delivered en bloc to one of them if she were defeated, but would individually decide who to support; even some supporters doubted the wisdom of open meetings when they spotted delegates wearing other candidates' buttons. "But we all hoped they would change their minds during the next few days, and certainly there were a number of people who did." Veteran reporters tended to lose their objectivity around this open, enthusiastic group. "One...came to me about 3 o'clock on the last morning and said, Look, I'm really worried about you guys tomorrow, you don't seem to be organized, everybody else has got a count on the number of delegates they have. How many delegates have you? You can trust me, I won't tell anybody. So I said to him, we just aren't playing that game, we're well organized, we've got good support, we're going to be fine. And he went away shaking his head...We knew where our support was, we had worked out a strategy. We called a meeting for Monday morning at 8 o'clock of people who wanted to work on the floor between ballots ... 60 people showed up, at 8 o'clock in the morning at the end of a very tiring convention ... We were organized, but it didn't show ... when the first count came in and we had 413, that was not surprising to us at

all — when our support kept increasing throughout successive ballots that didn't surprise us either. It did surprise a lot of people. They expected Broadbent to win, being pretty solidly supported by labour, but they didn't expect Rosemary to run him a close second all the way."

Their two-room hospitality suite was constantly overflowing with people. The night before Rosemary was to give her speech, which was still in rough draft because she had spent her weekends for the previous four months travelling and week-days in the B.C. legislature, "I came back to the room about 2:30 a.m. and there were people in knots all over the room and out in the hall writing various parts of the leadership speech ... some people were on my bed, so I just told them to move over and I got in and was sound asleep in a few minutes ... people were really very willing, enthusiastic, to give of themselves ... this was true of the whole campaign, it was a campaign of people. Whether you could send a dollar or ten dollars or whether you could give a few words or a couple of pages, that was the essence of the campaign — this was really just one example of collectiveness and of people feeling that they have something to contribute." The speech was pulled together, edited, typed, and ready to go just minutes before it was to be delivered. "Rosemary was changing in a corner of the workroom, she was given a sheaf of papers and off she went and she delivered a very fine speech ... it had words and ideas contributed by a lot of people and it was certainly considered by many delegates to be the finest speech ... everybody who worked that whole night was pretty happy

with it." Democracy is not as inefficient as it looks.

If Rosemary's campaign attracted men as well as women within the NDP (the first convention meeting drew 50 of each — now that's equality!) it also attracted women outside the party. "I was out at the Pacific National Exhibition with Rosemary, we were working on the NDP stand, and a number of women rushed up to her and said, We don't support the NDP, but that was good and we felt so good and we were rooting for you to win." This sort of thing was going on months after the campaign was all over, which can't be too common in inter-party campaign politics. It helps to ease the pain of temporary defeat and give one a broader view. We'd like to conclude with Robin's own unexpurgated rush of thoughts about that:

"The reporters, a couple of them said, You know we can't — you're so nice, you're all so nice, but you're going to be defeated. One thing they couldn't understand was why were we going through this, if we knew that we possibly were going to be defeated, that we couldn't overcome the traditional type of campaign, that we had tried to do things in a different way. What they didn't see was that, after the balloting was over, that although people in Rosemary's campaign were obviously disappointed, there was a fantastic feeling of exhilaration too, that in fact, as Hilda Thomas said, we started off as amateurs and look at us now, that we had done a good job, the issues had been raised, that the party will always have to take women seriously now, that we know how to participate, we know how to articulate our concerns, and we will work together, and I think that's a valuable thing for probably all the women in Canada."

MAKARA ADVENTURES

MAKARA MEETS THE P.P.V....



THE WHEEL WAS A GREAT IDEA UNTIL HENRY FORD GOT HOLD OF IT...



OBVIOUSLY WE'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH SOME ALTERNATIVES TO THE STANDARD CAR BEFORE OUR FUEL SUPPLIES AND OUR LUNGS GIVE OUT.



SO WHEN MAKARA HEARD OF THE PEDAL-POWERED VEHICLE, TWO OF US RUSHED OFF TO TEST-DRIVE IT.

THE ONLY FUEL THE PPV NEEDS IS FOOD FOR THE DRIVER, AND IT'S ADVERTISED AS BEING OK FOR STREET USE, MAKING 30 MPH IF YOU'VE GOT STRONG LEGS.



...CORNERING FORCE OF 89...

TRICYCLE CONFIGURATION REDUCES ROLLING RESISTANCE...

AND MINIMIZES FRONTAL ABADEE ABADEE...



BESIDES, IT WAS DESIGNED BY EXPERTS — BRILLIANT RACE-CAR DESIGNERS:

SOMEHOW OUR TEST DRIVE ENDED UP ON A HIGHWAY...

GET A HORSE!

WANNA DRAG?



WE FURIOUSLY PEDALLED DOWN SUB-URBAN STREETS (TRYING TO REACH 10 MPH) AND PEOPLE TURNED OFF THEIR TV'S TO COME OUT AND LAUGH AT US.



AND SO IT CAME THAT WE BEGAN TO QUESTION THE DESIGNERS DESPITE THEIR FAMED EXPERTISE...



"THE PLASTIC WINDSCREEN ADDS TO THE COMPETITION FLAVOUR OF THE MACHINE."

THIS WINDSCREEN WOULD BE JUST HIGH ENOUGH FOR THE BUGS AND ROCKS TO HIT YOU IN THE FACE



NAH, WE'RE NOT GOING FAST ENOUGH FOR THAT.

WHAT MAKES THIS THING REALLY BEAUTIFUL IS THAT IT ISN'T A TOY. IT WORKS.... AND THE P.P.V.'S POTENTIAL IS BREATHTAKING



"...THE SEATS ARE PLASTIC BUCKETS WITH RAKED BACKS..."

WHY WOULD THEY PUT IN A SEAT WITH A LUMPY BACK THAT DIGS INTO YOUR TAILBONE?



OH, DOES YOUR TAILBONE HURT TOO?

THIS IS UNREAL. A \$400 KIDDIE CAR THAT'S HEAVIER AND HARDER TO PEDAL THAN A BIKE CUZ YOU'RE PUSHING FORWARD AGAINST GRAVITY...

YEAH, AND YOU'RE LOW DOWN IN TRAFFIC SO YOU CAN HARDLY SEE AND YOU'VE GOT A MOUTHFUL OF EXHAUST FUMES WITH RAIN POURING DOWN ON YOU AS YOU STRUGGLE ALONG AND THERE'S HARDLY ROOM FOR PARCELS, EVEN



HOW AM I GOING TO WRITE ABOUT THIS THING? I WANT TO SUPPORT ECOLOGY BUT..

CHEER UP I HEAR THE JAPANESE HAVE INVENTED A POGO STICK THAT CARRIES YOU OVER CITY TRAFFIC



REVIEWS

"*A Very Ordinary Life*," as told to Rolf Knight, New Star Books, Vancouver, 1974.

"*Taxi!*" by Helen Potrebenko, New Star Books, Vancouver, 1975.

"Very Ordinary" people have traditionally been voiceless. They are spoken for or about; we seldom hear them speak for themselves. This is not just a matter of insufficient time or education, but of their alienation from the media and from traditional literary forms. To be heard, they must not only develop new forms capable of expressing their view and experience of the world, but also have those forms recognized as legitimate by publishers, readers and critics.

"*A Very Ordinary Life*" was turned down 27 times, before finding a publisher capable of appreciating its values and sales potential; Helen Potrebenko's "*Taxi!*" was also rejected by several publishers because of this failure to recognize the authenticity of a new form. In telling me about it, Helen could only shrug, "They said it was not a real novel," she explained, "because there was no 'development of character.' I don't know whether it is a novel or not, but I do know that one thing I am trying to say is that character cannot develop in situations such as I describe in this book."

"*A Very Ordinary Life*" is traditional in form, an autobiography, but not in content. It details the lives of the moved, not the movers. The only statesmen in the book are faceless forces; we don't meet them over dinner with the author, but in the bureaucratic regulations, economic upheavals and military repressions with which she must deal to live.



Both Phyllis in "*A Very Ordinary Life*" and Shannon in "*Taxi!*" are very well aware of the political and economic theories that explain their lives, but their own socialist perspectives have been honed by direct experience, in their work, in their relationships. They have a clear, acidic vision of reality that instantly cuts through the various propagandas of their respective times and places. They know all about the ruling class and its

requirements, about the functions of war, inflation, depression, fascism, but they have no romantic illusions about their own class either. Phyllis describes the long and bitter struggle waged by socialist workers against fascism in Germany, but she also notes the collusion among them that makes war and fascism possible:

All's stepmother lived in Berlin too. She was pleasant enough in her own petty way, but very simple minded. I guess you would call her a part of the silent majority today. There were plenty of people like that then, as there are everywhere. Whatever the government said, whatever propaganda was shoved under their noses, they just gobbled up. And they acted as if they had some say so in the matter. If it wasn't the government, it was the priest. If any two-bit official said something she took it as guaranteed truth. "Our Fatherland," she always said. "Her fatherland," indeed, when she was living in a hole in the wall room which she would have been tossed out of as soon as she couldn't pay the rent and was working for starvation wages as a cleaning woman.

p. 185

Later, in Canada, Phyllis sees just as clearly the anti-fascists who fail to use their heads:

There were a lot of communists we knew who turned into super-patriots. Some communists! They couldn't even distinguish between the German people and the Nazis. There were some of them who were okay, they retained their perspective. But that was the case among all types of people, communists or not.

p. 223.

Shannon encounters everyday among her fellow-workers the racism and sexism that destroys any hope of solidarity. Everyday, on the job, she sees the helpless, incestuous violence of the poor:

They were at the address on Hamilton he had given her.

It don't look like much from the outside, the drunk said, but I got all

sorts of things inside. Lots of things. I'm a big man. I can beat up anybody.

You couldn't beat up a cat, even. You're a broken down drunk living in a condemned house and there isn't anything inside it.

There is so. Things. Lots of things. I can beat up anybody. You can't.

Well, he said, getting out of the car. At least I'm going to beat the shit out of my wife.

p. 133.

Shannon's feminism is no more romantic than her socialism. Poverty does not discriminate; it dehumanizes women as well as men:

Main Street, the drunk woman said. Whereabouts on Main Street?

Just go to Main Street and I'll tell you where to stop.

Main is a long street, which end of it should I go to?

Shannon smiled and was patient, the way one must be with mean drunks. Huh?

Where on Main Street?

Finally the woman gave her a number. Shannon drove over the Georgia viaduct and up Main.

Whyncha talkin? the drunk demanded.

Shannon shrugged. Nice day, heh?

I don't give a shit, the woman replied.

After that she crouched silently in her corner. At the house, she turned to Shannon, smiling ingratiatingly. Ya mad at me?

Naw, why should I be mad? I ain't mad at anyone.

The woman got out and walked hurriedly into the house. Shannon sighed. Christ, another one of those. She followed the woman into the house.

In one very crowded room there was a man and a woman and three children. The drunk had disappeared. The woman was lying in the bed, the man sat beside her and the three little girls sat on the floor, all of them watching tv. When Shannon came in, the girls smiled at her. The man hurriedly got to his feet.

Somebody owes me \$1.85, Shannon said.

The children's smiles changed to expressions of fear. My mom? the biggest one asked.

Dunno. Was that your mom I brought?

Yeah.

Then your mom owes me \$1.85.

The man had been digging in his pants pockets. He found there a ball-point pen, a nickel and two pennies and offered it all to Shannon.

C'mon, she said irritably. You gotta do better'n that.

I ain't working for nuthin.

The little girls ran into another room and Shannon could hear the littlest one crying. The man stood before her, hanging his head.

See, we're on welfare...he muttered, and waited limply for the verdict.

Shannon ran out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

We act like rats in a cage, snarling at each other over scraps, Shannon said to Gerald. The poor are supposed to be kind to the poor, but they don't seem to be. Behaviour is prescribed by economics, you know.

Yeah?

Yeah. Victims are horrible people. Suffering doesn't ennoble.

p. 19-20.

It took Phyllis 40 years to realize that her "real" life was not waiting for her just on the other side of this new job, this new move, this latest world crisis, that in fact "this sort of life wasn't just a temporary phase." (p. 254) Shannon, product of a more cynical age, knows that while still in her twenties. One day she picks up a fare who recognizes her from her student days:

It hasn't changed, at least I haven't noticed the difference.

What?

The world. You told me you were going to change it.

Oh. Yeah. That was a long time ago. There is no hope.

None?

None.

p. 57.

They discuss the various uses of university degrees ("Like, for instance, the morning sun is now shining in my eyes because the sun visor on this car won't swing around to the other side. If I had a degree I could hang it right here to keep the sun out") and her passenger concludes at last that she is crazy. Shannon cheerfully admits it, and asks if he minds. "No, I'm delighted," he replies. "It's not often you see insanity unashamed, walking down the street." (p. 58)

There may be no hope and utopia just a word, but neither Shannon nor Phyllis is defeated or even intimidated. They keep their wit, humour, love, strength. Shannon, not caring whether

it's crazy or not, feels the newness of each dawn and sings herself to work in the sunrise. Both choose hard, often dangerous work to the subservience of traditional women's occupations. Except for their different speaking styles, Phyllis, in the '20's, sounds much like Shannon in the '70's.

Phyllis:

"I used to like factory work, much better than any white collar work I ever had. Of course you had to be young and strong because it was pretty heavy work, for girls. We worked in different factories operating all sorts of machinery...If there was a job that we thought might be interesting to try, we'd just say, "Oh yes, we've had experience at running something similar to that." Then if you got a bit of a chance to observe how it was done and could watch the people who knew how to run those machines, and if the foreman didn't stand over you, within a day or two or sometimes in a few hours you could get the hang of it. Of course sometimes they found us out and let us go. But, nothing ventured nothing gained. We didn't lose anything by trying...we didn't have a big stake in those jobs...We quit anytime we had a bit of money and felt the urge to get out in the countryside for awhile.

p. 61-63.

