

MAKARA

VOLUME ONE / NUMBER TWO

FEBRUARY / MARCH 1976

ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE



FICTION BY HELEN POTREBENKO

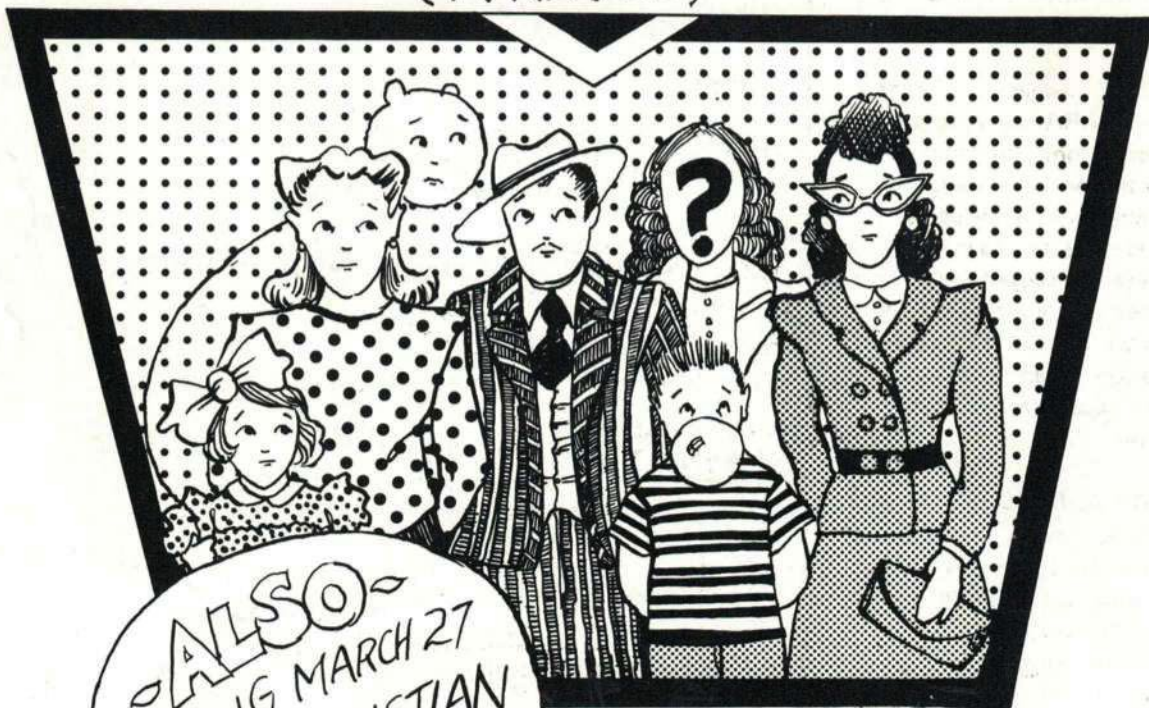
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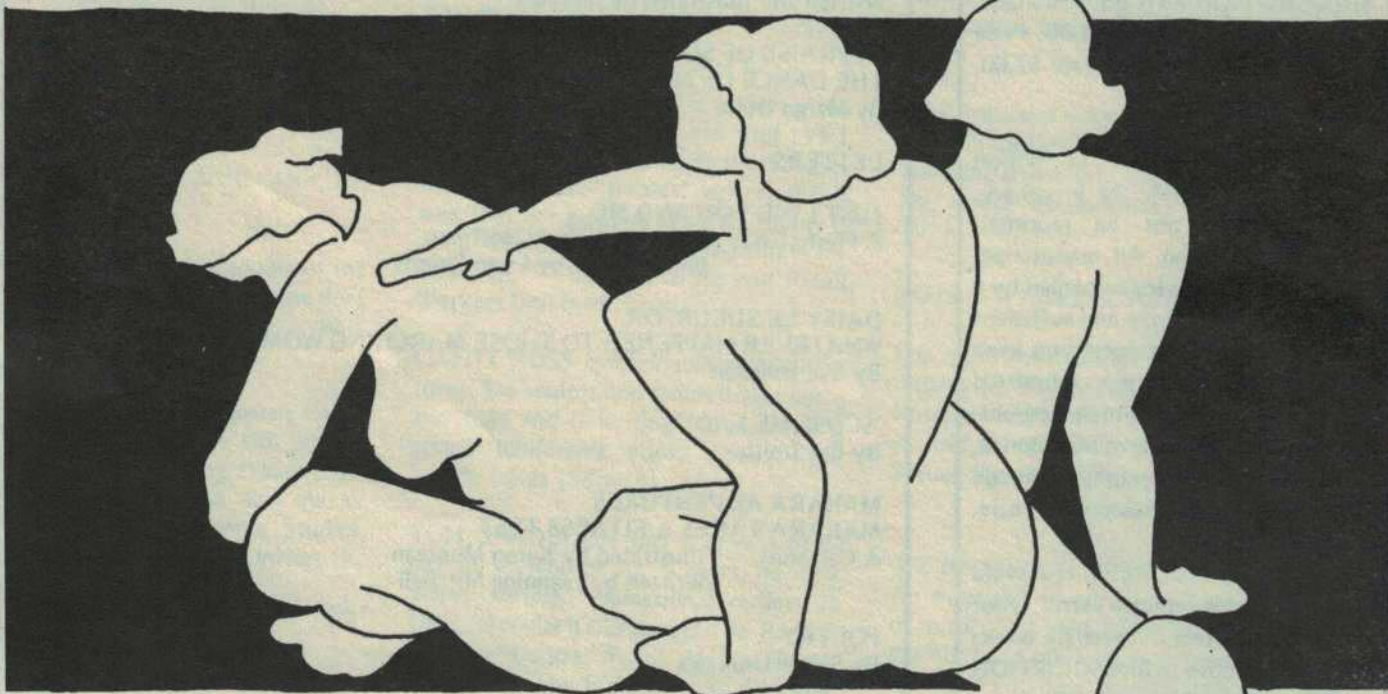
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COLETTE FRENCH	Front Cover, 28-31
BROWNIE	2,5,6,9
DVORA TRACHTENBERG	10-13
BEVERLEY DAVIES	16-20
CATHY ROSS	32-35
JOSIE COOK	41,42,46
PNINA GRANIRER	Inside back cover

THERAPY: TWO VIEWS



Can you change yourself before you change the world, can you change the world, can you change the world before you change yourself, can you change yourself? Or maybe we should put it another way...

There are two poles of thought within the cluttered ranks of modern psychotherapists. By 'modern psychotherapists', we mean psychiatrists, psychologists and lay therapists who prefer working with 'clients', usually in 'groups', using methods like 'gestalt' and 'body work'. (Traditional psychotherapists, on the other hand, are psychiatrists who prefer working with 'patients' in 'offices' and 'institutions', using methods like

'clipboards' and 'tranquilizers'.)

By 'two poles of thought', we mean:

- a) Politics is completely irrelevant to the process of therapy (a view held in varying degrees by Alternate (Esalen-type) Therapists);
- b) Politics IS therapy and therapy IS politics (a view held in varying degrees by Radical Therapists).

Few people identify totally with either extreme — most are scattered along the spectrum between.

We invited two well-known and respected Vancouver therapists to discuss these ideas. One preferred an interview style and one preferred to write an article.

As you'll see, neither hold the extreme positions outlined above, but they certainly have different outlooks. Wendy works with Cold Mountain, an Esalen-type organization, while Tom is helping to organize a Radical Therapy Centre for Vancouver.

by Wendy Barrett

Wendy: Many people talk of their sense of alienation and impotence in the modern world by saying they feel they are nobody — no body. I start with the recognition that we are our body — we are some body. Each person's body is the tangible form of their individuality — their uniqueness. However spaced out and insignificant you may feel, when you look in the mirror you see nobody else there but yourself, *your body*. It's a constant reminder that you are alive.

Breathing is the act of living itself — the taking-in of life force, the integration of its substance and then the letting-go. The way you breathe can tell you a lot about the way you live. The way you stand, the way you reach out for what you want, the way you walk, all are self-expressive acts that carry all your history of self-formation. They show how you have learned to be in the world, the choices you have consciously and unconsciously made during the process of becoming who you are.

One of the ways I found to cope with my environment as a child was by being stubborn by digging my heels in the ground, locking my knees, gritting my teeth. I developed that aspect of myself, for it was a successful form of behaviour to get me what I wanted, so my adult body structure showed a chronic rigidity in my jaw, and tendency to lock my knees and stiffen my legs.

Since my jaw had an over-rigid structure, it was hard for me to express the subtler ranges of my emotions facially. My tight face helped create an image of hardness that I did not feel inside. But others saw me that way and reacted accordingly so the behavioural pattern became reinforced. When the muscles keeping my jaw rigid relaxed, my expression changed and people began relating to me as a more feeling person because I could express more feelings facially.

MAKARA: What's your definition of mental health?

Wendy: I see someone as mentally healthy who examines the quality of the life they are living and has the courage to make the changes they feel necessary to improve that quality until it is consistent with their own development as an evolving being.

MAKARA: What methods do you use in a one-to-one situation?

Wendy: They vary considerably for each

session since these are alive interactions. The main techniques that I use are gestalt, psychosynthesis, encounter and various forms of massage in its widest sense — such as polarity therapy, rolfing, and acupressure. As well, I use the reikian breathing techniques and bio-energetic exercises to activate the energy systems in the body.

I'll give you an example of a session in which I used mainly gestalt and psychosynthesis.

A woman I worked with found that her image of her heart was that it was a walnut. In a deeply relaxed state I had her dialogue with the walnut (gestalt it). First, she talked to the walnut and expressed her surprise that it was her heart. After this, she let herself enter into being the walnut/heart and talking about its experience of itself.

It spoke of its feeling of constriction, its sense of confinement and hardness, its desire to be freer. She then decided to crack open the walnut which she did in her imagination and as she did so she felt a flood of warmth in her chest and all her unexpressed softness came bursting out in an emotional flood of tears and relief.

The internal images we carry in our body are very powerful. We relate to those parts in that way. The confrontation of that image and the dialogue with it in gestalt may bring on very real, dramatic changes.

Another person I worked with was a man who had no sensation in his legs. He had had polio and had lost his muscular functions but should have retained the sensations. His image of his legs was of two steel rods. I made him identify with his legs and gestalt them. They were just outraged at how much he put them down, and how much he apologized for them. They felt strong, like they had done so much. It was the first time he had engaged at that level and his whole body was shaking and vibrating. His legs were screaming at him.

Then I changed him back into being himself, but relating to his legs, and he asked "What do you want me to do?" His legs replied that they wanted to be accepted and loved and cared about. He then made up a contract with them, and as he did that the sensations in his legs came back. As soon as he could let go of those harsh images, he was able to feel himself. His sensation has been back since.

With this man I also used some massage techniques at a deep level (Rolfing) to free up the blocked connection through his hips and later at a surface level to move the energy down into his

legs during the phase when the reconnection finally happened.

MAKARA: Do you use the same kind of techniques in group work?

Wendy: I use them all but also a lot more encounter — interpersonal exchange.

The interpersonal work within the group often leads into individual work. I also take people into individual work by bringing them into direct experience with themselves through their body.

Sometimes working out a conflict happening with someone else may lead to body work. The person working may become shaking or angry and really enraged. I may have that person express the anger on a mattress or give them a bat and they really beat and scream, expressing all this unexpressed anger that they've never allowed themselves to express.

The expression of the negative really opens up the positive, too. You don't only suppress anger. You suppress yourself, your spontaneity, and can't really express loving in any depth, either. Once the anger is expressed, it opens up the possibility of loving.

The group can also serve as ritual. So many people don't believe in the church anymore. There's no place for confession. Sometimes the group functions in that way. I worked with a young woman who had had a lot of surgery. She was a very intense, dramatic, beautiful woman. As I worked with her it became obvious that she needed to mourn what had died in her. So much of her had been cut away and died, and there had been no symbolic way of acknowledging that.

MAKARA: No funeral?

Wendy: Right. So we mourned with her, wailed and chanted, and acknowledged the death of all the parts, and the child that she would never have. After that she started to acclaim the part of her that was living. Then we celebrated her aliveness and ritualized that. Those times are magical — very moving and very human.

As the group process evolves, the level of trust and openness between people deepens and many things are shared. The emotional sharing and people's reactions to each other's fears, hopes, pains and desires can be a very nourishing experience. The memory of such an experience can be the stimulus in a time of despair that re-opens the possibilities of hope.

MAKARA: Have you seen catharsis used as a “fix” — as a release that can become an end in itself, rather than a way of breaking old behaviour patterns?

Wendy: The cathartic experience is a total body experience, the physical and emotional equivalent of jumping off the edge of a cliff (being pushed off is probably more accurate) and then standing at the bottom saying “I did it. I survived.” It’s exciting and powerful. It even, especially in bodywork, contains the elements of ritual, the elements of initiation: fear, pain, submission, striving, and survival to experience a new sense of self. It is an experience that contains a resolution. Resolutions are rare in life.

When the cathartic experience marks the end of a whole cycle in a person’s life, the end of an old form and the opening of a new form, when it is grounded in the reality of that person’s process, then I don’t feel it functions as a fix. I feel it’s appropriate and magical.

I am wary of pushing for catharsis in a group when it may jump somebody way ahead of what they are going to be able to integrate, although it can serve as a glimpse of possibilities of how things could be if the person was “open.” However, I have more frequently seen people strive only to recreate premature cathartic experiences (using it as a fix, in that case). It’s not always easy to persuade somebody that some much less dramatic pick-and-shovel middle ground work would be more useful. Cathartic experiences can become addicting for therapists too because it has such a powerful appeal to their sense of achievement and performance.

MAKARA: Are there people you won’t work with?

Wendy: Yes. I won’t work with people who come to me at someone’s request. They have to be motivated themselves. Someone I intensely dislike or someone I feel indifferent about I won’t work with. Somebody who bores me I won’t work with. Also, I’m not interested in working with people who are more in love with their hysteria than with their growth. This form of therapy can attract people who are into drama and hysteria because there are possibilities of acting it out.

I’m selective because I am prepared to give a lot of energy and attention to my part of the work, and since I cannot even work with one quarter of the people who wish to, it would be a waste of my time and theirs if nothing was moving.

MAKARA: Assuming that an individual is responsible for the quality of his or her life, what is left for people who cannot afford a fee like yours — \$50 a session? If therapy is limited to people who can afford these fees, then the people on the bottom rung of the ladder are just left there.

Wendy: I have chosen to work mainly with highly motivated people who have already attained a fair degree of social, financial and intellectual freedom. The work demands a high level of commitment and a willingness to sustain the effort to be what Maslow would call a self-actualising person.

I do feel that the body/mind approach in adapted forms is relevant for a much larger range of persons than it is presently available to. And I hope that as these therapeutic forms develop, many more people will have access to them. Right now, we are still fighting the establishment for recognition that the mind and body are not separate, so it will be some time before the type of work I’m doing will be accepted in the strongholds of conservatism.

MAKARA: The kind of people I’m thinking about wouldn’t be relatively comfortable in terms of their material possessions. I’m thinking about people who are really dispossessed — people who are in prisons, locked away in mental institutions, destroyed by this society. I think this is an area in which people are just starting to have to work.

Radical therapy comes out of those people organizing for themselves, calling on people who have skills in interpersonal relationships and saying “Come share that skill with us, and we can make it available to more and more people.” One person can’t do that much — you face that yourself.

Wendy: Well, I am now involved in training interns — that’s one level of the educational process. There are many people who want to develop these skills. I think the greatest skill is knowing what not to do, when not to push. These therapeutic techniques are very powerful tools. My disagreement is with people playing around with them.

There’s a lot of temptation to blast through and open people up; people who want it out of that striving place, that goal place, well before they’re ready. Then they have to re-repress it. It can kick back up in psychosomatic illness. There are a lot of things to learn about clues and signs.

MAKARA: There are things that one

has to learn but if you approach it as a responsible person...

Wendy: It’s more than being a responsible person. It’s knowing; that’s not always implicit in the teaching of the skills.

MAKARA: It certainly isn’t. I’ve seen psychiatrists who have been totally irresponsible: doing power trips on people, stripping them down, leaving them with nothing. Being a responsible “therapist” has very little to do with the amount of training they receive; it’s the kind of ethics a person begins with. I think a lot of people who are doing therapy are in it for the money.

Wendy: I think it’s more complex than that. You choose an area that in some way expresses where you are in your own life and who you are. I don’t think it’s necessarily even a question of ethics, because I think it’s really arrogant to think you can know what is better for somebody else. It’s very easy to lose sight of that when you’re doing therapy.

MAKARA: That brings to mind the role of therapist which is really interesting. It is an area where you may have control over a person’s life for one, two, three years.

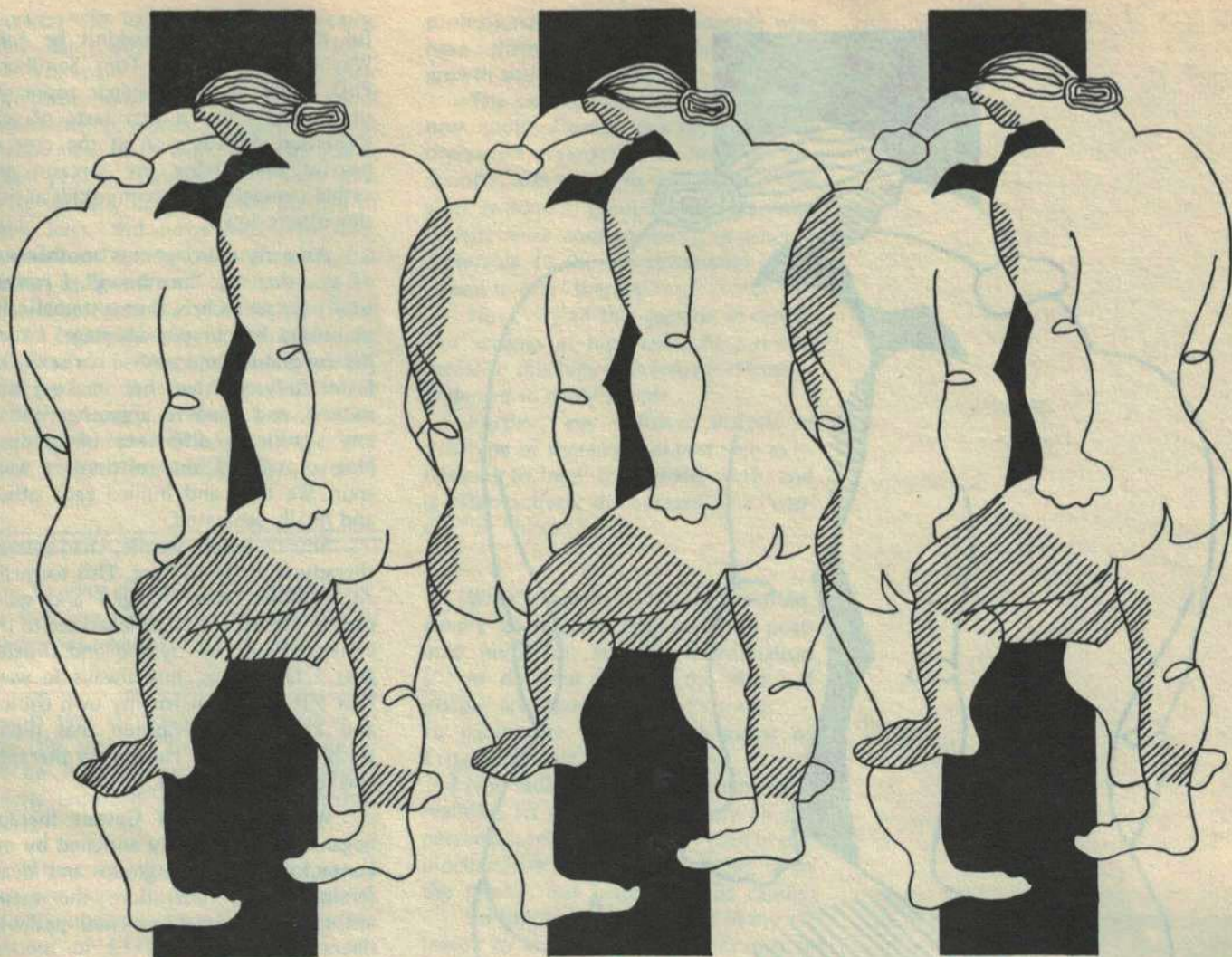
Wendy: I do not feel that I have control over anybody’s life but my own. Part of my wanting to work with people who are desiring to take responsibility for their lives is so I will not be locked into the therapist/patient dynamic.

I have no authority that exceeds that of my personhood and my technical skills. I cannot stop people from projecting on me, but I have a choice as to what I do with that projection. Traditional therapy advises that one should use this projection of power: “wield the power wisely” — I want to refuse that form of authority. I see it as a patriarchal mode that I find unacceptable.

MAKARA: Do you feel change is possible outside of therapy?

Wendy: Of course it is. For most people, most of the time, it happens outside of therapy. Anyone who has the need to change will change. If they need other people to help as guides, teachers, or however they want to use them, they find them.

For most people that will happen without anyone like me or any institution like Cold Mountain. However, some people really want therapy. They seek that kind of confrontation and learning, and can use it.



