

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY WOMEN FOR PEOPLE

# MAKARA

VOLUME TWO / NUMBER THREE

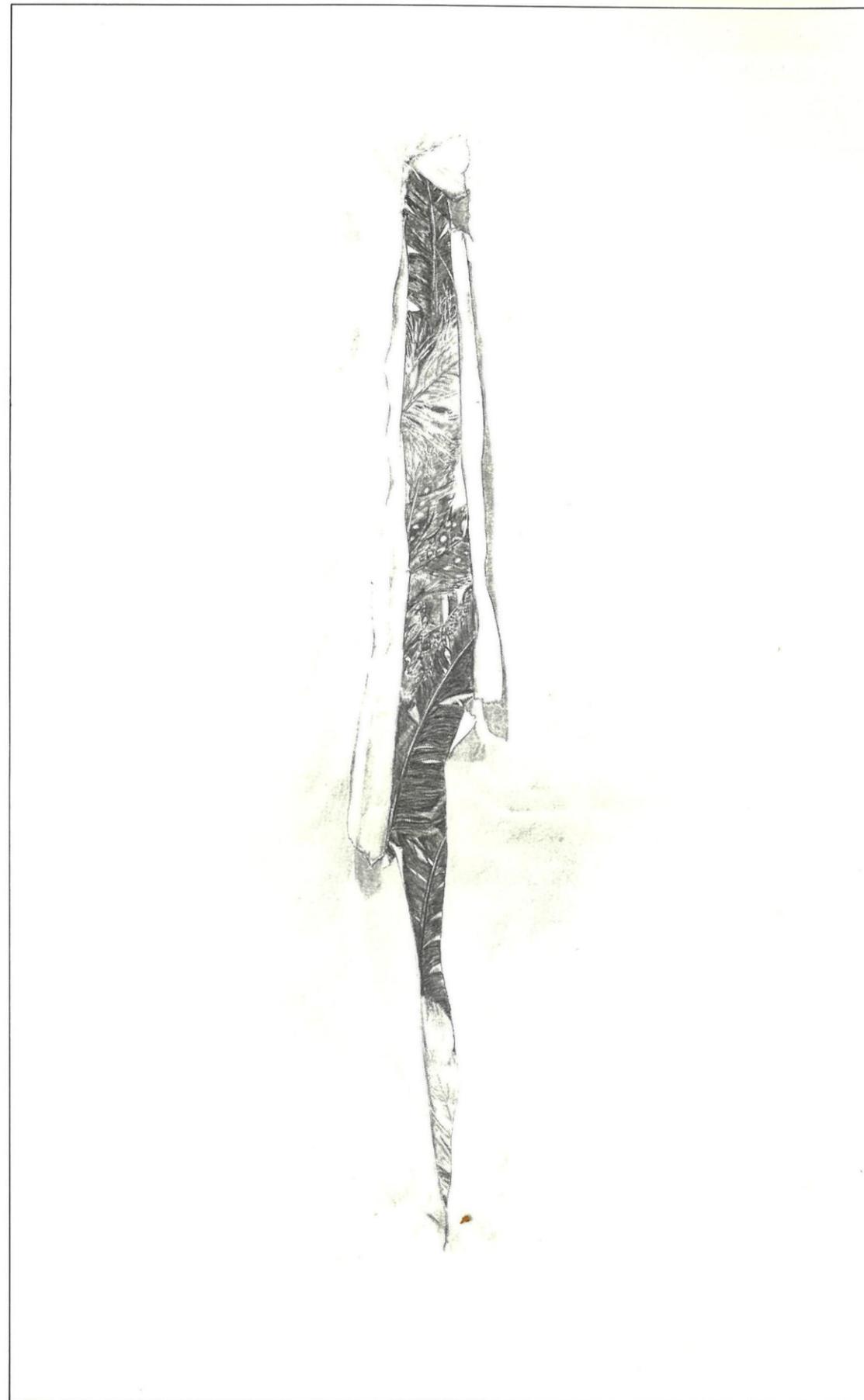
ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE



# MAKARA

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Pencil drawing by Monique Fouquet

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# NUTRITION

## A Missing Piece in the Health Puzzle

by Barbara Kahan

Why, in this age of men on the moon, is good health still unattainable for so many of us? Whether we are plagued by relatively minor but uncomfortable problems such as skin rashes or headaches, or more serious problems such as heart disease or cancer, why do doctors so often fail to get us better?

A likely answer is that the medical profession almost completely ignores an important factor in anyone's health: nutrition. Most doctors reject the approach to medicine, called megavitamin or orthomolecular therapy, that has nutrition as its cornerstone and includes the use of large amounts of nutrients.

Doctors who use megavitamin therapy feel that a person whose body is supplied with all the nutrients it needs, and is not exposed to elements that are harmful, will be a physically and mentally healthy person. Nutrients are essential to the body's well-being; every cell, every bone, every muscle, every organ, every chemical reaction in the body is dependent on having available carbohydrates, fats, proteins, vitamins, minerals, and water. According to the Nutrition Almanac, these six nutrients work together and "they furnish the body with heat and energy, they provide materials for the growth and repair of body tissue, and they assist in the regulation of body processes."

If some nutrients are not present in the body in large enough quantities, certain biochemical processes may go awry. This could have any number of results: food may not be digested properly, certain substances may not be absorbed or utilized, substances that normally would be excreted may accumulate. Our eyes may not adjust to changes in lighting, our body processes may produce too much of one chemical or not enough of another. We may be an easy prey to foreign invaders such as viruses and bacteria, recover more slowly than necessary from operations, have a disturbed sleep pattern.

Mental abnormalities may occur as well if the levels in the body of certain nutrients are too low. Our senses of sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell may be distorted, so that we act inappropriately. Our thinking patterns may be disordered. We may become depressed, or anxious, or apathetic.

When the lack of nutrients can have such drastic effects, it is not surprising that such health problems as heart attacks, schizophrenia, cancer, alcoholism, arthritis, learning disabilities, and asthma have a direct relationship to the nutritional state of our bodies.

Doctors who use megavitamin therapy take into account the connection between nutrition and health when treating these and other illnesses. The procedure an orthomolecular doctor follows in his or her practice depends on the particular doctor involved, the particular patient, and the suspected problem, but a general outline can be given.

First of all, a diagnosis of the illness is made. The diagnosis is based on the doctor's clinical judgment, taking into consideration the person's symptoms and his or her family and personal medical history. Certain diagnostic tests may be given if necessary (and if available). In addition to regular tests (such as checking blood for hemoglobin levels), samples of hair and fingernails may be analyzed for mineral deficiencies; blood may be tested for vitamin deficiencies; the six-hour glucose tolerance test may be given to see if hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) or diabetes is present; or allergy tests may be given.

Next, the person's own individual programme of megavitamin therapy is set out; this will be adjusted periodically, depending on progress. Diet, of course, plays a crucial role in this programme as the food we eat is a main source of nutrients. Particularly emphasized is a diet that eliminates sugar-full, nutrition-empty foods.

However, more than a good diet may

be needed. If the problem is one of long-standing, or if it is the result of a metabolic disorder, a person may need much larger quantities of nutrients than can be found in food to regain full health.

Therefore megadoses of vitamins (A, B complex, E, and all the rest) as well as minerals (zinc, magnesium, manganese, and others) are an essential part of megavitamin or orthomolecular therapy. To give an idea of a "mega" dose: most nutritionists in Canada recommend that we get only 30 milligrams of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) a day; a megadose of ascorbic acid may be anywhere from 3,000 milligrams up to 50,000 milligrams or more in a day.

The particular combination of vitamins and minerals and their dosage, as well as which diet the person will receive, will depend on his or her specific needs.

Parts of conventional treatments, such as tranquilizers and antibiotics, may be used when necessary, although in smaller quantities and for shorter time periods. Other things that seem to help that particular person, whether exercise or ultraviolet light, may be added to the megavitamin programme.

Although some people have been helped by following the megavitamin programme, the number of doctors who practise orthomolecular medicine is still small. The reason most doctors ignore nutrition and the orthomolecular approach is that they assume we get enough nutrients from the food we eat. But there are at least three reasons why we may need more nutrients than we are getting — because of our genes, diet, or environmental toxins.

Each one of us is born with unique nutritional requirements, for just as no two people have the same set of fingerprints, neither are there any two people who have identical bio-chemical make-ups. Some people are born with metabolic disorders which, to be corrected,

demand much larger amounts of certain nutrients than can be found in food. One person may need large doses of pyridoxine (vitamin B6) and zinc to function well, while another may require huge amounts of vitamins A and E.

Secondly, the food we eat (or don't eat) is to blame for much of our nutritional ill health. Sometimes people cause nutritional deficiencies in themselves by not eating a variety of food. A person who eats mainly meat and potatoes will be receiving enough protein and carbohydrates but may be missing some vitamins and minerals. A diet that does not include dairy products may lack calcium. A person who eats only fruit will have more deficiencies than can be counted.

But even if we do take care to choose our food from the main food groups of Canada's Food Guide, there may still be a problem getting a good diet. Most of the foods available in stores today are highly refined and processed, therefore fibre and many of the nutrients that are essential to our good health have been eliminated.

The danger, however, is not only what has been taken out of our food, but what has been put into it. The possible toxins we are exposed to are a third reason why we may need more nutrients. Our fruits and vegetables have been sprayed with pesticides, the animals we eat have been fed hormones, there is mercury in our fish . . . The foods we buy often have a high sugar content; this interferes with our biochemical functioning as our bodies are unused to sugar in such high concentrations, and haven't yet learned how to handle it.

Besides sugar, numerous other chemical additives to our food — artificial colouring, artificial flavouring, chemicals to make food an even consistency, chemicals to give a proper "mouth feel" (whether crunchy, mushy, chewy, sticky, or whatever), preservatives — use up our nutrients in trying to neutralize these strange substances that have no nutritional value and are possibly toxic.

It is easier and cheaper for the food industry to provide us with a processed, additive-laden and artificial diet than to provide us with food that not only looks, tastes, and smells good, but also has a high nutritional value using more unprocessed and natural ingredients. So while the food companies get richer, our health gets poorer.

The lack of fibre in refined food has been linked to cancer of the bowel among other things. Chemical additives

to food have been implicated in hyperactivity among children. At the same time as our sugar intake has increased, the incidence of diabetes has increased. Heart disease also becomes more frequent as people switch to the diet of the industrial west. The list seems never-ending.

However, our food problems are not solely the fault of food companies. Some people find that certain foods, even if organic and unprocessed, may be harmful to them. Some people are allergic to eggs, or wheat, or milk, although others can eat these foods with impunity. The study of allergies has fairly recently become of interest to practitioners of megavitamin therapy, especially in orthomolecular psychiatry — it has been shown that allergies cause not only skin rashes, hay fever, and other physical symptoms, but also mental symptoms such as depression and, in extreme cases, even hallucinations.

It is not just our food that we have to worry about. The pollutants in our air can be very dangerous to some of us, especially to those who work in some mines and factories. There are definite links between these pollutants and cancer.

Many substances that we take for medical purposes can create imbalances in our bodies. The birth control pill raises copper levels and in some women increases the need for vitamin B6, folic acid, zinc, and other nutrients. Some antibiotics destroy bacteria that the body needs. Drugs used in the treatment of cancer destroy healthy cells as well as cancerous ones.

As these and other factors affect us, creating nutritional deficiencies and dependencies, more of us get sick with one or another of a multitude of diseases. The failure of current medical practice to adequately deal with the ill health so prevalent in our society has been the impetus for the growth of megavitamin or orthomolecular therapy. There are many sufferers of schizophrenia, heart disease, and other serious illnesses who say that during many years of conventional treatments they got worse, not better, that it is thanks only to megavitamin therapy that they are still alive, and feeling fine.

In terms of mega-doses of vitamins, the story starts at least three decades ago. Back in 1945 Drs. Evan and Wilfrid Shute in Ontario were working with large doses of vitamin E for heart disease. By 1949 Dr. William Kaufman had documented many cases of arthritis which he had treated with up to 5,000

milligrams of vitamin B3 (niacin or niacinamide, also called nicotinic acid or nicotinamide). Also in the 1940's, Dr. F.R. Klenner was working with extremely high doses of vitamin C in the treatment of virus infections. 1952 saw the beginnings of the research into vitamin B3 for the treatment of schizophrenia. This is not a complete list by any means.

Eventually people began hearing about megavitamin therapy. Some doctors who were unsatisfied with the effectiveness of existing treatments and who were open to new ideas became interested (some on their own, others after pressure from their patients), tried it, and discovered that megavitamin therapy helped a variety of disorders. These doctors then started refining the techniques, adding a vitamin here, a mineral there, increasing dosages, till we have megavitamin therapy in its present form where no longer are the various components seen as isolated, but as working together in a treatment of many related parts. The treatment is still changing as new features are continually being added to it.

This is an area where there is still much to learn, but the development of megavitamin therapy into an even better treatment method is impeded by the great resistance there is to this approach. Megavitamin therapy is attacked by some doctors as being, at its best, quackery and a fad. At its worst, they say it raises false hope and makes people sicker because they may delay seeking conventional treatment.

Typical of the campaigns being waged against megavitamin therapy in all areas of medicine is the campaign that has been mounted by the medical establishment to stop the use of megavitamin therapy in the treatment of schizophrenia.

In Saskatchewan in 1952, before tranquilizers were developed, Dr. Abram Hoffer and Dr. Humphrey Osmond began their research to see if vitamin B3 in large doses would give an answer to the problem of schizophrenia, up to then a seemingly incurable and crippling disease on which no treatments seemed to have any lasting effects. As the years of research went by, it seemed more and more definite that vitamin B3, with the addition of ECT (electroconvulsive therapy, where an electric shock is sent through the brain) for some people, did help acute schizophrenics recover. In their first major report in 1957, Drs. Hoffer and Osmond and their co-workers found that after one year 8 out of 10 patients taking niacin were well,

9 out of 11 on niacinamide were well, while only 3 out of 9 patients who were taking placebo were well.

Hoffer and Osmond and others in Saskatchewan continued their research, and continued to get good results. By the mid-1960's the importance of other factors besides vitamin B3 and ECT had been recognized (such as diet) and the treatment became even more effective. Though papers were published in the scientific literature, the psychiatric profession outside of Saskatchewan paid little attention to this new treatment.

But when patients and their families began asking for the megavitamin treatment, the professional community had to pay attention. The response of many professionals was not only sceptical, but also often hostile. They did not think such a treatment could help schizophrenics.

In science, when there is doubt about the validity of certain findings, scientists refute or confirm these results by following exactly the methods used by the original investigators. This means using the same variables: the same conditions, techniques, procedures, materials.

This the critics of megavitamin therapy for schizophrenia did not do, although they paid lip service to the idea of replication. One example of this is the Canadian Mental Health Association Collaborative Study, "Nicotinic Acid in the Treatment of Schizophrenias," done under the direction of Dr. Thomas A. Ban and Dr. Heinz E. Lehmann. Dr. J.D. Griffin, then General Director of the Canadian Mental Health Association (CMHA), wrote in the Preface to Progress Report I of the Collaborative Study that in 1966 the CMHA "decided 'in the public interest' to sponsor as a major project in its research programme a series of replication studies on the value of niacin in the treatment of schizophrenia."