Shannon:

But I like driving cab. Receptionists, sales clerks, waitresses — they all have to look pleasant all the time. I can snarl if I want. There ain't too many women who can do that...The city is mine, too. The city belongs to those who know it. There's an arrogance that goes with being a taxi driver. You don't give a fuck about anything and it's been years since I was surprised by anything. We don't, none of us, have very many choices. We can't rebel. Organize, when there's a chance. Talk. But it's all this madness. In the end, all we can choose is our kind of madness. If we're strong. I'm strong.

p. 138.



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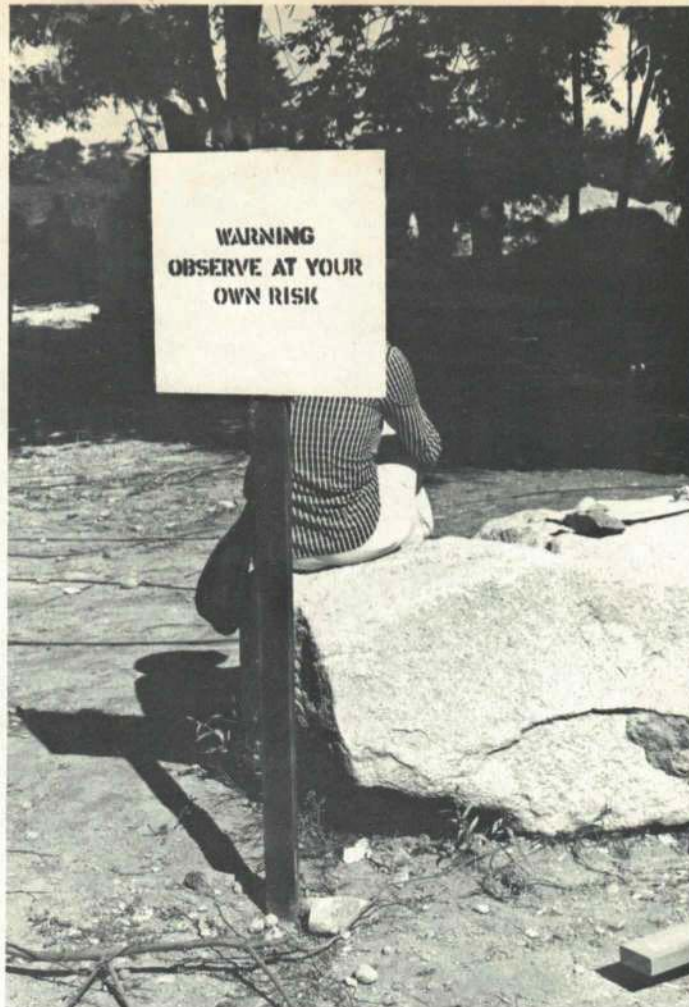
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STONE SYMPOSIUM

By Marion Fuller

The Vancouver Sculpture Symposium had a strange beginning. B.C. Debro Construction had 30 blocks of imported Turkish and Persian travertine marble weighing 150 tons that had been left over from some building project. They needed to get rid of it. Their plan, to give it to someone who would come and get it, or dump it in False Creek for land fill. They approached the Vancouver School of Art, which referred them to Gerhard Class, a sculptor who teaches at the school. Class had participated in symposiums in Europe and knew immediately what possibilities existed in \$200,000 worth of marble. (Enough rock for the Sculpture Symposium and twenty years of sculpture classes at the Art School.)

He and his students approached cautious administrators and organizations for funding for their plan:

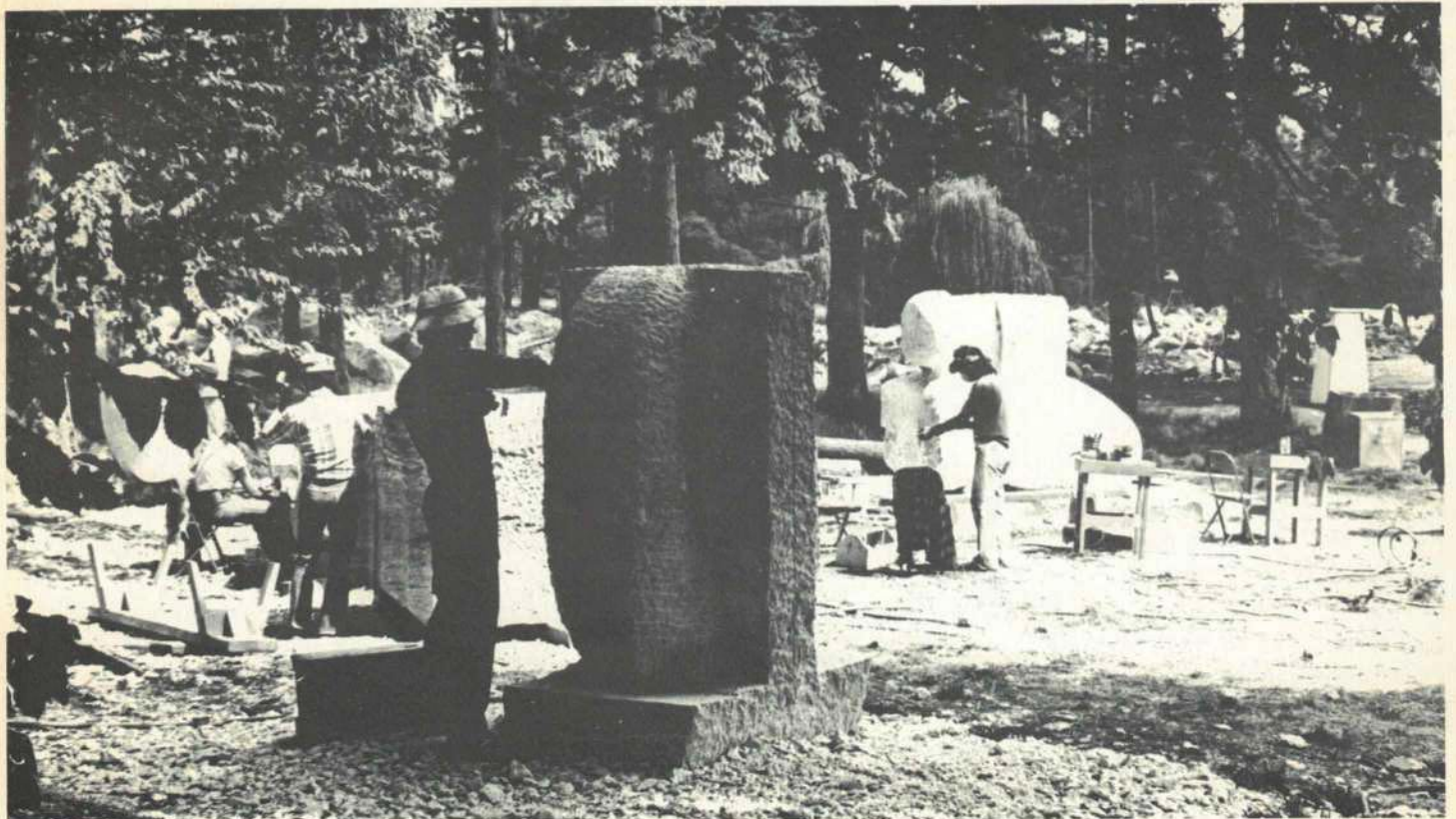
"A Stone Sculpture Symposium gathering together ten stone sculptors from Canada and other countries, who will come to Vancouver this summer (1975) to produce ten large pieces of stone sculpture and to take advantage of an opportunity for cultural and artistic interchange. Hopefully, it will stimulate public interest and involvement in the arts and produce a vitalizing effect on the level of artistic excellence in this area."

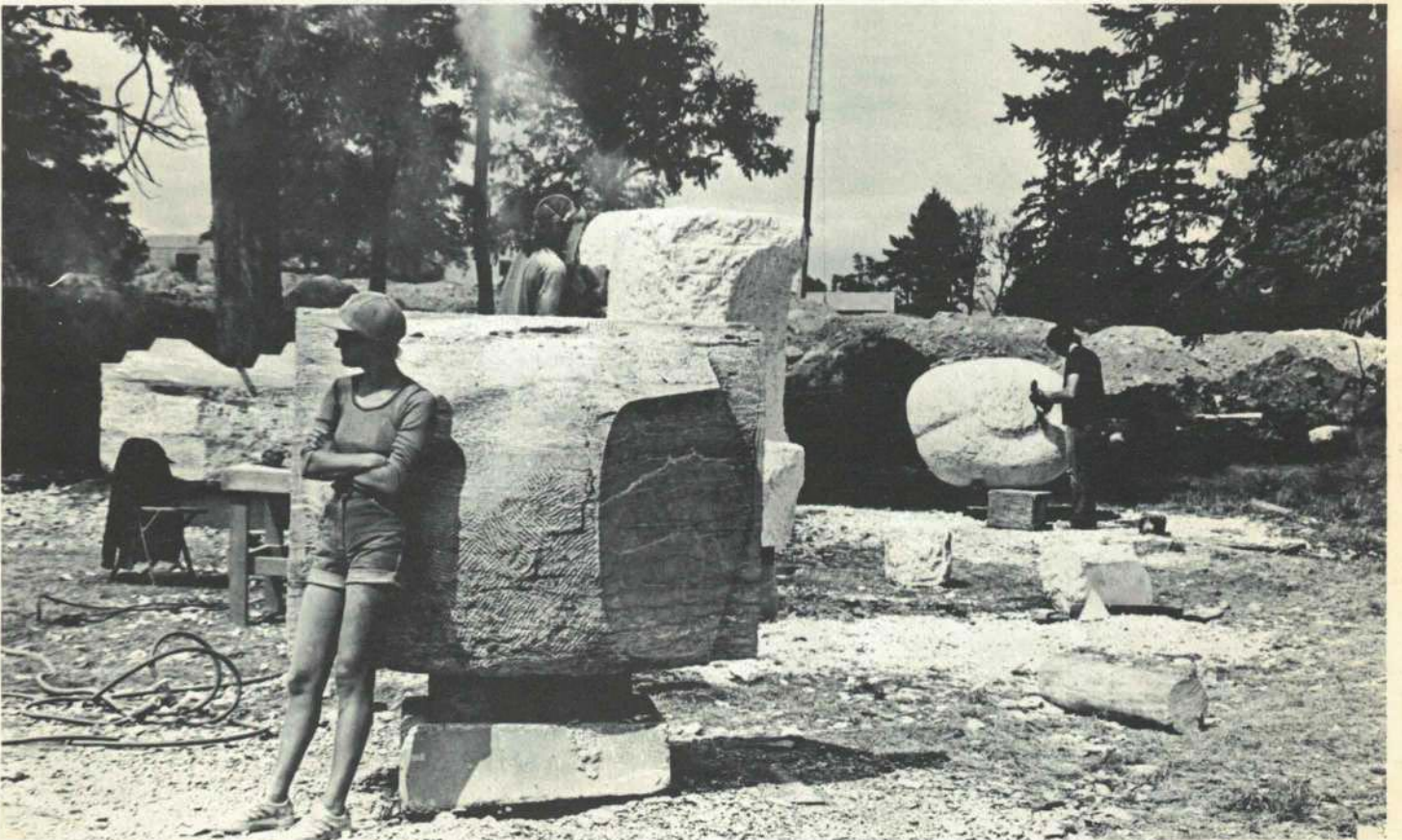


Thus began a year of uphill struggle by the art students to convince various organizations that their plan was sound, culturally worthwhile, well organized and capable of completion. Not an easy job. However, the Vancouver Parks Board responded enthusiastically with machines, tools and a site -- the Van Dusen Botanical Gardens.

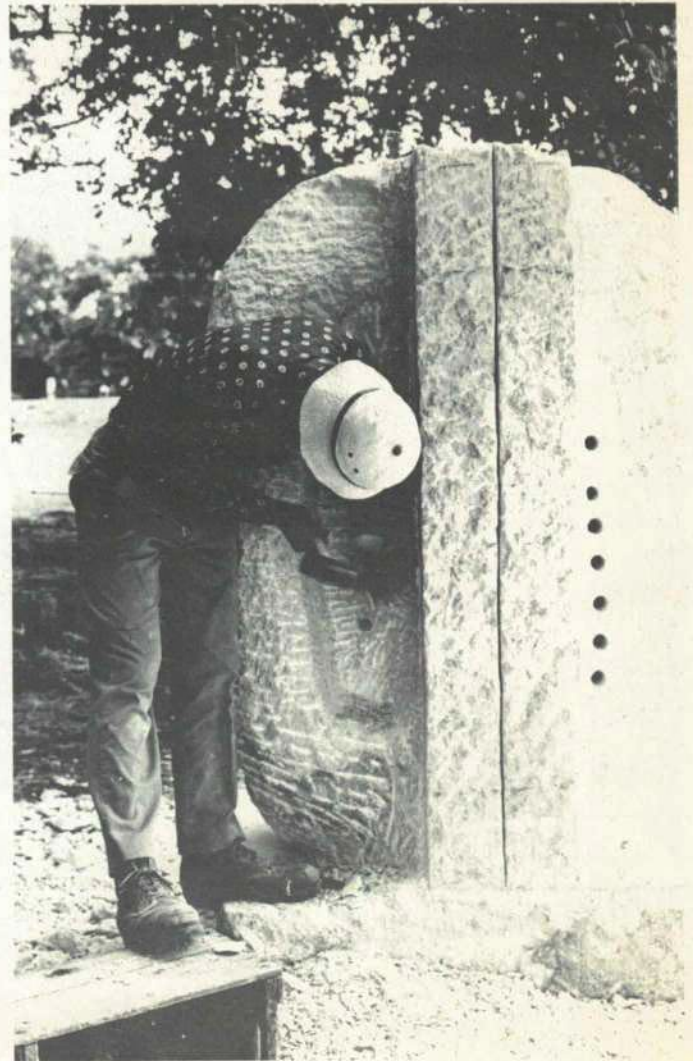
In July, 1975, the intense culminating stage of the plan began. Ten sculptors worked together for two months creating fellowship among themselves, ease between the public and the artist, and eleven pieces of sculpture worth \$250,000 total.