A RADICAL THERAPY FABLE

On the Relationship Between Personal Therapy and Political Change

by Tom Sandborn

Two pilgrims were walking beside a river. Suddenly, they heard cries and splashes in the water. A baby was being swept downstream in the swift current, drowning. One pilgrim stripped off her robe, dove in and rescued it. The two dried and comforted the baby, and walked on down the river-bank. Again, desperate cries; again a baby being swept downstream. The pilgrims pulled the baby from the river, pumped the water out of its lungs and wrapped it in a robe. Just as they finished, they heard new cries and splashes. Another baby was drowning. "Look," said the first pilgrim, "you swim out and rescue this one. I'll go upstream and kill the guy who's throwing them in."

adapted from
Issues in Radical Therapy, 1974

"The Myth of Mental Illness, The Reality of Feeling Terrible", headline in *In A Nutshell*, the newspaper of the Vancouver Mental Patients' Association, 1973

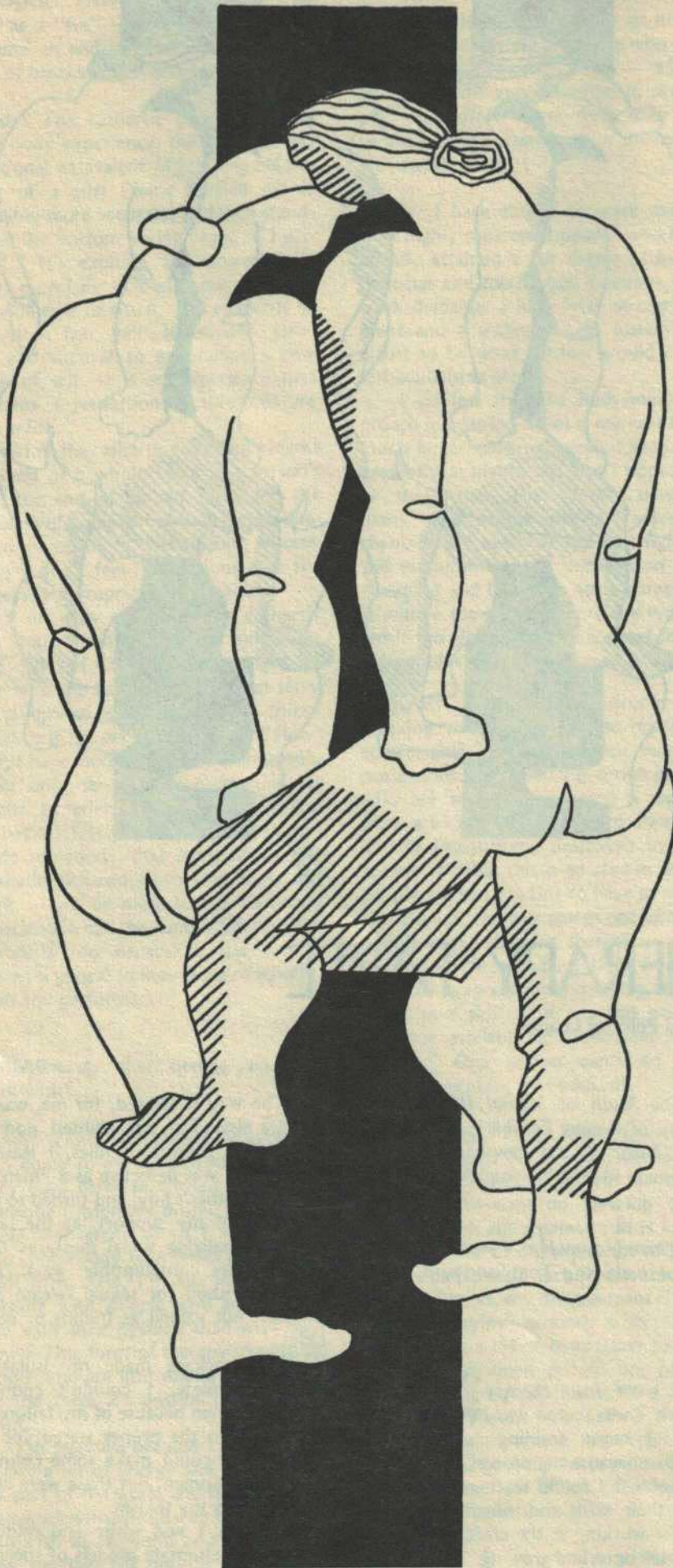
"When I grow up, I want to be a radical therapist." Tom Sandborn, 1975

I went into therapy as a client because I was scared and hurt and confused. I began training as a Gestalt therapist because the process had helped me, because I found teachers willing to share their skills and information, and because working at the craft of therapy keeps me open and growing.

The way it started, for me, was in being a sissy. Fat, near-sighted, poor at sports and good at studies, I learned early that I was defective as a "man". I was my mother's boy, and turned to her for most of my support, at the same time internalizing social messages that women were contemptible, weak, and should be used for sexual release and prestige, not valued as friends or comrades.

This package made my isolation nearly complete. I couldn't connect with other men because of my failure to grow up into the proper stereotype of manhood. I could make some connections with women, but these were contaminated by my sexism.

Because I was white and middle-class, I had alternate models of success-



ful manhood. If I couldn't be John Wayne, then I'd be Tom Sandborn, PhD, shark of the seminar room. At university, I had a first taste of self-validation. It was won at the cost of heavily re-inforcing my sarcasm and verbal competitiveness: my skills at putting others down.

An early marriage was another way of asserting my "manhood". I romantically pursued Chris, then systematically oppressed her in our marriage. I took her for granted and pushed her sexually. I fearfully resisted her making any money, and tried to argue her out of any significant difference of opinion. Not surprisingly, our relationship went sour. We hurt and bullied each other, and finally separated.

Shortly before we did, I had entered therapy with David Berg. This tormented, brilliant man changed and quite possibly saved my life. He led me to the contradictions in my life and insisted that I face them, but always in ways that left me room for my own choice, and always in a fashion that didn't trash or negate me. He was my therapist and teacher and friend.

What David and Gestalt therapy began has been deeply enriched by my contact with political groups and ideas: feminism, gay liberation, the mens' anti-sexist movement, mental patients' liberation and marxism.

This contact has shown me the social roots of personal pain, and helped me in learning ways of working with people that will ease their pain, help them rediscover their strength and join with others to fight their oppression.

In 1971, in Vancouver, neighbourhoods with an average family income of \$3,000 per year send ten times as many people into the psychiatric emergency beds...

Many of the everyday problems that bring people into therapy (such as alcoholism, loneliness, family pain, disorganized or frightening thoughts, etc.) are caused or intensified by social oppression.

There are so many examples: the working-class woman who collapses under the strain of raising her children alone while holding down a dull, ill-paying job; the gay teen-ager who is suicidal because every social message tells her she's sick and evil for loving the "wrong" way; the man living in an emotional vacuum – taught all too well by society how to be a "real man"; the

workers who feel like "failures" because they can't adjust to alienating jobs.

The pain these people feel, their difficulties in living, are caused by social arrangements: monopoly capitalism that means most of us work while the ruling class profits, patriarchal sexism that systematically denies women control of their lives, and turns men into their enemies and oppressors, and racism that divides us against each other.

Almost all the activity that goes on in North America today under the labels of 'psychiatry', 'psychoanalysis', 'therapy', or 'human potential, human growth groups', is in fact a complex sophisticated structure for social control that serves the interests of the ruling class.

Poverty drives a greater percentage, as well as a greater absolute number, of people into psychiatric lock-up!

If you are female, native Indian or gay, the sort of "therapy" most likely to be inflicted on you is imprisonment, enforced drugging and electroshock.

The same situation exists for you if you are poor. In 1971, in Vancouver, neighbourhoods with an average family income of \$3,000 per year sent ten times as many people into the psychiatric emergency beds at Vancouver General Hospital as did neighbourhoods where family income is over \$10,000 per year (taking population into account). Poverty drives a greater percentage, as well as a greater absolute number, of people into psychiatric lock-up!

If you are middle-class and unhappy, the "therapy" you get from a private shrink or a community care team worker is more likely to be voluntary, but it will still focus on your problems as personal and isolated; it will ignore the social roots of your pain, and your therapist is much more likely to drug you into apathy or encourage "adjustment" than s/he is to support your anger and help you link up with others in order to fight it.

If you are middle-class, unhappy and marginally hip, you might take your distress to an Esalen-type growth centre. You might, that is, if you could afford the extortionate fees required.

These growth centres are progressive in some ways. They aren't styled after the traditional model of 'professionalism', for example. Instead, they use trained non-medical para-

professionals as leaders — people who have themselves undergone personal growth situations in groups.

The centres also use very powerful new tools: Gestalt therapy, Reichian bodywork, Transactional Analysis, Encounter, and so on. As well, most of the work is done in groups, which gives the patient more control and is, in general, preferable to the claustrophobic closet of one-to-one "therapy".

However, all this goes on in resort-like settings at high cost. As a result, access to this type of therapy is effectively denied to many people.

Further, any political analysis in this type of therapy is at best seen as irrelevant to 'real' therapeutic work, and is often actively discouraged as a "cop-out" or "head trip".

What is substituted is, all too often, simply an eclectic mish-mash of post-acid mysticism and hip individualism ("You do your thing, I do mine... if people are oppressed, that's tough" — to paraphrase the political thrust of Fritz Perls' Gestalt prayer).

Non-radical therapy hides our social realities. Its focus is relentlessly on the personal, seeing the roots of pain in our biochemistry, in psychodynamics, or in the family, but ignoring social causes.

I'd like to emphasize that in my attempt to become a radical therapist, I have learned a great deal from therapists who don't share my politics.

My criticism of these, my teachers, is not that Gestalt and encounter and body therapies don't help folks with the pain in their lives — they obviously do help. My criticism is that these tools for growth and problem-solving, practiced without a radical political perspective, have all the terrible power of half-truth.

In fact, this lack of political awareness on the part of such 'alternative' therapists is actually damaging to the client, for it reinforces his or her negative social conditioning.

One woman, after three months at a West-coast Canadian growth centre, told me her therapist had "helped" her — "stop being so bitchy and be more of a real woman." (An excerpt from the radical therapists' pocket dictionary — "a bitch is a woman who is stronger than the man defining her wants her to be.")

Then there is the psychiatrically-run encounter group at the University of British Columbia in which the leader encourages and participates in anti-gay attacks and innuendos.

... encourage all women who seek therapy to consider involvement in women's consciousness-raising, action and support groups as a first and major step in therapy.

In Case You're Wondering...

Acupressure: Massage form of acupuncture (making bodily changes by pressing key nerve centres).

Bio-energetics: Exercises which stimulate the energy system to the point of opening suppressed areas of feeling.

Cold Mountain: A Vancouver organisation which sponsors a variety of therapy workshops. They also have an in-resident programme on Cortes Island.

Encounter: Direct verbal and emotional inter-personal confrontation, ideally taking place in an atmosphere in which it is permissible for people to express a wide range of feelings.

Esalen: California institute which popularized therapy for self-improvement purposes. A facility used mainly by middle-class, well-educated people.

Gestalt: A dialogue with the repressed parts of one's mind, effected by speaking to a part of the body, or to an object representing another person (popularized by Fritz Perls).

Polarity Therapy: A precise massage technique on specific areas of the body with intention of causing change in another part of the body.

Psychodynamics: Science of mind power.

Psychosynthesis: Exploration of one's self-image.

Reflexology: Similar to polarity therapy.

Reichian Breathing: Precise breathing technique that seeks to free vibratory energy in the body and stimulate spontaneous re-alignment to, in turn, free the personality from neurotic patterns.

Rolfing: Deep massage leading to structural re-alignment of the body, with the idea that personal change can be effected by changing body structure.

Transactional Analysis: Form of interaction analysis based on the concept that the ego is a combination of Parent, Adult and Child personalities.

What, then, is the alternative? What does radical, non-oppressive therapy consist of? At this point, I feel I can only give a partial answer, a report on work in progress.

First, radical therapy often takes place without a designated therapist, in peer self-help and support groups such as California's Network Against Psychiatric Assault, The Vancouver Mental Patients' Association, as well as men's, women's and gay liberation groups.

In these groups, oppressed people learn to value each other, support each other and work together. In some, those involved may become active in larger struggles against destructive aspects of the social system.

In groups with a designated therapist, radical therapy depends on:

a) the development of a democratic, open and supportive community within the group,

b) the demystification and teaching of therapy skills,

c) group analysis of how sexism, racism and capitalism bear on the personal problems being worked on.

Membership in a radical therapy group *must* be voluntary, and power arrangements must be democratic. Since power obviously accompanies a leadership role, the group's leader(s) should use that power to encourage the formation of a co-operative, supportive community within the group.

Group leaders should also give support to members who choose to resist pressures from the group or leadership. This is because each member of the group, including the leader, must always have the option of saying "no".

Regarding the importance of sharing by teaching skills in radical therapy, one of the goals of the group should actually be to phase out the leader's special position. This can only happen as group members put problem-solving, growth and communication skills into practice.

Another thing: the therapy or problem-solving relationship should be reciprocal. That means the leaders should be willing to share their own pain and confusions, and they must allow the group to aid and support them if the situation warrants it.

These elements are more important than the actual therapy methods used.

Transactional Analysis, for example, is used by the Berkeley Radical Psychiatry Center as a tool for radical therapy and social change. The same methods, in the hands of prison shrinks and social workers, are used in Canadian

and American prisons to divide prisoners and encourage them to inform on each other.

To illustrate how radical therapy takes place, here's an experience that occurred in a group I led several months ago:

We opened the group by each of us giving a report on what feelings and awarenesses were vivid for us right then. "Betty" reported feeling sad and frustrated. Her thoughts were about a conflict with her ex-husband.

Invited to act out a conversation with him (a Gestalt technique), she realized that she wanted him to help more with their child, and at the same time felt guilty ("I'm the mother, so I should be there all the time").

By pounding on a pillow and shouting, Betty released some of the anger awakened by her realizations. As she finished the exercise, she reported feeling strong and centred.

She then acted out a new dialogue in which she made clear demands on her husband for him to do a full half share of their child-care.

Other members of the group shared with Betty their related experiences, and strongly encouraged her to transfer this 'therapy gain' into a real improvement of her situation by actually confronting her husband. She made an agreement with the group to do so and report the results to us.

We talked and thought together a few minutes about the impact the social rule of "mothers should do almost all the child-rearing" had made upon us, all of which made clearer the need for women's access to economic and political power.

Then the group focus shifted to a more personal level as a man reported some of the fears he had contacted within himself as a result of Betty's therapy work.

This rhythm between experience and analysis is, I think, a key feature of radical therapy.

In my own practice, I use the techniques of communication exercises, Gestalt therapy and body work. These approaches focus on increasing our awareness of ourselves and each other.

Through communication exercises, we try to learn to get the whole message: not only words, but the tone of words, facial expression and posture.

Gestalt and dream-work is used to first uncover and then resolve our internal conflicts.

The body work we do — exploring our breathing patterns and energy cycles — helps us to re-discover our

capacity for full pleasure and aliveness. This is a natural capacity, but which is virtually stolen from us by this alienating culture.

As for my general approach, I am trying to practice from an explicitly feminist / gay liberation / anti-capitalist perspective. I believe that any other stance would support our oppression.

My therapy work is a continuing process and draws on my contacts with political groups, as I mentioned earlier.

Over the past years, the most important women in my life have been feminists, many of them radical lesbians.

They have confronted me with my own sexism and struggled with me to find ways of our loving each other as equals without condescension or sex roles.

As well, they have helped me see my responsibility as a therapist to be sensitive to feminist issues in therapy, to endorse women's growing strength and anger, and to encourage all women who seek therapy to consider involvement in women's consciousness-raising, action and support groups as a first and major step in therapy.

Earlier, I listed gay liberation and the men's movement as other important influences for me. My increasing strength in Gestalt therapy gave me the courage

to come out to own and act on my needs for love and sexuality with other men.

I'm still in the process of learning this.

As long as I'm vaguely embarrassed when I walk down the street with my arm around Ralph, or let an anti-gay joke go by in a party, or find myself more attracted to "masculine" looking men than I am to "effeminate" ones, I will continue to internalize anti-gay sexism.

My involvement in men's consciousness-raising has helped me deal with these contradictions, and has influenced the work I do as a therapist. More and more, I'm using exercises that bring out sexist attitudes so they can be criticized by the group and discarded.

As a male therapist I think I have a special responsibility to the men in my groups.

Women are tired, and rightly so, of having to repeatedly explain and justify feminism to men. We need, as men, to struggle with each other against the sex-role stereotyping that mutilates us and turns us into aggressive, insensitive personalities-oppressors.

In my work, I want to encourage men to reclaim their softness and receptivity. Men have to stop exploiting women as their only source of tender-

ness and discover possibilities of mutual support and nurturance.

I want to help men examine the socialization that leads them not only to oppress women but to join in their own oppression.

Until capitalism and patriarchy are defeated, radical therapy can only do a partial job. We need to help people undo the damage done by family and school and prison and mental hospital.

However, we must do this while still keeping sight of the need for revolutionary change in these and all other social structures.

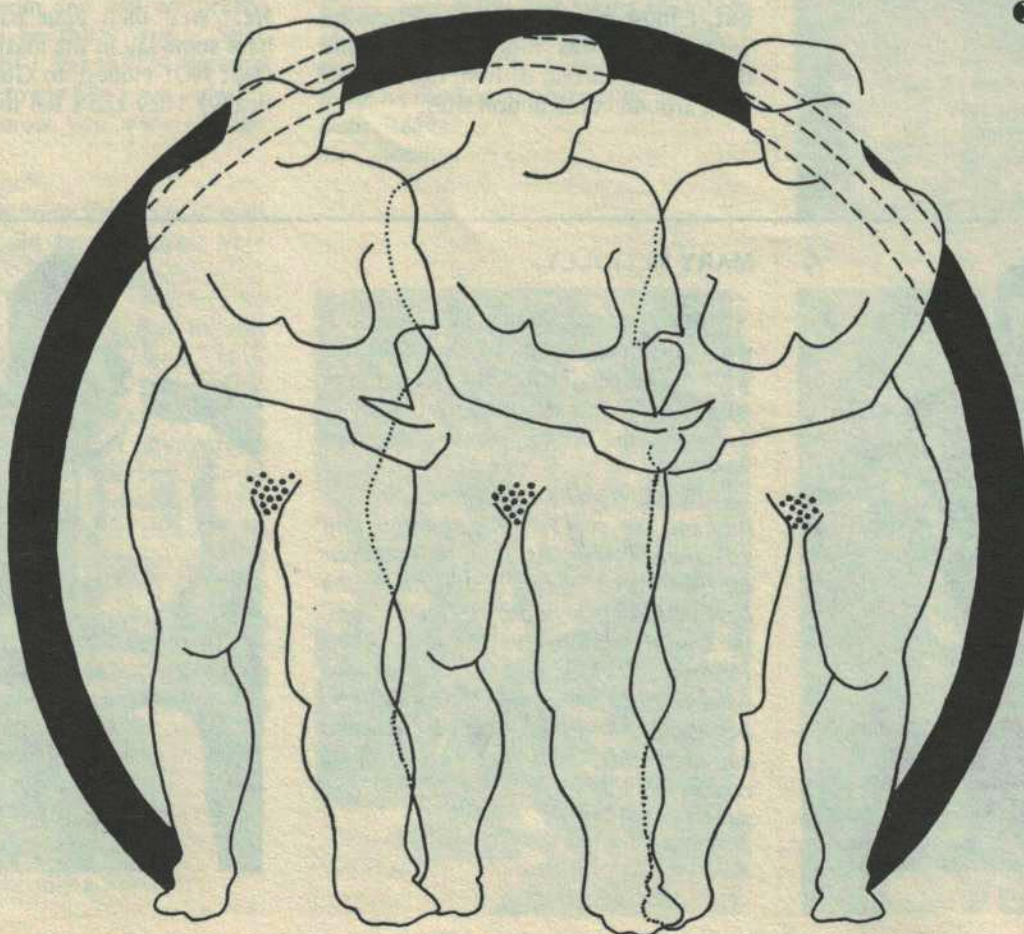
Somebody has to pull the babies out of the river, and someone has to kill the bastard who's throwing them in.

"In the meantime..."

A group of therapists, mental patients, feminists and community organizers are forming a radical therapy centre for Vancouver.

We want to provide free and low-cost radical therapy to the community and share skills and develop ourselves by study groups, mutual support and further experiential training.

If you have an interest in being part of this action, please contact Lanny Beckman at 738-9429, Cathy Kidd at 985-8835 or Cathy Stewart at 874-8550.



Valri Bromfield lives in Vancouver. She has appeared on the Lily Tomlin Show, the Mike Douglas Show, the Bobby Gentry Show, and Saturday Night Live.

SO SEE YA BYE

Interview by Carolyn Bell
Photos by Dvora Trachtenberg
© 1975, Valri Bromfield

After I spoke to Valri Bromfield about interviewing her for MAKARA, we decided to have me interview her characters. The dialogues and monologues done with Mrs. Bjorkman, Debby, Mary McTwilly and Bill all took place in Val's apartment on a rainy afternoon. Her dog, Pal, participated by clicking her toe nails on the linoleum whenever applicable. None of my conversations with Val's characters were in any way rehearsed. I found them all fascinating, but, I must admit, after my afternoon with Bill, I was more than a little drained. Be careful of him; he tends to hang around construction sites.

DEBBY

American Graffiti playing in the background. She loves The Isley Brothers and Cher. Some mortals have to ask Debby to repeat herself, although any passing bat would have no trouble hearing her high-pitched machine gun conversation.

Me: Are you in school?

Deb: Yeah.

Me: What grade?

Deb: Twelfth.

Me: What are you going to do after you finish?

Deb: Um, I think I'll take a mollin-course, eh?

Me: A modelling course?