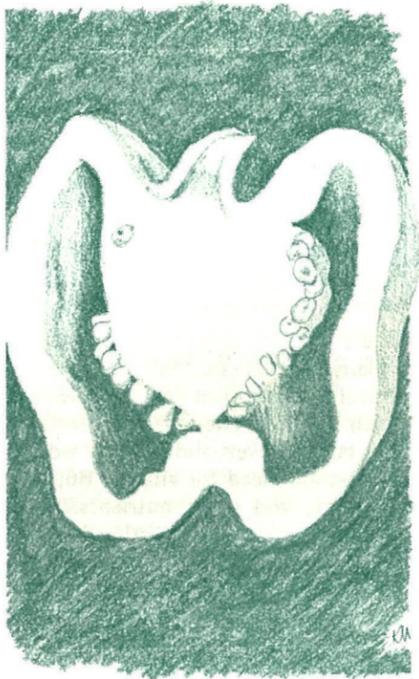
However, not one of these studies did in fact replicate the studies which had shown such good results. There were at least two crucial differences: one is that though ECT had been used for some patients in the original studies, it was not used at all in the CMHA studies. The second is that the original researchers had used acute or subacute patients in the original studies, and had already reported that megavitamin therapy was not very effective for chronic schizophrenics. In most of the CMHA studies, chronic-schizophrenics were used. (In general, a chronic schizophrenic is one who has been continually sick for a number of years, whereas an acute patient has been sick

for a shorter time period.)

Although this series of studies and others with similar defects have not measured the worth of the findings that acute schizophrenics do get better with megavitamin therapy, they are still cited as proof that megavitamin therapy in psychiatry is ineffective.

These studies are used to provide negative evidence in the American Psychiatric Association Task Force Report, "Megavitamins and Orthomolecular Therapy in Psychiatry," published by the American Psychiatric Association in 1973.

To say the least, this is not a very objective report. In their reply to the Task Force Report in 1976, Dr. Hoffer



and Dr. Osmond write, "... the report is characterized by falsehoods, direct and by inference, by biased statements, by use of brief sentences taken out of context, by omissions which always favoured the committee's view...".

This report has been the main weapon of the anti-megavitamin forces and has misled many doctors and other people into believing that the orthomolecular approach has no value. This misconception does not get corrected as most doctors feel that if the American Psychiatric Association has said megavitamin therapy is ineffective, there is no need for them to test it out, or to read the original work on which the therapy was based. The end result is widespread resistance to using this approach, and the continued reign of schizophrenia as an extremely debil-

itating disease.

Tactics of this kind have laid the groundwork for such moves to stop megavitamin therapy as in Alberta, where the College of Physicians and Surgeons has been trying to get megavitamin therapy classified as an experimental therapy, which would restrict its use.

These same doctors are not, however, trying to get tranquilizers classified as experimental although tranquilizers have been around for a shorter time than megavitamins and are very much more dangerous.

Doctors ignore the very serious dangers of tranquilizers and excuse themselves by claiming that vitamins cause any number of problems. The claim that vitamin C causes kidney stones is a fine example of the scare tactics used. The claim is based on a theoretical possibility, but this theory is not borne out in actual practice. With thousands of people taking large doses of vitamin C, there has been no increased incidence of kidney stones.

The criticism that vitamins are dangerous is ironic coming from people who see nothing wrong with prescribing tranquilizers, antibiotics, aspirin, and other drugs, all of which have been shown to have dangerous side-effects, and many of which have not been tested nearly as long as the vitamins. As the side-effects to most vitamins are mild, this criticism is indicative of something other than concern for our safety.

Psychiatrists in general are making a concerted effort to put down orthomolecular psychiatry and denigrate it at every opportunity. Typical is the doctor who said to the wife of a schizophrenic, treated for five years with tranquilizers and psychotherapy with no sign of recovery, "No, I won't try megavitamin therapy, it doesn't work."

These same arguments and tactics are used against other branches of orthomolecular medicine with varying degrees of intensity.

A question often asked is, if megavitamin therapy works, why does the medical profession oppose it so strongly?

Part of the answer is the narrow approach to medicine that doctors learn as medical students, and then practise for years after they graduate. They do not learn to improve and preserve our health by eradicating the things that are at the root of much of our sickness, whether poverty, nutritional deficiencies or polluted air, but to wait until people become sick before trying to help them.

Medicine after the fact, not preventive medicine, is the approach learned.

Doctors learn next to nothing about nutrition and its role in health and sickness in medical school. They learn not to aid the body with substances that are natural to it, but to inject foreign substances which fight their own fights and leave the body in the same susceptible state as it was in before.

While doctors are taught that it is now acceptable to treat such diseases as pellagra, scurvy, and rickets with vitamins, it is also accepted that vitamins, or minerals, are of no use in the treatment of schizophrenia, heart disease, or cancer. . . . Once the student becomes a full-fledged doctor, he or she finds there is too little time available to investigate thoroughly the claims of those who insist that nutrition is useful in treating disease.

And because of the large amount of advertising for various drugs that is constantly directed at doctors by drug companies (which profit much more from drugs like anti-depressants than from vitamins and minerals), it is not hard to see why most doctors would use a dangerous drug to treat an ailment in preference to diet, or a simple vitamin or mineral.

Despite all this, things are changing. Some doctors are willing to give the orthomolecular approach a fair trial, and make the switch. Those already convinced of its effectiveness continue to improve the treatment. People in general are becoming more nutrition-conscious. And while megavitamin therapy is not a complete answer by any means, even at the present stage of knowledge many people have been helped and can be helped by it.

I feel confident in writing that people can be helped not only because of the many studies that have shown the effectiveness of megavitamin therapy and the number of doctors who have reported great success in treating their patients with this treatment, but also because of my own experience. Both in my work with the Canadian Schizophrenia Foundation, and when I worked in a nutrition-oriented youth clinic in Montreal, I met many people suffering from many different problems who were helped by the orthomolecular approach (not to mention the members of my own family who have benefited from megavitamin therapy).

Unfortunately, some people have a hard time recovering from the damaging effects of a severe illness. The main hope in our quest for good health is prevention; it is so much easier to stay

well than to mend a sick body. If all of us were to recognize nutrition as a major factor in maintaining health and preventing illness, and were to act accordingly, we would find that good health is at least within reach.

There are many books and other literature available to those interested in a nutritional approach to health, or in getting more background information about megavitamin or orthomolecular therapy. Some of these are:

*Orthomolecular Psychiatry*, edited by David Hawkins and Linus Pauling, W.H. Freeman and Co., USA, 1973. Linus Pauling, winner of a Nobel Peace Prize and a Nobel Prize for Chemistry, developed the concept of orthomolecular medicine and has defined orthomolecular psychiatry as being "the achievement and preservation of good mental health by the provision of the optimum molecular environment for the mind, especially the optimum concentrations of substances normally present in the human body, such as the vitamins."

*Megavitamin Therapy, In Reply to the American Psychiatric Association Task Force on Megavitamin and Orthomolecular Therapy in Psychiatry*, A. Hoffer and H. Osmond, Canadian Schizophrenia Foundation, 2135 Albert St., Regina, Saskatchewan, 1976. There are also many other publications available from the CSF (not limited to schizophrenia).

*Prevention*, published monthly by Rodale Press, Inc., Emmaus, Pennsylvania 18049.

*Nutrition Almanac*, Nutrition Search, Inc., (John D. Kirschmann, Director), McGraw-Hill Book Company, USA, 1975.

*Let's Get Well*, Adelle Davis, New American Library, USA, 1972.

*Nutrition Against Disease*, Roger J. Williams, Bantam Books, Inc., New York, 1973.

*Supernutrition*, Richard A. Passwater, Simon & Schuster of Canada, Ltd., Markham, Ontario, 1976.

*The Vitamin Pioneers*, Herbert Bailey, Pyramid Books, New York, 1970.

*The Healing Factor, Vitamin C Against Disease*, Irwin Stone, Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1972.

*Food for Thought*, Ross Hume Hall, Harper & Row, USA, 1974.

*Vitamin E for Ailing and Healthy Hearts*, Wilfrid E. Shute with Harald J. Taub, Pyramid Books, New York, 1969.

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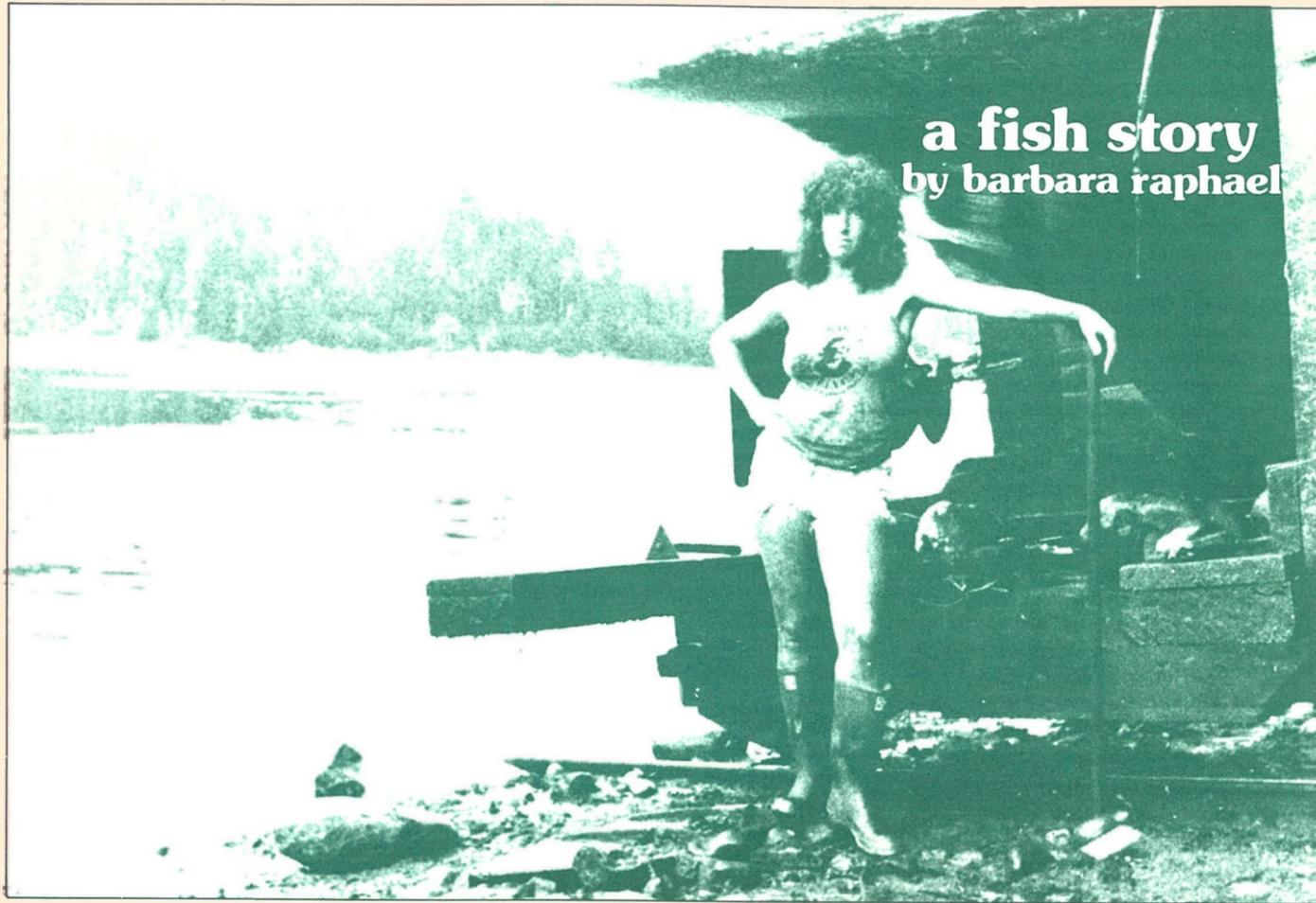
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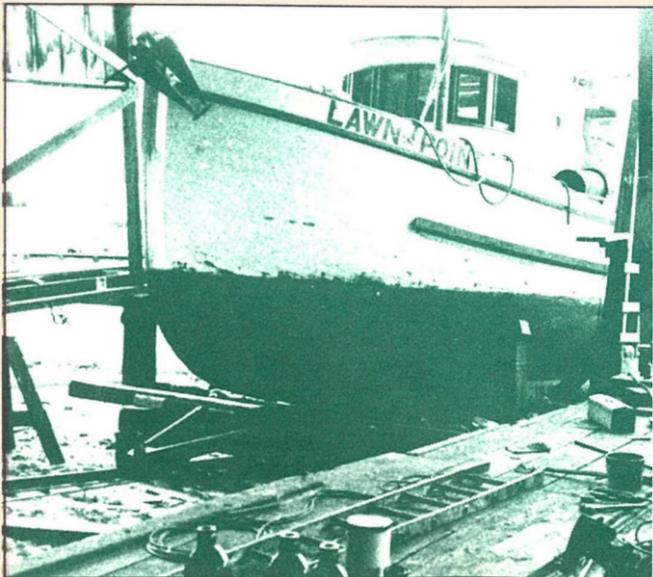
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a fish story  
by barbara raphael

All right, let's be honest, shall we? I mean why did I ever want to be a deckhand on a fish boat in the first place? I admit the prospect of making money — and lots of it — plus the idea of being out in the middle of the ocean with the sun and the wind, etc. was very appealing to me. And there was another reason to go fishing. Fantasy. I had no clear idea about how the actual work would be or what being out on a boat with a stranger for days at a time could mean, but in my vivid imagination it was to be a thrilling and glorious adventure. That is how I saw it at first — a romantic adventure.



Reality closed in the day I met Bruce and climbed aboard my new home — the Beatrice. I had a fleeting moment of panic as I realized that I had to spend the next three or more months confined to that narrow space. The galley and the wheel-house were one: a sink, a stove, some shelves for food and tackle, a bench, a table and, of course, the wheel. Below was storage space, the engine and two bunks. Home sweet home.

My first morning on board the Beatrice was strange indeed. I lay in a narrow, not-too-dry bottom bunk in a pit of that boat, my head resting on my makeshift pillow — a pair of jeans and a jacket wrapped in a towel — but I wasn't sleeping. Still, the blast of the engine ignition was too sudden. I sat up too fast and bumped my head hard against the upper bunk.

I learned fast the ropes of deckhanding. With Bruce the only way to learn was by observation — although he was always very patient and generous, he never sat down and taught me anything outright. I began by imitating him until I developed my own style. He soon bought me some oilskins, yellow rubber overalls and jacket that I wore when I cleaned fish. And I cleaned a lot of fish that summer.

Cooking was casual. During the day we ate whatever was around and drank a lot of coffee, sitting in the stern, our feet propped up on the checkers waiting for the fish to bite. We'd watch the lines and the sea and each other, talking or just sitting silently, rolling cigarettes, soothed by the sway of the waves.

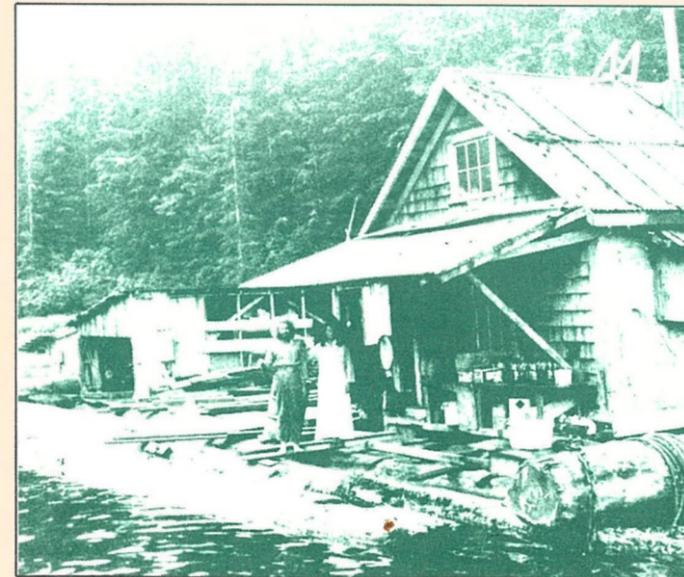
But it wasn't always calm out there. I had been warned about the debilitating effects of sea-sickness, so I took to popping a couple of dramamine every morning as soon as

I woke up. But as the days wore on and I weathered the seas standing on my feet, I came to wean myself from the drug and, although I never felt entirely whole when the wind was blowing, I could still do the work that had to be done.