At first the public was bewildered: "What is this peculiar Sculpture Symposium anyway?" Some were apprehensive: "What do I know about sculpture?" They seemed to believe that the sign, "WARNING: OBSERVE AT YOUR OWN RISK" was for psychic as well as physical reasons. After these pre-conceptions were dispelled mutual involvement began. Some of the momentum was brought on by using the sculpture site for cultural happenings by local dance groups and musical ensembles. But the sense of mammoth stone changing into something by hand and chisel was a strong magnetic attraction in itself. You could never fail to realize something was happening when you arrived on the site -- the camaraderie, activity and excitement were so great.





For the first time in Vancouver 400 to 500 people a day saw art in process. But saw it as hard work by day, rain or shine, and by electric night. They saw sculptors in the open air, not in isolated studios. They met sculptors as people to whom they could talk. Some of the public were retired rock chippers or tradesmen who offered their advice and assistance, and turned out to be some of the most valuable assistants on the project. A bit of neighbourly assistance to an internationally known sculptor seemed right in keeping with the project's informality. One of the neighbors used a sculptor's white chips in his garden. When the stones had to be turned, the Army arrived, and yet another unlikely segment of society became involved in art. They were terribly careful and meticulous, and only wanted their Sculpture Symposium brochure signed by all the artists.



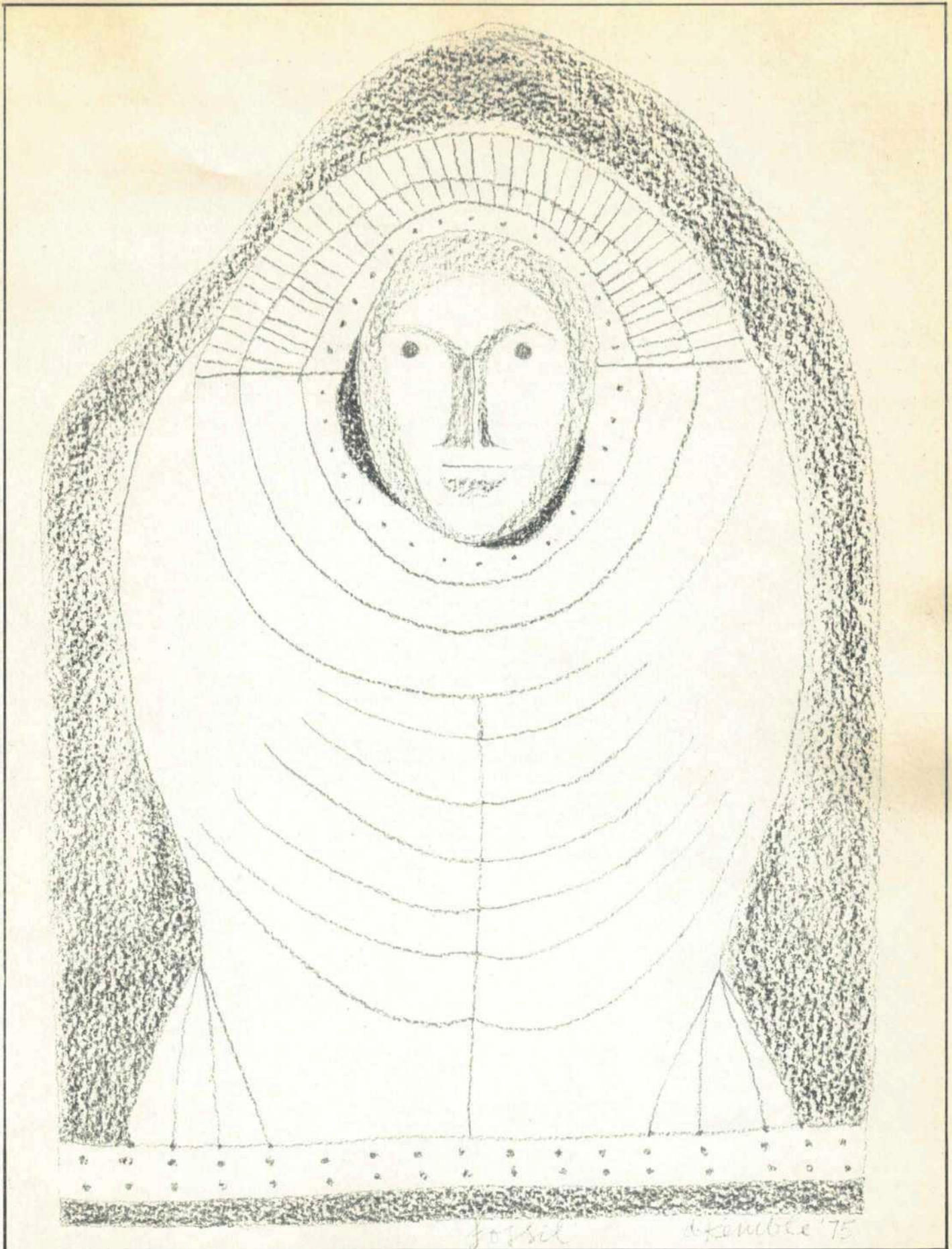


Mathias Hitz, *Austria*
Kubach-Wilmsen, *West German Team*
Kiyoshi Takahashi, *Japan*
Jiro Sugawara, *Italy*
Olga Janic, *Yugoslavia*
Adolf Ryszka, *Poland*
Hiromi Akiyama, *France*
David Ruben, *Canada*
Joan Gambioli, *Canada*
David Marshall, *Canada*
Michael Prentice, *France*





Through their involvement with process, people began to return again and again to witness evolution through hard chipping. They became less concerned with the final product and more involved in the stone itself. They watched the sculptors follow forms suggested by rock striations and they saw how the artists would have to give up preconceptions because of hidden faults or seams in the rocks. They observed one of the sculptors integrate an object he found at the site with his sculpture. They watched Michael Prentice and David Marshall figure out a way to keep Marshall's red travertine dust from blowing downwind and covering Prentice's blinding white stone. They saw the sculptors train students in technique and work habits. And they watched the artists respond to the public's questions which sometimes interfered with the work. (After all, they only had two months to turn mammoth stone into finished sculpture, and you know how much it rains in Vancouver.) By the end, sculpture had definitely become approachable.



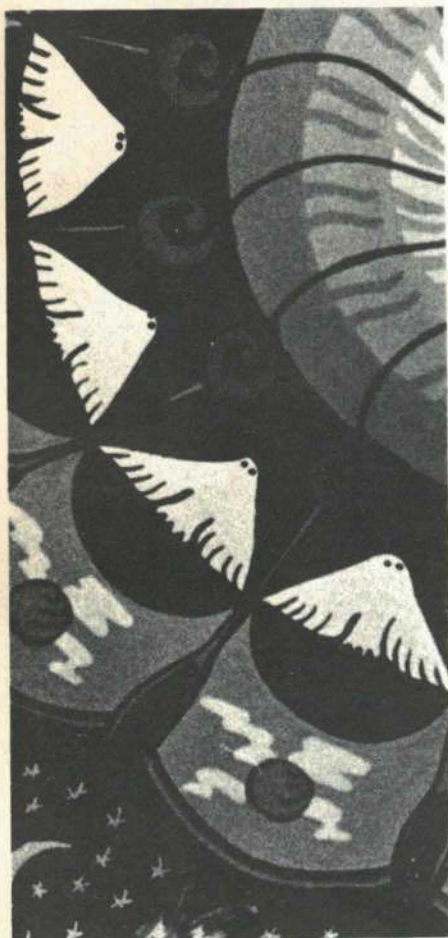
Atypical Guru, Atypical Swami

Being an interview with a football jock turned yippie turned gay liberation activist turned swami...

by Jeannine Mitchell

YOU WANTED THIS INTERVIEW TO FOCUS ON TANTRA AND OTHER MEDITATION TECHNIQUES AS TAUGHT BY BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH, BUT I'M REALLY INTERESTED IN THE TRANSITIONS YOU'VE MADE: FROM FOOTBALL JOCK TO GAY LIBERATIONIST, YIPPIE ACTIVIST, AND NOW AN INITIATED SWAMI PRESENTLY EMPLOYED IN SOCIAL WORK.

IT SOUNDS LIKE A CARICATURE IN ITS EXTREMES, BUT YOU SAY YOU SEE YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH TANTRA AS A 'LOGICAL PROGRESSION' FROM YOUR OTHER ACTIVITIES.



I guess the basic rule of Tantra is "not to give pain". That's where politics works in: everyone's pain is my pain. That's a physical fact. In the 60's, it made us SICK to see what was happening to the Vietnamese.

My own feeling is that you sometimes have to measure pain to make a decision. Political radicals operate on that basis. It causes pain to a dictator if you kill him, but he may be causing pain to millions of people if he remains in power. There's no way to avoid personal responsibility in that kind of dilemma.

My interest in eastern religion is just part of the struggle I've made for years to find personal freedom.

I was angry from childhood — I grew up feeling everything was wrong, but I couldn't figure out why. I spent six years playing football; my first experience with a woman was with a prostitute — I was sucked right into that aggressive alienated male scene.

But something was still wrong. Even drinking heavily — and later, using grass in a dumb way, to stupify, didn't help me break out of what I felt was a trap.

And our attempts to struggle to freedom politically were crushed by the incredible reaction of the state.

Our own parents HATED us. There was a period when my father really wanted me in jail. Kent State, the Panthers, the Weatherpeople — we forget how heavy it was: a life and death struggle. No wonder our reaction to it all is so deep. It was terrifying.

Besides, sitting in jail, having your picture taken by cops as you walked out your door — it wasn't freedom. So I decided to leave this culture and live in India.

Certainly you could call it escapism. It's what I chose to do. Others went back to the land. And others tried to work within the system, which I think failed, as the system perpetuates itself in you.

OR YOU HAVE ELDRIDGE CLEAVER DESIGNING CODPIECES FOR MEN'S PANTS...

Oh really, well I can believe *that*. Anyway, I got a degree in order to buy extra room for myself to survive in. After re-

turning from India (because I learned this IS my real place, my real culture), I got a professional job, which I see only as a way to maintain myself.

DO YOU STILL HAVE SYMPATHY FOR POLITICAL REVOLUTION? AS A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE, WOULD YOU STILL SUPPORT A UNITED FARMWORKERS' BOYCOTT?

Of course. Basically I try to live a non-consumerist lifestyle despite the fact that I have more money coming in...

THAT'S WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THE 70'S — MORE MONEY...

For sure. I still wouldn't buy anything at Safeway, for example. I mean, the ideas are still here. I'm just as radical as I always was. Even more.

The energy of the 60's is still working through us. One of the main things we were trying for was to switch western consciousness from individuality to collectivity — and that's still happening in a more pervasive way.

It's even spreading into the professions: doctors have turned about-face to embrace the idea of community clinics, social workers are working in teams with other community workers, and so on.

But now the word is survival, too. People are storing food, they're afraid of so many things: economic collapse, eco-disaster, war, social breakdown, and so on...

PEOPLE ARE FASCINATED WITH DISASTER MOVIES THESE DAYS: EARTHQUAKE, TOWERING INFERNO, JAWS...

Yes. And while the radical ideas of the 60's have been absorbed into the culture, they are running up against a conservative trend and against a growth of nihilism amongst the kids.

There's kind of a rapid shuttle thing happening. I meet so many soft young boys, some very together, nonsexist

teenagers and yet there's a resurgence of 50's grease.

SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY OBVIOUS TREND IS TOWARDS EXTREMES

Exactly. And kids are also growing up feeling that the world is very tentative. Even the basics have changed: for centuries the main goal of life was to get married, get a home of your own and raise a family. But people no longer see marriage as lasting, they can't afford their own home, and they're choosing not to have children. With children you can't even find an apartment.

Actually, I regard our function in the 60's as prophetic. The Yuppies in particular were a potent force. While the Marxist-Leninists talked history in smoke-filled rooms, writing their little newspapers that no one read, the Yips were always in focus — always in the media. They were doing the right thing at the right time, and represented the gut feelings of youth.

So really though, all radicals were essentially prophets with bad tidings. Historically, that role has always brought down heavy repression and this was no different. It scared a lot of people out of the movement.

But the amazing thing is that most people now take for granted what we were saying. Everything they once scorned as paranoia and propaganda has been fully documented by credible sources...

THE SEVENTIES BROUGHT THE PENTAGON PAPERS ON VIETNAM, WATERGATE, CIA EXPOSURE...

Right. We played a fantastic role in consciousness raising. The women's movement for example — as an entity it's treated by most people as a joke, but its IDEAS are spreading incredibly fast. Men are getting cautious about expressing sexism because they can't get away with it like they could a few years ago.

So we're changing in all directions. All the male values which built this culture are leading to its death. And that dying is contrasted with a simultaneous growth of more life-affirming, traditionally female values. Who knows what will happen? It could be the chaotic stage before a balanced integration of values. The shift even extends between East and West. The West is absorbing Eastern,

more passive, values and the East is dropping the old values for Western materialism and aggression...

SOMEONE RECENTLY DESCRIBED JAPAN AS LOS ANGELES MULTIPLIED BY SIX...BUT LET'S GET OFF POLITICS AND BACK ONTO YOU. YOU SAID TANTRA WAS CONTINUING YOUR ATTEMPT TO BRING OUT THE FEMININE IN YOU. HOW?

Well, I'd been exposed to feminist politics and involved in gay liberation, but the way I got rid of 80% of my sexism was through the Tantric process.