Deb: Um, yeah, my frienzani might go to Erup, eh? I was gonna go but, y'know, I might just do some hard drugs first.

Me: How come?

Deb: Well, I hafta do it after cause I'm not allowed to do them when I'm in school, eh?

Me: So you think you'll be allowed to do it after?

Deb: I don't know but like it's different, right? I mean, they just can't tell me to do anything after I finish school, right?

Me: Are you going to be living at home after school?

Deb: Uh-huh.

Me: Well then your parents will still have some say in the matter.

Deb: NO! Honest to God, no. (emphatically) They can't tell me what time to

MARY McTWILLY

Mary is a middle-aged Scottish woman. She sometimes helps Valri out with her career. That's all I can tell you. All you need to know about Mary is summed up in the next paragraph:

"Love is marriage. Ye care for yer husband, ye give him his children, and ye spare every last minute for your husband. You make him a meal, the best ye kin git in toon, ye care for him, ye sew his clothin', ye tak keer of his children. Ye love him blindly, ye give what he has t' take, and ye take what he has t' give. And then, one day, one sad and dark day, he'll die. And then, ye really start t' live."



be in either, especially if I make money, if I have a job, right?

Me: Will you be paying rent at home?

Deb: No. No. My dad says it's OK.

Me: (trying to turn the conversation) What does your dad do?

Deb: Ahhh, I donno, he's just a creep, I donno what he does. Do you want coffee or tea, eh?

Me: Coffee.

Deb: Like, it's instant.

Me: Are you having coffee?

Deb: I'm not allowed. My dad works at this place, eh, he's really creepy, but one day he came home from work with this guy from his office who was about 50, eh, but I reeeely liked him, I reeeely liked him and then my mom and dad went upstairs and we were downstairs and he was just sitting downstairs in the rec room? Just sitting there having a drink? And like his name is Scotty? They call him Scotty at the office?

Me: Yeah?

Deb: Yeah, and he said, "Call me Scotty" right, which I thought was really nice and everything cause he thought I was mature, right? So I says to him, "Scotty, can I have some of your drink?" He goes, "Sure." And I thought he really thought of me as, like, he thought of me like twenty or thirty or something, I really think so, cause my dad didn't tell him how old I was, eh? And my mom and dad are pretty old, so I could be thirty, right? So I think he thought I was thirty? Because he really talked to me like I was older?

Me: Did he know you were in high school?

Deb: (pause) Uhuh.

Me: Well, if he knew you were in high school, how could he think you were thirty?

Deb: (pause) I donno, maybe he thought I was a teacher? But he was reeeely, reeeely nice, eh, reeeely nice.

Deb: And so he said to me, "Hey watter-ya doin' later?" And I said, "Later, what!" I mean, we're in my parens house, so I said, "Goin' to bed." So he said, "Okay, whynchoo come on Friday to my offiss, and you can come home and have dinner, cause you can meet my family." So I said, "Okay." So I went to the offiss, and I was waiting and waiting and waiting, and he says, "Wait by the back emergency door." So I did and then we went in his car; he's got a reeeely nice car...

Me: What kind?

Deb: It's, like, a Buick?

Me: A Buick?

Deb: It's beautiful...

Me: (aside) Probably a Skylark.

Deb: Uhuh, a Buick Skylark. How'd you know, have you met him?

Me: No.

Deb: How'd you know, okay?

Me: Most guys who work in offices who have Buicks have Buick Skylarks.

Deb: Oh, yeah, it's my favourite car. Most of the guys I know can't afford that. They have really really creepy cars, like old Chevys??? With the upholstery all ripped, you know what I mean? So I went home with him and y'know he lives in this hotel? So we get in this hotel, and his family's not there. It was just a little hotel, I don't know how they could live there, you know what I mean? I mean, *maybe* he's got more than one suite. Oh yeah, that's it. So he says, do I wanna watch TV an' everything? And we were just watchine TV and he starts.....um..... This is reeeely embarrassing, Carolyn; I wouldn't tell anybody else, right?

Me: Okay.

Deb: Aaaaand, I don't know, he was just reeeely, like, he was doing all this, I mean, he was trine to kiss me? So I went, "Don't!", just like that? An I started crine an I left?

Me: Really?

Deb: Yeah, I was reeeely reeeely embarrassed. Do you think I should see him again?

Me: I don't think so. He sounds like a drip. Sounds like he's taking advantage of you. To tell you the truth, Deb, I don't think he lived in that hotel. I think he lived somewhere else.

Deb: Really?

Me: Really.



BILL

"Carolyn!" shouts Bill.

"Hi, Bill."

"How're ya doin', m'dear?"

"Oh, not bad, not bad."

"Yeah?" Bill approaches, beaming and jingling the change in his pocket. "Rainin' enough for ya?"

"I like it fine."

"Hmph. I tell ya, I seen a 440 come up here this morning."

"A what?"

"440."

"What's a 440?"

"Just drove right on by. Was a nice lookin' rig."

"What's a 440?"

"Ah," Bill sniffs, wipes his hand all over his face like he's giving himself a massage. "You gals. Just a cute li'l car. Just a cute li'l car. You just think of it that way."

"Oh."

"Jesus, it's rainin' out there." Bill walks back to the window to check on the weather. "Isn't it, Carolyn?"

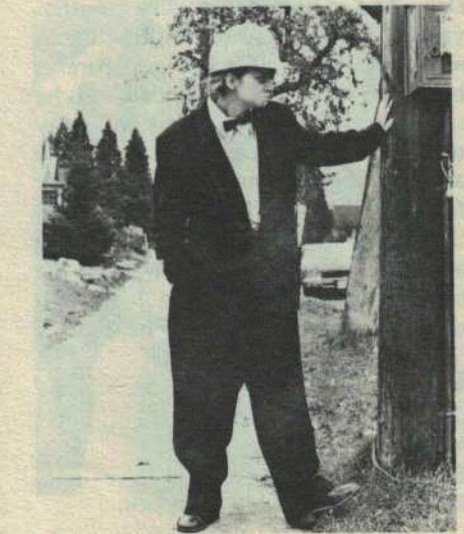
"Yep."

"The heavens are peltin' down today, aren't they, Carolyn?"

"How's work?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ, I was out on the site last week, I was out on the site, there was about five guys off, and I mean five good men, they had, they had," Bill rubs his forehead and screws his face up, "wife problems, I guess, I dunno. I don't know what to do about it. Sometimes I think... I dunno, they come to me with their problems, because I guess I'm the seniority of the men and I try to help the boys, but... I dunno. They're not into the libber stuff. The boys." Bill strolls toward me, winking broadly, and, coming over, settles himself hanging over the back of a dining room chair.

"The boys?"



MRS. BJORKMAN

Mrs. Bjorkman is an artist. She is a huge, big woman. She wears a pair of panties on her head to hold her hair back. She's always mad. I tried to interview her, but she pushed me into a chair and told me about her latest carving technique, using slivers. Mrs. Bjorkman calls her works "midgenatoors".

"Ven I vass in my chountry always wass pharm. My mother, father, brother, they work on the pharm. Pharm, Pharm, Pharm. Mak money for phood. Fegetable? But I vass staying at home. Valking, thinking, valking, thinking. Always thinking. Valking, thinking. While I vass



valking, Ah! Look down, feel pain. Sleever in my phoot! Bend down, tak dis sleever out my phoot. Get little knife, I carve, carve, carve. Last Supper.

"In my chountry, whood is important. Mak a car out of whood. But I carve. You vant to see my midgenatoor? Here my midgenatoors. Look! People, they look, look, look, they cannot see my midgenatoors. They cannot see. I say, 'Here, for \$100 dollar - Niagara Falls!' Then I say, 'Byudifool. Never seen before!' (never see now!) I wrap the midgenatoor in paper, put in box, they take home. While later, phone rings. Someone says, 'I CAN'T FIND MY MIDGENATOOR!' I say, 'Come back. \$100 dollar, I make another one.'"

"No, I guess I'm pretty well the only one who's into the libber area. Because, Noreen, she's a libber. Course, I'm all for libber broads, y'know? I'm all for them. It's a real kookie idea, and why not try somethin' for a change; y'know what I mean?"

"Do you mind that she works?"

"Oh, she don't really work."

"Oh."

"She just plays around at it. I know a lot of the guys', Jerry's wife goes out to a job all day." Bill straightens, stretching from his brief lean on the dining room chair. "Which is not, Caroline, I mean, I'm a reasonable man, and it is not *no* place for a wimin to be, in another man's office, when her *husband* is at home."

"Oh."

"God, I mean, you're probably a sensible wimin, an' I call wimins "wimins".

"Uh, maybe the reason that I seem sensible to you is that you intimidate me."

"Sure! Sure!" Bill turns back towards the window, beaming. I have obviously said the right thing. "Can I get you a coffee or anything?"

"Yeah."

"Oh Jees," Bill tentatively sticks his head in the kitchen. "I don't know what's in here. Aah, shit. Doesn't matter. Noreen will be back and make some. I never touch the stuff in the kitchen, y'know, it's a wimin's domain."

"What about male chefs?"

"Fags?"

"No, no, guys who are chefs?"

"FAGS!"

"All chefs are fags?"

"I'll tell you something, Carolyn. I dunno if you will find this funny, you may have a boyfriend who can relate to this, you probably do, you're a, you're a nice, Big woman. You know what I mean? Big in the areas... ah, I mean, I

hope I didn't infringe on you but... anyway..." Boyish chuckle here. "We're sittin' in this restaurant, y'know, me an' a bunch of guys. We had a couple steaks each, a few potatoes, and some beer, and... I haven't gotten to the funny part yet... and a guy walks in, a guy, like me, a guy, a *guy*, a *guy*! He ordered a SALAD! Jesus!" Bill is beside himself chuckling at this one. "We're laughing. He's obviously pulling a joke on the waitress. This li'l chick, she goes and gets him a salad, and, he ate it, just to pull off the trick. Fag food. He ate *Fag Food*! I know these guys who eat fish cause they ain't got money to afford steak. I'm tellin' you, Carolyn, I have a steak every night. You know what I mean? Steak. I used to cook steak in the army but I forgot how, so my wife, Noreen, whatever she refers to herself as, my *Ms.*, heheh, cooks for me."

"How do you like Elaine? Noreen's friend?"

"She's a very pretty little wimin. She's a ver', ver' pretty little wimin. Very pretty. She'll never get a guy. She'll never get a guy. They just don't like her. She won't never get a date. I know that about her. She's a ver' cold, frigid wimin. You walk up to her, your trine to be nice, you put your hand on her leg, pshhhhh. You know? She's not a pleasant person, at all. She's gotta change her ways if she wants to get married. She's 23 and she's not married."

"Well, I'm 25 and I'm not married."

There is a long silence.

"Pshhhh. You're not married?"

"No."

"What's the matter? Isn't your boyfriend ready for it? What, what's the problem?"

"Well."

"Wanna talk about it?" Bill pulls out a chair, and eases into it.

"Not particularly."

"If there's any problem... I can help with..."

"Well, there's no problem, I wouldn't call it a problem..."

"I would. Uh, I would call it a problem. Twenty-five, eh, Carolyn? Phew. Well dear, I'll tell you something if I'm not being presumptual. But you have a ver' lovely, lovely physique. And you have a lovely body. And if you were to, I mean, I don't know wimin's things, but Noreen's got some, what I would consider to be feminine frocks. Pretty outfits."

"I don't wear dresses very often."

"There y'go. Well. Now Noreen. She's a very attractive wimin. She's, uh, *blonde*. Now you could make yourself attractive too, if you wanted."

"Naw, I don't have the time."

"Well, back to square one, eh, Caroline?"

"Guess so." *There is a gravid pause.*

"Noreen, you know, Caroline, she goes out every night with her friends and they knit and talk and figure out what cute li'l dresses they're gonna make to wear for their boyfriends and their husbands."

"Every night?"

"Sure."

"Don't you mind?"

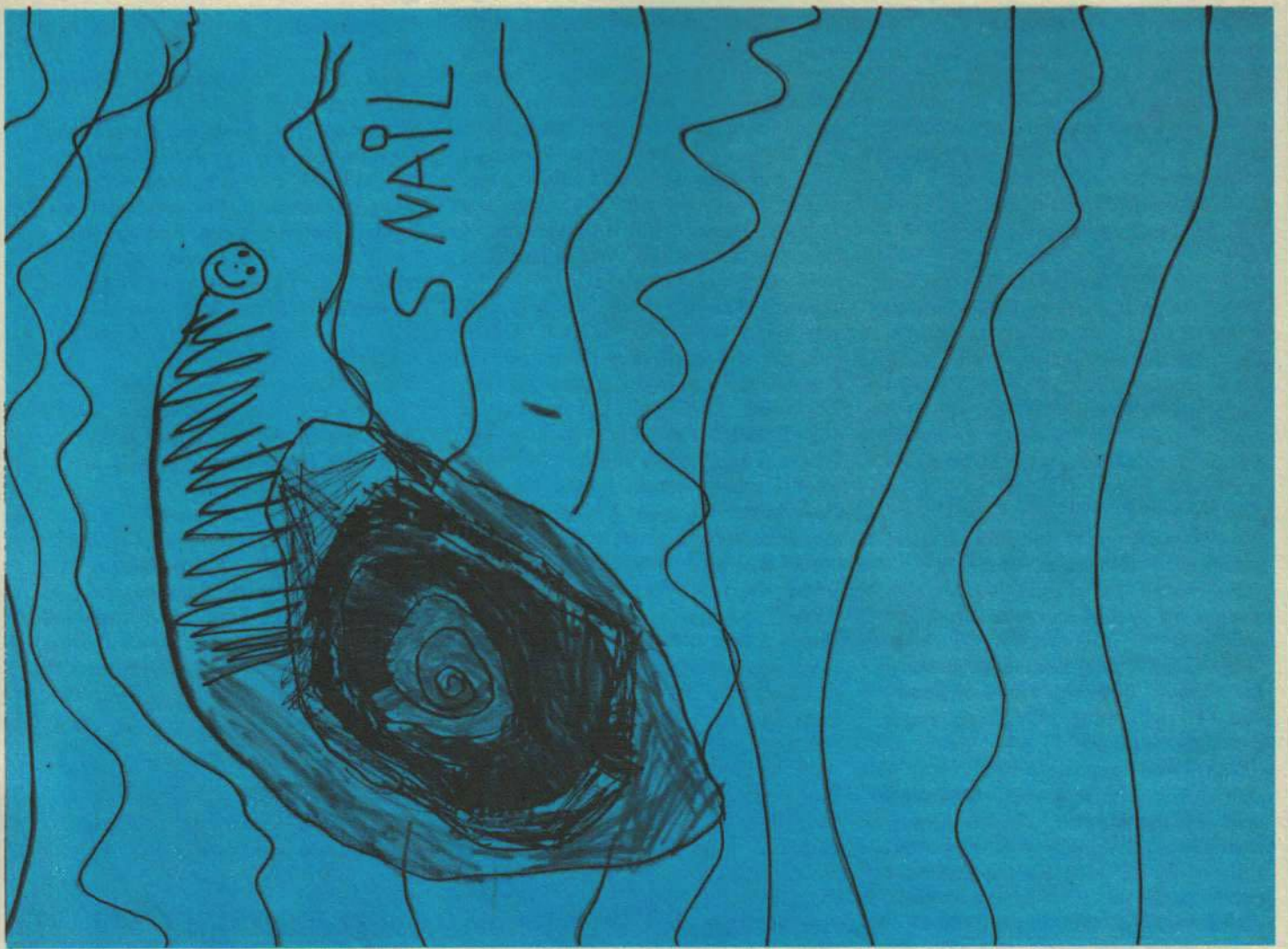
"No, she has her friends, little gals, she goes to some place called Queenie's, and it's a little place where gals sit and knit."

"They knit? No, no, I've been there and they don't knit. They drink and talk."

"No, no, Queenie's."

"I've been there with Noreen and we don't knit. I don't know how to knit. We drink and talk..." I begin to think I have gone too far. Bill rises from his chair, with a look of wrath on his face that would do Charlton Heston proud. "... and knit," I finish. Bill sits down smiling.

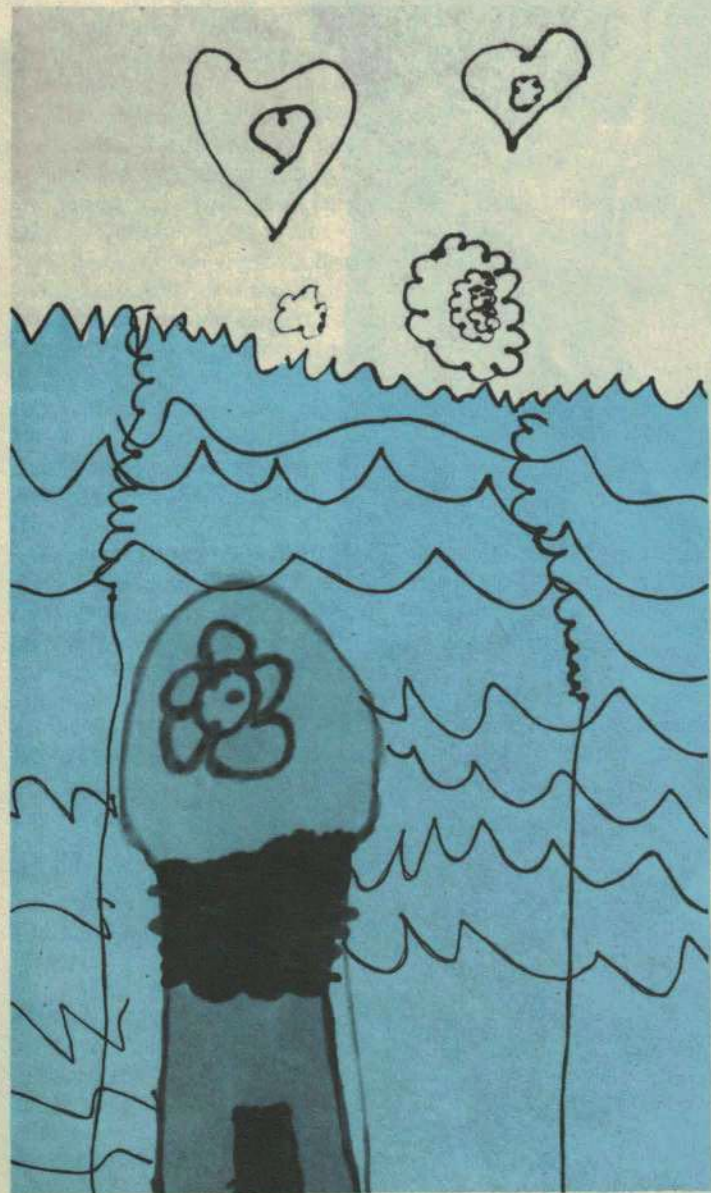




ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A SNAIL AND SHE WAS LONELY. SHE KEPT ON SWIMMING IN THE DEEP SEA. SHE WAS LONELY. NO ONE IN THE DEEP SEA LIKED HER BUT SHE KEPT ON SWIMMING. SHE KEPT ON SWIMMING UNTIL SHE FOUND A PLACE TO BUILD A HOUSE. SHE PUT PIECES OF SEAWEED ON THE DOOR. THEN SHE FOUND A BUCKET OF PAINT SO SHE TOOK IT DOWN TO HER PLACE AND PAINTED HER HOUSE YELLOW. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND THE SKY WAS GREY AND BLUE.

THEN SHE WAS HUNGRY SO SHE WENT OUT SEARCHING FOR FOOD. SHE SAW THE QUEEN OF THE SNAILS. THE QUEEN SAID, "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE YOU BUILT. IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A CASTLE. WILL YOU BUILD ANOTHER ONE JUST LIKE IT FOR ME?" SO THE SNAIL DID. SHE USED SEAWEED FOR THE MIDDLE. A BIT OF DRIED SEAWEED. AND SHE PUT BLUE SPOTS ON THE DOOR AND BOY SHE LIKED THE QUEEN BUT SHE LOVED HER FRIEND MARY BETTER AND SHE THOUGHT OF HEART BEAMS IN THE SKY.

WHEN SHE WAS HUNGRY SHE WENT IN HER HOUSE AND STOOD UP ON HER CHAIR AND REACHED UP TO THE TOP SHELF AND SHE FOUND NOTHING! SHE WONDERED WHO COULD HAVE COME INTO HER HOUSE AND STOLEN HER FOOD. "OH, BOTHER," SHE SAID. "I THINK I ATE IT ALL MYSELF YESTERDAY. I SHOULD GET SOME MORE FOOD FOR MY PANTRY." SO SHE WAS GOING ALONG AND SHE SAW A HOUSE WITH A WOMAN STANDING IN THE DOOR.