And then there was the fog. One day I came up on deck to find us in the middle of the thickest, densest fog I'd ever seen. Standing in the stern, I could barely see the bow of the boat. It was like being caught in the midst of a huge endless cloud and the rest of the world didn't exist. Bruce stayed up front peering through the opened windows watching for boats and other perils while I remained in the cockpit fishing. In spite of the weather, the fish were biting. I worked steadily, pulling the lines in, flipping the fish into the checkers, yanking the hooks loose from their mouths, dropping the lines back into the water, moving to the other side of the boat — back and forth all day. And the fog stayed as low and thick as ever. When we finally started in, the signal from the lighthouse was our only guide. Once we were past the lighthouse, the fog lifted slightly, lodged itself into the land, left the water clear. That night we invited some friends on board, and we all sat around listening to each other's fog-stories. Sipping hot rums, smoking cigarettes.

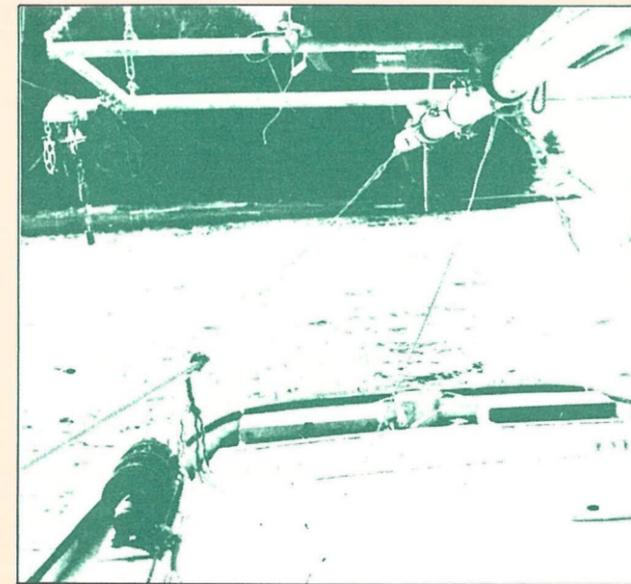
Those were the best times. Crowded around the table after a long day, warm and drowsy, listening to people ramble on. Most fishermen I met loved to tell stories — tales of close calls, of their catches; they loved to compare notes, boast about 'the big ones', complain about the unions, hand out advice.

I liked the fishing, the catching of the fish. It was exciting. But I never got used to the killing. There were those who maintained that they had an agreement with the spirit of the salmon, a kind of mutual understanding that made the



killing clean somehow, free from its slaughterhouse overtones. I was never so lucky.

And then, a strike was called. At first we were rather pleased. It meant a break, a much-needed rest, a time to play and forget about catching and cleaning and chasing a fish, time to clean up the boat and do a few repairs. We cruised up the coast, drinking and carousing, until we reach-



ed Quatsino. There was a shipyard there, where we could do some minor fix-ups, like copper painting the bottom of the Beatrice. A delightful job! Out of the water, up on the weighs, she looked massive. With long-handled brushes and hoses we scrubbed and coaxed the green slime and barnacles off her bottom. Then we covered her with copper paint, which is poisonous and helps protect the boat from these growths. With a little encouragement and help from friends, and a lot of beer, we managed to complete the copper painting before the sun set.

We spent days eating, drinking, talking, and playing cards. At first it was fun and a welcome change from the work. But as the days wore on it changed. The strike was too long, and people began to panic. There was too much at stake to be able to go on partying indefinitely. Soon the company and the booze weren't enough and the waiting became exhausting and nerve-wracking. The waters were teeming with fish, but because the shoreworkers had decided to hold out for more money the whole industry was frozen solid. A lot of fishermen didn't belong to the union and wanted to be fishing. But there was no one to unload the fish and selling fish privately was illegal and highly unethical. No one wanted to be a scab. So we waited.

One morning, when the waiting and the tension had become unbearable, I decided to go back to Vancouver. ●



# Work, Workers, and Industrial Democracy

By Mary Schendlinger

If you're a North American living in 1977, you work, you talk about work, and you worry about work. It is likely that someone you don't know drew up your job description and, with minor variations, you fitted yourself into it. It is possible that you consider your work as the time you spend for which you get paid, and your personal life as the other time; the two may be schizophrenically separate for you. It is not unusual for you to be dissatisfied with your work or to feel detached from it. For the last couple of centuries, especially since the Industrial Revolution, workers all over the world have been uncomfortable with their condition: not just how much they're paid or whether they have to work with noxious fumes, but how depressing and degrading it is to spend several hours a day doing work over which they have no control.

People have tried to combat these feelings of alienation in a variety of ways. They have escaped from the mainstream to form utopian communities, they have organized and overthrown governments, they have formed large co-operatives to avoid big business and government altogether, they have built powerful labour unions to improve work conditions and to control the greed of tycoons.

Most of these attempted solutions have been noble, and both the small and large victories represent no small effort. Many people have spent their lives in the struggle for the right to control their own destinies. The only problem is that in the 1970s, after 200 years of valiantly trying to snatch a modicum of control away from the Power Elite, the great numbers of working people, who made it possible for capitalistic governments to exist, are not much farther ahead than when they started. There is still a clear line between the haves and the have-nots, and while the have-nots may be working a shorter week and have a better material standard of living, most of them still do not experience the

contentment and gratification of work which they love, respect, and feel close to.

This article will explore some of the reasons for this dissatisfaction: how things have changed, how they have stayed the same, and the possibilities of real alternatives — ways in which workers can begin to feel more like people who work, and less like manipulated parts of a monstrous machine.

## WORK IS...

People work because it is a natural activity. Children spend hours a day on play and/or attending school — their work. Adults work for hours a day because they need to produce, they need to contribute something of themselves to the greater group, they need to feel important. However, these moral and social needs are not taken into account by the structure of North American capitalist society. They do not work just in order to feed, clothe, and house themselves and their dependents, although most people must perform their paid tasks just to survive. The expression: "I'd quit tomorrow if I didn't need the money" is a familiar one. Freedom of choice in occupation is another rare opportunity: people are expected to choose their work, prepare themselves for it, and find it — before they have experienced life anywhere but in school, an artificial setting designed to prepare future workers ("What are you going to be when you grow up?"). And there are only certain kinds of work that are really considered work — namely, paid jobs. Other activities — raising children, canvassing for a political candidate, cleaning house, going to school, writing in a journal, attending citizens' action meetings, doing volunteer work — do not have economic value and are therefore not really regarded as work by society. In this way the essential but unpaid work of housewives, community workers, etc. has little social value.

People who work for pay in Western society fall into two categories: workers and management. Management decides

how to make the money, workers are hired to take care of the details so that the money can be made. Management decides how the money will be used, and strives to minimize expenses (including workers' wages and working conditions). As a result, the worker's energy is poured into surviving rather than contributing to the whole enterprise and feeling like a part of it. She/he has little opportunity to feel that her/his work is valuable personally and socially, as well as economically.

As Studs Terkel documents in his *Working*, people in every area of work in this society don't feel proud of what they do, connected to it, or interested in it. Studies show that the duller and more repetitive the work, the poorer mental health workers have. But people in every kind of work want to learn more, gain more responsibility, have enough recognition for a job well done, and do interesting work. It is not too much to ask, considering that work uses up the major part of most people's waking hours.

## WHY WORKERS AREN'T HAPPY

In the capitalist system, quality is primarily an economic consideration, and inefficiency is built into any hierarchical structure to keep people in their places. The only attempts at efficiency come from outside "experts", in the Frederick Taylor time-motion tradition. Despite the failure of his "scientific management" techniques, which were meant to make workers as machine-like as possible, his theories and goals are dying hard.

The alienation and unhappiness of the majority of our work force have been the subject of hundreds of studies, carried out by all parts of the population: corporate management, who naturally have an interest in the health of "their" workers; governments, who feel some vague responsibility for citizens; students and educators, who have an academic interest; psychiatrists and sociologists, whose business it is to

identify social problems; and non-government political types, who have noticed that things have to change. Nearly all workers, from spaced-out blue collar assembly line workers to suicidal, ulcer-ridden executives, are miserable.

What's the problem? Charles de Gaulle said that "at the origin of these troubles, there is the depressing and irritating feeling that modern man experiences of being caught and dragged along in an economic and social machinery over which he has no control." Indeed, it isn't too hard to see why workers in an age of bigness — big government, big business, mass communication — can begin to feel manipulated, used, out of control. Discontent shows itself in the small ways in which workers do have control: *Fortune* magazine reported in 1970 that young auto workers were "venting their feelings through absenteeism, high turnover, shoddy work, and even sabotage." And these are organized workers, whose unions have been struggling for years to prevent the kind of restlessness and unhappiness we have witnessed over the last ten or twenty years.

Karl Marx talked a lot about worker alienation, and pointed out that as long as the worker relates to the product of her/his labour as an alien object, she/he will not affirm her/himself, but deny her/himself, and therein lies the basis for all human servitude. That alienation and servitude are crucial to the efficient functioning of a capitalist society, however; if workers were given enough room to stop and realize the social consequences of what they were doing, or to get together and talk about what they really wanted, or to be encouraged to develop their natural initiative, the assembly line would stop, and if the assembly line (and its counterparts in government and service systems) stopped, so would capitalism. People are fitted into structures, instead of the reverse, and we end up with thousands of demoralized workers who perform work for money, and then go home and spend it on goods and services other workers have produced.

People's dissatisfaction with their personal and working lives is not new. In the late 18th century the Shakers set up a "utopian" community in the USA, with their own alternate economic and production systems. Charles Fournier's "associationist movement" was an attempt to "combine the thinker and the worker", and a farm was established which operated for six years. And the "Bible Communist" society of New

York rejected the traditional notions of both work and marriage. Its group marriage and co-operative economy functioned amazingly well for some time. All of these groups wanted to incorporate co-operative values into a community which would function outside the mainstream, because they saw no way of managing within the system. Some of them were astonishingly successful, but outside pressures and internal weaknesses caused them to disband. Even now, however, there are alternate communities, like the Hutterites in Manitoba, who reject the values of North American culture and live in small, co-operative groups in order to keep their feeling of closeness to their work, their families, and their environment. This kind of society has drawn much criticism from theorists like Marx, who criticized the Utopians for being dependent on the bourgeois classes from which they were attempting to escape: many modern politicians also feel that abandoning a system altogether is no way to effectively fight it.

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER

One controversial tool for workers' control is the labour union. Canadian unions were formed in the 1800s, against staggering opposition, to protect wages, improve conditions, and keep mechanization out of the workplace. The early organizations were of questionable legality, and employers' blacklists were thorough and effective. Union activists took great risks, and this was before the days of UIC and welfare. Despite these odds, the unions eventually gained enough strength to help abolish child labour, and to reduce long work days and discrimination. Later, economic issues came to the front lines of the union struggle (Williams, *Unions in Canada*). The gains that have been made are misleading, however, because less than a third of Canadian workers are organized, and a few large industries and services have heavy concentrations of unionized workers. These are the unions that draw sensational publicity about what appear to be outlandish money demands.

Some union organizers take a Marxist stance about their work, claiming that workers can only get real solutions for their problems through socialist revolution. The organizers say that the solidarity created by union struggles will produce a political consciousness strong enough to bring about a proletarian uprising. To that end, they struggle within the union structure to organize more workers and democratize the

unions, giving the rank-and-file more control over the group. Other organizers are working toward more Canadian-based unions, pressing for breaks from the huge international unions. (Adriano Sofri, *Organizing for Workers' Power*). But will the creation of a powerful new structure really make the basic social changes that will give workers a feeling of control over their lives? Unionists say yes, pointing out that dramatic social changes can be negotiated at the bargaining table if the unions are powerful enough.

The Canadian Union of Public Employees recently proposed that non-academic staff at a Canadian university should have some decision-making power in university affairs. Of course, this was greeted with derision by almost everyone. The *Toronto Star* was the only newspaper that didn't make fun of "janitor power". And Henry Lorrain of the Pulp Sulphite & Paper Mills Workers, in bringing the issue of company waste-dumping to a bargaining table, said, "Our members are the men who pull the switches to send effluent from the mills into Canada's waterways. We and our families live in the towns whose waterways are being polluted by this industrial waste. We can no longer sit idly by and watch the destruction of our precious natural resources." Vancouver day care workers organized by the Service, Office, and Retail Workers Union of Canada (SORWUC), recently presented contracts to the B.C. government demanding "day care quality" measures such as hot food for children, support services for staff and parents, and a revision in the day care budget structure. More and more, unionists are bringing heretofore "non-negotiable" issues to their employers and presenting them as demands for better working conditions.

Union leaders say they are doing all they can, because workers in the western world are not ready for a proletarian revolution, but they are in need of some of life's basic comforts and rights, which can be won through collective bargaining. Anyway, a revolution is built slowly, and there are whole sections of the work force (e.g., finance and insurance workers) who have only begun to think about organizing into unions, let alone smashing the state.

However, there is plenty of criticism about the union way of creating change. Many economists and politicians (people involved in political action and/or study) charge that unions have become institutions themselves, and as such are incapable of challenging the capitalist

state; in fact, they have become an integral part of it.

This is partly because of the emphasis on economic gains for workers — wages, holidays, sick benefits, etc. Unions exist to redistribute wealth. “No matter how inequitable the distribution of income, no matter how deep the crisis,” writes Stanley Aronowitz, “these conditions will never, by themselves, be the soil for revolutionary consciousness. Revolutionary consciousness arises out of the conditions of alienated labour.” (Aronowitz, “Labour Unionism and Workers’ Control”, in *Workers’ Control*). Because of the very nature of collective bargaining, the influence unions can have is limited to specific negotiable issues. New problems and philosophical questions can’t be dealt with in this structure, and Aronowitz also points out that “the rigid authoritarianism of the enterprise is counterbalanced by rigid thinking patterns of the unions.” As unions have grown in size, they have had to develop power structures that are more and more bureaucratic, and their concerns have shifted from social and political issues to internal bureaucratic procedures and finances. The larger size of unions also means that some industries and services have contracts which are negotiated at the national level. This leaves little room for any real democratic process in which the rank-and-file can be involved, and effectively removes the worker from any direct contact with her/his union. It also means that the possibilities for power in some unions are boundless: officials’ jobs can become big, important, well-paid, and shrouded in mystique. And they can become corrupted by power. James Hoffa is more famous than any American president because of the amount of power he wielded. Of course, this bureaucratization process makes the unions less and less democratic, but Aronowitz says that: “Hoffa was a hero to many workers because he represented not a challenge to the robber baron but the labour equivalent of it.” In creating a structure large and powerful enough to stand up to capitalism, are we not duplicating it? Once union bosses have accumulated a certain level of wealth and authority, are they not reluctant to give it up in the name of rank-and-file democracy? Keeping the workers under control is crucial to their strength.

The distance between labour bosses and workers creates other problems. Union officials begin making assumptions about the rank-and-file: like corporate managers, they do not believe that the worker wants to be responsible

for her/his work process or to concern her/himself with increasing efficiency or co-ordination, because these are the jobs of management. (Garson, “Beyond Collective Bargaining” in *Workers’ Control*). And labour officials find it easier to make decisions without consulting the workers. “Union bureaucrats everywhere like to assert that the masses would not understand and accept a more aggressive union policy,” despite evidence to the contrary. They can easily refer to the apathy of the work force, and suffer no threat to their own comfort. (Andre Gorz, “Workers’ Control is More Than Just That,” in *Workers’ Control*)

Despite the unions’ success at achieving for labour some small control over their work situations, there is evidence that the workers themselves are far from satisfied. They may not want to wait until contract time to air their grievances; they may want more control hour by hour, day by day. It is true that attendance at union meet-

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### No matter how powerful a union is, business or government can blow the whistle whenever they want.