Being surrounded by naked women on the beach at Goa...I mean, sexism comes from overfocussing on sexual parts — that's a problem with both straights and gays. I was told to go to the beach at Goa and just *stare* until I got over that hangup, until I could look past that stuff to the *person*. I explained to the women what I was doing and they laughed.

Just stop and think of the psychological-physical conditioning men get through masturbating five times a week with *Playboy* for their teen years, like I did. It's incredibly destructive.

So Rajneesh told me I'd never been completely into sex. I disagreed at first, but then saw that my best trip had been "I'll satisfy her better than anyone else". I was *doing* something *to* her. And that's a power trip. They'll come back again if you can turn them on better. As long as you're the doer, doing something to someone, it's hopeless. Sex is political then, rather than spontaneous.

And in the West, most sex whether it's gay or straight is political in this way. My first gay experience was with an experienced gay who told me one of us had to be the man and one the woman. And there's still a lot of gays into that headspace. It's so rigid, unreal...I mean, what if I have a 'feminine' feeling while I'm being the man?

Another problem in the West is that sex here is a release of tension, which is the worst thing you could do to sex, because it makes you so unaware of what you're doing. So when a man's ejaculating he's putting all the frustration of the day into the end of his penis — it's crazy!

In Tantric sex, you release tension in *other* ways, and *then* you begin. It's hard when you come out of this culture... Meetings...we don't know how to *meet*.



The first step in Tantric sexuality is to make love to yourself. You can do nothing until you accept your own body sensually, sexually.

YOU SAID TANTRA IS AN UNUSUAL RELIGION IN THAT IT ACCEPTS WOMEN AS THE EQUALS OF MEN.

In some ways, it goes beyond that. Tantra apparently stems from a matriarchal culture. And, talking in traditional terms, "female" virtues take precedence in Tantra. Still not all those who practice Tantra do it in a context as open as Rajneesh'. One thing I was taught was to always let the woman be on top in the sexual act.

IT'S A SYMBOLIC WAY OF REMINDING MALES NOT TO BE SO AGGRESSIVE?

Exactly. Beyond that, Tantra has feminine deities, like Kali and Tara. Yoga, on the other hand, which like Tantra springs out of Hinduism, centres around male gods and is more aggressive, more oriented towards Will, Force, and so on.

As for the actual women I met in India, they were generally strong women, though not necessarily actual feminists. Some were shaving their heads — a variation of the idea of cutting your hair to be out of the feminine-attractiveness trip. The woman I practised with did that, partly to see if it would turn me off. And it did at first. I learned from that.

Women following Rajneesh are initiated to positions equal to that of "Swami". "Ma" is the female term. And they hold responsible positions: run centres, like the one in California, edit the international magazine, and so on.

RAJNEESH' GROUP HAS A SMALL FOLLOWING, EVEN FOR A TANTRA-ORIENTED GROUP. WHY, DO YOU THINK?

Why? It's *weird*. It scares people. First time I went to a meditation session I nearly turned right around. Just imagine coming across 25 Western freaks on a beach screaming FUCK YOU and jumping all over the place, working out aggression...

Besides, Rajneesh has the wrong approach to being a guru with a large following. He doesn't have a tight system. He dips into all kinds of bags and gives individual advice.

Yoga groups are just as political as political groups: you gotta have the correct line or you're a badass.

But Rajneesh refused to see me after the third time. He wouldn't let me get attached to him, make him my guru. You can't grow that way. He said he'd told me all he could. He sees himself as part way between a teacher and a psychologist, helping to free minds.

Middle class people want to be told what to do. They're afraid of responsibility, afraid of being free. And so most people opt for the sucker trip of guru-dom. Like the Baskin-Robbins kid, you know, the rich kid with all the ice cream — Mahara-ji.

You know, we really owe a debt to the early surrealists for helping to keep the potential of total revolution alive. The surrealists were strong enough to open our consciousness enough to create subcultures like the beat and hip scenes, and that process has sustained us through a vacuous culture. It's still a matter of being sustained, it's still a vacuous culture.

YOU ARE TRAINED IN PSYCHOLOGY AND YOU FOLLOW THE TEACHINGS OF SOMEONE WHO SEEMS TO DRAW TECHNIQUES FROM MODERN WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY AS WELL AS ANCIENT EASTERN RELIGIONS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE POPULARITY OF ALTERNATE PSYCHOTHERAPIES LIKE GESTALT AND PRIMAL SCREAM?

I think Gestalt and Primal are genuine processes, but they're operating in a sick context. Alternate therapies like those necessarily focus in the mind, in the ego, and it's too easy to get stuck in your own ego as you analyze your way down the layers. That's why a lot of people into therapy lay trips on other people.

Besides, it's all very expensive. I want to make it clear that I never spent a cent for learning in India — not for training, for a mantra, or anything. And to me that's a mark of authenticity.

Chaotic meditation is similar to modern cathartic therapy, and it really works. I never do it before work because if I did, I'd just sit in my office grinning like a monkey.

ANYTHING ELSE?

Yes. There's an agreement between politics and religion, because both have as an ideal taking responsibility for yourself: don't block others, and don't give pain.



(See "ACCESS" for more information on Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.)

Decorations from a mandala painting by Sandra Botting, Calgary, Alberta.



TANTRA

Path of Surrender

by Jeannine Mitchell

What began as an article about Tantric Yoga (sexual yoga) has focussed onto the ideas and techniques of one particular teacher of Tantra: Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.

In the accompanying article, Swami Ananda talks of Tantra in two ways — as a series of meditation techniques and also as an attitude, a way of living. Tantra is the “Way of Surrender.” There are some groups which use the Tantric techniques but within a patriarchal, aggressive framework. Others may be considered Tantric in their gentle approach to life, but do not use actual Tantric techniques.

I have no first-hand knowledge of Rajneesh’ approach, but what I’ve read supports Ananda’s belief that Rajneesh not only combines both these elements of Tantra, but is operating out of a different context than the many spiritual leaders who are too patriarchal and hierarchical for some of us to relate to. (There was a time when I lived in an ashram but I saw a difference between discarding my ego and discarding my self-respect.)

Rajneesh is an experimenter, constantly searching for new ideas to use in his teaching. An example of this: When simple sex change is made possible, “only foolish people will not use it,” he says. “It will give a new light to the human mind.”

His lectures are easy to follow and include ideas attributed to people as diverse as D.H. Lawrence, Lao Tse, Gurdjieff, Jung, Einstein and Buddha.

The Rajneesh Foundation is non-secular. It practises a wide variety of esoteric methods, including some from Sufi, Zen, Yoga and Tantra, as well as new methods devised by Rajneesh. Some of these last are similar to recent psychotherapy techniques.

And then there are his joke books. He writes collections of corny old jokes as one way of getting his teachings across, claiming that laughter is an ancient device for enlightenment.

Here’s a Mulla Nasrudin Joke from one of his books:

“Suppose you took 75 Rupees out of one pocket of your trousers and then 75 Rupees out of the other trouser pocket: what would you have?”, asked the teacher.

“SOMEONE ELSE’S PANTS,” said the boy, Mulla Nasrudin.

TECHNIQUES AND TEACHINGS

Below are just a few of the many methods advocated by Rajneesh. Tantric methods alone number 112, so this can only give a rough idea of what it involves.

Active or Chaotic Meditation:

This is one of the basic techniques Rajneesh teaches. The idea behind it is that people are now too tense to slip easily into traditional meditation techniques. At the end of a chaotic meditation session there isn't much you can do but white out.

- 1) Ten minutes of deep, chaotic breathing, to flood body cells with oxygen.
- 2) Ten minutes of yelling, lashing the body around, dancing, whatever expresses your pentup frustrations and anger. A total physical/psychological let-go.
- 3) Ten minutes of jumping into the air, saying the sound HOO as if from your solar plexus. A 'hammering' on your sex centre results which awakens its energy so it can flow into other body centring points (chakras).
- 4) Stop. Or simply fall down. Ten minutes of non-movement in as relaxed a way as possible. Meditation should now come easily.

Gibberish:

It is best to sit outdoors under the open sky near a tree, looking vacantly at the sky. For twenty minutes you allow all possible sounds to emerge from the mouth: nonsense words, animal sounds, screaming, crying, and just plain gibberish. Following this you meditate silently, either continuing to look at the sky or closing your eyes and looking at the inner sky.

Whirling:

Energetic whirling to music, rhythmic music — often drums.

Laughing:

Upon waking, stretch like a cat and then laugh loudly for up to several minutes before getting out of bed. (Takes practice) I'm laughing now as I write this because to be unselfconscious enough to practise these wild techniques, you'd have to have a headstart on dissolving your ego.)

Tantra:

"Go through sex...do not fear sex; do not fight it...Dig into sex and you will find love. Go deep into love and you will come to prayer. Dig into prayer, and you will explode into the ONE."

—Rajneesh, quoted from *The Inward Revolution*

Tantra does not end with sex — it goes through it. In fact, Rajneesh talks of moving from what he calls the 'peak' orgasm into what he calls the 'valley' orgasm. He says: "In it (the valley orgasm) you are not coming to the peak of excitement, but to the deepest valley of relaxation. Excitement has to be used for both types of orgasm in the beginning; that is why I say that in the beginning both are the same, but the ends are totally different...Tantric orgasm is a deep, relaxing meditation...You can indulge as much as you like because no energy is lost. Rather, energy is gained."

Rajneesh has said that Tantric sex may be practised with a partner of the opposite or the same sex, or alone. In explaining this he emphasizes that people are varying mixtures of 'male' and 'female', both psychologically and physically. Meditative union between these elements is sought.

Swami Ananda was taught this sequence of Tantric practice when he was with Rajneesh:

"First, you focus on yourself, sitting alone. Later you take off your clothes and look at the other person but touch yourself only. (This helps slow you out of goal-oriented sex.) Now you may touch the other, without entering a sexual act. If you feel sexual tension mounting at this point, you can masturbate. (That way you're not ripping off the other person, by just grabbing for satisfaction.)



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"Then you put your clothes back on and embrace for an hour, letting tenderness be aroused. You may or may not go on from there. The idea is to enter the sexual act only when you are in a relaxed state of tenderness, rather than seeking a quick release of tension.

"It doesn't always work. If you end up having an orgasm in ten minutes, you just accept it."

Rajneesh places importance on Tantra as a meditation method because "Sex is the deepest act. So if you can become aware in the sex act, you can become aware in all acts of life."

Following are two Tantric sutras (methods) as interpreted by Rajneesh from ancient scriptures.

When In Such Embrace Your Senses Are Shaken As Leaves

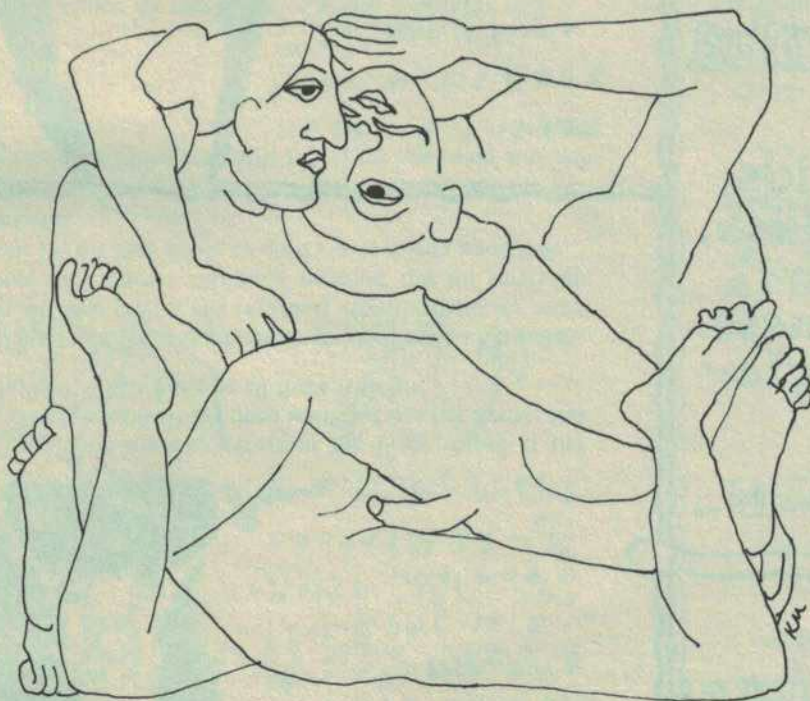
"A great wind is blowing and a tree is shaking. Even the roots are shaking, every leaf is shaking. Just be like a tree. A great wind is blowing and sex IS a great wind — a great energy blowing through you. Shake! Vibrate! Allow your every cell of the body to dance. And this should be for both. The beloved is also dancing, every cell vibrating. Only then can you both meet..."

When Eating Or Drinking Become The Taste Of The Food Or Drink And Be Filled

"When eating or drinking, become the taste of the food or drink and be filled by the taste. When drinking water, feel the coolness. Close your eyes; drink it slowly; taste it. Feel the coolness, because the coolness is being transferred to you from the water. It is becoming a part of your body. Your mouth is touching, your tongue is touching, and the coolness is transferred. Allow it to happen to the whole of your body. In this way your sensitivity can grow, and you can become more alive and more filled."

"We are frustrated, feeling vacant, empty, and we go on saying that life is empty. But we are the reason why it is empty. We are not filling it and we are not allowing anything to fill it. We have an armour around us — a defense armour. We are afraid to be vulnerable, so we go on defending against everything. And then we become a tomb — a dead thing.

"Tantra says be alive, more alive, because life is God. There is no other God than life."