"HELLO SNAIL," SHE SAID. SHE CALLED TO HER LITTLE BOY UPSTAIRS. "COME AND SAY HELLO TO THE SNAIL" SHE SAID. "HELLO SNAIL," HE SAID. BUT THEN THE WOMAN SAID, "LITTLE SNAIL YOU CAN'T LIVE HERE. THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU TO STAY. YOU HAVE TO GO AWAY." THE LITTLE SNAIL FELT TERRIBLE. "NO ONE LIKES ME," SHE SAID IN HER SLOW VOICE. "I WOULD LIKE IT IF SOMEONE LIKED ME." SO SHE WENT TO FIND HER FRIEND MARY. "MARY, DO YOU STILL LIKE ME?" "GO AWAY," MARY SAID. THE SNAIL FELT TERRIBLE. "NO BODY LIKES ME!" SO SHE WALKED BACK AND TRIED TO THINK OF THINGS TO DO WITHOUT FRIENDS. SHE COULD JUMP AROUND. YOU DON'T NEED FRIENDS TO JUMP AROUND. THEN MARY CAME BY. "GO AWAY FRIEND. I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP," THE SNAIL SAID. BUT THE SNAIL WAS STILL LONELY AND SO WAS HER FRIEND MARY AND BOY ITS HARD TO DO THINGS WHEN YOU THINK NO ONE LIKES YOU. ●

BY
SIOBHAN SW

IN PRAISE OF SOMETHING LOVED: THE DANCE OF MAUD ALLAN

by Margo Dunn



As Simone de Beauvoir has remarked, singers and dancers were almost the only women for three centuries to maintain a concrete independence in the midst of society. Maud Allan, born in Toronto in 1883, used her aristocratic origins and undeniable talent to become known as a dancer and choreographer. She was certainly as strong-willed and innovative as her contemporary, Isadora Duncan.

Like Isadora, Maud wrote an autobiography, *My Life and Dancing*, published in London in 1908. It was typically flamboyant of her to publish a life history at the age of twenty-five. However, it is fortunate that she did, because, had she waited, she might never have found another opportunity to explain the roots of her revolutionary approach to dance. In 1918, she became involved in a sensational court case, in which she unsuccessfully challenged a printed insinuation that she was a Lesbian.

After that, her career went downhill, despite the fact that the court case in question was more concerned with the work of Oscar Wilde than with the specific libel against her, and that it took place in an atmosphere of national hysteria, as is shown in the following article.

If women are different in their lifestyle or attitudes, if they're talented or strong enough to make their own images of themselves, there are always critics whose idea of an attack is to accuse them of being "frigid", asexual, or lesbian.

It happened to Maud Allan and it still happens today — and to a certain extent, it happens to men who desert the stereotype of masculinity.

The real point is that, despite the inconclusiveness of the court case, Maud Allan's career disintegrated. Despite her cultural and class advantages, and despite her considerable talent and popularity, Maud Allan lapsed into the relative obscurity of teaching until her death in Los Angeles in 1956.

My Life and Dancing brings to life a talented, self-centred woman's search for a mode of expression. Although she trained as a pianist from her earliest years, Maud Allan finally found her best vehicle to be a kind of interpretive dance that derived its inspiration from the Greeks, and derived its form from sculptured poses, Renaissance paintings and early ballet. Although Maud describes herself as a unique phenomenon without influence other than the muses, she follows in a tradition of women choreographers who defied conventions and pomposity in dance.

In the early eighteenth century, the French Marie Sallé derived her mode of dance from the Greeks. She attempted to replace the mannerisms and showiness of the ballet with simple gracefulness. Jean Georges Noverre said "her dance was full of feeling". Henriette Hendel's career in Germany flourished one hundred years before Maud Allan was inspired by the painting of Botticelli. Like Maud Allan, Hendel mimed classical poses and danced barefoot, dressed in the timeless Greek tunic. Despite her efforts to maintain technical control of the stages she danced on (in one role Hendel devised a machine that would illuminate one side of the stage with 80 candles, casting interesting shadows on the other side), male choreographers' stereotype of ethereal femininity won out. Ballet dancers wore point shoes and yards of white tulle. They looked, as Maud remarked, like "inverted teacups".

Maud Allan writes of her childhood in Canada with the same romanticism that characterizes most of her book. She seems to come from a wealthy background; she speaks of a nurse, a governess, a cook. The nature of her father's occupation is never mentioned. She describes many adventures with her "great pal", her mother, but none in which her father plays a part. Canada is remembered as the land of snow, Santa Claus,

Newfoundland dogs and isinglass windows which reflect the flame from the base heater. She remembers an alleged attempt by an Indian woman to kidnap her while her family is *en train* to California.

In all her early memories she seems a beautiful object to herself: diligent at her lessons, her piano, her art and at physical activities unbecoming to a girl. Her models are always women: her mother, the great pianist, Adele aus der Ohe, and Sarah Bernhardt, whom, like every young girl of her day, she wishes to rival. Her idyllic desire to follow her mother's advice, "if you aim high, you'll hit high", receives a rude jolt when a tutor proposes marriage to her at the age of fifteen. She describes her reaction:

I stamped my foot, dropped my books in the dust, and in a rage tore round the house and, jumping over the back fence, rushed to a friend's house, and refused to come back until he had gone.

So much for childish affections and girlish attachments. This last experience knocked all illusion out of my head. I had lost a friend and found a lover, and was not at all pleased with the change.

Soon after, Maud leaves California and her adored mother to study piano at the Royal High School in Berlin. She remains there five years, living what she calls the *vie de Bohème*. During her mother's summer visits, they travel to Italy, and the moment of her most profound inspiration to pursue dance occurs as she sees Botticelli's dancing Graces, and the *Primavera*, the Birth of Venus. Her most secret desire becomes "to try to express in movement the emotions and thoughts stirred by melody, beautiful pictures and sculpture". She is also inspired by the sight of barefooted Italian peasant women carrying water





up from the banks of the Arno, bearing themselves "like goddesses on springing elastic feet". While pursuing her piano studies in Berlin and Weimar, she "crystallizes" her vision, training her body as an instrument with daily exercises after her bath. Her object is to have body and mind *en rapport*.

In 1901, at the age of eighteen, her ambition to dance becomes her most precious secret. Her inspiration from Botticelli remains steadfast, but the dresses of Greek dancing girls suggest "her draperies". She sews her first costume.

The intensity with which Maud describes her secret suggests her vision of the dance arrived as some kind of personal revelation as well as a desire to associate herself with the avant-garde tradition of women choreographers. She speaks of the first time she broaches the subject to her musical guide, Marcel Remy:

I spoke of my ambition... dancing as an art of poetical and musical expression... but please do not think that I was under the impression that I had given birth to a new idea. There is an Attic vase, probably moulded 600 years or more before the Christian era. The ancient Greek writing upon it says that the vase is to be given as a prize to the dancer who expresses joyousness most vividly.

Maud opens her account of her life with a history of the tradition she claims to embody. She derives from the muses, from the hieratic dances of Egypt, and the earliest dances of Greece. She describes women's dances, sacred to Diana, Spartan dances where women performed the same exercises as men, so that they might "equal men in strength, health, virtue and generosity of soul, and that they might learn to despise the opinion of the vulgar". Maud despises the vulgar, like any true

romantic. The Romans were vulgar in their attempt to outlaw the rite of the cultures they pre-empted. The Christians were vulgar in their attempt to eliminate Greek and Hebrew civilization. It is only in the revival of theatrical dancing and its climax in the ballet of seventeenth century France where, in 1681, women were again permitted to appear on stage, that the people were at one again with the muses, that "the nation dances to the tune of its destiny".

In 1903, two years after making her pivotal decision while viewing Botticelli, Maud Allan made her debut in Vienna. She was a great success. She then toured the continent, dancing in Brussels, Budapest, Berlin, Paris. Her only setback was in Munich, where a public performance was cancelled as "destructive to public morals" and a private show was arranged instead.

Critics saw her dance much as she described it. Carl van Vechten said "she floats from one pose to the next, emphasizing the plastic transition with waving arms and raised legs and sundry poses of the head". The Canadian critic Morgan-Powell described her dance to Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, later a classic item in Isadora's repertoire, "It is as if the very Spirit of Tragedy herself stood before you, silent, immobile, doomed...".

Maud's chapter about the people she met after her 1903 debut is titled "Stepping Stones". Her favourites are the aristocrats, the literatti. She rejoices that she has accepted an invitation to dance at a charity matinee sponsored by Yvette Guilbert, the brilliant singer and monologist, immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. Guilbert becomes her "stepping stone" to an invitation to dance for King Edward V. She sees agents as a necessary evil of her profession, and successfully sues one who attempts to defraud her.

It is all a great success. In early 1908, seven months before writing her book, she travels to England. The book is directed at the British audience. She drops the names of those who have patronized her and explains her interpretation of *Salomé* for the "groundlings" who might not understand it. It is this dance and its connection with Oscar Wilde which causes her downfall in 1918.

Until October, 1908, when *My Life and Dancing* was published, Maud Allan described her own life. From there on the record is scanty. She danced extensively in London, in Moscow and St. Petersburg (1909), in the United States (1910). She toured the world, performing in South Africa, India, China, Australia, New Zealand and South America. In 1913 she traveled in Egypt, one of the countries of her chief inspiration. At many times, she must have crossed paths with Isadora Duncan although neither mentions the other in her autobiography. However, they were doing the same thing at the same time, and on some occasions appear to have been in the same city at the same time.

On these tours, Maud Allan danced to Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite* through which she portrayed, in Morgan-Powell's words, "beauties you never dreamed of; emotions you never suspected before". She interpreted Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*, Rubenstein's *Melody in F* and *Valse Caprice*, works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Her early piano masters, Busoni and Marcel Remy, composed songs for her unique choreography. But her most famous and infamous dance was *Salomé*, which is supposed to have inspired Richard Strauss to compose his opera.

It was in England, in 1918, that Maud Allan, like Oscar Wilde, became the victim of a "monstrous martyrdom". She had

the reputation of being a Lesbian, and she was to dance *Salomé* at a private theatre society. Pemberton Billing printed this item in his paper, *The Vigilante*, on February 16, 1918.

The Cult of the Clitoris

To be a member of Maud Allan's private performance in Oscar Wilde's Salomé, one has to apply to a Miss Valetta, of 9, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. If Scotland Yard were to seize the list of these members, I have no doubt they would secure the names of several thousand of the first 47,000.

Maud Allan sued Pemberton Billing for libel. She lost.

This eccentric Pemberton Billing used a maniacal hatred of homosexuals to win a seat in Parliament. It was wartime, and he campaigned as an Independent on the platform that British homosexuals and Lesbians would cause Britain to lose the war. The "47,000" were alleged British homosexuals named in an alleged little "Black Book", allegedly held by the Germans. Billing claimed that, through blackmail, homosexuals were divulging British military secrets. He also said wives of prominent men were entangled: "While in Lesbian ecstasy, the most sacred secrets of State are betrayed".

The hysterical mood of wartime prompted many Britons to believe in the existence of the book, which, incidentally, Billing could not produce in court, and in the potential treason of any or all of Britain's homosexuals.

Some remarkable events characterized Maud Allan's case. One witness claimed that the trial judge's own name appeared in the "Black Book"! A witness for Billing's defense was Lord Alfred Douglas who had translated *Salomé* into English from Wilde's schoolboy French, and to whom the play had originally been dedicated. Now Douglas called *Salomé* "an abominable piece of work".





FEMINIST LITERATURE/NON-SEXIST CHILDREN'S BOOKS/Women's magazines and newspapers from Canada, the U.S. and U.K./records/feminist posters/jewelry. 1976 APPOINTMENT BOOKS & CALENDARS
NEW TITLES

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Fees paid for material used.

Sympathetic writers point out that the trial was more concerned with the scandal of the "Black Book" and the demerits of Wilde's work than with the actual libel upon Maud Allan. However, Judge Darling made it clear he disapproved of Maud Allan, her style of dancing, Oscar Wilde, and Maud's opinion that Wilde was a great artist. The jury deliberated less than one hour upon the evidence presented in six days of trial before they acquitted Pemberton Billing, the national hero. The verdict meant that the court deemed what was printed by Billing about Maud Allan was true and it was in the public interest that he should have printed it.

Even ten years earlier, in 1908, Maud spent much time defending her interpretation of *Salomé*. She had been criticized for her use of a stage prop of the head of John the Baptist. Being extremely sensitive to criticism, she sought to clarify her artistic objectives. In *My Life and Dancing*, she reprints a letter from a clergyman who has seen the dance and says,

You seem to interpret it as the triumph of the wildest passion, the intoxication of the power of beauty, revulsion at the crime and fascination for the ghastly evidence of it...

Maud declares that the nexus of her *Salomé* is the love of a daughter for her mother. She demands the head of John the Baptist in order to protect her mother's position in Herod's court. The erotic dance she performs derives from Salomé's Egyptian heritage. The second part, "The Vision of Salomé", where Salomé becomes erotically fascinated with the severed head, depicts her search for truth which will carry her from girlhood to womanhood and allow her to atone for the sin of her mother.

After the trial, Maud Allan's life remains obscure. Dictionaries of the dance graciously omit reference to her scandal and mention only that she spent many years teaching in London, and died in Los Angeles in 1956. She did not marry or have any children. Like so many women who led very public lives, much of the detail of her private life is lost. Maud Allan speaks of no relationships of any emotional intensity, except of that with her mother. The dedication to her book epitomises this intense relationship, shared by many women who broke through the conventions of early twentieth century society. It reads,

Darling Mother,

At the last moment I am told that my book requires a dedication. Of course it does.

This is it.

*Your devoted,
Maud*

Maud Allan, like Isadora Duncan, seems to have succeeded a little in her attempt to overcome the perpetual problem of being regarded as the woman-dancer-object who shed more clothing than was deemed proper rather than as a dynamic choreographer who created a more natural and evocative kind of dance. Perhaps this led her to write *My Life and Dancing*, since the book emphasizes the intellectual and spiritual roots of her art, and avoids any mention of the personal, other than this one poignant paragraph:

I have had many sorrows in my short life, sorrows too great and deep to mention in this little volume, and they, I feel, have been the keynote to stirring my soul from its childish sleep and making my every fibre quiver in the softest wind of sentiment, and my soul and spirit sigh for the truth of existence...

LETTERS

Dear People,

It's great to see a new Canadian magazine on the stands. I especially enjoyed the fiction by Beth Rogers. Your magazine presents good content in an attractive format.

The one criticism I have is general and does not just apply to you.

I question the ease with which four-letter words are used in articles and interviews.

Part of being liberated should be liberation from the use of words which comes from our society's embarrassment with human body functions and sexuality.

I'm sure you would object to the use

of "chick" instead of "woman" and I think you should consider the impact of all the language you use.

This is a small criticism of a generally excellent magazine. Best wishes and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Harriet MacKay
Surrey, B.C.

Dear Sisters:

This is just a thank-you for publishing such a great magazine — words like fantastic! terrific! spring to mind after reading your first issue, which I hope will be one of many.

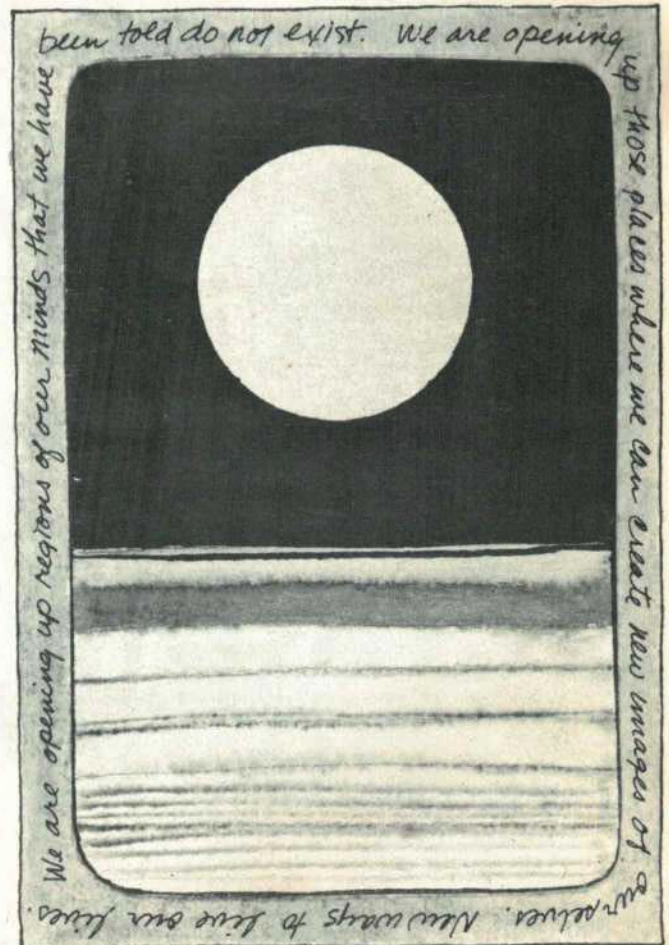
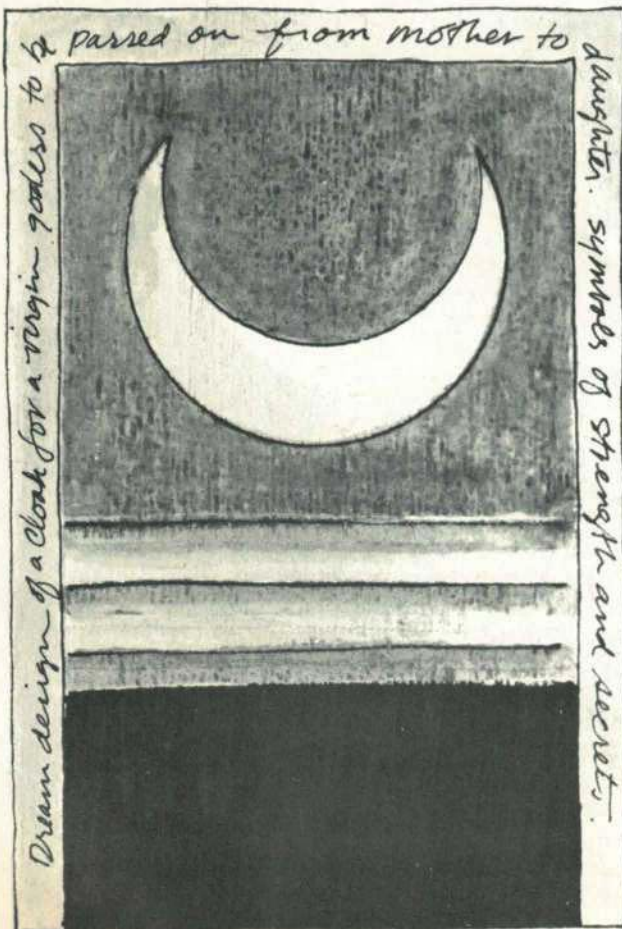
Everything about it is so good — the layout, the art work, the fiction, the interviews. I even like your paper — not that slick stuff that's so alienating.

What I like best about it is that it has a positive attitude. Liberation is something for both men and women, and is not the grim experience that it is in *Ms.* magazine.

Keep up the good work — Makara, I love you.

In Sisterhood,
Kathryn Hazel
Coordinator,
Women's Centre
Port Alberni, B.C.

New Moon Cards. Set of four different designs with envelopes. \$.75 per four card set. Available from: Makara Designs, 1011 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C.





everybody thinks that skid road means alcohol – boozers – the rubbies – well, I ain't a rubbie, and I know lots of others who ain't either – why, you might be very surprised to learn that some of us are teetotalers – would you believe that? – teetotalers – I know I am – I seen it wreck a mess of lives – whiskey, beer, wine – well I wasn't always a teetotaler – no sir – but I quit, and that was that – lots of us kids are people, do you see? – just ordinary people – and this is our home grounds now, even if we wasn't raised here – our home grounds – for better or for worse –

JUST LIKE YOU AND ME;

Images of the downtown eastside, Vancouver
by Lynn Phipps and Terry Hoffman





most people come down here for their shoppin — they go to some of them stores on hastings, spend a bit of time on the streets — it bothers them, what they see — but you know somethin? it's only a small portion of what there is — only a portion — they don't ever see the ones who are livin here —

sure, you walk down the skid road, and you see the drunks — well how in hell could anyone miss them? — standin around hollerin their damnfool heads off at the sky — what's gonna make them notice an old man or woman? — you don't see me screamin at the clouds — maybe I ought to — that would be quite the kick, wouldn't it? —



lots of us are retired folks — lots of us never married, and got no families — which is probably the worst mistake a man could ever make — others have got families which they rarely see — there's more people in these hotels that meet on the street and say hello than you would ever think — and that's a fact —

cause I did live over in that west end there for awhile, and you never saw a sorrier bunch in your whole life — gettin a hello out of some of them people was like yankin teeth out — like yankin teeth, I swear — so I come back down here — around here, I might see some fellow that I know from someplace, and we can stop and chew the rag a little, before movin on down the street — and that can happen all the time — all's I have to do, is step out my door — no, I don't have to live around here — I just took a notion to —





you see now, there's the portion that most folks miss — they never do see that — and I'll say this right out in the open — if those sonsofbitches workin up there in the city hall would get off their asses and give us some of them things they been promisin for so long — you know, housing, some recreation and other such stuff — you know we might have quite a neighbourhood around here — we really might — but they never do —



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ALL
 THOSE MARCHING WOMEN

Evelyn Daisy LeSueur, or



by Eve Johnson

We are the tallest women in history. From where we stand we see farther and more clearly than women have ever seen before. Where we stand is on the shoulders of our grandmothers. Our tragedy is that we don't know it. And we don't know them.

That's why it's a surprise to find out just how far we haven't come, since Evelyn Daisy LeSueur became the first feminist appointee to the Vancouver Police Department in February, 1919.

"We thought we could get everything we wanted with the vote," says Mary Norton, one of the few remaining suffragettes. And why not? Two years after the B.C. Women's Suffrage Referendum passed in 1917, Mary Ellen Smith, the first woman MLA in B.C. had become the Honourable Mrs. Smith, the first woman cabinet minister.

"(I am) a free woman doing my best to secure the best possible legislation for women and children."