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ings is low and has to be made mandatory even in active unions, but it can be argued that this is because the only real decisions workers can make within their unions are whether to strike, and who will sit at the bargaining table. (Garson, same)

Claims that workers don’t want responsibility or control, or find them confusing, are unfounded. In a wildcat move in the late 1960s, for example, hospital workers in Kansas took over a hospital ward for 12 hours, administering all phases of the work themselves. Confrontations with government officials and police resulted in strong community support for the workers.

In May 1968, some of the ten million workers out on strike in France occupied the factories and took over production. Some of this activity lasted a surprising amount of time, and factory operations were in good shape when it ended. Five thousand workers at the Pirelli Tire Factory, a large and complex plant, took over and establish-

ed new work speeds without consulting technicians or engineers. They ran the whole factory at varying speeds, to prove they could do it and to draw attention to the absurdity of piece rates.

Japan and France have both experienced “reverse strikes” where public transport workers offered public transport as a free service. And similar takeover incidents at the Vauxhall Factory in Luton, Alfa Romeo in Milan, Genoa’s shipyards, and the steel industry in Dunkirk, indicate that when workers get a chance to organize themselves, “their demands and their methods always prove more radical than what top union leadership had expected.” (Gorz, same article)

Why is everyone so surprised at the intensity of these explosions? Is it because we take the word of labour officials and corporate management that the workers don’t really see self-management as an issue? Possibly the lack of communication with these workers is causing some problems.

Even when workers do manage to get better working conditions and wages, it is all going to be invested in making a better product or service for management — the workers themselves are still kept from real involvement in what they are doing. So, says Andre Gorz, “the worker — even the highly paid worker — tries to sell himself as dearly as possible, because he cannot avoid having to sell himself.”

Although union officials believe they are securing economic, political, and social power for workers, it is questionable how much real power labour can get under the present labour-management system. No matter how powerful a union is, business or government can blow the whistle whenever they want. Government can set wage and price controls, of which only wage controls are really enforceable. It can also legislate people back to work if strikes go on too long, or jail union leaders. It can propagandize the public into believing that inflation can be cured if workers will only stop asking for raises. And if all else fails, the government can put too much money into circulation, making it absolutely impossible for workers to get more than a pre-determined percentage of it.

Business has even more ways of dealing with union demands. Such demands can be sidestepped by moving a factory, closing it, or changing the production means. And although management may grant economic gains to labour, it can take them back. No matter what is won through collective

bargaining, the implementation of the contract has to be put back in the hands of unsympathetic management, who can raise prices to reduce the real wages, or lay off some workers and intensify the work load of others. J.K. Galbraith and other economists have demonstrated how the cost of labour contracts is passed back to the consumer (the worker). The real losers in this game of leap frog are unorganized workers, pensioners, people on welfare, and other low- or fixed-income groups.

Industries take union contracts into account in their long-term financial planning, and can even get ahead of their budget. The US steel industry, for example, knows how to produce in 9 months all the steel it needs for a year, so it can easily absorb a 3-month strike. If there is no strike, the 3 months worth of extra production is gravy. In this way, the union becomes a political institution serving (however unwittingly) corporate ends.

Unions, of course, always start out as radical groups, genuinely devoted to worker self-determination; but to gain power they become big, and to become big they have to turn bureaucratic. Finally, they reach a point where they are no longer interested in overthrowing the system, but become absorbed in protecting the economic interests of the work force of that system. The result is, ironically, that the unions even have a certain responsibility to the workers to help maintain the very system that makes them feel alienated from their work. Unionists answer this charge by saying that unions must exist to keep capitalism from overwhelming us completely.

While some attempts have been made at negotiating for issues that concern the larger community, in general, unions have not dealt forcefully with the broader social and political situations in which they are working. If the United Auto Workers don’t put on pressure about the damage that can be done by a factory or a car culture, they are in fact supporting that factory/ car culture by becoming part of it, and trying to get a bigger share of it.

In examining what their workers really need, the unions would likely have to re-evaluate their own structure, and maybe even destroy it. This would take a lot of courage and revolutionary energy which, for all their talk about worker apathy, union leaders probably don’t have. But there are other possibilities, such as the unions using what power they have to re-educate people, to find new ways to build safer products

and to take more social responsibility for the industries they are part of. Some unionists argue that labour unions need more power to accomplish these ends, not less. With real power and control comes greater responsibility. This is a sound theory, but the trade union movement does not appear to be headed in that direction.

The tendency of organized labour to behave like the established system has other bad side effects. Unions are often as racist and sexist in their policies as business and government. These policies are being overcome somewhat by the formation of new, more radical unions, but the unions who have real clout are the worst as far as women’s issues and race relations are concerned. (Morris, *Rebellion in the Unions*)

These problems make it difficult for some workers and politicians to wholeheartedly support trade unionism as “the answer”. In fact, they claim that the rank-and-file only support unions because there is no alternative to them.

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### In Sweden, business controls workers by treating their demands as items that can be ironed out in a “reasonable” discussion.

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Events of the last 10 or 20 years tend to prove that the workers are not satisfied with the job their officials are doing. In Britain, more than 80% of the strikes of the last few years were wildcat actions, called not by unions, but by shop stewards, on issues of workers’ control. (Gorz in *Workers’ Control*) Rank-and-file rejections of proposed union settlements are also on the climb. “Union national bureaucracies have sided with employers in trying to impose labour peace,” charges Stanley Aronowitz in *Workers’ Control*. “Rank-and-file militancy has occurred. . . because of the failure of unions to address themselves to the issues of speed-up, plant removal, increased workloads, technological change.”

The young women and men who were politically active students in the 1960s have now entered the work force. They are unwilling to accept the inflexible, autocratic authority of the factory, or of the union. In fact, union officials have minimized rank-and-file

rebellion by blaming it on these restless young people. But it is workers of all types and ages who have had enough of unquestioning obedience — either to the boss or to the union.

#### BRIBING WORKERS: CARROTS

The unions, the workers’ vehicle for expression, aren’t keeping them happy. What’s to be done?

Company managers in Europe have faced this dilemma for years. In an attempt to pacify employees, companies in several countries have begun to experiment with “workers’ councils” who have consultative functions. The councils are now established by law in India, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, and elsewhere. What exactly are they, and how do they work? More importantly, what is the effect on the workers?

In Sweden, a country which is famous for its lack of labour strife, the principal organizations are the Swedish Employers’ Confederation and three large unions. Wilfred List, a Toronto labour reporter, would have us believe that this high level of organization keeps workers and management happy, that everyone works side by side in selfless dedication to the country’s economic health. This, combined with better legal provisions for all workers, education, job training, and social psychology programmes, “offers many lessons for Canada.” (List, “In Sweden the Byword is Co-operation” in *Workers’ Control*) Lars Erik Karlsson, on the other hand, charges that workers in his country have only been given the illusion that they are involved in their work. What List called a “high level of organization”, Karlsson refers to as Sweden’s move toward “management by elite, centralization, and bureaucracy.” (Karlsson, “Industrial Democracy in Sweden” in *Workers’ Control*) Workers in advisory roles to management, he claims, are easily absorbed into the power structure. Big business keeps the workers under control by treating their demands as items that can be ironed out in a “reasonable” discussion. Karlsson lays part of the blame on an apathetic Social Democrat party and the large, bureaucratic unions, and claims that labour’s calm days are over in Sweden.

The Federal Republic of Germany is a country where “co-determination”, giving workers some voice in decisions that affect them, has been made into law. A complicated system of worker representation in management, the co-determination system functions basically as a watchdog service insuring that

management will not abuse its power. The works council, at the shop-floor level, gives workers a chance to make some of their own internal work regulations, and to consult on simple personnel matters. Otherwise, the workers have only the joint works committee, which is a group of employees and staff who convene to settle work agreements on issues not found in union contracts and through which employees gain access to the managerial information they want. Critics of the German system point out that no matter how energetic and enthusiastic the workers' representatives are, the system provides only a minimal opportunity for them to get involved in company affairs, and in fact "buys them off" with illusions of true control.

In North America the move toward "industrial democracy" (more decision-making power for workers) has been slower. The first reactions to the alienated worker syndrome were band-aid solutions: "job enlargement" was tackled by industrial psychologists; the more routine, repetitive tasks began to be performed by machines; large-scale studies of leisure were undertaken to help workers feel happier after they went home. These answers, obviously concocted from the wrong end of the problem, were popular during the 1950s, but within a few years had proved unsuccessful. By that time there was plenty of evidence that workers wanted more to say about this great proportion of their time. Even then, business and government leaders were slow to grasp the importance of the issue, probably because of our attitudes toward the free enterprise system. North Americans believe "that the man at the top fought a hard battle to get there. . . the system is fair because everyone has an equal chance to engage in the battle. . . those who are left behind philosophically submit to fate because, according to the rules of the game, they could just as easily have won." (Jenkins, *Job Power*)

Bored and unhappy workers do sloppy work, however; they produce inferior products and create waste and inefficiency. Therefore, while the social and human needs for worker input could be successfully ignored, the economic realities have forced management to deal with the problem. Rising young business executives know that "autocratic management is out and participative management is in." (Wilson, *Democracy and the Work Place*) A feeling of importance contributes to job satisfaction, which leads to greater efficiency, which leads to greater profits.

At the Polaroid Corporation in the United States, for instance, workers have been encouraged to form committees to present requests to management. They have an advisory role, and once issues are settled, the committees dissolve voluntarily. Employees also spend part of their working days on work and training not related to their specific jobs, so that they can get a broader, better understanding of their work and the functioning of the whole company.

At Cox Systems in Canada, the power is shared a little more directly: workers have the authority to organize what they do. Among other things, they have chosen to do away with time clocks. The management of this company claims to have a "resource role" only.

Other businesses in North America have encouraged unions to work more closely and "co-operatively" with management, on the basis that by working side by side, everyone can turn her/his attention to the efficiency of the

**"Team spirit" is a booby trap when part of the team has no rights and the other part has all the rights.**

whole operation rather than concentrating on individual output. This view was very popular, even gaining the support of unions during the war years, when patriotic zeal and the need to minimize waste produced a special co-operative spirit.

Workers' council enthusiasts claim that participation schemes have an important function: to reduce the mystique that surrounds capitalist management, and to give ordinary workers a glimpse of true socialism. And some kind of industrial democracy is possible in almost every work situation: business, industry, government, service, education.

We may be moving toward this worker representation system whether we like it or not. It is viewed in many places as strictly pragmatic — necessary for the smooth functioning of the company. Industrial democracy in some form is part of the platform of social democratic parties in several European countries and also of the Canadian

Labour Congress. Surveys show that workers in most areas of the economy regard some participation in decisions as a necessity. Teachers, for instance, are demanding representation on school boards, and a Gallup Poll in January 1977 showed 71% of Canadians think companies should appoint worker representatives to their Boards of Directors.

What does all this "democracy" really mean to the worker? Once upon a time, coercion and fear of starvation were enough to keep her/him quiet, but now bright young managers are paid to think up ways to keep the worker happy in her/his alienating work. These are called "motivation techniques", but a serious question must be raised about whether they are anything more than new ways to manipulate employees. If management can raise the workers' level of commitment and involvement sufficiently, it can increase its own productivity by buying off workers with the illusion of control. "Team spirit" is a booby trap when part of the team has no rights, and the other part of it has all the rights. It can also become a system in which labour and management join forces and, as Abe Morgenstern of the International Union of Electrical Workers says, "gouge the public together".

At the Gaines dog food plant in Topeka, Kansas, workers were given control over their work place, like non-segregated washrooms, an end to time clocks, less hierarchical job descriptions, and the like. Not only did this have a deterrent effect on unions, but it also kept workers so satisfied that they reduced company costs by 33%. Was any of this gain passed on to the workers who had made it happen?

The workers at Illinois Bell Telephone were placed in charge of running their plant. The first thing they did to increase efficiency was to pare down the work force, putting many of their co-workers out of a job. The company's interest in this kind of "democracy" is obvious: it is a good economic investment, and it is good insurance against workers uniting against exploitation.

"Sure we're a Maoist company," says Doug Young of Cox Systems. "There are a lot of socialist aspects to what we're doing. . . . But if we can't make this company profitable, then that's where the socialism thing ends." (Alexander Ross, *The Risk Takers*)

There is little reason to believe that worker representation at the board level will ever amount to more than tokenism. Therefore, these representatives will have no power, and can

easily be absorbed into the system. In the German co-determination system, worker representatives are now "a privileged and isolated group, quite alienated from their constituents." (Ken Coates, *Can the Workers Run Industry?*) None of these maneuvers will really make a difference to the position of the worker with respect to the capital: the means of production really isn't in her/his hands, and management can take away any of these small concessions whenever it wants.

Organized labour can only support these reforms to a certain extent, because of the them vs us system of which it is so much a part. As soon as workers are involved in management say the unions, "them" and "us" become somewhat confused and workers can get drawn into systems that are not working for their benefit.

The Canadian Labour Congress, at its 1972 Conference in Ottawa, clearly separated worker participation from industrial democracy. The latter could be an extension of contracts and could be negotiated in the usual way, to gain more rights for workers. The CLC's Gordon McCaffrey pointed out at the conference that, "Investors would be reluctant, if not foolhardy, to risk their capital in an enterprise in which workers had a right to participate in decision-making on an equal basis." The private ownership scheme would be destroyed if it tried to adopt a one-person one-vote system.

The answer to this whole problem, according to social democrat parties in Europe and North America, is to nationalize industry — put it in the hands of the "people". But as any resident of a New Democratic Party-controlled province of Canada will testify, state-run business and services are even less efficient and more bureaucratic than privately-owned companies. In fact, "it is possible for the working class to possess less political power, to enjoy less civil liberty, to exercise less control over the circumstances of its working life, to be, in every sense of the word, more 'exploited', under regimes based on state ownership than under bourgeois democracy." (Kendall, *State Ownership, Worker's Control and Socialism*) The worker, in short, is still powerless.

Under "socialism" of this kind, after the wage reduction and price increases of 1971, the Polish government killed and wounded in one series of riots, more of its own citizens than British capitalism has killed and wounded in Britain for the last 100 years. It is easy

to see how the hopeless authority structures of even well-meaning governments can effectively end up controlling workers rather than industry. And the work process will not change for the person who is still stuck at the bottom of the pyramid — the worker. Anyway, nationalism of industry is not a solution: a change of government can return ownership to private people.

Therefore, it becomes clear that neither nationalism, token participation, nor unionization can really change the basic relationship between workers and capital. Why should the people who invest their lives in a business have less to say about it than the people who merely invest their cash? More wages, more holidays, more creative leisure, more workers' committees, cannot fool the worker into believing that throwing her/his heart and soul into her/his work will benefit anyone but the Boss. True responsibility comes from real control. If the workers are not morally and technically responsible for the results of their services, it does no good to pour energy and resources into heading off the more direct manifestations of workers' unrest.

For business and industry, then, "workers' control" means that workers must have control over not only organization and production techniques, but also capital. And for everyone to have control, some system of co-operation or collectivism is implied. These are the principles underlying business and service activities that are truly worker controlled.

From all of this, a few definitions emerge: in WORKERS' PARTICIPATION, workers share partial responsibility for the operation of their plant, but ownership and final authority rest with management. WORKERS' SELF-MANAGEMENT is a program in which workers are the primary governing body in a workplace owned by someone else (private people or the state). And WORKERS' CONTROL is a strategy for people's takeover of what they spend most of their waking life doing. ●

Part 2 will deal with workers' control and co-operatives, take a look at possibilities for the future, and include a reading list.