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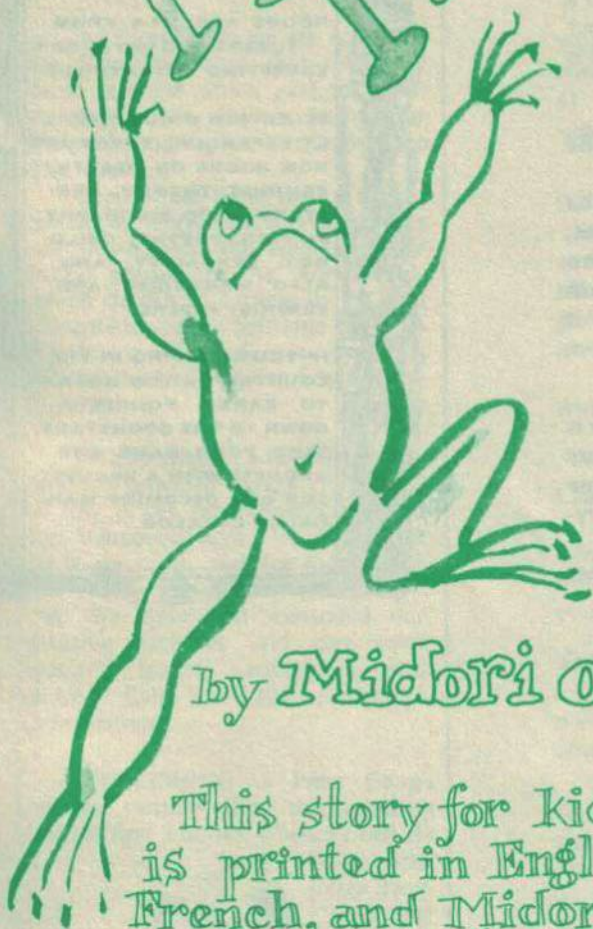
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Katochan the FROO



by Midori Oba

This story for kids
is printed in English,
French, and Midori's
own tongue, Japanese.
It reads Japanese style -
right to left - so...

TURN UPSIDE DOWN..

START

HERE!

1



ある日、かえるのケロちゃんは、石の上で、深い井戸の家の暗い、じめじめしたかべをじっと見つめていました。そして、“これが世の中のすべてだろう”と、思っていました。

Once upon a rock, Kerochan the Frog peered at the dark, clammy walls of the deep well that was her home; and she thought, "This must be all there is to life."

Il était une fois une grenouille qu'on appelait Kerochan. Assise sur une pierre, elle regardait attentivement les murs sombres et humides du puits profond qui lui servit de maison. "C'est sans doute ce qu'il y a de mieux au monde," pensa-t-elle.

2.



お日さまが光っているある日、ケロちゃんは、空を見あげて、“あ、あの上はすいぶん明かいなあ”とつぶやいて、“あの明かいものを少しここにもってこられたらいいなあ”と思っていました。

But one sunny morning Kerochan looked up into the sky. "It's so bright up there!" she moaned. "It would be nice to bring a little of that bright thing down here."

Mais quand par un matin ensoleillé, Kerochan regarda vers le ciel, elle murmura, "Comme ça brille là-haut." Comme ça serait agréable de rapporter ici un peu de cette chose qui brille."

3.

ケロちゃんは、少し見つめてから、“あの明かいものを取ってくる。”と決めました。そして、高く高くとびはねました。



わあ！ ケロちゃんは、あの深いじめじめした井戸から外へ出てきました。

She looked for a while and then decided, "I'll go get some of that bright thing." And she made a big, big leap.

Whee! Out went Kerochan from the deep, dark, clammy well.

Elle regarda un moment et décida: "Je vais chercher un peu de cette chose qui brille." Et elle fit un grand grand bond. Hop! Et Kerochan sortit de son puits profond, sombre et humide.

6.

"あの明かるいものはどこにあるのだろう。そしてケロちゃんは上をむいて、明かるいお日さまを見つけました。もしあれに向かってとんで行けば、きっとあの明かるいものの住んでいる所に着くだろう。そうしたら、井戸にもって帰るのに少し明かるいものをかりうれば、家にちがいない。" そしてケロちゃんはお日さまに向って飛びはじめました。



"I wonder where that bright thing is," she said. Then she looked up and saw the bright, bright sun. "If I hop towards it long enough I'll come to where it lives, then I can borrow some to take home." So she began hopping toward the sun.

"Je me demande où est cette chose qui brille," dit-elle. Alors elle leva les yeux et vit le soleil brillant brillant. "Si je saute assez loin vers lui, j'arriverai là où il habite, et je pourrai alors lui en emprunter un morceau pour emporter chez moi," pensa-t-elle. Alors, elle se mit à sautiller vers le soleil.

7.

とんでいくな、ケロちゃんは、井戸では見たことのないいろいろな新しいものを見ました。ちゅうちゅうが鼻に止まったり、草が足をくっぐったりしました。



While she was jumping along, she saw all kinds of new things that she had never seen in her well.

Butterflies kissed her nose and grass tickled her toes.

Pendant qu'elle sautait, elle aperçut toutes sortes de choses nouvelles qu'elle n'avait jamais vues dans son puits. Des papillons l'embrassèrent sur le nez et des brins d'herbes lui chatouillèrent les doigts de pied.

4.

右を見ると お花がケロちゃんに ほほえみかけていますが、井戸にもって帰るあの明かるいものは、ありません。

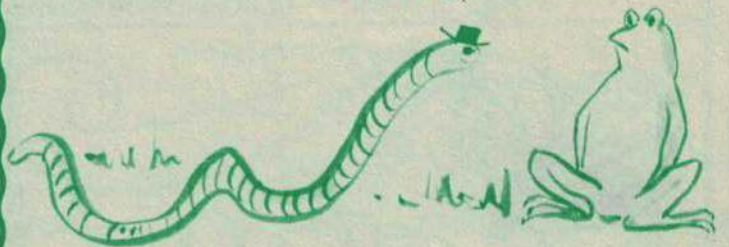


She looked to her right. There were flowers smiling at her, but there was no bright thing she could take back into the well.

Elle regarda à droite — des fleurs lui souriaient, mais elle ne trouva pas de chose brillante qu'elle pourrait rapporter au puits.

5.

左を見ると ミミズが頭をふいてあいさつをしていますが、井戸にもって帰る明かるいものは、ありません。



She looked to her left. There were worms waving their heads, but there was no bright thing she could take back into the well.

Elle regarda à gauche. Elle vit des vers de terre qui remuaient la tête mais pas de chose brillante qu'elle pourrait rapporter au puits.

10.

だけれども草をわけて 行ってみると、それはお日さまの
家ではありませんでした。それは お日さまの光がきらきら
と写っている とてもきれいな池で、はすの葉がぬれた
王座の様に 浮っていました。

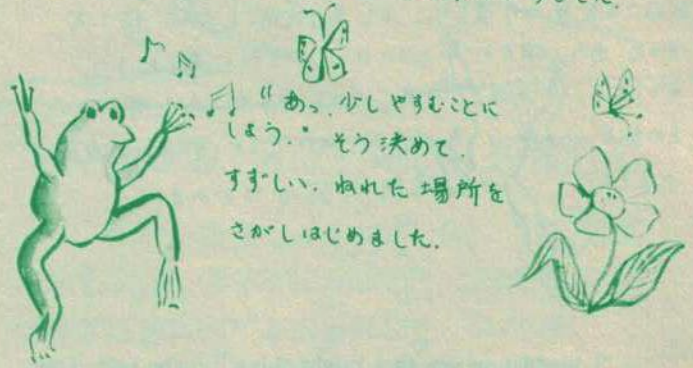


But when she parted some grass in her path, she saw it
was not the sun's home at all. It was a beautiful pond with
reflections of light skipping merrily through the water and
lily pads floating like dewy thrones.

Mais, tout en repoussant quelques brins d'herbe sur son
chemin, elle vit que ce n'était pas du tout la maison du
soleil. C'était un magnifique étang avec le reflet de la
lumière qui dansait sur l'eau; des nénuphars y flottaient
comme autant de trônes couverts de rosée.

8.

ケロちゃんはおどりはじめました。そして
とても ぐたぐたになるまでおどりつづけました。



“あ、少しやすむこと
しよう。” そう決めて、
すずしい、ぬれた場所を
さがしはじめました。

She began to dance and she danced until she was very,
very tired. "I think I'll rest for a while," she decided, and
she began to look for a cool, wet place.

Elle se mit à danser, et elle dansa jusqu'à ce qu'elle soit
très très fatiguée. "Je pense que je vais me reposer un
moment," décida-t-elle et elle se mit à chercher un endroit
frais et humide.

11.

ケロちゃんはうれしいあまりに、はすの葉まで泳ぎ
ました。いちど、あたりを見わたして、"これはとても
たのしい場所だ。ここで少し休むことにしよう"
と決めました。そしてケロちゃんは休みこみました。

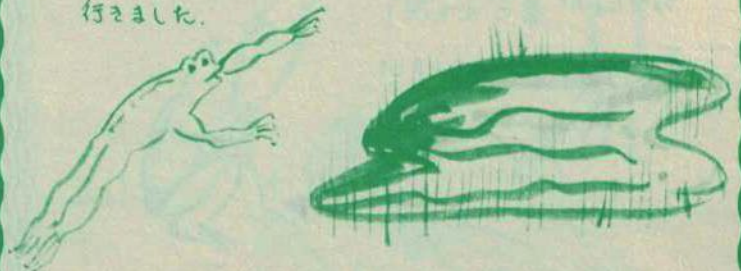


She was overjoyed and swam to the lily pad in the
middle of the pond. She gazed about her and decided,
"This is a happy place; I think I'll rest for a while."
And she did.

Elle était folle de joie et elle se dirigea vers un nénu-
phar au milieu de l'étang. Une fois là, elle regarda attentive-
ment autour d'elle et décida: "Voilà un endroit parfait. Je
pense que je vais me reposer ici un instant." Et c'est ce
qu'elle fit.

9.

見わたると近くにとても 明るいものがあるのに気が付き
ました。"きっとあれはお日さまの家だろう"
と思つて 夢のように、そばへ、とんで
行きました。



As she looked she noticed a bright light coming from
nearby. "Perhaps that is the sun's home," she thought
dreamily and hopped toward it.

En cherchant, elle remarqua une lumière brillante qui
venait d'un endroit proche. "C'est peut-être la maison du
soleil," pensa-t-elle, rêveuse, et elle sauta dans sa direction.



BEING A COLLECTION OF COMMENTS AND ODDMENTS FROM OUR PAST

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY TO
TEETOTALERS

"It is particularly requested that all our old friends previous to joining the Total Abstinence Society, will have the honesty to abstain from leaving their Tavern Bills unpaid, and thus prove that tho inimical to ardent liquors, they possess a quantum suff of the proper spirit." An advertisement taken by Tavern Keepers in Petersborough in the 1830's, from *Aspects of Nineteenth Century Ontario* ed. by Armstrong, Stevenson & Wilson.



"We find other cities coupled with words which at once give their predominant characteristics: London the richest, Paris the gayest, St. Petersburg the coldest. In one respect Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may, therefore, call it (St. Johns) the fishiest of modern capitals."

G.D. Warburton
Hochelaga, or England in the New World,
1846



"Edmonton is as big as Chicago, but it isn't built up yet." Anon



"I have no words for my utter disappointment."

Anna Jameson, on first seeing Niagara Falls

"The Reverend Arthur Murphy arrived here this morning by handcar, on the railway, to preach in St. James' Church. He left the same afternoon. You can't beat a hustler."

from a 1907 newspaper clipping found in a scrapbook of Emily Murphy

This is the first time I ever was in a city where you couldn't throw a brick without breaking a church window. When I heard you were going to build still another, I said, "Where are you going to find room?" I was told, "We will build it on top of another church with an elevator."

Mark Twain, on a lecture tour in Montreal, 1881


"...here they cut their hay with an axe, and, I may say, do almost everything with that universal implement."

William Radcliff, Esq., Upper Canada, to Arthur Radcliff, Esq., Dublin, 1832 from *Authentic Letters from Upper Canada*, ed. by Thomas Radcliff



"Any shortcomings that may be observed by our friends must be excused on the score of the work being wholly Canadian in its execution."

Catherine Parr Trail
Preface to *Wildflowers of Canada*,
Toronto, 1868



"One of the advantages of skin clothing over woollens in Arctic exploration is that you can eat them in an emergency, or feed them to your dogs if the need is not quite so pressing. This puts actual starvation off by a week or so."

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arctic explorer



In 1837 a woman recorded how she had been raised by her grandmother in Ontario: "She thought singing was bad for the lungs, that dancing would throw me into a fever, and the night air into consumption. I differed with all these opinions and yet was obliged to conform."



"I am convinced that business is showing a definite tendency to improvement. At least it is in our line. I don't mean that we are being crowded with work, but we are certainly doing much better, in a mild sort of way, than we were this time last year."

W. Ross of Ross & Howard, Ironmasters, from the Province Newspaper, April 24, 1936, Vancouver

"Speak up gentlemen, I am not opposed to male participation in government."
Charlotte Whitton
at a board meeting she presided over
as Mayor of Ottawa



Moofle, considered a great delicacy by our voyageur ancestors, is the nose of the moose.



"Instead of preserving a tolerably decent behavior on that day (the Sabbath), it is commonly spent in drinking, shooting, fishing, or some such amusement, and that even by many who consider themselves to have good moral character. Any person newly arrived would not recognize the Sabbath at all. No doubt there are many people who behave otherwise, but they certainly are in the minority."

John Goldie, visitor to upper Canada
1819

Aspects of Nineteenth Century Ontario
ed. by Armstrong, Stevenson & Wilson

Women in Quebec had the vote between 1809 and 1834 providing they had sufficient property. This oversight in voting regulations was corrected in 1834 in Quebec when legislation was passed specifically prohibiting women from voting in any county, city or borough. They did not regain the vote provincially until 1940.

Royal Commission on the Status of Women.

Sometime between 1865 and 1870 sailor suits for small boys were introduced to Canada.