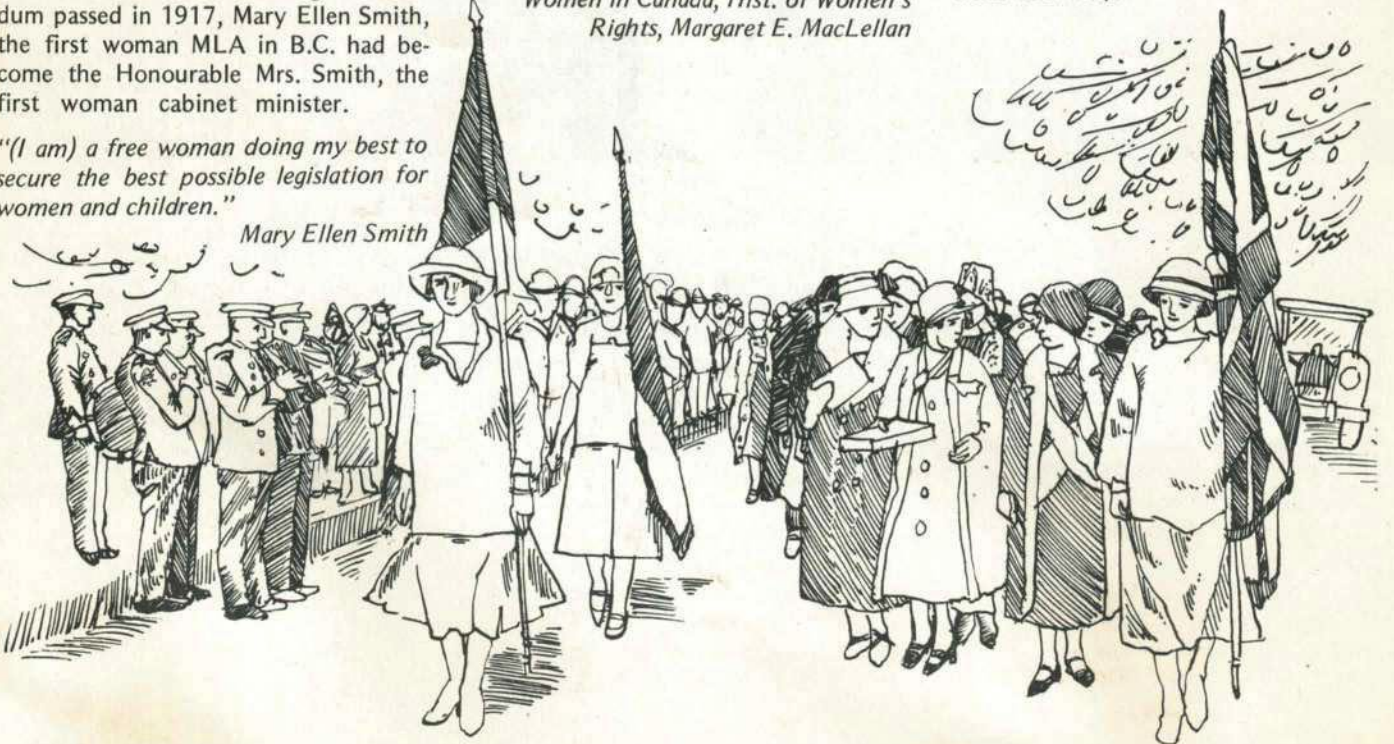
Mary Ellen Smith

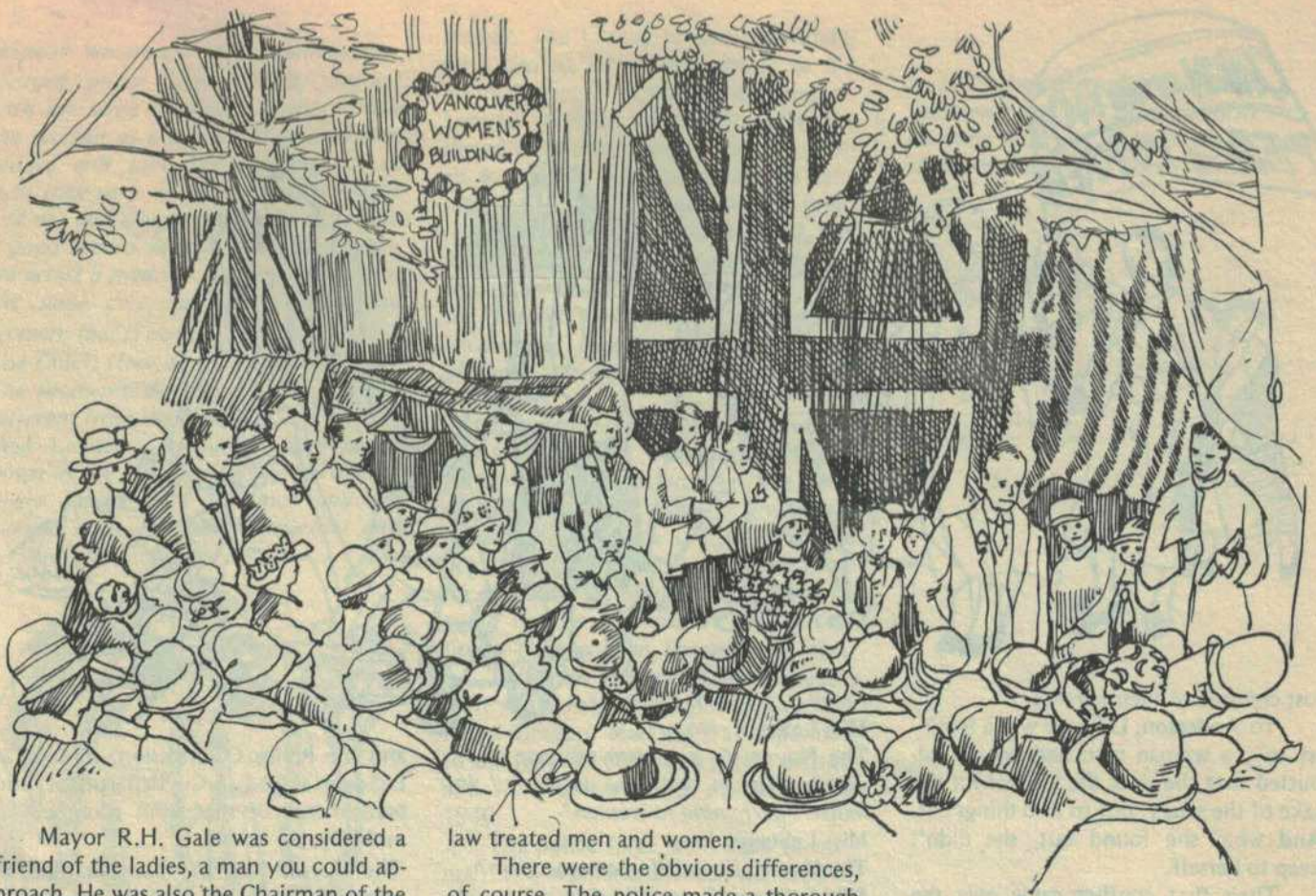
Women's groups, freed from the fight for suffrage and strengthened by the new political status the franchise conferred, turned their energies to one of their special interests, the protection of women and girls. They already had an ally in the Juvenile Court, which at least kept girls under 16 out of Oakalla. The next step was the police department.

The passage of the British Columbia Equal Guardianship of Infants Act, passed in 1917, due in large measure to the efforts of Judge Helen Gregory MacGill, finally gave women the right to custody of their own children.

Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada, Hist. of Women's Rights, Margaret E. MacLellan

In September, 1919, the New Era League together with the Local Council of Women, began a campaign for a women's division in the police force. There had actually been a women's division since 1912, when Mrs. Lurancy D. Harris and Miss Minnie Millar were appointed as the first policewomen in Vancouver. But Millar had quit after one year and Mrs. Harris carried on alone as a police matron. Now the demand was for real policewomen who would go out into dancehalls, rooming houses, cabarets and poolrooms, who would make arrests, walk on patrols, and be accessible to the women who might need their help.





Mayor R.H. Gale was considered a friend of the ladies, a man you could approach. He was also the Chairman of the Police Commission. By October, the women's group had an answer. A women's division of four members was being established, including Mrs. Harris, who would head the division, Minnie Millar, who had been rehired, and two new policewomen.

Local women's groups recommended two women for the job. The one the police force hired was Daisy LeSueur, a forty-year-old former school-teacher from Ontario. If Police Chief McRae had heard the rumour that she had been fired by the School Board for insubordination, he chose to ignore it. LeSueur was a member of the New Era League; short, stout, a suffragette of the kind that editorial cartoonists delighted in drawing. She was hot-tempered, and so hard to get along with that a recently divorced and financially hard-up friend moved out rather than stay rent-free in her home. She was also compassionate, strong, principled and dedicated to the women's movement.

The job as a policewoman must have seemed to her like a godsend. The hours were long, seven days and up to 73 hours a week, but the pay was adequate. Best of all, the position gave LeSueur a chance to find things out, a window on the real world, through which she could see first-hand how the

law treated men and women.

There were the obvious differences, of course. The police made a thorough record, including age, weight, height, photographs and fingerprints of women arrested under Section 229 (being found in a disorderly house). No such detailed record was made of men brought in on the same charge.

The women who disturbed LeSueur far more were the victims; women who were assaulted or raped, women who hesitated to go to the police and the courts because, as one of them told her, "of course, Mr. Michaels (the man who had raped her) persuaded me that in a case of this kind the man always got off, and the girl was always the person to suffer."

LeSueur watched, and learned, and started to agree.

Then the ground rules changed. Chief McRae, head of the department when LeSueur was hired, was replaced by Police Chief James Anderson. Anderson was a conservative man. He believed that women had a place in the police force and he was quick to let the women's division know that that place was inside. There were exceptions. The women's division went on patrolling downtown stores to make sure they observed the bylaw on Wednesday afternoon closing. They escorted women to Oakalla, returned runaway girls to the reformatory, and in 1921, restored 128

*The Superintendent
Mental Hospital
New Westminster, B.C.
March 14, 1921*

Dear Sir,

The Vancouver Local Council of Women has had brought to its attention the fact that the crockery in use in your institution is labelled "For the Insane Females", and wishes to voice a protest regarding the same. Many of the patients there are exceedingly sensitive, and such a constant reminder of their affliction does without doubt hurt their feelings without serving any good purpose. There is also no doubt that such a thing might prevent a patient from becoming normal.

Trusting this will receive your attention, I remain,

Yours very truly,

*Mrs. R. Charles Stoddard
Corresponding Secretary
The Local Council of Women*



lost children to their parents.

To Anderson, LeSueur was a feminist spy, a woman who had openly admitted that she took the job not for the sake of the salary, but to find things out. And what she found out, she didn't keep to herself.

Their first conflict came over the preliminary hearing of Adolph Goddyn, who was charged with rape. LeSueur telephoned some of her friends in the New Era League and suggested that they come down and watch the proceedings, to see for themselves "the difficulties that are experienced in defending the women and girls." What they saw infuriated them. Bail was set for Goddyn, who had already escaped custody once, and the case was remanded. Goddyn raised the bail and disappeared.

Miss LeSueur: *I think it (the reason for her dismissal) arose first with the Goddyn case, and with the fact that there was a great deal of feeling expressed by certain women in the City with regard to that case. Now it is a fact — yes, I am not denying in the slightest degree — that I rang up two or three women that I know in the City and told them there was a case coming before our Court of a man charged, a case in which we had a young girl on one side whose people were not here, who had no money at all, had not even a position, and who had no kind of protection, and suggested to them they come to Court and watch the case — not in any spirit of criticism; we were only trying ...*

The Mayor: *Just on that point; you as a police officer can not disassociate yourself from the fact that you are a woman,*

I take it.

Miss LeSueur: *No.*

The Mayor: *As a woman you are interested. I mean you are interested in matters pertaining to women?*

Miss LeSueur: *Yes.*

The Mayor: *Especially young women?*

Miss LeSueur: *Especially girls.*

The Mayor: *When you telephoned to several women in the City to come and watch this case, did you do it with the idea of having them in any way embarrass the Chief or those associated with him, or merely for the purpose of having them realise, perhaps, the difficulties with which the Department as a whole might be faced from time to time in meting out justice, if I may put it that way, to the girl and inflicting the proper punishment on the man responsible.*

Miss LeSueur: *Yes.*

The Mayor: *I mean, I think you ought to give us clearly your reason for asking those women, because it has been suggested by the remarks of the Chief that you more or less did that with the idea of causing a certain embarrassment and so on.*

Miss LeSueur: *Why no, Your Worship. Why should it embarrass them to have forty or fifty reputable citizens of this City, women who have been working for years to help women and children? Those are the women that have worked for our equal guardianship law and have worked for the Wives' Maintenance Act, and for our Mothers' Pension.*

Chief Anderson was embarrassed by the forty or fifty women who came to watch the hearing and later wrote indignant letters to the Attorney General

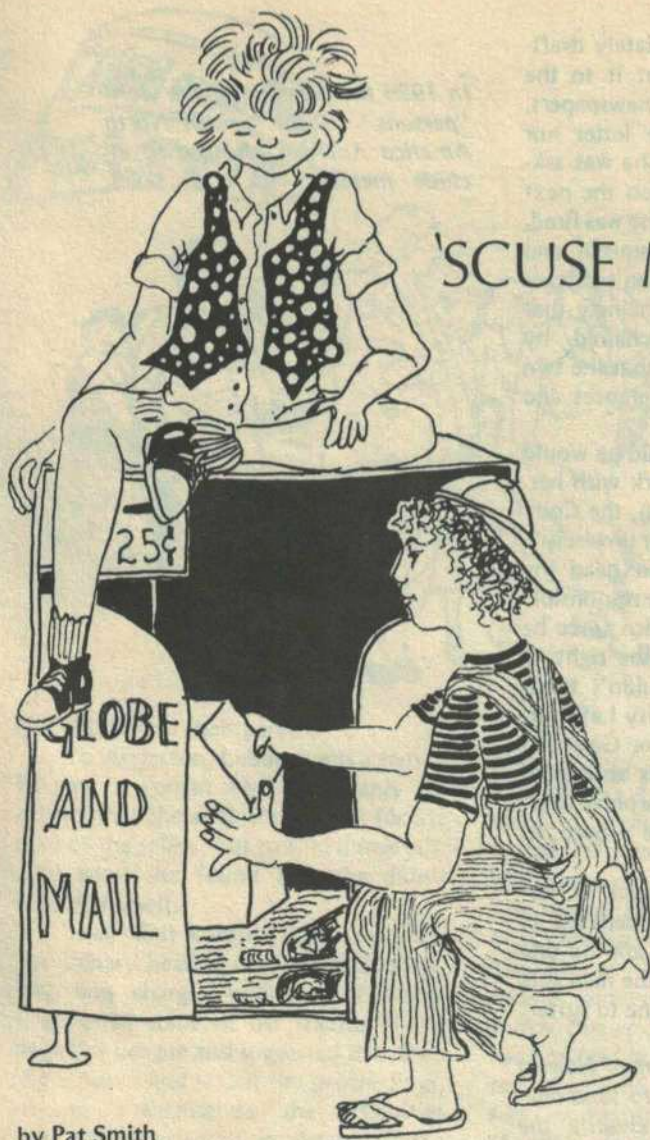
and the Police Commission. As long as LeSueur stayed in the department, embarrassments of that kind promised to multiply.

The Mayor: *Why did you ask them to come?*

Miss LeSueur: *As I say, merely that they might find out, that we might get some sort of insight into the conditions—how shall I put it — into the conditions that make women and girls criminals, and into the difficulties that are experienced in defending the women and girls.*

He knew that LeSueur was responsible for telling the women about the Goddyn case, but he couldn't justify firing her for that. Her only sign of disrespect to the court or the police department was to remark "they have put it over again" and this, she explained, as a simple recognition of the rules of the old shell game: the woman suffers and the man gets off.





'SCUSE ME



by Pat Smith

My first and only contact with the world of professional shoe-shining happened quite by surprise. I was in Toronto for the *Women and Film* Festival and had just come from a panel discussion. Five directors saying notable things about their media. I had my cassette tape-recorder all loaded and ready and then finally had forgotten to turn it on. (Six days and nights of free films can do strange things to your mind.) I was leaning on a *Globe and Mail* newspaper box at the corner of Dundas and Yonge, waiting for the trolley. Everyone in the street car line looked tired. I wasn't particularly tired myself, but I slouched against the paper box in sympathy. I wasn't there long, just more or less settling in, when I heard a commotion and a leg knocked my arm off the box. I shuffled for a moment regaining my balance and then drew myself up indignantly. I clearly had had the box first. A voice from the other side of the box said, "Ann, they're gone now."

The collection of limbs on top of the box was Ann. As I gave her my best bug-off-kids-I-had-this-first look, she replied to whomever, "Shit, that was a close call." I stared at her. Her face and hands were covered with black and brown and whatever it was had spread to her shirt. A real street urchin from someone's movie.

"'Scuse me lady," she said. Justice, I thought, finally.

"'Bout my language, I mean." I was hurt. Did I really look like the type who would get uptight about a little "shit"? In an effort to casually recover a little lost ground I asked what they were hiding. Maria popped up from behind the box, curious to see who was asking.

"Our shoe-shine box. From the police."

The street car arrived and the entire line came to life. I didn't want to get on. I wanted to ask them about shining shoes. It wasn't something I had ever done and it's not something you're born knowing.

Ann asked if I was waiting for the Dundas car. If I was I had better hurry. I said I was but it didn't matter, I could get the next one. She said that the Dundas was the one they took too, but they didn't have to be home until seven. It was working out fine. We all had the time, I had the tape-recorder and they had the inside poop on shining shoes for a living.

I asked if they would like to tell me about their work. When they figured out that I meant shining shoes and we would use a tape-recorder, they said sure, but did I have any money. I hadn't expected to have to pay to talk to them so I lied. I said no I didn't have any. They both agreed that that was too bad because just around the corner was Charlie's, where you could get ice cream cones. They got special deals — 25-cent cones for only 15. Charlie was a friend of theirs. They shined his shoes. Ann asked if I didn't even have a dime. If I did she would give me the other nickel and go get me one. She would have to get it herself as Charlie only did it for friends.

"D' you know Charlie?" she asked. I said I didn't and gave her the dime, "my last one", rather sheepishly. Ann returned with my ice cream. She was really proud of it. Only 15 cents. Charlie's a nice guy.

It was a hot sticky day and the ice cream was making it worse by dripping down my hand. It's hard to unravel a microphone with one hand so I balanced the cone in my lap. Wiping one hand clean on my blue jeans, I dragged my sleeve across the cone. Neopolitan tracks across my shirt. Ann told me that she hadn't known what flavour to get. She had forgotten to ask, so she got the one with three together.

"I like three flavours a lot," I said. The vanilla and strawberry were busy collecting Yonge St. grime and I could feel the chocolate clinging to the corners of my mouth. Wiping it away with my sleeve didn't seem to help. I suspected that I was beginning to look like them.

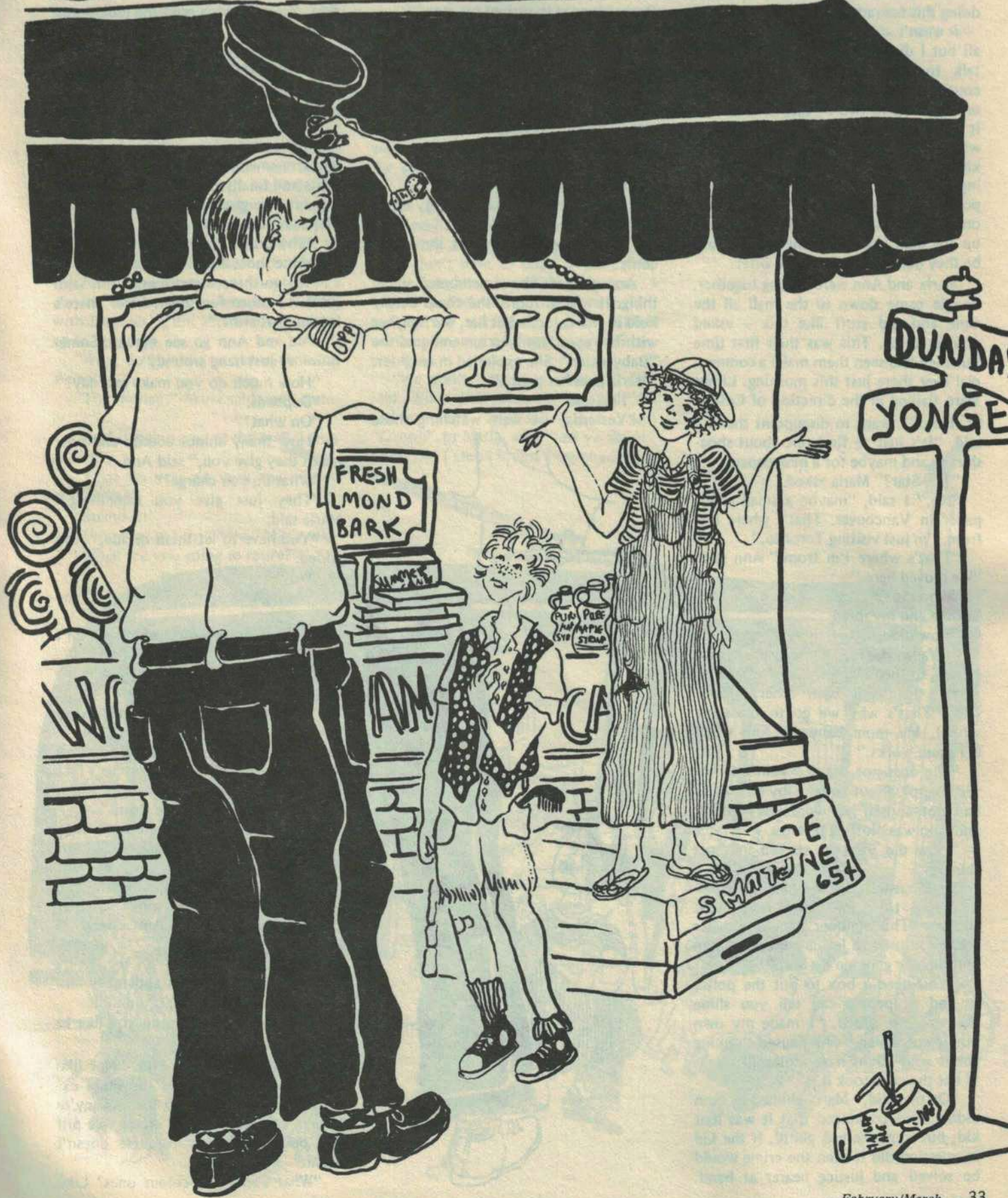
The tape-recorder was arranged. So were we — two of us on the ground, Maria on the shoe-shine box and the tape-recorder on the bench. I didn't know how to start. I'd never interviewed anyone about their work before.