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Skitzilano Day and all the fashionably mod hippies buying their second-hand clothing at double prices — their washed-out denim shirts, patched pants, etcetera — have come to hear about their has-been days. their flowered shirts getting caught in the xerox machines, their community social-work groups having not gotten re-funded by the government this time.

predictable urban tragedies of being 100 years old and 30 years young. i live in a time-machine going backwards. tomorrow i'll be as old and as straight as i was 10 years ago; the day after tomorrow i'll be in a mental hospital the way that i was 12 years ago; the day after that i'll be out washing cars and waiting on tables the way i was 14 years ago. maybe after that i'll come out and re-discover being a hippy again. (if i don't get arrested by the cops again for selling flowers, or sent to another shrink by my social worker.)

as soon as i get rid of my life-insurance plan, my car payments and trip to mexico; yes, this *is* Skitzilano Day; the man who owns the house who owns the woman who owns the child will come out on her married feet and advocate communism (except that the house is gone, because of the hi-rises ringing it in, so there is now no reason for her to own him because he owns her because they both own the child, because they own the house).

Skitzilano Day and yes, everything is very, very trippy; except that suddenly you notice that certain people seem to be very definitely stuck into certain very definite trips and other people are stuck in certain other trips (i.e. some people are constantly to be found working at very unpleasant factory jobs, while other people are found at very nice classy jobs). why this difference between the classy and the crumby, you wonder, and why are *you* always in the last category? so the next time you find yourself looking up the wrong end of the conveyor belt, you ask yourself, why me? how did *i* get stuck here? after all, i'm a poet, i'm intelligent too. i thought it was all just an interesting trip. it seemed so trippy to me, you know, being part of the proletariat. now suddenly i'm stuck in it. but the chocolate bars or the letters you're sorting just wink back at you and keep on piling around you and around you and nothing could be more boring somehow.

what happened to the rhetoric of alternate lifestyles? what happened to the talk of "meaningful work"? well, it went down the drain along with the comfortable tit of the welfare state or else it went to the people good at writing out the government grant application forms and sticking inside their smug little cliques. and somehow *you* missed out on the race for the goodies. (only a few people can afford these "alternate" lifestyles, it seems.)

you scratch your head and wonder. you look at the chocolate bars or letters or whatever it is that you're sorting or stacking or packing and feel a rising claustrophobia inside you. you have become a peppermint pattie. you have become a pile of letters. you want to be on welfare again and happily bite the hand that feeds you, but this is the toronto-ization of Emily, not the vancouverization of Virginia.

yes, this is a different trip. the vancouverization of Virginia is all over. you are busy being Santa's elf and sorting letters or making chocolate bars to put in the stockings of fat ungrateful middle-class children to help ruin their teeth and further contribute to hyperglycemia. you decide you will murder Santa Claus. you will become a butcher to middle-class peace and joy-to-the-world. you will picket the post office or the chocolate factory or whatever so no one can have any Christmas at all. you will listen to the fat, bourgeois children crying and crying and feel not a qualm of guilt whatsoever. and at Easter you will go after the Easter Bunny and at Thanksgiving you will go

— the toronto-ization of Emily, a tale of two shitties or the dropping-in and dropping-out of an aging flower child

## SKITZILANO DAY

by Gwen Hauser

after the Puritans. yes, there are infinite possibilities — murdered Santa Clauses and dead Easter Bunnies strewing your path, the wages for carpenters and the price of the boards and the nails are going to go up and the sale of the crucifixes down.

but then you go back to sorting letters or chocolate bars once again realizing that you can't do this because you have to have a roof over your head and something to eat, but maybe next Christmas, maybe, maybe . . .

## THE VISUAL ARTIST

by Penny Kemp

This story is a chapter from **LIPS OF KNOWLEDGE**, an unpublished novel recording the visitations of a transvestite.

"My dear! I have diagnosed your problem as a lack of RED!" Pascal's entry is as usual, immediate . . . Swoosh . . . parts moving, legs, separately, arms. Like a matador, she flashes red — a gorgeous piece of red velvet, maybe 6' by 10', lined with creamy satin. And she carries a fitted jacket — Chinese brocade, red too. I try them on, and prance.

"These are you! You must wear red; you must wear only what is you. Red is fire, and your hair — you are fire. What are — what sign are you? Ah, Leo. Of course. The sun. The colour of Energy!"

I bring the offering of rose hip tea, and with her compliance begin to empty my wardrobe. On the living room floor. One great heap. My clothes have been collecting for 15 years, samples from each era: teacher's drag, A-lines that once passed as smart in the suburbs, little dresses for visiting parents, evening gowns from 1969. Mounds. The weight of these clothes — the past on my back. The glory of shedding encumbrances! My arrogance has always been that clothes didn't matter: the sudden glimmer that wearing that good tweed made me drab and dutiful. Pascal expresses her horror in lurid detail, holding up each item at arm's length, clucking dismay. Out with the sensible heather sweater! Away with that print! Bagged for the next Rummage Sale on Gala Day.

"You should wear green as balance to the red; it too is life. But blue, no. It makes it too easy for you to be pale. Think of your body as a young animal. Wear it proudly, the head as if attached by a string to the ceiling. You are you. Be a Queen."

Pascal loses herself in instruction. Sparkling eyes. I listen. You always know with whom she's been talking. Right now I hear Sue's assurance in her voice, Sue's teacher of posture in Pascal's present erect bearing. She is a medium to the ideas flowing through her head from whatever source. Tracers: the royal We comes from Cynthia, so too the abstraction of colour. She is a mirror, confirming mimetic identities.

Yes! I skip about discarding, discarding. As my real clothes become apparent. Those bought with love, in a foreign dream, in souks and bazaars, and New York second hand stores. Silks, moires, crepes, handed down, my mother's, my aunt's first evening dresses. The yellow satin dressing gown, from 1940. Choosing from apparel lost, in the confusion of crammed cupboards. Overwhelmed by that great soft mass, coloured parachutes billowing down, red and white corpuscles attacking. No more. The cupboards conquered: six shopping bags lined up at the door. No second thoughts. Packrat grits her teeth. Three little girls appear, to relay the bags to their wagon. Gala Day next week. I dance. Released into colour. There remains a cupboard floor full of shoes. I inspect them discerningly. This time I know.

"Well, at least I'm thorough," Pascal sighs in satisfaction, in a kind of English accent that burred the 'r' and uttered the 'ough' from deep in the throat. "You have so many beautiful clothes! Why have you been hiding?"

No more. I become visible. Stripped clean.

# A RADICAL FEMINIST LOOKS AT NEW AGE POLITICS

a review  
by Bonnie Kreps

*New Age Politics* by Mark Satin  
Fairweather Press, 2344 Spruce St.  
Vancouver, B.C. (\$1.50 paperback)

Not long ago, a reporter came out here from Toronto to interview me in connection with an article on the current state of the women's movement. The writer was an old friend and crony from the days when we organized the New Feminists in Toronto, the group which in effect launched radical feminism in Canada. She was quite depressed, looking at what's going on now in the name of feminism; her position was something like, "The radical heart of the women's movement is dead; and what are you, as an early theorist and organizer, doing about it?" Soon, I was depressed, too. All the time, though, I kept feeling that she was formulating the problem incorrectly and that if I could only put my finger on the flaw in her formulation, I would be able to argue convincingly that the women's movement is not "dead", as we have been reading in the straight press with distressing regularity lately.

Well, she left Vancouver, and she left me in my depression. I *felt* the relevance of what I have been into lately; I felt that I was still a committed feminist, that our early analysis of sexism as our most fundamental institution is still, unhappily, completely relevant; and I felt that I somehow was living in a way which was "furthering the cause". I guess what I felt in a fuzzy sort of way was that I was still a "political person", even though I now belong to no women's group and even though I have lately become consumed by a new passion: the consciousness movement (also known as "new age thinking", if you're one of the people doing it, and as "copping out" if you're a traditional liberal or Marxist). And here was my old friend, essentially saying that I had copped out and was being "self-indulgent".

I was in a deep quandary: I didn't see the relevance, to me anyway, of what the liberals or Marxists were doing; nor — and this bothered me much more — of what often was reported in the press as going on in the name of the women's movement. Somehow none of that spoke

any longer to what I had come to feel was a deeply relevant "new" way of looking at things. I was operating out of a personal politics, but where was it taking me? And how *useful* could it be in terms of changing things in the world?

This was the state of mind in which I came across Mark Satin's book *New Age Politics*. He starts by saying, "The thesis of this book is that there's a whole new coherent worldview emerging out of 'what's happening', and that this worldview necessarily includes a new politics." I began to feel better right away. Then I came upon the part which continued, "More and more of us have, over the last ten years or so, become deeply involved in feminism, spiritualism, new forms of therapy, the ecology movement, and other, similar movements. At the same time, though, the radical political movement of the late 1960's seems to have collapsed. Could there be a connection?" Could there also, I asked myself, be a connection between my malaise with respect to current women's movement "victories" (e.g., "Gee, did you notice that another woman has been appointed head of this big corporation?") and my continuing desire to feel that I, as a radical feminist, could incorporate my love of psychic research and the consciousness movement into my life and still emerge true to what I had originally — and still do — considered the "heart of the matter"? Well, *New Age Politics* gave me that connection.

When I was being interviewed for that article, my friend asked me, "What are some landmark books in terms of your own personal political development?" At the time, I didn't really have a ready answer, because I don't tend to think in terms of "books that have changed my life". But, in fact, a few books have done exactly that. Thinking over her question, I came up with a short list of the following: *The Feminine Mystique* and *The Second Sex* (because I was a frustrated housewife), Abraham Maslow's *Toward a Psychology of Being* (because frustrated housewives were

supposed to be "sick"), Jane Roberts' *Seth* books (because I was a frustrated "intellectual"), Doug Boyd's *Rolling Thunder* (because I was a frustrated would-be Buddhist), and *New Age Politics* (because I was a frustrated feminist). In each case, the book(s) in question had pinpointed my frustration and helped me move on to a new level of personal politics. And since I, as a good radical feminist, completely accept the profound truth of our phrase, "the personal is political", I had also at each stage felt set free to pursue a more useful and purposeful political life "out there".

My current, post *New Age Politics* project, is to re-examine radical feminism in the light of women's spirituality and in the context of new age politics in order to come up with some kind of coherent statement with respect to evolving feminism and the current state of the women's movement — which, as is obvious to most of us outside the straight press, isn't dead at all; it's merely evolving in a way which traditional thinkers would not deign to call "political". That's its great strength.

So what's *New Age Politics* all about? Well, it's an attempt at analyzing this "new coherent worldview" and its attendant politics. It's a very ambitious book — what one conservative reviewer in the *Toronto Star* called a "blueprint for a whole new society". ("Slightly flawed," he added, though he magnanimously conceded that "some surprisingly ordered thinking has been going on in the counter-culture.") With friends like that, who fears the enemy?

"The New Age position," writes Satin, "suggests that the problem is with 'the people' themselves/as opposed merely to our institutions/with US: with what we have become. And it holds that 'what we have become' goes back to a cultural complex whose six main elements predate capitalism by hundreds or even thousands of years — and are still present,

in greater or lesser degree, in the socialist countries as well. . . .The elements are: patriarchal attitudes, egocentricity, scientific single vision, the bureaucratic mentality, nationalism, and the big-city outlook."

He proposes that we think of the six elements as "making up a 'Six-Sided Prison' because a prison is what sociologist Erving Goffman calls a 'total institution' which is a perfect metaphor for what our society is fast becoming — a megamachine, to use Lewis Mumford's deliberately ugly phrase. . . .Moreover, calling the *cultural elements* a Prison implies that we're trapped not so much by the institutions of the society as by the culture of things and of death that we carry around in our *minds*. Basically the Prison is a way of *seeing* the world, a mental construct (as sociologists would put it) or an illusion (as spiritualists would) that we create every day anew."

"And because we create it in our minds, we can undo it in our minds. . . . It's to help us get out of the Prison that we need a new political theory — 'New Age Politics'."

He analyzes the six sides of the Prison succinctly: e.g., "The patriarchy is a system of power in which — to put it crudely, as it deserves to be put — men rule and women obey. It is the means by which men are able to get women to be their secretaries, make their beds, prop up their egos, and enjoy doing it. . . .mostly it's enforced by a series of 'patriarchal attitudes' that we don't even notice." "Egocentricity," Satin continues, "refers to selfishness and false pride, and to the notion that the world exists for our own, personal benefit," and he eventually concludes: "Patriarchal attitudes encourage men to be arrogant and women, defensive. Scientific single vision encourages us to see ourselves as the centre of the universe. The bureaucratic mentality encourages us not only to 'get ahead' but to trample on others in the process. Nationalism encourages us to 'get ahead' as a *nation* and to trample on other nations. And the oppressive nature of megalopolis encourages us to loathe and fear other people and to separate ourselves from them as much as we can."

I was struck, on reading this, by how close this "Prison-bound" worldview is to what I as a radical feminist would have labelled that of "male-type thinking". For, if we don't get lost in what Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme in a speech on "The Emancipation of Man" called "one-eyed sex-role-thinking", we realize that what feminism is all about is the fight against sex roles — with the em-

phasis squarely on the plural of that noun. The male sex role is not only what oppresses us women in our personal encounters with sexist males, it's what's all around us. The man is everywhere. And the way in which he views the world (which, if he's a "real man", he sees as "the way" to view the world), is institutionalized into our society's conception of love (bartering sex for food, if you're a woman; getting ego massage, if you're a man), into our notions of work (men have careers and serious "jobs" by which they change the world; women support them in this worthy endeavour), and even into the very look of what's all around us (just take a look at the big buildings in any of our downtown cores, and you'll see a physical monument to male-type thinking).

The personal is, indeed, political. The way in which you define yourself will be institutionalized in your public arena. And so, with "male-type thinking", which is what runs the world right now, you have a world which is control-rather than love-oriented; which sees people as means to an end (usually called "getting ahead"); which is so into "thinking rationally" that it's miles out of contact with whatever feelings may be going on; and which is ultimately destructive not only on a personal but on a global level. A "real man" is probably the most dangerous creature in our world. Unfortunately, he's the one who currently is in control of it; and, unless *he* can be changed, we're all in real trouble.

At the core of *New Age Politics* is a method which Satin calls "tri-level analysis". It is, he says, the method by which we may be able to see through the Prison. "I call it that because it looks at the world on three levels at once. The first is concerned with the passing events of daily life; the second, with economic and political power; and the third, with the Prison itself. . . .On the first, the most superficial, level are the *events* that fill our daily newspaper — elections, murders, wage demands. . . . This is the level the liberals concentrate on, because it lends itself to irony and can be written about without challenging 'the system', any system. On the second level is the history of *groups and groupings*, of changes in governmental and economic forms (monarchy to democracy, feudalism to capitalism and so on). This is the level the Marxists concentrate on, when they're not in power. On the third level, invisible to liberals and Marxists alike, is the history of *structures*. . . .this level refers to deep-seated changes in states of mind, points

of view; in custom and routine; in personality and consciousness. Therefore, this is the level where the Prison can be found. . . .This third level of history isn't impossible to change; but it is the hardest to change. (It's the level William Irwin Thompson is operating on when he sets out to describe a 'transformation of culture so large that it isn't an event anymore'.)"

The importance of this book lies in its analysis of the Prison as the core of an evolving political analysis and strategy for change. Because, as Satin says, "If we simply ignore the third level of analysis until 'later' we'll end up with no social evolution at all, in any deep sense. And we may end up with a stronger Prison."