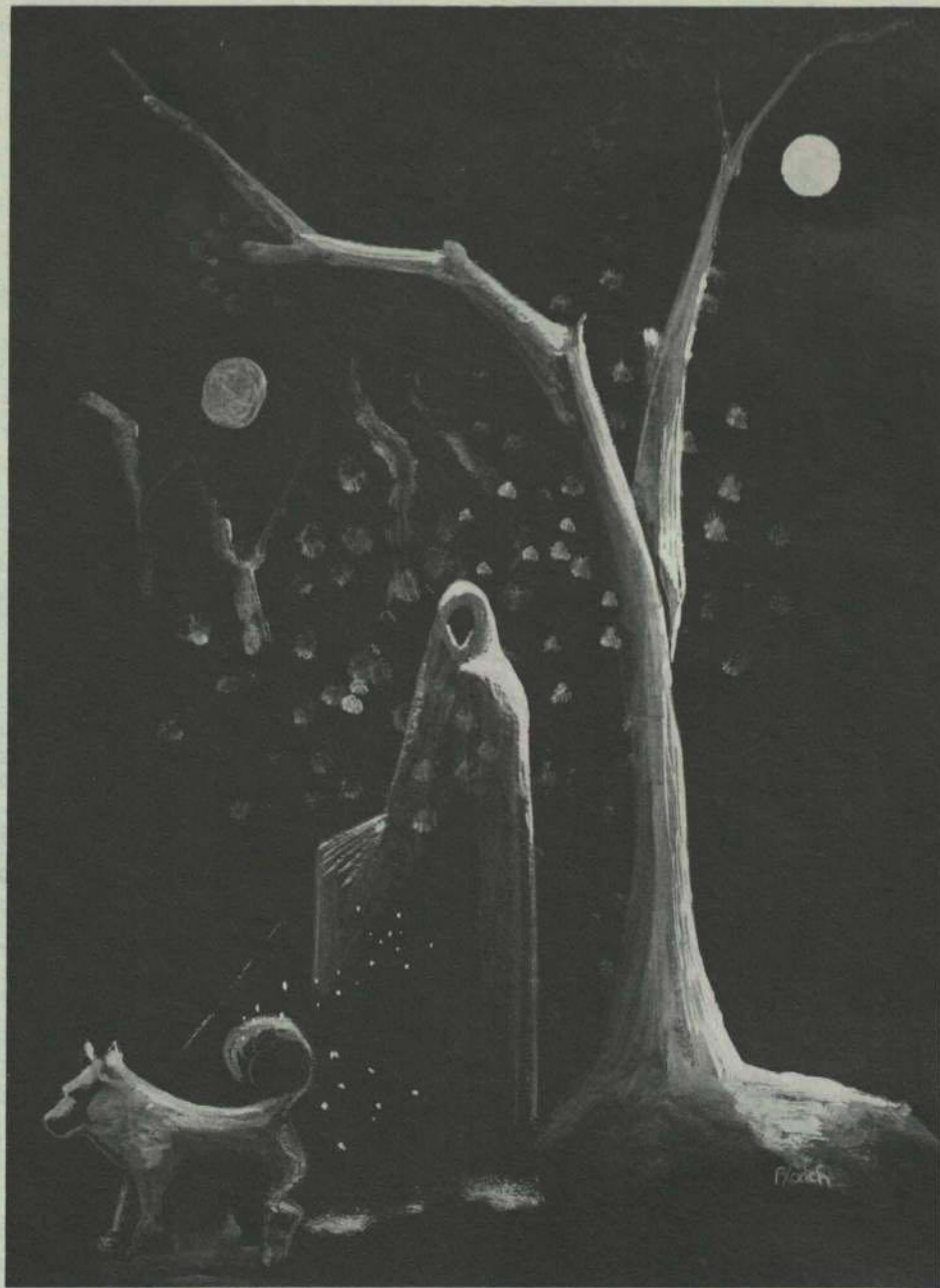


Bear feet may be cooked by placing the feet in a forked stick and singeing off the hair in the fire. Boil in water to loosen the skin. Boil with salt to eat.
Thompson Indians

"The Canadians never steal but are sharp enough, and will take advantage when they can."

William Radcliff, Esq., Upper Canada, to Arthur Radcliff, Esq., Dublin, 1832
from Authentic Letters from Upper Canada, ed. by Thomas Radcliff





SNOWMOON

by
Beth Rogers

Caroline stood at the window watching the big soft snowflakes drifting through the black trees in the garden. She could feel the house around her, solid and big and warm, and Jeremy behind her at the fireplace. Suddenly, as though she had just then materialized out of the snow, there was a woman walking, just beyond the scraggly winter-bare hedge at the foot of the

garden. She wore a long, white, hooded coat; a white dog, leashed, paced beside her. Caroline stepped back. She must have made a slight sound, for Jeremy came up to her. "What is it?"

"Nothing — a woman — she reminded me of someone — do you see her?"

Jeremy peered out into the dusk. "No. She must have gone."

Who did she remind you of? You seemed startled."

"Yes," Caroline said. "She startled me. She seemed to appear out of nowhere." She pulled the drapes and went back to her chair by the fire.

"Would you like a drink before dinner?" Jeremy asked.

"Please, yes. But I don't want any dinner. That was a magnificent lunch."

"I keep telling you. I'm a good catch."

"The way to a woman's heart is not through her stomach," Caroline said, "But I never argued the fact you're a marvellous catch."

Jeremy leaned to kiss her and stroke her cheek. "But you're just not fishing this season, that it?"

"Maybe I'm just afraid of tampering with this great status quo — I might have to start doing the cooking."

"Never," Jeremy said. "Have no fear."

Caroline laughed. "That's not at all kind. I'm not that bad!"

"I was only trying to set your mind at ease. The way to a man's heart is not through his stomach either."

Caroline watched the fire, curled with contentment, and absently took the proffered glass. Jeremy moved his chair a little, the better to see her face, and she raised her glass and smiled at him. "Tell me about the woman," Jeremy said.

She hesitated, sipped her drink, watched him for a moment. "Yes. All right. She, the woman outside, she reminded me of someone I met up North, Lorna Svensen."

"Up North? Oh yes, you did your thesis on the mating habits of ice-bound fresh-water fish or something like that, didn't you?"

Caroline laughed. "Not quite, but something like that. Anyway, that's where I met her. She met the plane, she and Sven and Patti. I was very glad to see them. I wasn't sure what to expect — the pilot just tossed out my bags and took off. It was getting late in the afternoon and he had a long way to go back to town before dark."

"How did they know you were coming, to meet the plane?"

"Sven took over the radio schedule after the game-guardian drowned — that's why I was there, at that particular spot. A friend of mine in Northern Affairs arranged for me to use the

house because they didn't expect to replace the game-guardian until Spring. Sven had a cabin close by and he sort of took over the job until they could get a replacement — I hadn't realized he had a wife, or whatever — and Patti — I don't know what I expected, you don't think about it really, when you're in town. I guess I just assumed there'd be people around, I don't know. And then flying over all those miles of nothing, I guess I was a little nervous by the time I got there. Anyway, I was glad to see them — though God knows —"

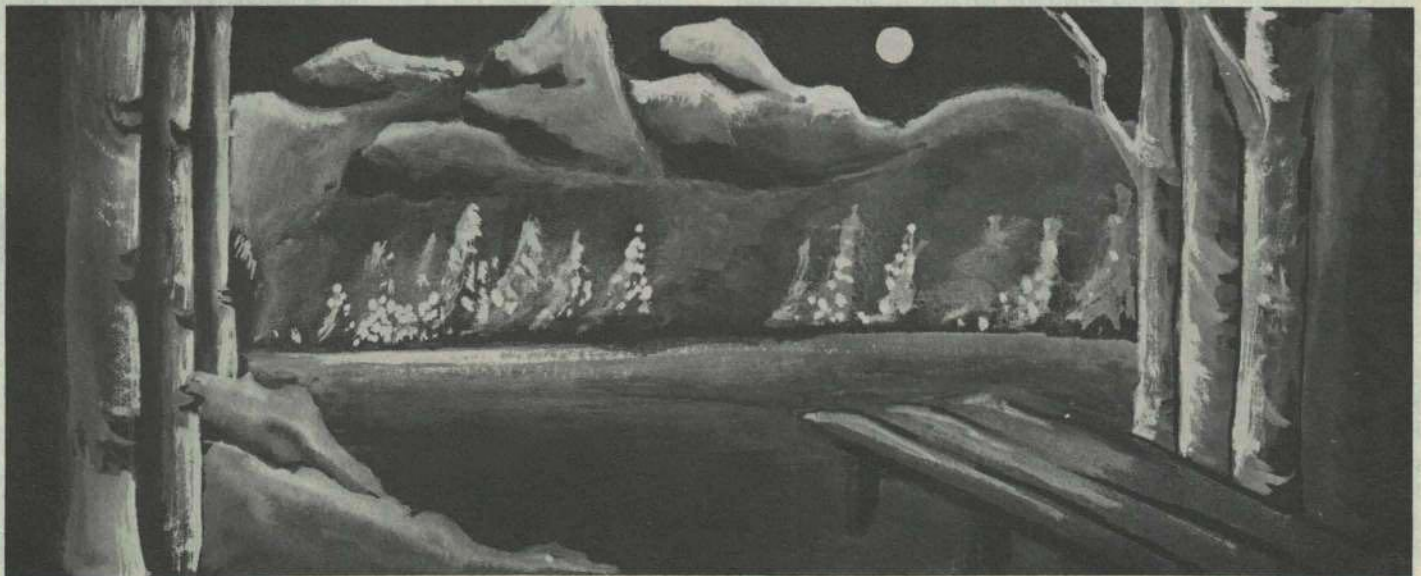
"What?"

"Well, they weren't exactly designed to calm anybody's nerves, mine at least, fresh out of the girls' dorm — Sven was huge, a giant, he must have been nearly seven feet tall and his hands, God, like blocks of stone. And he never said a word, just frowned and took my bags up to the house. And Lorna, she was pretty weird too. She was dressed all in white, running shoes and ducks and shirt, and she had long, very pale hair and no make-up. In the winter she wore a white fox parka, long, and white muckluks up to her knees, and she had a matched team of white huskies. Like she was trying to meld with the winter ice, or something. I don't know. She was quite beautiful, in a strange kind of way — her face — something about it. She never smiled, I never saw her smile all the time I was there, except at the end —" Caroline paused, sipping her drink.

"She was tall too, long legs and long slim hands — they were a striking pair, to say the least. But Patti, Patti was enough to put anyone's mind at ease. A sweet round face, smiling, and a warm low voice. I was glad only Patti stayed to help me get settled."

"What was she doing there?"

"Oh, she was born there. Or at the Cree village a few miles away. She was one of The People. She wouldn't have been living alone ordinarily, but she had moved over with her father when he came to work with the game-guardian, he had built a cabin there, and then, he was drowned too — at least they never came back from their last trip around the lake, he and the game-guardian. Her mother had died when she was little and her brothers and a sister died soon after in a flu epidemic. She was



going to be married, but — ”

“Good God, Caroline!”

“Yes. T.B. A team goes up every year or so and gives everyone chest X-rays and they caught him, as she put it. They took him down South. The People wanted her to come back to the village but she was afraid of missing the plane, when he came back. If it was just before freeze-up or break-up it would be weeks before she could cross the Big Open to pick him up — or she might not hear the plane — but I don't think she really thought it out, like that — her waiting had the quality of a dog starving at a grave-side — won't move — a kind of silent howling quality — she used to go down to the lake's edge in the evening and listen, and listen. When my plane came it must have been torture for her, even though she knew it was only me. Sven would have told her. If he was fond of anybody it was of her. He kept her supplied with meat, he had lots — ”

Caroline stopped suddenly and turned her face away. Her hand on the chair-arm trembled and she thrust both hands between her clenched knees. Jeremy, surprised, got up to poke about with the fire and give her a chance to collect herself. He didn't feel that she wanted comforting; her gesture seemed more of revulsion than sorrow. How badly he wanted to know her! He felt this story was important, now, not just an interesting tale for a fireside evening, that it meant something to her. He went to freshen the drinks, thinking how he might bring her back to the story but away from Patti, if that was what was upsetting her, Patti's tragic life.

Caroline showed no signs of going on with it, but sat in the same position staring into the fire. Jeremy touched her shoulder and handed her the glass. She smiled up at him, a little shakily, and he said quickly, “Tell me about the country. I've never been more than a hundred miles or so north of the border.”

“It is very beautiful, colours, even in winter, vivid and constantly changing. I arrived just before freeze-up — a white sand beach and a grove of birches white-limbed and yellow-leaved against a line of dark, pointed firs, and behind them the sky a glowing pale green. Turn around and the lake is full of sunset, and half the sky deepening to crimson. We sat on the wharf that first evening, Patti and I, and watched the stars come out, huge and glowing, right over our heads. They made you half afraid — a sort of awe.

“Patti was very quiet at first. She completely lacked any need to talk. She just talked when she felt like it. She was quiet most of the time, she moved softly, she had great silences inside her and the silence was all around us, like a presence. If you listened you could hear your heart beating, and a bird's wings overhead made a sound like tearing silk. In the winter sometimes a tree would crack with frost, like a gunshot, and I would jump and Patti would smile gently and offer me a cup of tea.

“She moved in with me. I guess I sort of talked her into it, but she liked the company, too. She wasn't used to being alone either — her silences weren't lonely silences, she was always there, with you. I guess I mean not withdrawn in any way.”

“You were fond of her.”

“I loved her. I can see her face still, deeply calm, red highlights from the stove along her cheek-bones and in her eyes and hair, gleaming black hair curving over her shoulders and down her back. We would build up the fire until the heater glowed cherry-red and then she would feel like talking, and that's how I learned about Lorna. Patti was — not worried exactly — but sad about Lorna, she liked her very much, I couldn't understand it at first. Lorna seemed so distant and cold.”

Caroline paused so long again that Jeremy said, “Tell me about Lorna.”