"How about if I ask you questions and you tell me about shoe-shining," I said.

Ann said, "Okay neat."

Maria said, "Yeah. My brother has one of those in his car. You could put music on it and play it. You got any

BAKERY



song music?" Maria looked at Ann.

Ann said, "What do you want to ask us?" To Maria she said, "Maybe she works for a newspaper." Maria's mind was still on music. She asked, "Are you doing this for radio?"

I wasn't doing this for anything at all but I didn't want to say that. Don't talk to strangers, mothers across the country admonish, and here I was not only talking to two of them but getting it down on tape. I just wanted to know what I had missed by making bug-killer out of Avon samples and delivering papers. And my saddle shoes needed polishing. I always got the white polish on the blue part. Then when I covered up the blue I got it on the white. Maybe they had some pointers to offer.

Maria and Ann were talking together. People came down to the mall all the time and did stuff like this — asked people things. This was their first time but they had seen them make a commercial over there just this morning. Limbs were flailing in the direction of College St. I didn't want to disappoint them. I said, "It's just to find out about shoe-shining and maybe for a newspaper."

"The Star?" Maria asked.

"No," I said, "maybe a small newspaper in Vancouver. That's where I'm from. I'm just visiting Toronto."

"That's where I'm from," Ann said.

"We moved here."

"Who did?"

"Me and my mom."

"How did you two meet?"

"I failed Grade Three because we moved, so then Maria was in my grade."

"We live near each other," Maria said. "That's why we go to the same school. My mom baby-sits Ann when her mom works."

"She does not, Maria." Ann was not very happy about being baby-sat. Maria had not chosen her words very wisely and Ann was plotting revenge.

"How did you get started in shoe-shining?"

Maria answered, "My brother, Johnny, used to come down here. Last summer. This summer he got a paper route. He used to let us come with him and then he gave me his box."

"You need a box to put the polish in and so people can tell you shine shoes," Ann added. "I made my own but it got stolen." She paused thinking about who might have stolen her box. "I bet the cops took it."

"Or that kid," Maria chimed in. Ann didn't seem convinced that it was that kid, but someone was guilty. If the kid in question did it then the crime would be solved and justice nearer at hand.

"Yeah," she said to Maria.

"Do the cops bother you much?"

"Sometimes," Ann said, "not too much."

"Why did you hide your box earlier? Remember, at the street car stop?"

"You have to be twelve to shine shoes. Or else they take your box away and they say they'll take you home to your mother. In a POLICE car. Especially girls." Maria's eyes widened at the word "police". It is a severe punishment for merely being a little young.

"How old are you?"

"I'm eleven. Maria's nine."

"Ten almost," Maria said. "My birthday's right when school starts."

"What do you do when the police come?"

Ann glowed. She remembered something. It was so funny she could hardly hold it. Maria looked at her, warning her with her eyes. But Ann remembered the "Baby-sitter". She exploded in laughter. "Maria pees her pants."

"I do not!"

"Yesterday we were watching those



people — you know — the ones with the pink dresses — a cop —"

"No," Maria interrupted, "two of them —"

"Came up right beside us. I saw them first. You shouldda seen the look on — your face —"

"I didn't know they were right beside me and then I looked and saw this big leg —"

"Maria nearly shit!"

"I did not!"

Ann collapsed in a heap at Maria's embarrassment. Her laughter was infectious and finally both of them were rolling on the ground at the thought of Maria and the big leg.

"Why do you come to the mall? Why not shine shoes at a shopping centre?"

"We go there sometimes," Ann said. "But it's more fun down here. There's lots of neat stuff."

"Me and Ann go see movies. Sometimes we just hang around."

"How much do you make in a day?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"How many shines you do and how much they give you," said Ann.

"What do you charge?"

"They just give you something," Maria said.

"You have to let them decide," Ann added.

"Why?"

"They give you more that way," she said.

"Ever had someone who wouldn't pay?"

"No way," said Ann. "We'd make them."

"Like that time the money went down the sewer. 'Member Ann?" Maria turned to me. "This guy we did his shoes for dropped the money on us. Just dropped it. Fifty cents. Both of them rolled and we had to chase them."

Ann added, "They went right onto the street."

"I caught mine but Ann's went down the sewer," Maria continued. "You nearly got killed too when that car came, didn't you?" Ann agreed. It was a close call.

"What did you do?"

"I caught up to him and made him give me another quarter," Ann said.

"What kind of shoes do you like to shine best?"

"Clean ones," Maria said. "Not like Charlie's. He never does his shoes except when he lets us do them. They're always covered with ice cream. We put the polish right on top. He doesn't mind."

"What about two-colour ones? Like

brown on the sides and white toes?"

"I hate them," Ann said. "The brown smudges and gets on the white part." She looked at my saddle shoes and added, "We don't have any blue. Just black, brown and white."

"Do you ever get polish on their socks?"

"Yeah," they chorused.

The interview was degenerating. Both of them were talking at the same time describing what you could do with a woman wearing sandals. Women never get their shoes shined, but if one asked and she had sandals on you could do her toe nails too. Or you could put the polish on with a little paint brush. Or you could use the *It* brush and tell her to wash her feet. It washes off so you wouldn't have to worry if you couldn't do the straps. They were both rolling with laughter again. Finally I was allowed to interrupt.

"What do you like best about shining shoes?"

"The money," Maria said immediately.

"And hanging around the mall," Ann added.

"What do you do with the money you make?"

"Spend it!"

"I'm going to buy a bike," Maria said.

"When are you going to retire?"

"WHAT?"

"Have you thought about quitting, getting another job?"

Maria said, "I'm going to get a paper route."

"If you get a paper route, Maria, I get the box. Okay?" Ann asked.

Maria said that they wouldn't let her have a route until she was twelve or thirteen and that wouldn't be for two more years. I said it was time for supper. I had run out of tape and we should go wait for the street car. We were all going the same way. As we waited Ann asked me how I was going to get on the bus if I had spent my "last dime". It was a good point. I had a transfer from earlier in the day. I showed it to her.

"I don't have to pay," I said. "I've got a transfer." I was a bit nervous. I hadn't pulled the "too-old transfer" routine for a long time, but I didn't want to be caught lying about my financial state.

"We don't have to pay either," Ann said. When the street car stopped, she grabbed the shoe-shine box, said "C'mon" to Maria, and "See ya inside" to me. As I stood in line I watched them

wade through the legs like pirates through bull-rushes and disappear into the car through the rear door. I flashed my transfer at the driver and pushed my way to the back. I didn't want to be there if he decided to have another look. And, anyway, Ann and Maria were saving me a seat.



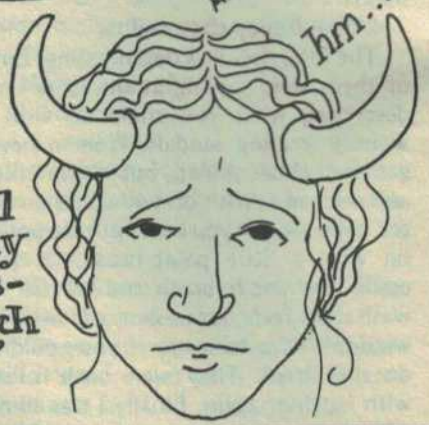
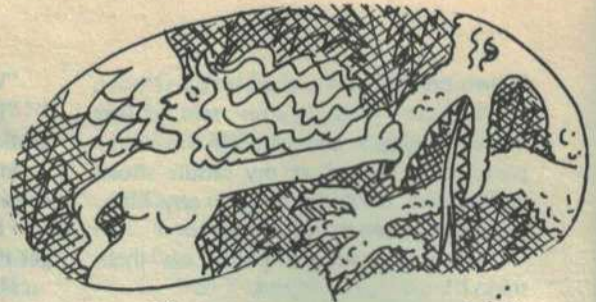
"MAKARA ADVENTURES"

MAKARA TAKES A...

FITNESS TEST



"Seeing that sign made me curious... of the physical strength of my Makara ancestors, how much remained?"



The next test began. Just me and a paunchy old woman - the fitness freaks had gone home - on bicycles no doubt.



Do Re Mi, Mi Re Do, Do Re Mi, Mi Re Do. Catchy stuff...

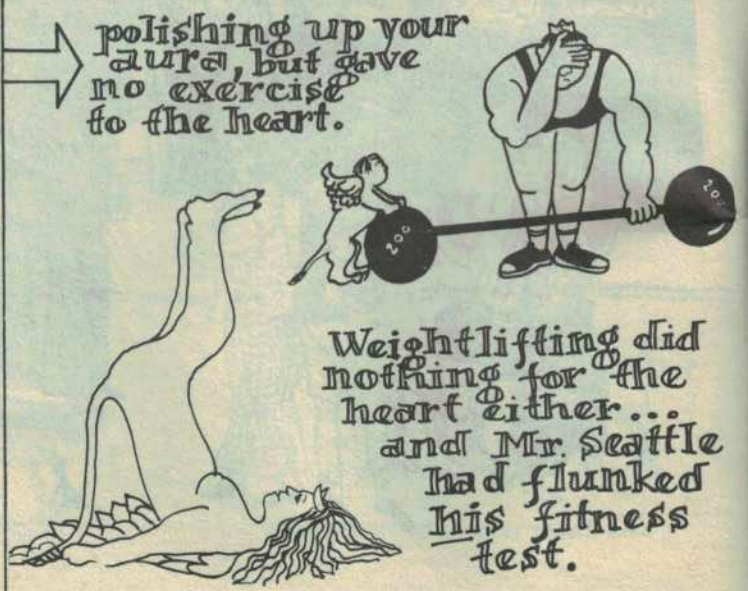
After they measured my heart beat, I sank to the floor. I was in the "just barely fit" category. That ridiculous smug old woman was just barely puffing.



The instructor gave me a rundown on fitness methods

Yoga was great for muscle tone and

polishing up your aura, but gave no exercise to the heart.



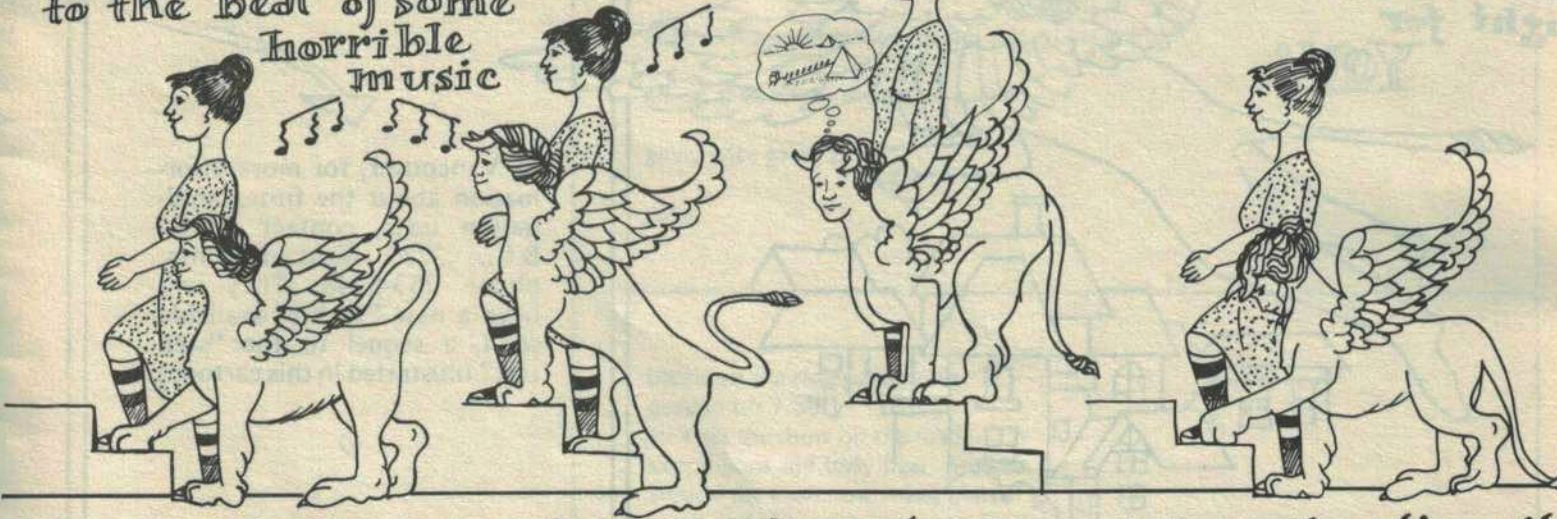
Weightlifting did nothing for the heart either... and Mr. Seattle had flunked his fitness test.

After changing the baby in the locker room ...

I gulped down some lemonade and a date square (quick energy), listening to people discuss their favorite exercises.



Pretty easy stuff, it was ... just going up and down stairs to the beat of some horrible music



I was starting to feel like a slave at a pyramid construction site

Jogging was great, if you had the right shoes ..

Swimming was recommended ... and "rhythmics"

ALL SWIMMERS MUST WEAR SUITS ... CERTIFIED WATER WINGS ONLY ... ETC.

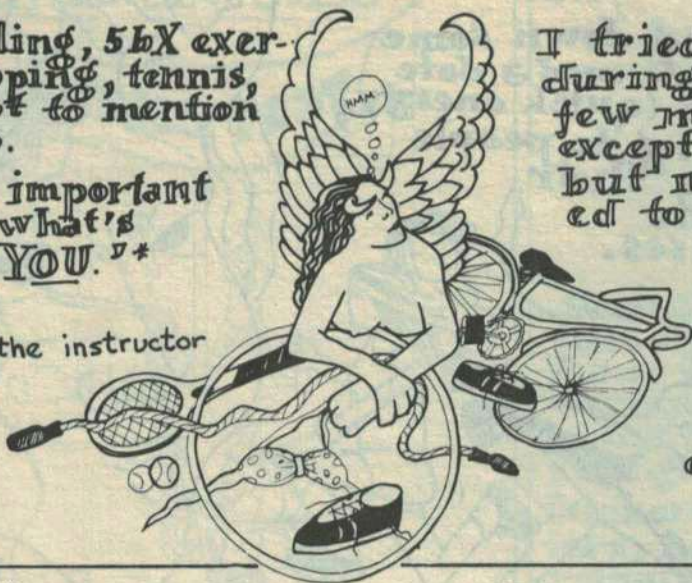


- gymnastic ballet from Europe -

- and cycling, 5bX exercises, skipping, tennis, soccer, not to mention water polo.

'What's important is to find what's right for YOU.'*

*so sayeth the instructor



I tried everything during the next few months - except for polo - but nothing seemed to stick.

Then it struck me.

It was so obvious, I was embarrassed.



What's important is to...

find what's right for YOU!



A further note



In Vancouver, for more information about the fitness evaluation tests, contact Action B.C., 2735 East Hastings, phone 253-8248. They will have a new "fit kit" available soon, a sequel to the "step test" illustrated in this cartoon.



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POEMS BY SAEKO USUKAWA

organic annie

after three
months in the country having no conveniences annie returns to
the city, passes 24 washers 12 dryers stuck in a laundromat,
takes a bath plus shower, polishes off her house, sleeps a dream.

like a dream, annie dreams. annie dreams that she is living
in a dream. sweet dream, to dream that she is living in a
dream. what's a dream, why peaches and cream, milk and honey
on the other side, alleluia.

morning breaks like a cracked egg.

get up annie. annie gets up, andatem, takes two baths plus two
showers. the next day that she gets up she uses for the first
time a bar of soap for three baths plus three showers. the
fourth day she uses two bars of soap at once, one in each hand,
for all four baths and showers.

annie becomes invisible to dogs, for she has no smell. even old
lovers tremble at touching so much determined ironedness
between the buttoned up/down buttons,
every public hair in place, navel
lintless.

annie is not seen, not smelt, not felt. going going

annie, get back to the country.

going once going twice

gone

breakfast the ringmaster yells
geddup it's 7:30
let's get the show on the road
sleepy lions and surly tigers prowl
around the chairs and unset places
snarls and kisses tangle
in the coffee-spicy air
everyone has thin skins in the morning
except stewed plums

she is living in the wildest grace of wind and water washing
and shining her time does not hold her her time is
held for no one no one holds her time she is here
alive alone and liking it

she is taking her time watching the tides swelling the sun
rise sink set the first evening star the moon the waxing waning
ebbing rising flowing floating sinking turning ever turning of
so many different times and her own time drifting through
them all

and always the same story

by Helen Potrebenko

It was about seven o'clock on a cold autumn evening and already dark. Leslie was walking over the Second Narrows Bridge but because she was drunk, walking was an effort and the best she could do was sort of a listless stagger. Once she fell and it took her some time to get up again. Cars raced by her and raked by her, dozens and hundreds, all roaring over the bridge at incredible speeds, safe in their metal cocoons. Leslie called them names, then called herself names, then sat down on the sidewalk to light up a smoke and figure out where she was. She couldn't, so she got up and kept walking.

After a while she reached the crest of the bridge. This pleased her so she giggled a bit about it. Then she called herself names again in a loud angry voice.

Dumb bitch, she yelled. She knew lots of worse swear words but that was the one which sprang most easily to mind. It was what he had called her. It seemed appropriate. Only dumb bitches would stand on the bridge calling themselves names, she said with satisfaction. Then she looked around. Where am I? she asked. Where are you? There was no reply.

Both the question and the lack of a reply displeased her and convinced her she had been right all along in considering herself a failure. Hadn't he said so? She leaned on the railing and looked down. It was dark and cold below, even colder than where she stood. She lit yet another cigarette and out of sheer perversity, threw it over the bridge. It disappeared immediately into the cold darkness.

She would have cried, but crying was forbidden, so she lit another cigarette. She wished one of the cars would stop and ask her what she was doing. Then she could say she didn't know and then maybe whoever it was would explain it to her. Or maybe they would just say something simple and comforting like, all you need is some good hot coffee, and she would say yeah, with great relief, have some coffee and go home.

But she didn't want to go home. Maybe nobody had a real home to go to anymore. The cars kept whizzing by, dozens and hundreds, at dangerous speeds, thinking themselves safe in their metal cocoons. Once on a warm summer day she had sat watching these cars go by from the hill above with... but remembering that was forbidden. Once she had lived in a warm, cheerful upstairs suite in another city, but remembering that was forbidden since it only intensified the joylessness of her present situation. So many rules. She had broken every one of them at one time or another.

Bad, she yelled, ugly. Hadn't he said so? Bad people ought to be punished. She threw the cigarette butt over the bridge and it disappeared from view immediately. A barge went by and she watched it with great interest. For a while it lit up the water far below, then it was all dark again.

It's cold and dark down there, a voice said, and someone's arms were around her. Leslie burst into tears. Good girl, the man said with great satisfaction and, without warning, she was in a car, still being held.

Good kid, the driver said, just cry. It's the time to cry.

He wasn't being mean, or implying that only weak people cried, he just said — it's the time to cry. So she did. Sobbed and sobbed, leaning against the person next to her. He held her and said everything would be all right.

Then in the same effortless manner, they were in an office. Other men patted her and looked pleased she was there in the

office and no longer on the bridge. So long as she cried, some person put his arms around her. It was surprisingly comfortable to cry like that. She had cried alone a lot and it never helped. Alone, it just felt that her guts were being ripped out, and she had usually ended up crawling on the floor and battering walls. But here, the warmth of someone else's body eased the pain, and gradually she was able to stop crying.

She was in the bridge patrol office. The men explained their routine in handling such cases. Two of them would drive along the inside lane away from the potential jumper, then one would get out to take hold of the person. At the same time, another car came along the outside lane, and the person was quickly put into it. All with little warning and little disruption of traffic. The men said it didn't always work. Sometimes they were too late. Other times, people just kept coming back until one day they made it over the railing. Mostly, though, it just happened too often, and they were really pleased she was now in their office and no longer on the bridge.

Leslie was immediately stricken with guilt because they had gone to all that trouble when she wasn't even intending to jump. She apologized to the men for that, explaining she was too much of a chicken-shit coward and anyway, she had drunk too much. So I'm glad to be here, she said, but I wasn't going to jump.

Of course not, the older man said. It's cold and dark and if you hit the water wrong, you just break your back and don't die. People think you die right away, but you never die right away, there's always that period of terrible pain. People are doing it to get away from their pain, but they only get more pain. Nobody wants to jump, it's just that they get into bad situations, and they have nowhere to go for help, and they can't see any alternative, and they jump anyway, even when it's the last thing they really want to do.