Mark Satin proposes also that we need a new class analysis — a psychocultural class analysis. "Marx asked, where do you work? We need to ask, are you life-oriented, thing-oriented or death-oriented? . . .These psychocultural classes cut across traditional social and economic lines." I remember when, as an active "militant" feminist, I used to class other feminists in terms of "radical", "liberal", and "Marxist". I began to feel ill at ease with this classification method, because it became apparent to me that those feminists I considered "safe" actually existed in all three classes, and I realized that it was these "safe" ones I trusted in terms of any kind of revolution. I began to analyze what "safe" meant to me. In fact, I remember going through this with my sister, Anne Koedt, who was in the New York Radical Feminists at the time. We went through a lot of the women who were then in the public eye as "movers" in the feminist cause, and we asked ourselves if we really would trust them, should they get into positions of real power — either inside the movement or out. I also remember feeling distinctly bothered when my then crony Ti-Grace Atkinson would call me up from New York and say words to the effect of, "This is a really important issue; get your group to do this. . . ." I used to enrage her by saying, "Oh, Moscow calling, eh?" and that's exactly how I felt. Because, if in the name of feminism, we were merely pushing women around for "the cause", what the hell kind of revolution were we really spawning? We were really aping the worst male-type power moves, and were just having an easier time of it, because women traditionally are much easier to push around than men. It was clear to me that there was a *qualitative* change necessary and that, from this viewpoint,

some of us "movers" were distinctly dangerous and were missing the central point.

And so I began to realize that "safe" to me meant "not power-oriented". I eventually came to call it "life-oriented", and I began to respond instantly to this quality in the women I encountered in the movement. And so I agree, from the depths of my commitment to radical feminism, that a "psychocultural class analysis" is what's necessary and that it rests on a pro- and anti-life nexus.

In the section called "Can We Get From Here To There?" Satin does a nice analysis of why liberalism and Marxism won't do it. Again in line with "the personal is political", he says, "In order to change Prison society, then, we are first going to have to *withdraw our consent from the Prison within us*. Otherwise, we wouldn't want to change things on the third level of analysis. . . .At the same time, though, we can see that changing the Prison within us would not be enough to change Prison society. For the Prison has produced monolithic institutions that are self-perpetuating and that help to perpetuate the Prison within us." He offers a "cooperative, nonviolent, evolutionary movement of a new type. . .its purpose would be, first,

to encourage us to begin to break out of the Prison within; second, to encourage us to work against Prison structures (and for New Age structures) in small groups; and, finally, to allow for us to work against Prison structures (and for New Age structures) by means of cooperative nonviolence. . . .We can think of these stages in psychologist Robert Jay Lifton's terms, as constituting a symbolic form of death and rebirth: *confrontation* of self; *reordering* of personal and social priorities; and *renewal* of self and society."

This book should probably have been written by a radical feminist. Indeed, I wish I had written it myself. We had the roots of this thinking all along. However, only a few of us — notably Mary Daly in her fine *Beyond God the Father* — have concentrated on the evolution of the *spiritual* dimensions of our movement. Too many of us have become lost in the quest for "getting women into power". For to me, the primary aim of feminism is to make us *see* and *feel* what is wrong with sexism. Once we understand this in our own lives, we begin to be able to understand what is wrong with a society that perpetuates such a situation. In this way feminism is, if you like, a window onto the world, a method whereby the

"scales may fall from our eyes" and we may reach a higher consciousness. Changes relating to the condition of women — though important — are, in this process, after the fact. Women, who in the name of feminism, seek to wrest more power from the powerful in order to "equalize" the status of men and women are merely perpetuating the underlying condition. The operation may be successful, but the patient will be more ill than before.

It is clear that feminism has made a deep impact on the thinking which went into *New Age Politics*. We feminists can in turn usefully apply much of what's in this book to a new synthesis of radical feminism and the future of the women's movement.

*New Age Politics* is now being expanded into a larger book which Eric Utne, the editor of the prestigious *New Age Journal* (which is publishing a 6000-word condensation of Satin's book) has personally offered to take to the U.S. publishing industry. It will be an important book, in my opinion, especially since about the only criticism I can find with respect to *New Age Politics* is that its intended scope precluded an intensive examination of "how to get from here to there". ●

MARY ANNE LAMB (1764-1847)

Writer, b. London, elder sister of Charles L. Mentally unbalanced she first gave signs of her desperate condition when in 1796, in a fit of fury, she mortally wounded her mother by stabbing her with a knife. She was tried and a verdict of temporary insanity was brought in; but instead of being consigned to an asylum, she was brought into the custody of her brother, who took charge of her as long as she lived. Charles, if sometimes he found the task of looking after her irksome, never showed his dissatisfaction. In 1807 she assisted him in the *Tales from Shakespeare*: while he wrote the tragedies, she dealt with the comedies. Mary L. survived her brother about 13 years and died in St. John's Wood, London. Everyman's Encyclopedia, 1967

CREDIT where credit is due



Drawing by Vivian Nast

by Pat Smith

When Mary Lamb is mentioned at all in literary or general encyclopedias, the facts are often incorrect, and more attention is given to Mary's madness than to her writing.

Mary, 11 years older than her famous brother Charles, was lucky, considering the norms of her time, that she was allowed to go to school at all, even if it was only for a few months. Her education seemed somewhat belated: Charles and John (a younger brother) were already going to school by the time she began to attend classes. She picked up rudimentary academic skills, but the rest she taught herself or learned from her brothers, who continued to go to school when she had to stay at home. Charles said of her later, "She tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion."

While she was doing all this reading, Mary also looked after her arthritic mother and senile father, both of whom

had become incapable of supporting the family. While her brothers went to school and later when Charles served as an apprentice in the East India Company, Mary supported the whole family by taking in dressmaking. As her responsibilities increased, so too did her tendency to depression, from which she was reported to have suffered since childhood.

When Mary began to behave strangely on the eve of September 21, 1796, the family recognized her behaviour as somewhat similar to that which Charles had displayed the year before, for which he was hospitalized in an asylum for a short time. Although Charles tried to call in a doctor for her the next morning, the doctor was unavailable, and Charles went to work. When he returned that evening he found Mary, knife in hand, mother stabbed to death, and father tearfully wiping blood from his forehead. What purportedly had occurred is that Mary, angry at a servant-girl, began to throw forks at her, one of which struck her father. Mary began to chase the girl

around the table and, when her mother intervened, stabbed her in the heart.

The significant factor in this grisly story is the verdict made in Mary's case, and the effect that it had on the years that followed. This is the report of the trial in the *London Morning Chronicle*:

*It seems that the young lady had once before been deranged, from the harrassing fatigues of too much business....As her carriage towards her mother was ever affectionate in the extreme, it is believed that to the increasing attentiveness, which her parents' infirmities called for by day and night, is to be attributed the present insanity of this ill-fated young woman....The Jury, of course, brought in their verdict, Lunacy.*

Mary was incarcerated in an asylum for 6 months before she was allowed to be placed under her brother's care, on the condition that she would never again live in the same house as her father. For the rest of her life, all of which she spent with Charles, Mary was plagued with



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attacks, which became more frequent with age.

Till 1800, the Lambs lived in relative seclusion in the country. Mary had two collapses in this period and had to return to Islington, the hospital where she had first been placed after her mother's death.

Although the sympathies of the biographers seem to be with Charles for so patiently tolerating his sister's bouts of madness, his attitude toward Mary was often less solicitous than is commonly believed, as indicated in a letter to Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

*Mary will get better again; but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner marked....I almost wish that Mary were dead.*

The dependence was, in fact, mutual, as Mary performed a positive function for Charles. He wrote very little when she was not by his side, and she stood by him during his alcoholic periods. As Charles said in a letter to Dorothy Wordsworth:

*She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me. And yet I know I have been wasting her life and teasing her life for five years past with my cursed drinking and ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am thinking of her, for I know she has cleaved to me for better, for worse, and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade.*

It is interesting to note that Charles' alcoholism and his stay in an asylum,

though often referred to in longer biographies, are not nearly so well-known as Mary's madness; nor are the two ever assumed to be correlated. So much attention is paid to her madness by biographers that the esteem in which she was held by her contemporaries comes as a surprise. William Hazlitt referred to Mary as the only thoroughly reasonable woman he had met in his whole life, a statement which, however sexist, is not usually applied to a lunatic. Leigh Hunt, another writer popular at that time, remarked upon her as "that fine brain".

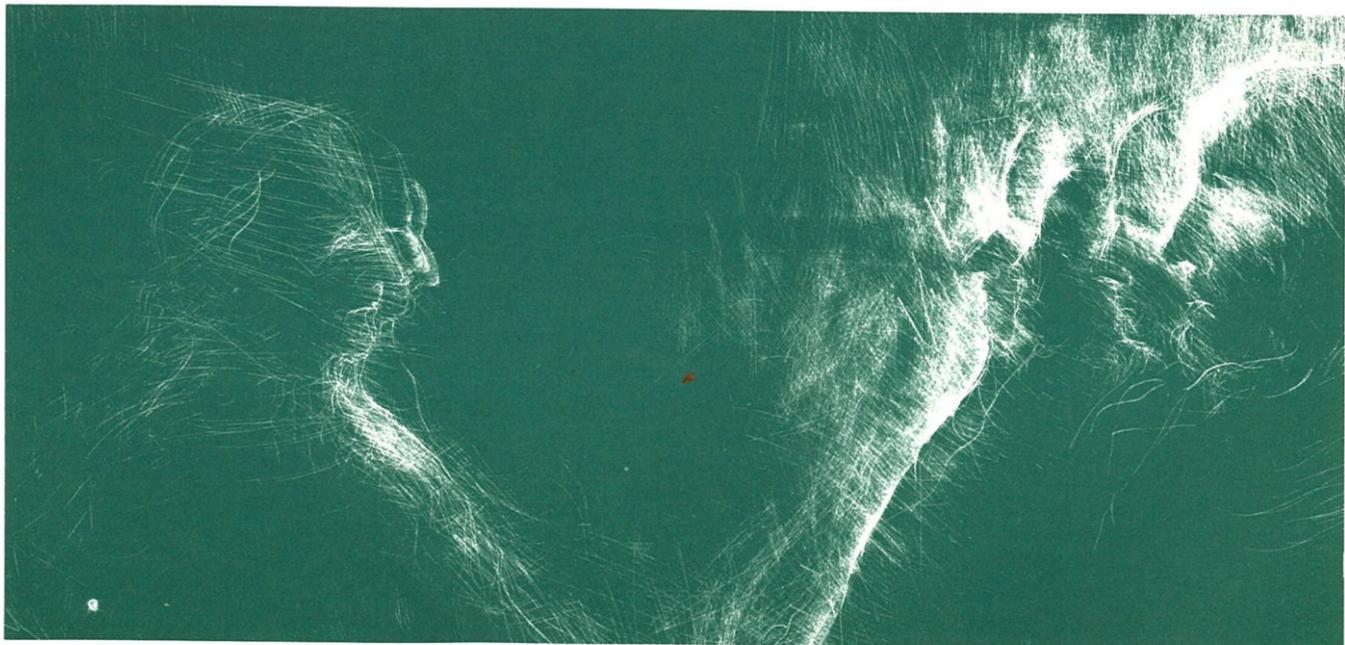
**So much attention is paid to her madness by biographers that the esteem in which she was held by her contemporaries comes as a surprise.**

When the Lambs moved back to London in 1800, they began to have Wednesday evening socials, for which they became well-known. No women, except Mary and Fanny Kelly (an actress who later rejected a marriage proposal from Charles), were allowed to attend. Charles complained that "Mary never goes anywhere," but at the same time didn't allow her to associate with "authoresses", whom he despised:

*I came home t'other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, and whom found I closeted with Mary but one Miss Benje, or Benjey [Elizabeth Benger, a novelist and biographer]; I don't know how she spells her name. I came home just in time though, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship.*

Mary, however, acted in her own best interests in spite of Charles' attitude toward authoresses, whom he conceived as "impudent, untoward, unfeminine, and unhealthy in their minds".

For some reason his feelings on that matter did not include Mary, for he did, admittedly, circulate her first poems, and Mary began also to write children's stories. The stories were published by William Godwin and his second wife, Claire. (His first wife was Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*.) When she was nearly 40, Mary was approached by Mrs. Godwin to write the book most often associated with the Lambs, *Tales from Shakespeare*. A biographical note in *Everyman's Encyclopedia* (quoted in full at the beginning of this article) incorrectly states that Mary assisted Charles: Mary did not assist Charles with these tales, she began the project and wrote most of the tales herself. All told, Mary wrote the 14 comedies, and Charles wrote the 4 tragedies. One reason for the common misconception about the authorship of the book is that the Godwins published the book as *Tales From the Shakespeare, Designed for Young Persons*, by Charles Lamb. Godwin thought that Mary's name might de-



tract from the selling value of the book. While Charles' reputation grew as a result of the publication of the book, Mary gained little notice outside of the Lambs' social circle. The error was never corrected in Mary's lifetime.

Mary had another book published by the Godwins, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, this time anonymously. It did well, going through 8 printings. After that came *Poetry for Children*, this time billed as "by the author of *Mrs. Leicester's School*". That was her last book. (A question that comes to mind at this point is: Could Charles Lamb, or Wordsworth, or for that matter Shakespeare, have continued to write under such demoralizing conditions — publishing anonymously, or having their work attributed to someone else?)

Yet Mary continued to write, in spite of repeated disappointments in the literary field. Her "Essay on Needlework" appeared as a letter to the editor in the April 1815 issue of *The British Lady's Magazine*. Charles never mentioned the essay, and it went virtually unnoticed by the public. The essay, modelled after Wollstonecraft's treatise on the rights of women, touched upon an area that had never before been discussed — the economic exploitation of women in the home:

*...Is it too bold an attempt to persuade your readers that it would prove an incalculable addition to general happiness and the domestic comfort of both sexes, if needlework were never practised but for remuneration in money? As nearly, however, as this desirable thing can be effected, so much more nearly will*

*women be upon an equality with men as far as respects the mere enjoyment of life....It would be an excellent plan, attended with very little trouble, to calculate every evening how much money has been saved by the needlework done in the family, and compare the result with the daily portion of the yearly income....This would be an easy mode of forming a true notion and getting at the exact worth of this species of home industry and perhaps place it in a different light from any in which it has hitherto been the fashion to consider it.*

**Her "Essay on Needlework..." touched upon an area that had never before been discussed — the economic exploitation of women in the home.**

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH  
(1771-1855)

"Dorothy Wordsworth," said Ernest de Selincourt, "is probably the most remarkable and most distinguished of English writers who never wrote a line for the general public." Selincourt, a biographer of Dorothy and an editor of several volumes of the Wordsworths' work, was referring to Dorothy's jour-

nals, her writings describing her travels with William (*Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland, 1803; Recollections of a Tour on the Continent, 1820*); and a narrative essay, *A Narrative Concerning George and Sarah Green, 1808*). None of these or her short descriptions of other tours in Scotland or the Isle of Man were published in her lifetime. The only time in Dorothy's life that anything she wrote was published as her own was in 1845, when William Wordsworth added "By My Sister" to three poems which he had, since 1815, been including in his own collected *Poems*, unacknowledged.

This is not to say, however, that these were the only examples of Dorothy's work in print, just that they were the only ones for which she was given credit. The rest were, for the most part, attributed to William. Samuel Coleridge, a lifelong friend of the Wordsworths, also made use of Dorothy's work.

After her parents died, Dorothy spent her youth and early adulthood living with relatives, being educated chiefly by her uncle William, who had her come to his house every morning for lessons in French, arithmetic, and geography. She had a small amount of formal schooling, but her father's legacy provided only for the higher education of her brothers. While her brother William was away at school, she, like many other women in the eighteenth century, taught school. William and Dorothy began to live together again after 1795, and continued to do so until his death in 1850.

Dorothy's journals, begun in 1798 at Alfoxden, were almost from the begin-



Graphics by Sheila Allen

ning raw material for the poetry of William Wordsworth and Samuel Coleridge. She recorded walks the three of them took frequently through the hills, "three persons and one soul". Her descriptions were sometimes literally lifted from her journals to become the poetry of the two men.