“Yes, that's what I started to tell you about, wasn't it? She loved that country, I think. She came from, I don't know, some place in Northern Europe, she had an accent, a sort of femme fatale voice, husky, it didn't go with the rest of her. She had come to Patti's village years before, with her first husband — I mean her husband, not Sven. The People called him Jo-Jo. He was an anthropologist, I think they both were. They spoke fluent Cree and they built themselves a cabin and they lived as The People did, fishing and hunting and knowing how to behave, not like Sven.

“Lorna was very different then, gay and lively. She gossiped and danced and played with the babies. She adored Jo-Jo. It was a puzzle to all that she never got pregnant. And then, the second winter they were there, Jo-Jo went hunting one day and didn't come back. Everyone looked for him. The group Lorna was with met Sven on his way to the village. Sven said he found Jo-Jo on the shore in front of his cabin. There was another island, wooded, not a hundred yards from his own. Such narrow places were dangerous — the snow piled up and the water moved always there, the ice often failed to form properly. Sven himself never crossed there. Jo-Jo must have been coming to visit him and taken the short-cut. Sven could see where he had gone through the ice, about in the middle of the channel — he had dragged himself almost to Sven's cabin before freezing. Too bad, Sven said, too bad, but even Patti, a small child then, could see no sorrow in him. If he had just gone out, Sven said, before going to bed last night — he had heard nothing. Funny the dogs didn't bark. They were tied out back, but still — he watched Lorna's face all the time he was talking. She just stared past him, along the tracks he had made. She said nothing. She walked around him, up the trail, and the people began to follow, but Sven stopped them. ‘I'll take care of her,’ he said. ‘She'll want to be alone with him for awhile. I'll bring her back when she wants to come.’ The people were uneasy. A woman called to her, but she didn't answer or turn around. ‘I'll take care of her,’ Sven said again. ‘She is one of my people.’

“They looked at him then, at his blondness and bigness, and saw for the first time Lorna's likeness to him. They were unaccustomed to noting the outsides of people. An old woman said in Cree, reminding them, ‘Not inside, not inside, she isn't.’ They didn't care for Sven. But someone else said, ‘She didn't ask us to come. Maybe he is right. Maybe grief for these people is an alone thing.’ The people murmured. At last an old man said carefully to Sven in English, ‘Tell her we wait for her. With welcome. When she wishes to come home.’ Sven nodded and walked away. They stood and watched until both had disappeared behind an island. ‘He hasn't caught up to her yet,’ the same old woman said with satisfaction. They felt a little better then, as though it were a sign that he could not catch her at all, in the end. But he did. She never returned to the village, and when some people went to see her, her soul was gone. The people mourned them both, her and Jo-Jo, and never went again.

“When Patti's father moved to Svensen's Island he avoided their cabin, an unholy place. But Patti had been to mission school down South for five years, five years when she was young and not yet set, she felt the aura of the place but told herself it was nothing, just Sven's presence there. She was lonely for another woman, she thought Lorna must be too. Slowly, cautiously on both sides, they became friends again, not like before, when

Patti was a child and Lorna a married woman, not the same full happiness, but friends all the same.

"Patti denied that Lorna had no soul. She told me what the people said but she denied it. It was hidden, deep inside, but it was there. Patti had felt it. But the people would not believe and feared for Patti. They asked her to come back when her father died. They could do no more. Each person's life is her own.

"Gradually I too got to know Lorna and was caught by the aura, the feel of the place as Patti called it. Lorna treated Sven with indifference, but not the same indifference she had for the rest of the world. There was a tinge of contempt in it and something else, a thin red thread of something running through her coldness, hate perhaps, some kind of passion, maybe only sex. 'Only' is hardly the word — but there was nothing with it, affection or even sensualness — I never saw her touch him with her hands or her eyes — though I saw them once making love. Well, 'love' is hardly the word either, is it?"

Jeremy didn't want to interrupt the thread of her story. She was back there again, hardly aware of him. But she was quiet for so long that at last he asked, "How did that happen? You weren't staying with them?"

"No. I was coming to visit her. It was a brilliant afternoon, everything covered with hoar-frost, the sun striking sparks of colour from the snow and the frosted trees, the sky like crystal, a perfect blue, bright, it hurt the eyes. I didn't expect Sven to be there. He was never home in the day-time unless it was storming, even on Sundays. He checked his traps every day, and his nets. As I started to knock I heard a moan of anguish, a terrible, heart-stopping sound, and I opened the door quickly. They didn't hear me. They were on a fur rug on the floor, naked. Lorna's body was arched so high only her legs doubled under her and the crown of her head touched the floor. Her arms were flung out like a crucifix and her face was as anguished as her moan. Sven's was triumphant. He moved with a slow, calculated precision, watching her. I shut the door carefully and ran — I don't think they'd have noticed if I'd slammed it. I felt as shaken as though they had been killing each other. Maybe they were.

"I couldn't get the picture out of my mind, their bodies were so beautiful, hard and smooth and perfect, like life-size statues, bigger than life-size, and their faces were so terrible.

"I was young then, twenty-two, I watched after that for some sign of feeling, positive feeling, I couldn't understand how there could be none. But there was none. She never looked at him at all, and he looked at her with a kind of controlled rage, it was always there, his face never softened. I thought perhaps she had really been in pain, that time, I didn't know much then, but it didn't seem possible that anyone could force Lorna. She had a will of steel and muscles to match — and a gun, and knives — and a total lack of, what, squeamishness I guess. She used to hunt and butcher the animals herself. And she was no more squeamish about people than animals. A man came by once, a trapper, he had gone through the ice with one foot and his toes were frozen. It had taken him two days to reach Svensen's Island and already he stank. Lorna pulled off the moccasin and socks and cut them off one by one, his toes, above the dark line of gangrene. Sven held him. He screamed once, trying to hold back, a throttled, high-pitched sound — Lorna didn't even look up. Her face didn't change. Her knife didn't falter. It must have been razor sharp. One long quick cut and then bang with the hammer on the back of it, crack, and on to the next, like she'd

been doing it all her life, amputating toes. Then she gathered them up in her hand and threw them in the garbage. The man flinched as though she had cut him one more time. Then she cleaned her knife and put it away. Patti had to bandage the foot. It was like Lorna had forgotten him. The thing is, Lorna stayed there because she wanted to. Nothing else was possible. And it got so I had to know why.

"Up until January I was pretty busy. I hired a couple of people from the village to help me. I had a good grant, lots of supplies — I was practically a walking boom-town. And the villagers liked me, because of Patti I guess, maybe some because of me. I liked them, after all, except for one old lady who used to tease me about having no man and try to fix me up with all the young swains. Anyway, they showed me a lot, where the fish went and when, how far to sink the nets, how to use an ice-chisel and jigger for stretching the nets under the ice, all kinds of things. But by January the ice was too thick to chisel through. It was almost six feet thick on the open lake. Everybody pulled his nets. There were plenty of frozen fish on the racks by then to last until spring.

"I could have radioed for a plane then, to go back out, but I didn't. I told myself it was quieter there, fewer distractions, I could get my notes in order and type them up better there than in town.

"Lorna and Sven had been together then, what, four years? Five? Maybe more, Patti was vague about time-spans. And things had been the same, all that time. In all that time, Patti said, at least since she had been there, she never saw either of them smile at the other, or heard them raise their voices. The tension was even and taut, never relaxing, never snapping. Perhaps I was some sort of catalyst, I don't know. I guess it had to give sometime."

Caroline paused again, staring into the fire. Jeremy got up to put on another log. She stirred, pulled her feet up under her, smiled at him absently.

"Go on," he said softly.

"I don't know how," she said. "I don't know what started it. Patti and I were washing the breakfast dishes when we heard him yell, a roar really, like a bull. Or a Grizzly. But I don't know what happened before that."

"It doesn't matter. What happened then?"

"Well, we ran out. We thought maybe he'd chopped himself with the axe or something. He was rushing toward the shed. He did have an axe, but he seemed all right. We went back for our parkas and when we came out again Lorna was half-way to the shed too, walking slowly. She looked kind of odd, her expression, but she was odd. I didn't think much about it.

"'Is everything all right?' I called, and she turned her head but she didn't answer. Patti and I looked at each other. 'We'd better go with her,' Patti said. 'There's nothing in the shed he needs an axe for.'

"My heart gave a thump. I thought of going back for the gun but Patti was already at the shed door. I guess I really didn't think a bullet would stop him anyway, whatever it was he was going to do. He gave that impression, of being invincible, maybe because he was so big, I don't know. I was only thinking in impressions just then. I wasn't thinking in words or logic at all."

"But why — what made you think of a gun? Just what Patti said? Surely — " He paused and Caroline nodded, "It does seem odd, now, sitting in this pleasant room. Something about them, perhaps, the way he bellowed — or something about the country

itself, very beautiful and quiet but violent, a kind of indifferent violence — the very air could kill you in ten minutes, ice up your lungs if you tried to run. And you could only live there through violence, hot blood steaming on the snow, the country wouldn't help you, like here, green things growing and fruit on the trees. If you died it wouldn't even accept you back into itself — the ground was frozen hard all year round except for a couple of feet down in high summer. Or maybe it was just the aura, the feel of the Svensen's place, which I of course put down to the force of their personalities, the strain between them, but maybe it really was unholy ground. Who knows? Anyway, the gun was the first thing I thought of, but I didn't go back for it — there was a sense of great urgency — I didn't want Patti and Lorna alone in there with him. I don't know what I thought I could do. I ran after Patti. Lorna was standing just inside the shed door. It was dark in there, after the blue-white world outside. I could only just see Sven, kneeling by a hole along one wall, the under-ground meat-cache, hauling out huge chunks of meat and flinging them away from him. They used to fill the cache in the winter when the caribou came down and cover it with blocks of ice and a foot or so of saw-dust and have meat all summer. Lorna told me about it once. She said that was Sven's job, she never went near the shed. She said she couldn't stand the smell of frozen meat. Sven had to bring it in and thaw it in the back room, the store room, she wouldn't touch it until it was soft and red again and smelled like meat should smell. She must have had a very sensitive nose, I couldn't smell frozen meat at all. But it is true there was an unpleasant odour in the shed, very faint, but there. Maybe because there was so much of it, so much meat, great blocks of it strewn all over, whole quarters, bits of last year's saw-dust clinging to it. The new cover wouldn't go on until late winter, when there began to be danger of a sudden thaw.

"Yes, I know, I'm raving. Putting it off, I suppose. It was so sudden, shocking, everything came at me at once — I don't know how to put it in words. I was aware of everything, like I was watching a moving picture that suddenly stopped and I could see every detail of the frame, and yet nothing seemed to be registering, as though it were happening too fast. I could see golden slats of sunlight coming through cracks between the logs, with saw-dust floating through them, and Lorna's perfect face, white and still as ever, and Sven wrestling with a huge crate. He had jumped into the hole and only his head and his heaving arms showed. He got it out and climbed after it and dragged it away from the edge. It was slatted, narrow boards, from fish crates I think, and narrow spaces between them. I could see inside and I thought, that's funny, it's still got the fur on, I thought it was meat, I had time to think all that, and then Sven grabbed the axe and pried off the top and of course it was Jo-Jo. It couldn't be anything — anyone else, I knew that. The crate was so big because Jo-Jo still had his arms stretched over his head, clawing for handholds, and one leg was flexed. His eyes were wide open, a light frost on them, the kind that makes red

meat pink when it's frozen, but I think they were brown, yes, I'm sure they were brown. There was ice on his lashes and in his hair. He had very long lashes, very big eyes. He must have been beautiful, I think. Funny Patti didn't mention that. He was slight, his head and his hands were smaller than Lorna's.

"And that was when I saw Lorna smile and softness in her face, the only time. She moved to the crate and knelt down. She pulled her mitten off and touched Jo-Jo's hard cheek and ran her fingers over his mouth. She kept smiling at him. And then she got up and got into the crate and lay down on top of Jo-Jo, her head beside his, and closed her eyes. And Sven picked up the cover of the crate.

"I didn't know what was happening. Patti flashed past me, out of the door. I thought she was scared. I didn't understand until the sound of Sven driving the first nail with the back of the axe brought me round. He picked up another and I lunged for his arm. He roared again and shoved me so hard I slid when I hit the ground. He raised the axe over his head and I scuttled backwards. I knew I couldn't make it. Then he glanced at the door and lowered the axe. Patti was standing there with his own rifle.

" 'Wait Patti,' he said. 'Let me finish.' He started toward her, reaching for the rifle, and she shot him in the chest. He stopped and opened his parka and looked down at himself. He spread his fingers over a little red spot on his shirt, just a small one, and then he looked at Patti again and fell. I couldn't believe it. It was so small a hole and so big a man. I was afraid to go near him, afraid he would roar suddenly and grab the axe again. But after awhile I went and he was dead. I guess he was dead still standing there, he wouldn't have fallen unless he was dead, no spark left, he'd have kept coming at Patti.

"Patti ejected the shell casing and walked back to the cabin and set the gun down on the porch where it always stood in the winter. She came back and picked up the casing and tossed it in the hole and then she got the axe and pried the nail out and raised the cover. I had forgotten Lorna. She lay as she had before. Patti looked at her and looked at me. I knew I had to get her out of there. Patti wouldn't do it. Everyone's life is her own. She could stop Sven from forcing her to stay there but she wouldn't stop Lorna from staying if she wanted to. Well, God knows it was my turn.

"I touched Lorna and called her. She opened her eyes. The softness went out of them slowly. She looked at Jo-Jo, aware now, and climbed out of the crate. I was greatly relieved. I had expected her to fight and claw and had no idea how I could handle her. I thought she was really mad, gone, finished. It was such a weird thing to do. She looked at Sven and touched him with her foot.

" 'I knew Jo-Jo was here,' she said. 'I knew he was here somewhere. Sven wouldn't tell me. I asked him everyday and everyday he wouldn't tell me.'