Leslie burst into tears again. The bridge patrol man said she should tell this nice constable over here all about it.

I don't want to, she sobbed, he's a man. Then she realized they were all men. She stopped crying, lit a cigarette, and tried to look cool. Nothing to tell, she said.

The constable asked if she wanted to tell him her name and she said no, and she didn't want to talk to no man either, because all men were parasites and animals and screwed around.

Would you talk to a policewoman then? the constable asked.

Oh, could I? Oh, please, could I? She totally lost her cool and burst into hysterical tears again.

They gave her a chair in another room and asked if she'd like some coffee. She looked at them with pathetic and tearful eagerness, afraid to say yes, because she had learned that wanting things wasn't healthy — you never got them anyway. But they were already making coffee. The constable and the older bridge patrol man sat down in the same room and occasionally other men leaned against the doorway for a while.

The bridge patrol man told her that six very upset people had phoned the North Vancouver police to report a despondent woman on the bridge and demanded that something be done immediately. A man going the other way on the bridge had turned into the bridge patrol office to report her also. Very excited, he was. None of the concerned people could stop because it wasn't safe and anyway, if it was actually a potential jumper,

they weren't sure how to handle it. Leslie was startled.

The world is going to hell, and the papers keep writing that nobody cares about anybody, but these people gave a damn? She started crying again.

They care, the bridge patrol man said, they just don't know what to do.

I thought nobody cared, she sobbed.

We care, the constable said, and all men aren't animals, like you said.

Hah! Leslie sneered. She stopped crying, lit another cigarette, blew smoke loftily around the room, and sipped the coffee.

The bridge patrol man said he had been married 26 years and had never committed adultery; a man stopped in the doorway to say he also had never cheated on his wife.

That's another thing, Leslie sneered, they all tell lies. All these perfect marriages.

The constable said his marriage was far from perfect and that there were serious problems, mostly connected with his job. He worked crazy shifts and often came home all cut up about things he had seen.

Leslie sneered about a mere cop pretending he had feelings.

One of the reasons I'm a cop is that I care about people, the constable told her.

Leslie was more accustomed to thinking of police-as-pigs, jumping up and down on Indians. She shrugged and drank her coffee.

It was comfortable there and she certainly didn't want to go back alone to her room again. But it all seemed too complex to understand. She didn't know any longer which aspects of her life were problems and which weren't. So she told the two men her whole life had gone out of her control. The constable said it was best to do things one at a time and asked if she worked.

She said she did and liked her job, but that the pay was meager. She listed her assets and her debts and said that the two being so far apart meant threatening letters from creditors. She was working weekends at another job to try to get it all under control.

The constable made some calculations from the figures she gave him and said that with what she was making at both jobs, she should be managing all right.

Only I'm tired, Leslie explained. Can't sleep. Seven days a week. Can't handle even one job properly. Bad dreams.

Oh yeah, some man.

Yeah. Then she added reluctantly. He was a drunk, see...

So you kicked him out.

No, he went sober and kicked me out. Over a month ago. Said no man could stand me unless he was drunk.

He was just saying that, he didn't mean it.

How do you know? In my experience, I would say it was true. And then she added, even more reluctantly — there's still another loan, besides the ones I already told you...

The two men looked at each other and sighed. Christ. She gave him money. It's always the same. The constable turned to her again.

You actually borrowed money to give this creep! Bought him booze, too, I suppose?

No!

Food?

Leslie started to cry again.

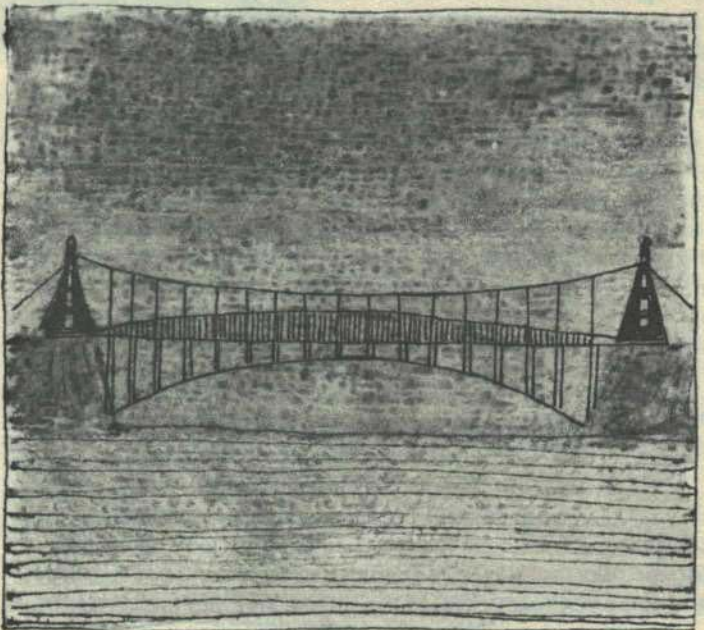
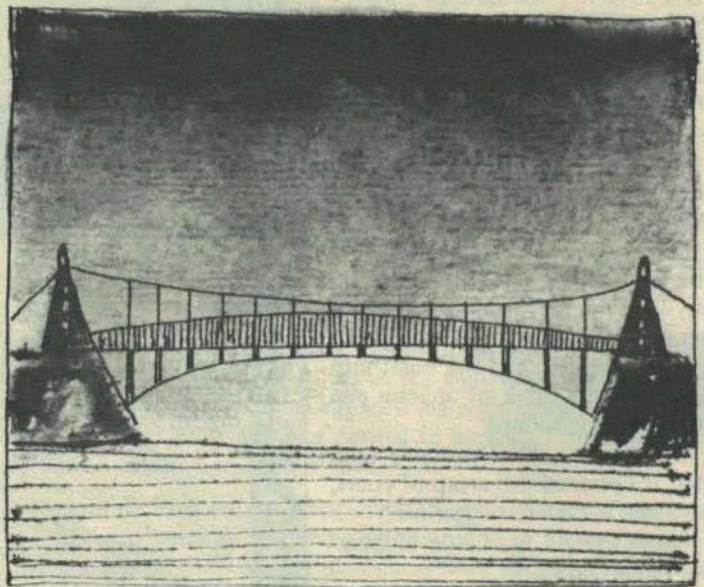
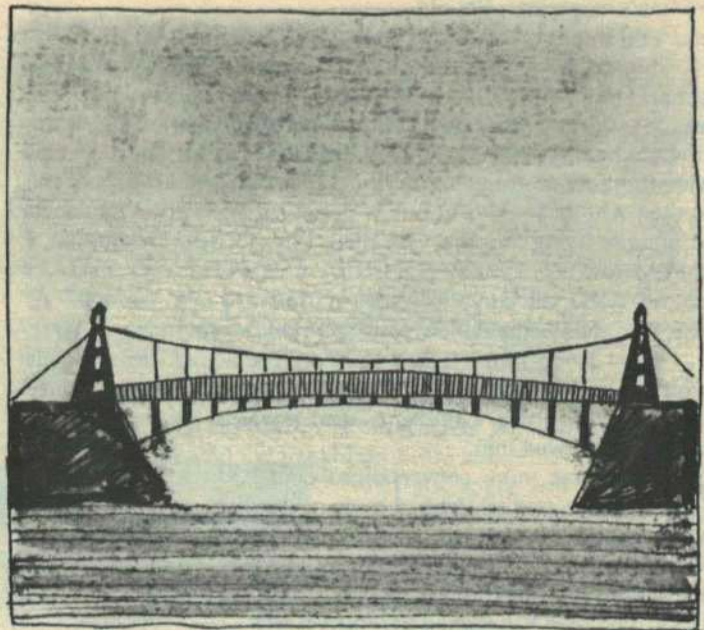
So many of 'em, the bridge patrol man said, so many of 'em. And always the same story.

Why? the constable asked, why?

I'm old, she mumbled. Couldn't do any better.

Of course you can. You're not old.

I am, don't you read your men's magazines? I read the



women's magazines. I'm old.

You should know better than to read such trash.

I loved him, she said. I didn't know. They all play the games. Only I didn't know they were games. I never know. He was a good guy. Best guy I've ever gone out with. There's the studs, where you have to wait in line. There's the parasites who want an all-forgiving mother, not a girlfriend, there's the he-men who beat the shit out of you, or the gay guys who want to practise being "normal" on me... I'm old, see. I loved him. I didn't know.

So many of 'em, the bridge patrol man said, so many of 'em. And always the same story. You're lucky he threw you out.

But I loved him. He had so many problems, I thought his problems much more urgent than mine, and it's a woman's duty to be understanding. I thought... But it was all a game... I never know, and I loved him.

There was more conversation. The constable said all she had to do was get herself un-upset and she would be able to handle everything okay. Both men assured her she was lucky the creep had kicked her out. But the constable said she must have somewhere to go that night. He suggested a hospital. Leslie refused, saying she had heard they locked you up there and never let you go. She would phone a friend instead. The constable said that was fine. But the friend wasn't home.

I know lotsa people, she told the constable. I could phone almost anyone and they would come and get me.

He nodded, and she burst into tears. I can't think of anyone else to phone, she sobbed.

I suppose, the constable said, that if I phoned this creep of yours, he'd just tell me to bugger off?

I'm afraid so, Leslie blubbered, I'm afraid so.

Want me to try anyway?

No.

The constable looked relieved. You're going to be all right, he said. He sat down to phone someone and

write up a report. There was a man pinned under a car on the Loughheed Highway and more help was required. Leslie thought of all the people she could phone. But they would either not come or they would laugh at her. Love was, after all, out of fashion. She had never told anyone the intensity of her love for the man; could she now expect anyone to understand the intensity of her pain? No, she would just make herself an object of ridicule. She burst into tears again. How did I get into this mess? she demanded, how did I get into this mess?

The constable said the question wasn't how she got in, but how she would get out. I suppose, she sniffled, that genius consists of asking the right questions.

You have to go somewhere tonight. Tomorrow you'll begin to work out your financial problems and forget the creep, the constable said. He sounded reasonable. He handed her his report to read. I'm not suggesting you be committed. You can leave any time you want. There's my name and number. I'm off at

midnight, but if there's any problem, they'll call me at home.

They'll lock me up.

They won't. If there's any problem, you call, and I'll make sure you're not locked up. Look, I care. That's why I'm a policeman. Do you believe me?

She looked at him for a long time, then nodded. Unfortunately, she did not look as closely at his name and number and later, when she did need him, she couldn't remember anything about him except the caring and weariness in his eyes.

When the ambulance arrived, Leslie was told it had come instead of a patrol car because the constable had to go to the car accident.

I've just changed my mind, she told the ambulance attendant who got in the back with her. I'm going home. There's no way I want to ride in an ambulance.

Where's home?

Over there. She opened the door. The attendant closed the door.

The constable said I was going of my own free will, she explained, so I can leave whenever I want. I want to leave right now.

Lady, the man said cynically, you're only going of your own free will because you agreed to. If you don't go of your own free will, you'll go anyway.

You can't do that.

Of course we can. The cops will put you in by force. You'll get certified and committed. Don't make it hard for yourself. If we have to get the police, it will be that much worse for you.

It don't take long, she thought. From being her only friend in the world, the constable had become an enemy. She cried all the way to the hospital.

The waiting room was jammed with bruised and bleeding people. Some sat silently, others moaned or cursed. The beds were all full except for a corner room where they put Leslie. People cried, screamed, moaned. From somewhere came sound of a child's terrified screaming. Leslie tried to convince herself

to stay long enough to get some tranquilizers. But it seemed like it would take hours to get to see someone. She picked up her coat and walked out. But, wait a minute. There were those cops they were going to sic on her. She went back to the receptionist.

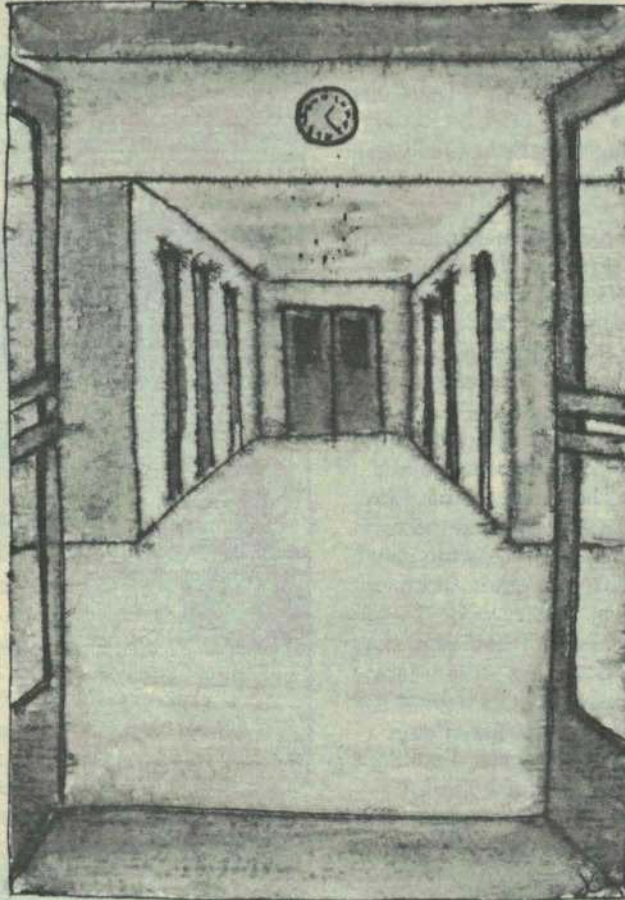
I would like to leave please.

All right. You just have to sign a paper saying you absolve us of responsibility.

Okay.

The woman went away and then returned to say the chart was somewhere else and if Leslie waited a few minutes, it would be located. She found a free telephone and called her friend who was now at home. As soon as she heard her friend's voice, she knew everything would be all right, so she told her friend she had messed up, but everything was all right. The friend sounded confused and sleepy.

Leslie didn't have any money with her, but she thought she could take a cab and pay him with the money she had at home.



Or she could go to her friend's house and ask the friend for a loan. But the receptionist still hadn't found her chart and told her to go to another desk. At the other desk they couldn't find her chart either and the receptionist there made fun of her name and her reason for being there. There are really sick people in the hospital, she lectured. Leslie said she could see that (thinking this woman was one of them) and all she wanted was to sign herself out. Finally, several nurses told her one of the doctors must have the chart since it wasn't anywhere, and therefore, she couldn't sign herself out because one could not ask a Doctor to give a chart back. Leslie said if it would help, she was sure her friend would come and fetch her, but the nurse said no, she must talk to someone first.

Once again she was led among the corridors of screaming people and back to the bed. Put this gown on, the nurse ordered.

No, Leslie said.

The doctor might want to examine you, the nurse said.

He won't, there's nothing physically wrong with me, he'll just want to talk to me and I hope he'll give me a few tranquilizers. And is there please any possible way I could get some cigarettes? I've smoked all mine and I don't have any money on me.

No problem, the nurse said. We have a supply for you people. It used to be a serious problem. No matter what else hurts, or how badly smashed up they are, the first thing they always want is a cigarette. Now we keep a supply on hand. Just put on this gown and I'll bring you a cigarette.

I will not put on this gown. They're inhuman, those gowns, and there's no reason for gowns like that except to dehumanize people. And I'm already dehumanized and it's been so long since I felt like a person I don't remember. So please, please, let me keep my clothes.

Okay, the nurse said. Just give me your boots and I'll bring you a smoke.

No, I want to keep my boots too. Please.

No boots, no cigarette.

Leslie gave up her boots. Could I have two cigarettes? she asked. I get nervous unless there's an extra one around.

Your coat, the nurse said.

No.

No coat, no cigarette.

Leslie gave up her coat. The nurse brought back two cigarettes and then left, closing the door behind her. And then Leslie realized where she was. It had looked like an ordinary bed in an ordinary room when the door was open. But the door had no handle on the inside. There were several peepholes, otherwise the door was blank and grey. Stricken with terror, she rushed to the door and pulled at it, scrabbling at the edges with her fingers. It was bolted from the outside.

She couldn't see much through the peepholes, but every once in a while, eyes stared in at her. She couldn't see a face, just eyes. Every few minutes, eyes stared in at her through the peepholes. She'd had so many nightmares just like that. Eyes all by themselves have no expression. Eyes are only expressive when eyelids and a face surround them. Eyes are only globs of gel.

The door finally opened and a man in blue jeans walked in. He looked tired and irritable and officious. He introduced himself, said he was the psychiatric resident, and did she want to talk to him? Leslie said no, she only needed a few tranquilizers and right now, she wanted another cigarette. He got her a cigarette and said she couldn't have any tranquilizers until she told him her problems and why she was attempting suicide.

I wasn't attempting suicide, Leslie said, I was walking. On a bridge?

There are 52 or 56 bridges in Vancouver. Where else can you walk? And I was drunk.

Do you drink much?

Not until recently. She explained about not being able to sleep and how sometimes drinking helped, but mostly it didn't.

Do you mean not able to get to sleep, or waking up after you've gone to sleep?

Both.

That was a mistake. Classic symptoms of depression.

Only I'm not depressed. Just unhappy. If I could get some sleep, I would be all right. If you'll give me some tranquilizers, I won't be trying to drink myself to sleep.

The conversation went around in circles for a while. The psychiatrist said she only had to change her insides and her attitudes. Leslie said the bank didn't care about her insides, only about her money. The psychiatrist got angry and said he had seen *really poor* people and that most of the world's children went to bed hungry every night and what right did she have to financial problems. Leslie said if he knew so much, why didn't he tell those starving babies to change their insides and their attitudes? The doctor looked very, very angry.

He told her she wasn't showing appropriate emotion and that until she did, he would have her locked up for two weeks or a show of proper emotion, whichever came first, and he would put her in restraints so that she couldn't even scratch her nose.

Leslie apologized for no longer being upset. She explained she had been drunk earlier, but that the bridge patrol man and the constable had convinced her there were rational approaches to her problems and that she agreed and now felt capable of dealing with said problems in a manner other than staggering around drunk on bridges.

The doctor said she was sick. She said she wasn't. He said she wasn't depressed and that was sick. She said of course she wasn't depressed, why should she be? She was merely feeling used and degraded and she was seething with rage about it. He said that wasn't normal. Not normal to be angry? More normal to be depressed? Come off it, man.

And perhaps during this conversation was when it happened. She had been looking the doctor straight in the eye. Smoking a cigarette and looking directly at him. Patients, especially women, aren't supposed to.

He stared at her in silence. She asked him if anything was wrong and he just stared at her unblinkingly. She stared back for a short time, then looked at the floor.

Okay, she said, you win. But he only stared at her without blinking.

You win, she said again. No reaction. They sat thus for a while. Are you going, or have you gone, catatonic? she asked.

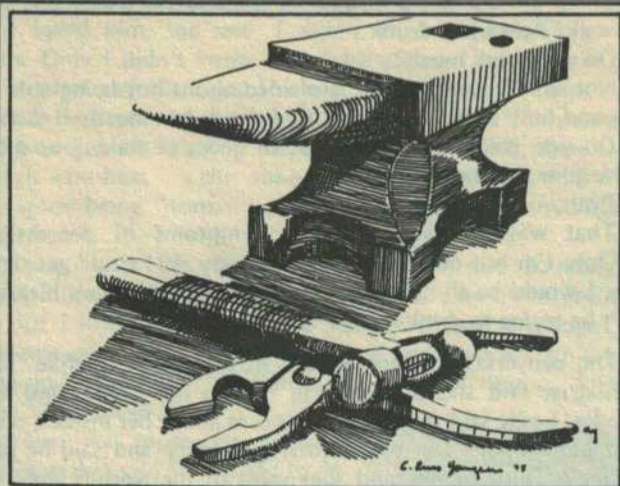
No reply, just the unblinking stare. She stared at the floor considering the problem of being locked and bolted into a room with a psychopath. All hospital doctors worked too many hours and maybe he had just flipped from fatigue. But you don't show fear in these situations, just like with growling dogs. There was a possibility they hadn't bolted the door after he came in. She casually got up and pulled at a corner of the door and found to her incredible tremendous relief that it wasn't locked. She opened it wide, then pulled her chair closer to the door, farther from the doctor, and smiled at him.

He blinked.

Boy, she said, you sure scared me.

Why aren't you scared now?

Because the door is open, I'm closer to it than you are, and I can run fast. I'm a very rational person, see, even when dealing with catatonics or psychopaths, or whatever you're playing.



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I wasn't playing.

Well, you sure scared me. You win. I wasn't being nice and you showed me who was the boss, and you have pointed out that you can lock me up for at least two weeks in a strait jacket and I don't know my legal rights and I'm scared.

You're playing games, he said.

How do you mean?

I mean, you're acting brave and cool, but inside you're a sick, frightened little girl.

Of course I am. Frightened as hell.

Then, act that way.

I'm not going to cry in front of you, man, if that's what you mean. As the other men said, I can get by even if I am poor and ugly, and I feel better now. See? Anyway, I'm better off without the creep. All I need is a few tranquilizers so I can get some sleep. And I have a friend who will come and get me if that's necessary.

This creep. You chose him.

I did.

And couldn't you get a higher paying job?

I had one some years ago, but I quit. I don't suppose I could get it back now.

There, you see, all your problems are self-created. You can't change anything outside of you, you must change your insides.

Don't give me that crap. I could have picked some other man to fall in love with, maybe. But at my age and with my looks there aren't so many choices. If it was a perfect world, if I was a perfect woman then, of course, I would love only perfect men. And with the job it's about like that too. I could have had a better job years ago but it didn't pay better enough to put up with all the bullshit. At fifty thousand bucks a year like you're going to make, then I'd maybe put up with the garbage. But the difference between fifty-eight hundred and eighty-five hundred a year isn't enough to sell out over, so I pick the job I can stand instead of the job I can't stand.