For example, her earliest writings became part of Coleridge's poem "Christabel". Her entry for March 7 reads:

*Only one leaf upon the top of a tree  
— the sole remaining leaf — danced round  
and round like a rag blown by the wind.*  
"Christabel", written in April, reads:

*The only leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high  
On the topmost twig that looks up at  
the sky.*

Other lines of Coleridge, both from "Christabel" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" also echo Dorothy's words. Coleridge remarked on Dorothy's keen perception in a letter to a friend:

*Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in, at subtlest beauties, and most recondite faults.*

**Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer.**

In a book called *The Romantic Imagination*, C.M. Bowra commented:

*And though Coleridge had a remarkable sensibility to nature, it is abundantly clear that this was enhanced by the quiet and delicate observation of Dorothy Wordsworth. Nevertheless, the genius was Coleridge's own, and whatever set it to work, it is the genius that counts.* The point is arguable. In any case, Dorothy's writing is at least as fine as Coleridge's, but her genius didn't seem to count for much.

Wordsworth's use of his sister's journals is even more remarkable. His words "She gave me eyes; she gave me ears," can be taken quite literally — examples

of her prose becoming his poetry are too numerous to list here, but for a few. Two years before William wrote "I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud", this description appeared in Dorothy's journal:

*When we were in the woods beyond Cowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside...we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. Many grew among the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads among these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay ever glancing ever changing.*

Compare this with William's:

*I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high over vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretch in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in a sprightly dance.*

William also made use of other, shorter entries. Dorothy's "A bright silver stream inlaid the flat and very green meadows, winding like a serpent," became:

*The mightier river winds from realm to realm;  
And like a serpent, shows his glittering back;*

Several times Dorothy made reference to William's "inspiration" through her. When William went away in 1800, she wrote in her journal:

*I resolved to write a journal of the time until W. and J. [John, her other brother] return, and I set about keeping my resolve because I will not quarrel with myself, and because I shall give Wm. pleasure by it when he comes home again.*

Another of Dorothy's entries was about how she indirectly inspired his "To a Butterfly":

*The thought first came upon him as we were talking about the pleasure we both always feel at the sight of a Butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them*

*a little but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, and did not catch them...*

The last lines in William's poem are:

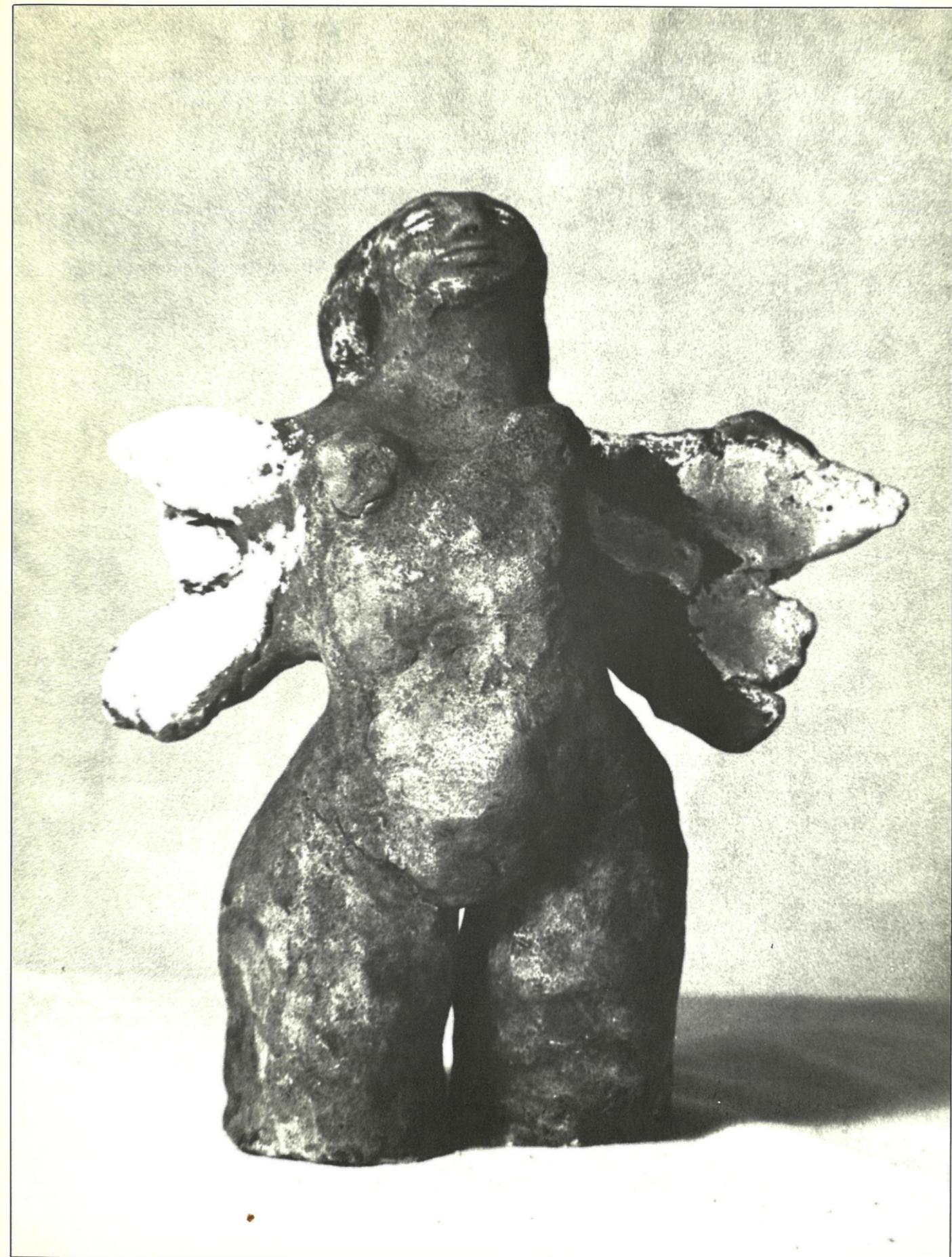
*But she, God love her! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.*

**"Not only fathers but often brothers overwhelmed women writers."**

Dorothy, unfortunately, did not try her hand at poetry more than a few times, though she called herself "more than half a poet". She wrote in letters that she would detest setting herself up as an author, that she could translate German novels for a living, but only if William's books didn't sell. More often we see her in her journals as housemaid to William, cooking for him, washing, ironing, cleaning, and endlessly copying and transcribing his poems to send to the publishers. Even when he married, she remained there caring for him, she and Mary (his wife) going for long walks (sometimes 40 miles) with him. They nursed him during his frequent illnesses and at one time jointly copied all of his unpublished poetry, a task without which "one half of the last three books on his own life would have been lost through illegibility." As Susan Belcher pointed out in *O, Those Extraordinary Women*: "Not only fathers but often brothers overwhelmed women writers."

Critical opinion differs on Dorothy Wordsworth's writing. Some critics emphasize her talents; some hardly mention them at all. Generally, the more recent commentaries tend toward a recognition of Dorothy's work, not as a mere adjunct to William's, but as something to be considered in itself.

If the question, "Where are all the great women writers?" is ever to be answered — and we will have to be satisfied with only a partial answer, because of lost or misrepresented work — the roles of the biographer, the researcher, and the critic, become increasingly important. When women start to look at the facts, the history of English and all other literatures can begin to be rewritten. ●





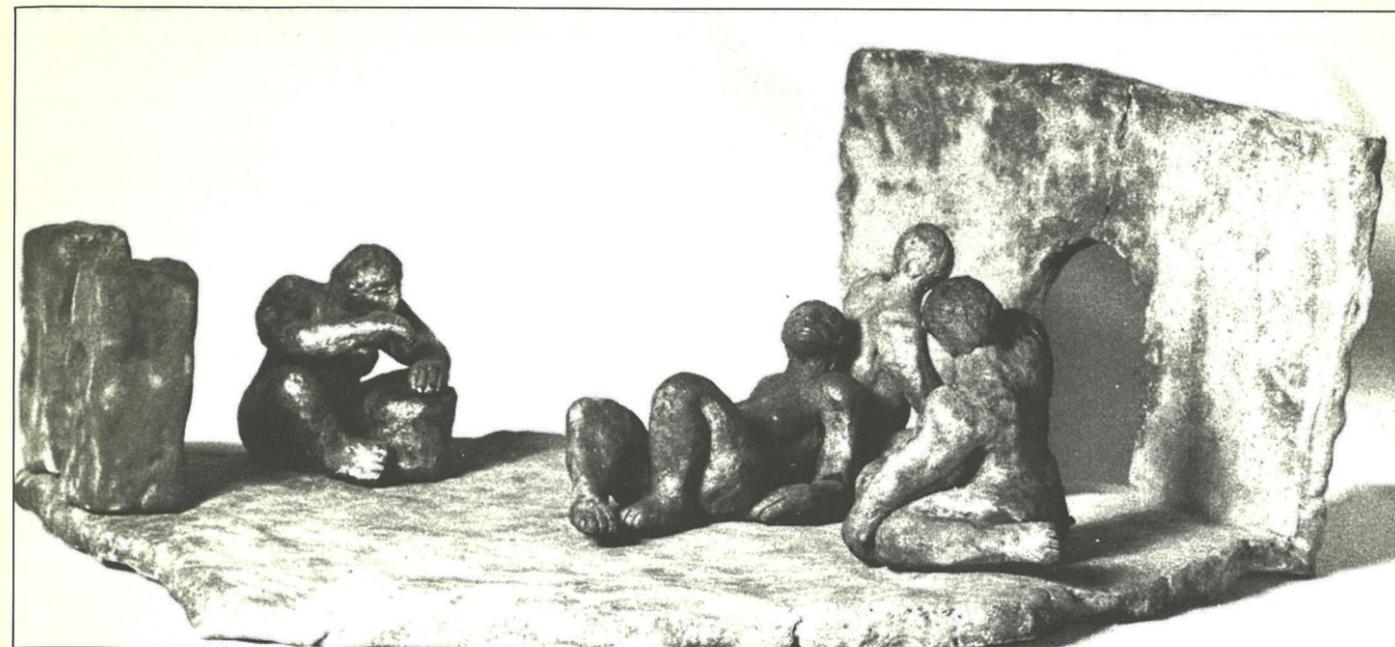
## sculpture by persimmon

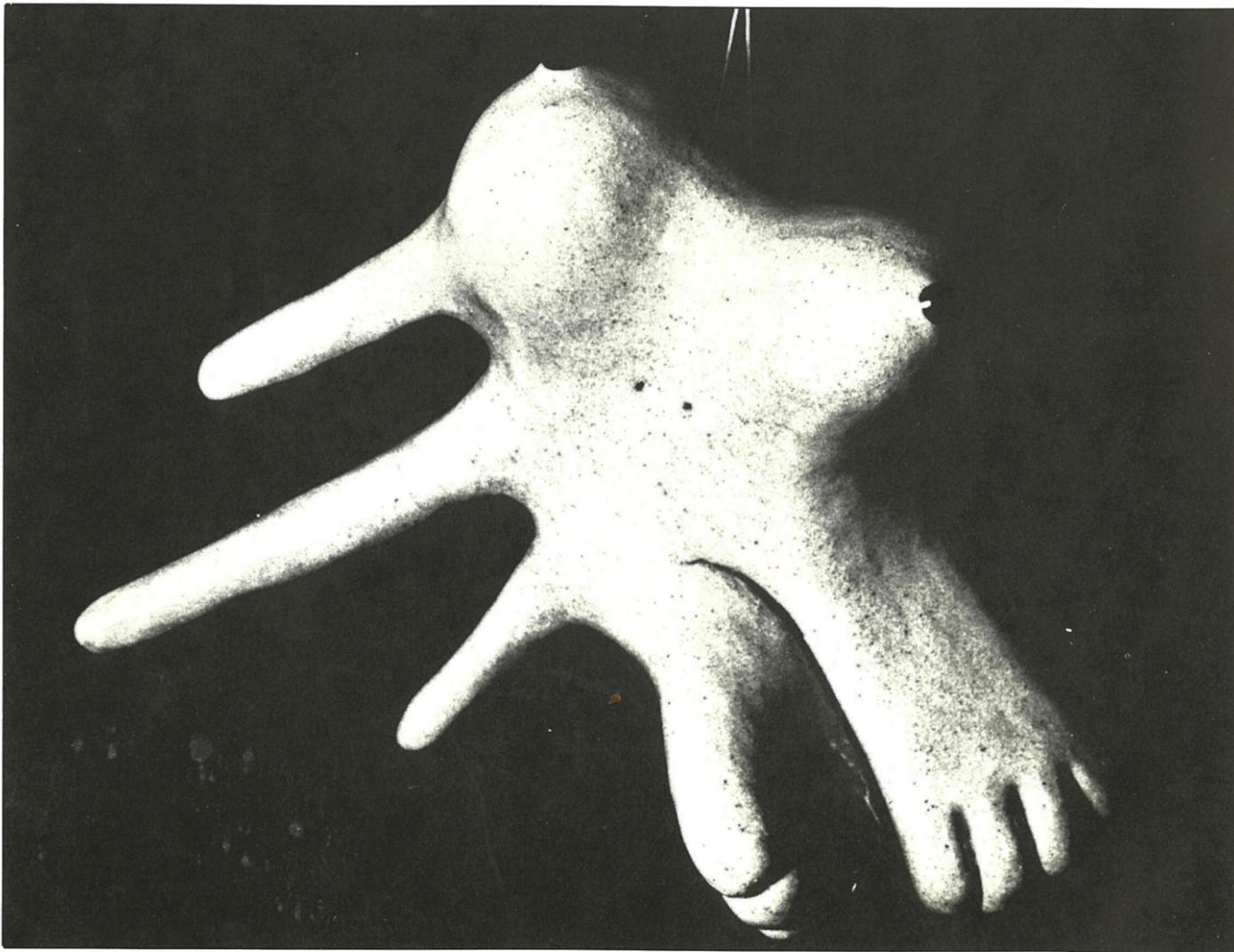
I guess I've been most influenced by Pre-Columbian Mexican art. It's so powerful, so direct. It seems like art was more central to people's lives, and more responsive to people, in that culture. I don't think art should exist in a little box apart from the rest of the world. I don't think art should "transcend life" in some rarefied region accessible only to artists and people with lots of money and education. I want my art, my politics, my personal life to reflect and support each other.

I want to make strong images of women. I hope other women can see their own strength, rage, and tenderness affirmed in my work.

Recently I've been questioning my preoccupation with dreams and mythology — does it work toward change or toward some static prehistoric nostalgia? Both sound plausible, but which is true in actual practice? I would welcome feedback c/o MAKARA.

*photographs by Nora D. Randall*





# Elizabeth Bagshaw, M.D.

AN INTERVIEW  
By Frances Rooney

Drawings by Josie Cook

The voice on the other end of the phone was low, calm and slightly gravelly. She didn't know that she could tell me anything, she said, but yes, she'd see me if I thought the drive would be worth it.

A week later, rounding the curve that reveals the first view of Hamilton's spewing mills, I reviewed what I already knew about this woman who didn't know whether she had anything to tell. She had been born and brought up in eastern Ontario, had gone to medical school and interned in Toronto, then settled in Hamilton, where she still lives. She had practised steadily, which most women then didn't and many now don't do, until retiring last fall. Yes, she acknowledged, she had done some unusual things, but everybody does unusual things. She has just lived her life the way she wanted to. Nothing spectacular, really.

I'm afraid I can't agree. Elizabeth Bagshaw's medical career spans seventy-one years. When she began practising in 1905, some doctors were still using leeches. Penicillin and sulpha drugs didn't exist yet, and tranquillizers wouldn't hit the market for almost half a century. Children got scarlet fever and whooping cough. Diphtheria was common. Though she says she's done nothing spectacular, Elizabeth Bagshaw has been in a unique position to view the spectacular changes taking place in medicine since the discovery of radium while she was in medical school. She has quietly contributed to some of these changes by running an illegal birth control clinic and by adopting children as a single woman. When she retired in 1976 she was ninety-five years old.