"Patti said softly, 'We can look after him now if you like. You are weary.'

"Lorna nodded and moved slowly out into the sunshine. She turned back. 'Don't put Sven in the same box, will you? Jo-Jo wouldn't like that.'

" 'I won't,' Patti said. 'I'll put many caribou between them. Many caribou. Caribou are holy. Sven won't disturb him.'

"She didn't say 'holy', she used the Cree word. I'd never heard it before but I knew what she was saying. Lorna did too. 'All right,' Lorna said.

"And we did it just that way, Sven at one end of the cache and Jo-Jo in his crate at the other. Sven was still soft and doubled over on himself when we slid him down. He took up surprisingly little room for so big a man. Jo-Jo in his crate was much harder to fit into his corner. We pushed the caribou chunks back in and pulled over them the old blankets that had covered them before.

" 'When Summer comes,' Patti said, 'and the ground thaws a little, I shall put earth over them. I shall fill the holes and pack it down. There should be earth between them too.' She paused and added in the same everyday sort of tone, 'I don't think this cache should be used anymore.'

"I looked at her and started to laugh. She came and put her arms around me and of course I started to cry. I was only twenty-two. But then, Patti was only seventeen."

"What — what happened to her?"

"Happened? Nothing. If that's what you mean."

"Sven wasn't missed?"

"Went hunting, like Jo-Jo, and never came back."

"Wasn't there an investigation?"

"Oh yes. The RCMP flew up. We waited a couple of days, till there was a good fall of snow, and radioed down that he was missing. Not much point in trying to trail him. It happens every once in a while up there, when men travel alone. You can't very well search a thousand square miles of trackless bush."

"Did you, well, feel any differently about Patti, after that? I mean —"

"I know what you mean. No. Perhaps an enhanced respect. She did what I hadn't the presence of mind to do — it had to be done, you knew that without having to think about it, nothing else would have stopped him, not wounding or anything, he'd have got Lorna eventually — because of course he had lost her, once she knew where Jo-Jo was — he could only keep her dead. We both understood that, perfectly well.

"Patti was so gentle and good, perhaps I had assumed a certain weakness — it's absurd, but people tend to, I think. Anyway, my admiration for her took on a new dimension, I guess, but that was the only change."

"And no one ever found out?"

"Oh yes, all the people knew, Patti's people. She had to be cleansed, you see. Purified. It was a ritual all the people had to help with — they had to, sort of, each take a part of the evil, so it wouldn't harm her, be too much for her. Something like that. I was there but I wasn't too sure what was going on."

"Was Lorna there?"

"No. She had gone already. She packed some supplies and



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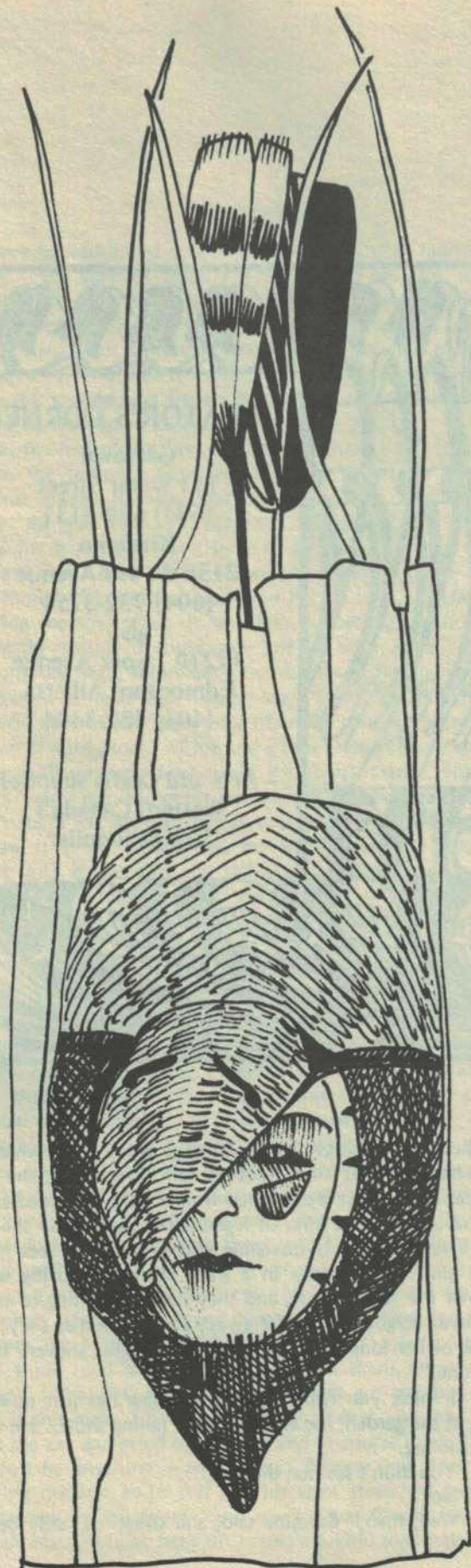
hitched up the dogs and took off, I don't know where to, no one has seen her since, not to talk to anyway, she just disappeared. The last letter I had from Patti, it sounded as though Lorna is already a kind of legend. The people say she is going nowhere, that she is travelling still — someone sees her every now and then, usually in a snow storm, a moving whiteness against the white snow, and they hear her calling to the team, heighya, heighya, from far away, and sometimes they hear the crack of her long white whip when the nights are very still. Like this one."

"I think you really believe you saw her just now, at the foot of the garden, the woman in the falling snow." He was only half fooling.

"You didn't see her, did you?"

"No."

"Well, then," Caroline said, and stretched lazily before the fire.



She squatted
in front of my jewelry table
— no gold —
She liked my rings
I remembered her from before
We smiled
Her marriage finger wore
a thin band
snuggled by a tiny diamond engagement ring
if my husband were here
he'd buy me
this ring
she said
fingering the tourmaline
I imagined her husband white
She wanted to try on the ring
and removed a wide gold band
from her other hand
I put out my hand
asking to look at
this ring
She placed it on my palm
18k gold
raven etched
Indian signs
my brother made it
I returned it to her
She rolled up her sleeve
displaying a bracelet
wide
heavy
gold
raven etched
my brother made it
potlach
I thought to myself

After this poem was completed
I searched her out
and showed her the poem
Does it offend you?
The word potlach
is offensive
I am of the Fireweed Clan
from the upper Skeena.
We have feasts not potlaches.
My husband gave me the gold
for my ring
I worked as a volunteer
for 12 years
when I left
they gave me the gold
for my bracelet
My lineage is matriarchal.
Our clan symbol is not raven.
I like the poem though
May I keep it

Beth Jankola

d. Kumble '75

Marilyn McKenzie...



"A musical note is neither loud nor soft in essence, but it can be expressed as one or the other by the musician. The same with the essence of our existence."

"Being, in itself, is neither man nor woman. It's a state common to both. A woman might see in a man her own being expressed by nature as a differing note."

"Depending on the combination, these notes can produce other melodies in the score, but these are not created in the sense of beginning from nothing."

"Sometimes we experience the reality of life as an ever existing energy that does not divide itself into one form or another...this is called enlightenment."

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NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS:

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JOSIE COOK lives in Vancouver and works for MAKARA magazine. "I am working at rediscovering images and myths of women that have been invalidated by male culture."

SUZANNE FOURNIER is a freelance journalist and radio producer. At present, she is actively working with programming at Vancouver Co-Op Radio.

COLETTE FRENCH is an artist with several Vancouver art shows to her credit. She has illustrated *Never Done* and *She Named It Canada*. Colette is constantly looking for interesting bits of Canadiana.

MARION FULLER is a former probation officer and partner and assistant director of Mido Gallery and Mido Framers. She wrote *Gallery News* briefs for *Vancouver Calendar* and *Performance* magazines. Marion now owns a mural-painted house boat on the Fraser River. She is available for freelance journalism.

BETH JANKOLA has had a volume of poetry published, *The Way I See It*, and has given numerous poetry readings, including CBC's "Anthology." She lives in Burnaby, B.C. and her next collection of poetry, *Jody Said*, will be published shortly.

DIANA KEMBLE is a lithography student at The Vancouver School of Art. Feathers, birds and the female aspect of the Tree of Life are of interest to her at the moment.

MARIAN LLEWELYN received her art training in London, England where she freelanced in commercial design. She has recently moved to Vancouver where she hopes to continue freelancing.

JEANNINE MITCHELL is a former underground newspaper columnist. She has published articles, fiction and poetry in several dozen publications. She is now working on a guide to traveling with children.



KAREN MUNTEAN is on the staff of MAKARA magazine and lives in Vancouver. She has been self-employed as a graphic artist for 10 years.

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ANNE POPPERWELL was born in 1948 and has exhibited at the Mido Gallery. She designed banners for the City of Vancouver in 1974. Her work is in the City's permanent collection. She lives in Vancouver.

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We have never seen **BETH ROGERS** and aren't sure she exists.

ELIZABETH RUPERT is a staff writer for MAKARA.

RXOACH is a future post-humous artist currently living in Vancouver, obsessed by old buildings and odd art work and believing the Craft is as important as the Art. Retired from 3 years as a pottery teacher, she is now working as a Calligrapher, Sculptor, Illustrator, and Spinner of Yarns. May be contacted through MAKARA.

DVORA TRACHTENBERG is staff photographer for MAKARA.

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To contact the **NDP WOMEN'S COMMITTEE**, write to Chairperson, Candace Hanson, 910 McClure Street, Victoria, B.C. or Rosemary Brown, MLA, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

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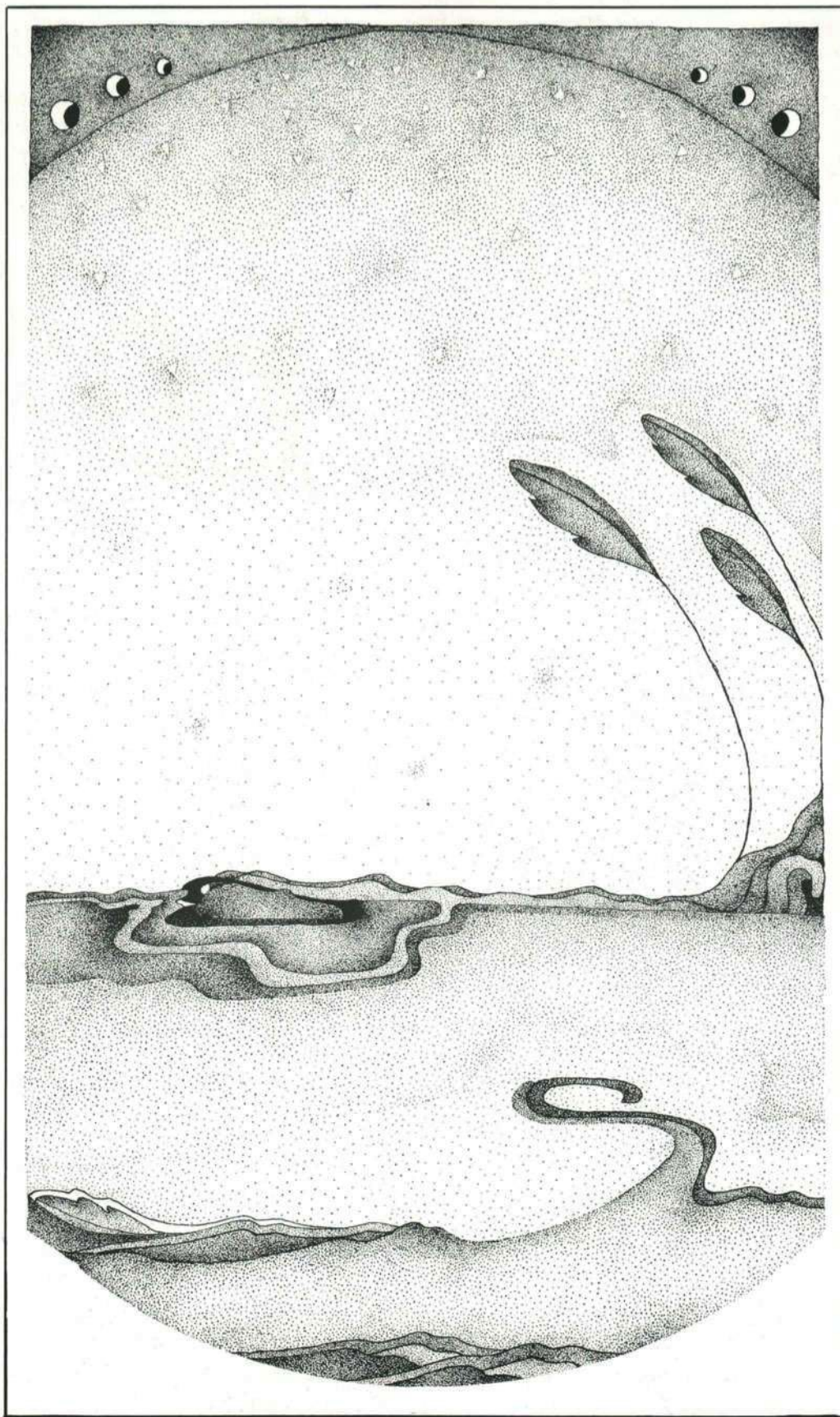
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Publications by **BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH** include: *The Inward Revolution*, *The Silent Explosion*, and joke books like *Meet Mulla Nasrudin*.

For information on the meditation camps and programmes of Rajneesh in Vancouver, contact 2847 Cypress Avenue, Vancouver (731-8425), or write Shree Rajneesh Ashram, 33 Koregaon Park, Poona, India or Paras Rajneesh Meditation Center, PO Box 22174, San Francisco, CA 94122 (664-6600).

SANYAS magazine is the bi-monthly publication of the Rajneesh Foundation. A year's subscription (6 issues) costs \$7.00. Write: Aron D. Lashkari, 90-21 188th Street, Hollis, NY 11423.





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