You could do better, he pursued, and the conversation circled again.

Sure. I could have married Onassis or become president of Simon Fraser University. Or don't you believe there are social classes?

Lots of poor people have made it.

Name some.

He named Michelangelo and a bunch of others.

What do all these people have in common? Leslie asked.

They were all poor and they made it.

What else?

Oh, I suppose you are referring to the fact that they were all men.

Fucking right they were all men. Name some women.

He couldn't think of any. You're just using that as an excuse, he said.

Pretty good one, you must admit.

No, it isn't. You just have to change your insides and come to terms with yourself and you'll get healthy. (But why were they talking about her being famous? She just wanted to pay her debts. But if she said that would he only consider it further evidence of her illness?)

I'm already healthy. I'm much healthier than you are. I have more humanity, more potential, and I'm even better-looking. You're not leaving here until you change your attitude.

I'll change my attitude if you get me a cigarette.

Amazingly enough, he got her another cigarette — two of them, in fact. She thanked him, apologized for causing so much trouble, and promised that if he would let her leave with a few

tranquilizers, she would cause no further problems. She would even leave without tranquilizers. He said she must change her attitude first.

Leslie had a flash of understanding about why those people the bridge patrol men picked off the bridge kept coming back, and why, as the man said, they felt they had no alternative but to jump. She had to get out of this place before her alternatives disappeared.

All right, she said, breathing deeply of the cigarette. I will change my attitude. I'll make it. I'll be the one in a million who isn't destroyed by adversity, but on the contrary, grow through pain. You'll see.

They talked more amiably after that. She said she could still phone her friend and go to the friend's house for the night and quit bothering everyone at the hospital. He went off, saying he would write the prescription and discharge forms.

Leslie waited outside the room. A nurse came along and asked her to come back into the room so she could take her temperature and blood pressure. Leslie explained that she didn't like locked rooms and her blood pressure could be taken right there in the hallway. The nurse did that and then said she should take this pill. Leslie said she would take it after she got home. The nurse said she wasn't going home, but was being locked up for the night and probably wouldn't be allowed to go home tomorrow either. Leslie said the doctor had told her she could go home now. The nurse said he must have changed his mind. They talked for a while and the nurse said perhaps she should check again. Leslie explained that the doctor was only angry because she wouldn't cry and didn't respect him and therefore, he had threatened to strait-jacket her for two weeks unless she cried. The nurse was then convinced Leslie was crazy because certainly Doctors wouldn't say things like that. Leslie saw the hopelessness of argument and just repeated she was being discharged.

You *reek* of alcohol, the nurse said, and the Doctor said...

She asked the nurse for a cigarette. The nurse said no, not unless she took the pill. She asked to phone her friend. The doctor came back then and Leslie looked at him with bitter hatred and asked when she could go then. He said maybe tomorrow. They refused permission to phone her friend. She pointed out that she was there voluntarily. The doctor and nurse laughed. Voluntary, they said, was a joke, and if she didn't stay voluntarily they would keep her by force. She said even criminals were allowed a phone call.

They let her make the call. The friend assured her that she would make sure she got out in the morning and Leslie felt immensely less frightened. She was no longer alone with psychopaths — people with no moral standards. Someone out there would come and get her and it was already after one, so morning wasn't so far away. The nurse handed her the pill again.

No cigarette, no pill, Leslie said.

The nurse said angrily that there were really sick people in the hospital and here she was taking up all their time. Leslie said she knew that, and she knew the nurse wasn't responsible, but she was being held against her will so it was all their own fault. She had already overheard that there had been two DOA's and that two people had died in the ward before midnight. So why was the doctor keeping her there? Because she wouldn't cry for him? Because she no longer acted abnormally, and he judged that inappropriate?

No cigarette, no pill, she told the nurse.

She got the cigarette and took the pill. They marched her back to the corner room.

You have to put on this gown, the nurse said.

No. I can stay in my clothes. The gown is unnecessary and



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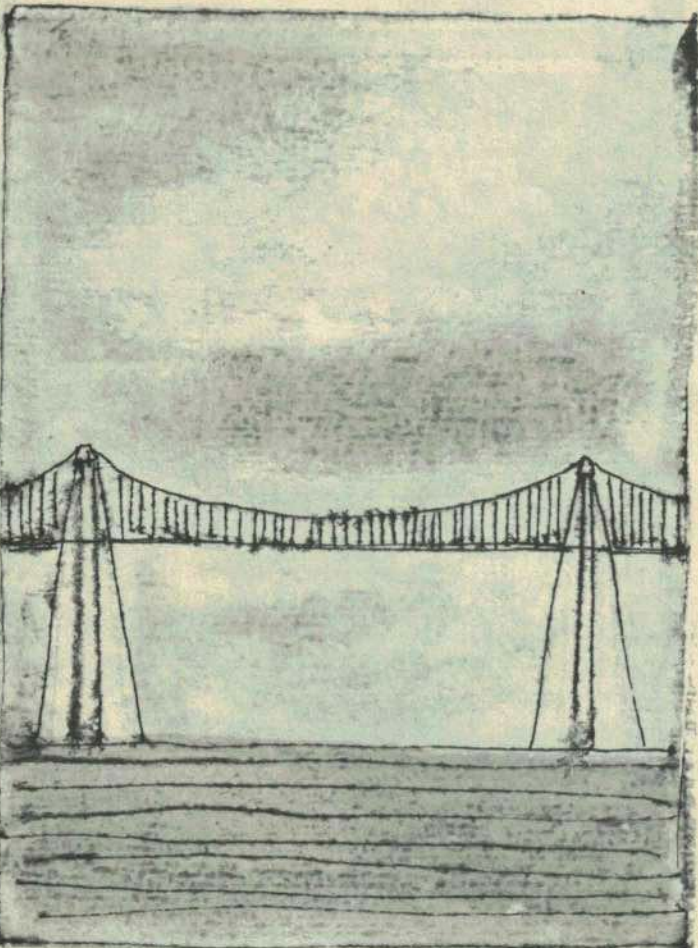
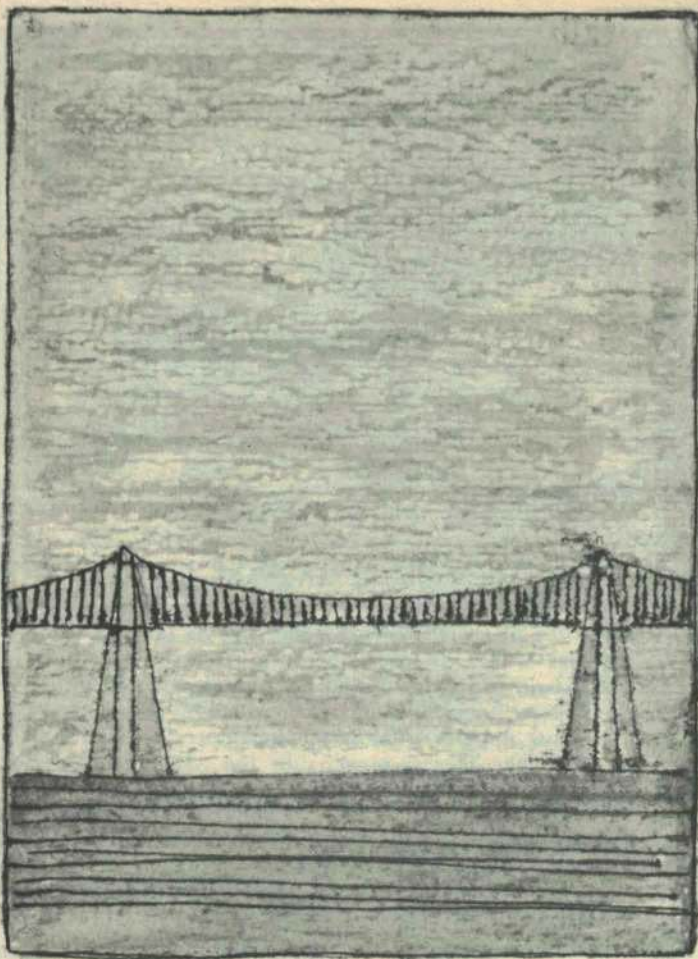
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dehumanizing.

No gown, no more cigarettes.

Leslie got two more cigarettes in return for the rest of her clothes. She then pleaded that the door not be locked because she was afraid, and because she always had to go to the bathroom in the night. The nurse was cold and unmoved. The door must be locked, the Doctor said so. They finally compromised on the door being left open until the sleeping pill took effect. But as soon as the nurse was outside the room, she locked the door, leaving Leslie in terrified darkness.

And Leslie thought bitterly that she had known the nurse would do that, that "professionalism" meant lying to patients as a matter of course. They didn't think of it as lying because the patients weren't considered to be persons. And even if the nurse felt a spark of indignation and human sympathy, she couldn't argue with the doctor because that would result in her instant dismissal. Even more so, she was just too busy to be human, herself turned into an automaton by the demands of an impossible work load.

Leslie had to go twice in the night. The nurse had promised that if she yelled through the peepholes someone would hear and let her go but, in fact, it took about half an hour of banging and yelling and whimpering and pleading, all groggy from the pill, before someone let her go to the toilet.

About 7 o'clock in the morning when she begged again, the door wasn't locked on her return due to oversight during the morning shift change. Leslie luxuriated in the open door and waited patiently for the friend to come and get her. She was brought breakfast. She drank the tea with great sensuous pleasure, and ate a bowl of porridge which was amazingly tasty. When 9 o'clock had come and gone, Leslie asked a passing nurse if her friend had come for her yet. The nurse said yes, but she wasn't allowed to see her and was making quite a fuss. She seems very upset, the nurse said. Let me see her, Leslie offered, and I'll help calm her down. The nurse looked at her oddly.

A cleaning man came down the hall. Leslie asked if she could bum a cigarette from him and he seemed pleased to give it to her. Leaning on the doorway, she asked him if he liked his job. He said he did — at this end of the ward, it was possible to see naked women. Eyes at the peephole, waiting for her to expose herself in her pain.

She went back into the room, lay on the bed and tried to read the only magazine available, called *People*. One story was about a swinging rich man accused of swindling \$1.3 million, or maybe billion, dollars. He wasn't married and didn't believe in that sort of thing, just screwed around for fun with anyone who happened to be available. The magazine described him as a hero.

The doctor came back, still dressed in blue jeans. With him was an older man in a suit and tie. Leslie had had the whole night to think about their concept of normality and had carefully planned her behaviour. She didn't say anything about the cleaning man, the story in the magazine, or the lies the doctor and nurses had told her the night before. She presented herself as a person in pain but recovering: troubled, but nevertheless prepared to change her attitudes. She said she would immediately get a family doctor and in the meantime, stay with the friend who was even now waiting to take her home. They knew about the friend who was causing trouble in the waiting room by threatening to get lawyers if Leslie wasn't released instantly. And so they had no choice to let her go, albeit regretfully. If the friend hadn't been waiting, they would likely have locked her up longer and told her many more lies until she was indeed mad — just to confirm their diagnosis.

The older doctor said he would give her a few tranquilizers but she'd better get a family doctor right away. Leslie asked if they could recommend a good woman doctor. They told her a few names, then the doctor said:

Are you a lesbian?

No, Leslie replied, amazed. Why?

The doctor looked uncomfortable. Just wondered, he said. Finally, the two of them left.

Still wearing the hospital gown which exposed her behind, Leslie rushed to the waiting room. But a nurse stopped her and after some argument agreed to get the friend. Then, there she was. Another patient gave Leslie a cigarette. Her friend told her another friend was calling lawyers and should be told to desist. Leslie said not yet, not until she got her clothes. They had told her she could leave twice the night before, but here she still was. Together they waited for the nurse to bring Leslie's clothing. Someone was dying down the hall and the nurses were too busy.

Finally, she got her clothes. Leslie dressed and they left the hospital. Leslie phoned her boss to say she was ill and would not be in for work that day. The friend who hadn't been able to find a lawyer anyway was informed all was well. Then they had a leisurely breakfast.

During the next few weeks, Leslie was comforted and protected by her friends. She went to work every day, and the friends

didn't do anything in particular other than be friendly. She felt safe behind the emotional buffer they provided between her and the world. The pain and fear receded.

In only two months of working seven days a week, she had her debts somewhat under control. No more threatening letters for at least three months, she gloated.

She once again set up rules forbidding herself to remember what the man she loved looked like, forgetting his voice, forgetting... Weeks later, she mentioned his name in a conversation and neither burst into tears nor got hysterical.

But...

What if I want to get drunk and go for a walk another time? she demanded of her friend. Who of us doesn't need to do that sometimes?

Just don't go near any bridges, the friend said.

But there's hardly anywhere that isn't a bridge, Leslie pointed out. It's all because they've removed responsibility from individuals for their behaviour. Criminals can plead drunkenness or insanity and that's all very nice for them, though not for the victims. But if you can release a rapist, then you must lock up the innocent.

But Leslie didn't protest in public. She got drunk other times and stayed alone in her room, isolated in her loneliness and fear. She is afraid to do anything positive about it — afraid of that chart in the hospital files, of the locked room, of faceless eyes, of what might happen if her pain betrayed itself again.



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NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS:

WENDY BARRETT is a group leader for the Cold Mountain Institute; she is on the clinical training staff for the Masters in Humanistic Psychology programme through Antioch College, a private American college now working in affiliation with Cold Mountain. She also runs a private practice in body therapy. Her basic medical training is as a physiotherapist. She has received training in psychology, encounter, and bio-energy therapeutic techniques.

CAROLYN BELL is a writer living in Vancouver. Her work has appeared in *The University of Saskatchewan Literary Magazine*, *The New Breed*, a Saskatchewan native newspaper, *The Dalhousie Review*, *The Pedestal* and *Women Poets Reading*. Her play, "Betty Windsor's Blue Plate Special" was produced by Hot Flashes Theatre last summer.

BROWNIE lives in Vancouver and is a member of a feminist art collective and WAWAKA.

JOSIE COOK is an artist with the MAKARA collective.

BEVERLY DAVIES is a graduate of the Vancouver School of Art. She now does freelance work in etching and graphic arts.

MARGO DUNN finds forgotten Canadian women. However, she still prefers to organize with the living rather than mourn for the dead. She also makes videotapes for the Women's Studies Programme at Simon Fraser University.

COLETTE FRENCH is an artist with the MAKARA collective.

PAT SMITH mostly tells stories but every once in a while one appears in print. In addition to spinning yarns, she works for Press Gang, one of Canada's smaller publishing houses.

DVORA TRACHTENBERG is staff photographer for MAKARA.

SAEKO USUKAWA used to be an editor at MacMillan. Now she is a freelance editor and sometime-writer. Her work has appeared in *The Story So Far* (no.2). Somehow she also works voluntarily at Vancouver Co-op Radio and the Vancouver Women's Bookstore. 'Saeko' means 'moonlight'.

EVE JOHNSON is a freelance journalist whose work has been published in the *Vancouver Sun*, *Pacific Yachting* and *Western Living*. She has recently completed a documentary for CBC on women riding freight trains during the Depression.

JEANNINE MITCHELL is a staff writer for MAKARA.

KAREN MUNTEAN is an artist with the MAKARA collective.

LYNN PHIPPS has been featured in several exhibitions in Vancouver as well as in California. Her work has also been featured in such magazines as *B.C. Photographer* (Fall 1971 and Fall 1975), and *Phantasm Magazine*. She has worked on a documentary for CTV, "Residents of Gastown". Ms. Phipps has worked as a photographer and community worker in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver since 1970.

HELEN POTREBENKO is a 35-year-old freelance writer who has not YET "found herself". Although she believes she is Canada's greatest writer, she is sure that her greatest claim to infamy is as a one-person bargaining unit for SORWUC — Service, Office and Retail Workers Union of Canada.

CATHY ROSS is fascinated with miniatures. She sculpts and builds little houses and toys and is writing and illustrating several children's books about little people (elves and such).

TOM SANDBORN had a private practice in Vancouver for 5 years; he now works through educational outlets at UBC, Douglas College and the Radical Therapy Centre. From Alaska, Tom's favourite hobby is dental floss macrame. He assures us that some of his friends are professional therapists and that he has no prejudices against psychiatrists.

SIOBHAN, 6½, really hates writing but is anxious to add her contributor's fee to her three quarters and three nickels to buy a new toy. "I'm myself; I don't know who else I can be."

TERRY HOFFMAN has produced and directed radio documentaries in Boston. Also a musician and songwriter, he has worked in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver as a community organizer while producing oral histories of local residents since 1971.

PNINA GRANIRER is a Vancouver artist who has participated in numerous national and international group shows and has had several one-woman shows in Vancouver, Victoria and Montreal. She has been working in many different media, but has been concentrating in drawing for the past three years. She is exhibiting in the Bau-Xi Gallery and some of her drawings have recently appeared in the *Canadian Fiction Magazine*.

NOTES ON OTHER STUFF:

Some material for the article on Maud Allan came from Selma Jeanne Cohen's article on dance in *A Sampler of Women's Studies* (U. of Michigan Press, 1973), H. Montgomery Hyde's *The Love that Dared not Speak Its Name* (Toronto, 1970), S. Morgan-Powell's *Memories That Live* (Toronto, 1929), and Isadora Duncan's *My Life* (London, 1928).

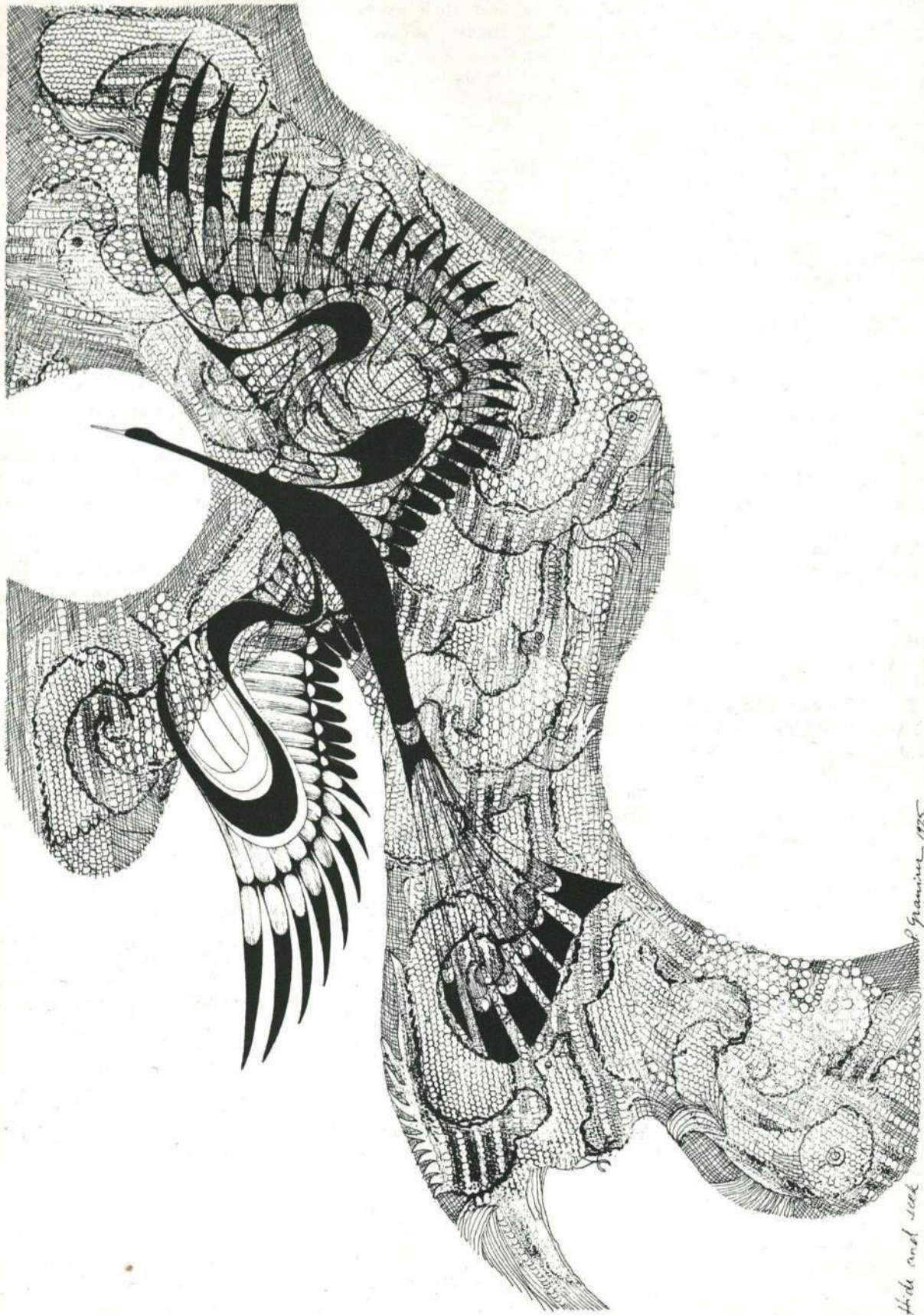
The italicized segments in "Daisy Le Sueur", unless otherwise credited, are from the transcript of her hearing before the Police Commission, February 22, 1921.

NOTE — A CORRECTION:

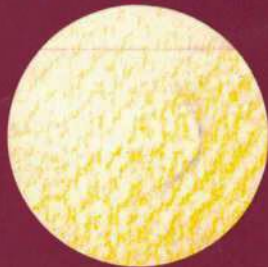
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