Dr. Bagshaw grew up on a farm in Victoria County. By the time she was four she was riding bareback and climbing the barn roof. At nine, taking the Aberdeen Angus cows home for the night, she decided to ride one. The cow did not appreciate a passenger, but despite its protests, she managed to stay on, all the way home. By the time she was ten, she was going to political meetings with her father. The Manitoba School Question was the big issue, and before the end of the campaign she had decided that her father and his Liberal friends had the wrong idea. She became



*Where did a girl, at the turn of the century, find the nerve to go to medical school? Apparently it took no nerve: "I don't know just why I got tired of the farm and wanted to do something different . . . I thought I wanted to do something where I'd be my own boss and on an equal footing . . ."*

a Conservative, and has been one ever since.

Where did a girl, at the turn of the century, find the nerve to go to medical school? Apparently it took no nerve: "I don't know just why I got tired of the farm and wanted to do something different . . . I thought I wanted to do something where I'd be my own boss and on an equal footing . . ." Does she think women have that equal footing in medicine? "Yes, yes, I do." Her family seems to have responded calmly to her ambitions. "They didn't know what to think of it because they didn't know anything much about it. My father said that if I wanted to go, he'd try and put me through college, which he did."

So in 1901, the young woman who

would become "Dr. Elizabeth" enrolled at the Women's Medical College in Toronto. Because the College didn't grant degrees, the women were also "occasional students" at the University of Toronto. They studied biology and chemistry there, wrote U. of T. exams, and received U. of T. degrees. "Did you receive the same training as the men?" "We passed the same exams in the same place at the same time." "Why the segregation?" "Women weren't taken into medicine at that time. The first women graduates in medicine in Canada were from Queen's . . ." The conversation veered to other topics. I decided not to press the question that loomed in my head about equal footing.

There were 120 men and 12 women

in the class of '05. The Women's Medical College had a total enrollment of about fifty. Dr. Bagshaw quickly distinguished herself in the labs there: she could do a neater job on a cadaver than anyone else. "All the other girls made a mess of it, so after three or four times they just stood by and let me do it." And U. of T. proved her point about separate schools. "One girl I chummed with was a Catholic girl who had never been in a class with boys in her life. And when they were



*Dr. Bagshaw quickly distinguished herself in the labs: she could do a neater job on a cadaver than anyone else. "All the other girls made a mess of it, so after three or four times they just stood by and let me do it."*

mixed she pretty well felt like crying and wanted to go home. And then she got bravely over it and she got married almost as soon as she graduated and she never practised medicine." The story was followed by a long, low, resonant chuckle. What happened to the rest of the women? "A lot went out as medical missionaries. I kept track of four of those. Two went to India, two to China. One of those was a Chinese girl who went home to practise. The other married a missionary who went to China. She was there until she died."

In 1905 the class scattered. Dr. Bagshaw stayed in Toronto because her father had died at the end of her third year and her mother, who was not well, had gone to Toronto. Women weren't allowed to intern in Canadian hospitals. Dr. Bagshaw spent the next year work-

ing in the office of another doctor. "I never did have any hospital training," she told me. "The graduates of Toronto University, at that time, if they were women, if they wanted to train in a hospital, they all went on to the States." (How many, one wonders, came back?)

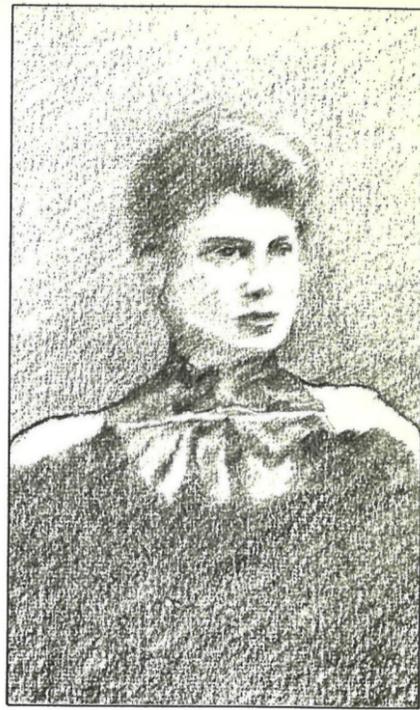
From there she went directly to Hamilton. Having your own horse and carriage was a lot of work and expense, so for the first five years she hired a livery horse from nine until noon each morning. The fee: \$1.00 a day. At night she rode a bicycle and hung her medical bag over the handlebars. People would ask how "such a slip of a girl" dared ride a bike alone at night. She never thought much about it: "I had to get around, and that was the cheapest and most convenient way."

In the fall of 1911 she bought a one-seater Ford. "There were only about a dozen cars in Hamilton, and only three doctors had automobiles." Hers had four cylinders, "but there were some two-cylinder ones that went pump, pumpalump. Twenty miles an hour was as much as you could get out of them . . . I had three coal oil lamps and two carbine headlamps and a little tank on the running board on the side. You had to light them with a match. The top went down like an old-fashioned buggy, then snapped up with snaps at the front corners."

1914 brought the first of two World Wars. As things turned out, she would spend both wars in Hamilton. "I never had a chance to go in the Army because in the First War they wouldn't take a woman, and in the Second War I was over the age, so that was that and I stayed home and worked. I used to carry a sock in my bag, and if I was called out and sent to stay for a long time with a maternity case, I'd start to knit on the socks."

She was one of the ones who got the flu during the epidemic at the end of World War I. It only laid her up for a week, though. The rest of the time, in addition to her regular duties, she was on-call twenty-four hours a day at the special hospitals that were set up in Hamilton.

The twenties proved extremely busy. For three consecutive years, Dr. Bagshaw signed more birth certificates than any other doctor in Hamilton. Her records are twenty-eight babies in one month and five in one 24-hour period. One newspaper somehow turned 28 into 200, an average of almost seven babies a day. "That's a printing error," she grinned, "you know, you can't believe everything you read."



*From delivering record numbers of babies, Dr. Bagshaw went to preventing births as medical director of Canada's first and very illegal birth control clinic. I asked how she got away with it. "By keeping my mouth shut."*

Then came the Depression, and the beginning of thirty-five years of daily running the risk of jail. From delivering record numbers of babies, Dr. Bagshaw went to preventing births as medical director of Canada's first and very illegal birth control clinic. I asked how she got away with it. "By keeping my mouth shut." I heard that low, deep laugh again, this time with a hint of mischief in it. "We didn't advertise . . . we just didn't advertise. And we told our patients to send anybody else they thought would like to come."

Early in her practice she wouldn't have spoken of birth control to any patient, however badly she might have needed it. "It was taboo, indecent. Even doctors didn't know much about it." But times changed. "It was said that you weren't supposed to give any information or treat people with abortions or anything of that kind unless it was 'for the good of the country' and for the welfare of the patient. Well, the Depression came on and we had a lot of poor people. There was no welfare and no unemployment payments, and these people were just about half-starved because there was no work, and for them to go on having children was a detriment to the country. They couldn't

afford children if they couldn't afford to eat. So the families came to the clinic and we gave them information."

Information isn't all they gave. The clinic dispensed pessaries, jellies and condoms. Was *that* legal? "I don't know, but I wasn't going to bring it up. I did have cards, and I'd sign one and I'd get the patients to have their family doctor sign it. Or if they didn't have a family doctor I'd get someone I knew who could be their family doctor from then on to sign it. Then we'd have two signatures for protection so that if they arrested us, I could say, 'Well, here's two signatures that say it's for the good of the country and the people,' and that was a little loophole in the law that others didn't pay any attention to."

The Depression also meant bootlegging. Dr. Bagshaw treated families of many bootleggers. She was offered some very good liquor, and she learned a lot about the schedules of the shipments. She was also physician to Hamilton's resident Mafioso. Booze she didn't interfere with, but when shipments of narcotics started going through, she reported them.

By this time, too, there was an adopted son. This was decades before the term 'single parent' existed or the practice allowed. "So I didn't go near the Children's Aid, I got a good lawyer." John's mother had been Dr. Bagshaw's patient. She developed acute atrophy of the liver (Yellow Fever), and was sick only five days before she died. "The baby was not quite six months old. So I took him home with me to keep him until after the funeral. And he stayed. I told some of my friends, I said, 'If he stays here more than a month, nobody is going to get him out of here.' At that time I had a good housekeeper, and I had a friend who used to come in some days to let her out, and then I had Dr. Marion Templin who stayed with me. So she washed the baby in the morning and prepared the food. And I saw that he got his meals . . . and I got a good lawyer and got him to get his papers signed . . . Nobody'd said a word . . . nobody knew anything about it until I had him . . . Many of my friends knew that the baby was here, but nobody knew that I was getting adoption papers until I'd got them."

John is also a doctor and continues to practise in the house they shared until his mother's retirement. In the '40's he borrowed some of her information on birth control to do a paper for medical school. He picked the wrong topic: he failed the course and just missed being expelled from medical school.

When Dr. Bagshaw began practise, doctors were general practitioners, surgeons or eye, ear, nose and throat people. We talked about increased specialization: "I think they're doing it sometimes at the expense of the feelings of the patient and the finances of the country. G.p.'s don't try to diagnose very much, they just act as a referral service. They'll say, 'Oh, yes, here's So-and-so,' and then they start doing all the tests. By the time they're through, they've spent a couple of hundred dollars and the doctors don't know which thing the patient is complaining most about, the doctors have never followed it up to know if there might be any loopholes that they haven't looked at. I saw a case of that just lately, an acute case that should have been operated on within three hours of the time I saw her. Being the age I am, they wouldn't let me work in the hospitals. I phoned three different



*"Originally it was the women who did the doctoring. I think that's one of the things women can do; they're more sympathetic than men are, and they are willing to listen to people and to go to their level. They don't just tell people what to do, hope that they do it, and that's the end of it."*

surgeons and told them what I thought was wrong with the patient and that I thought they should operate at once. It took them four days to do the tests. They caused the patient a great deal of pain, and whether they busted a malig-

nant ovarian cyst or not I don't know. But she's still having troubles."

While John was being blasted for talking of such things, his mother continued to keep her mouth shut and her clinic open. Finally, ten years ago, it was able to come out from underground. Now it's practically a government agency, so extensive are its grants. It dispenses birth control pills as well as other forms of birth control and can make arrangements for male or female sterilization. Dr. Bagshaw is pleased that birth control is now legal and readily available to anyone who wants it. But she's uneasy. "I don't know but that about ten years from now they may be back instead of using pills to using condoms, pessaries and jellies the way we started out. They still don't know what the effects of the pills are on the children. It may affect their growth. It may produce a mental condition. They just don't know. With pills you are upsetting the whole system of internal glands . . . we know that if you upset the condition of the ovaries you upset the whole metabolism—thyroid, pituitary, kidneys, even the brain. You don't know what the individual dose should be, you don't even know what the pill is going to do to the brain. But if you take someone's system and mess it up, *you just might get a mess.*"

I asked what her work schedule had been. She replied that she'd never made a schedule until after a heart attack she had ten years ago. Since then she has cut her activities drastically, working only five days a week. This consisted of office hours a couple of times a week and house calls (made by taxi, she gave up driving after the heart attack) the rest of the time. In fact, she's been gradually cutting back for twenty years. She's taken very few new patients during that time, she's cut back her hours, she gave up golf as well as driving after the heart attack, she gave up curling four years ago and last year she stopped gardening. When she retired she had about fifty patients. She was treating "old age . . . and all that goes along with it." Three patients were older than she, several were over 85.

Dr. Bagshaw is also concerned about the numbers of pills of all kinds that are now so freely dispensed. She made this comment about hospital practices: "You send a patient to the hospital and the first thing they ask you is, 'What are they going to sleep on?' And if you don't give anything you know you're going to get called down, and you're going to have to give *some* reason for not doing it." She does use a bit of medication herself. "I get rheumatism,

and occasionally I'll try a new drug for a time, for a couple of weeks. I often wonder whether the drug I was taking at the time of my heart attack had anything to do with it. So I take what I think I should reasonably. This morning I took one Anacin pill. I think that's all I'm going to take all day. If I were working I'd take two in the morning so that I'd know that I wouldn't get so that I couldn't walk before I got back again."

As for the psychiatric profession (with menopause thrown in): "Well . . . I don't know. I used to think that some of the ones who went in for it were a little hyped on a few things, and . . . there's just too much attention paid to it . . . It's the same, I think: they talk too much about women's change of life. Was it the Americans who said they shouldn't have a jury of women in change of life because their judgment wasn't proper?" She took time out here for a good laugh. "I think if they forgot all about their change of life and, when they thought they were getting a hot flash, just took two or three good long breaths, they wouldn't have a flash." "Did you do that?" "I did . . . And I think my judgment is okay."

We spoke briefly of masculinity and femininity ("I don't think men and women are equal. Men have more strength but they haven't more brains. They just have the advantage of being boss at the present time.") I just couldn't understand how a woman, in 1901, could barge into a male profession and then stay in that profession for longer than most people live, without some battle-of-the-sexes scars. My persistence annoyed her. After all, it had been done before. Besides, "Originally, it was the women who did the doctoring. I think that's one of the things women *can* do they're more sympathetic than men are, and they are willing to listen to people and to go to their level. They don't just tell people what to do, hope that they do it, and that's the end of it."

In 1970 the world began to openly acknowledge just how well Dr. Bagshaw did her job. She was Hamilton's Citizen of the Year. Since then she has received honorary degrees from McMaster and Toronto. In 1974 she became the tenth woman to be made a member of the Order of Canada. ("Trudeau was the only person there not in full evening dress. He wore just a plain old business suit.") She accepts and enjoys the honours that her profession has brought just as matter-of-factly as she accepts her right to that profession, and her

right to a century of living her life her own way. At one point she told me that she thought the important thing is to be happy and not worry. To me, a person who can hang herself with worry before even starting to do something, the fact that someone can believe that and actually live by it, is perhaps the most remarkable of Dr. Bagshaw's accomplishments.

What's she going to do now? "Just what we're doing, I guess. Sit and visit." That is, she'll sit and visit after her three weeks in Florida that the travel agent is now planning, after her patients have settled in with their new doctors and stop asking her opinions on the actions, attitudes and findings of those doctors, after she's written that brief autobiography that the Canadian Association of Medical Women, of which she was one of the founders, asked for. . . .

However hard we may try to be, none of us is totally free of stereotypes. Going to visit Dr. Bagshaw, I had, not, I think, unreasonably, expected a grandmotherly person, slow of speech and movement, in a comfortable house full of accumulated treasures. The conversation would ramble, the world of my parents would be more real to her than my world is, and I would probably have to talk in a loud voice to her.

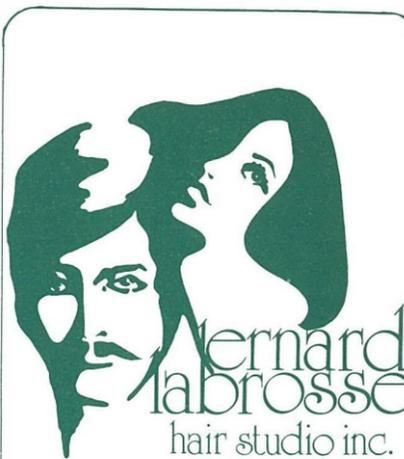
So much for stereotypes. Our interview took place to the accompaniment of jack hammers. She had recently moved to the twentieth floor of an unfinished high rise. Why move? "I was living alone and I didn't like it." The building is for senior citizens (she had to doctor her income to get in) and has lots of social activities. It's also in the same block as the church she's attended since 1912.

Her hearing is exceptional. Her one problem is her knees: "They've got older than I have."

As for the slow speech and rambling conversation: a pattern emerged very quickly in our conversation. She'd ask my opinion of some very current person or event of which, as often as not, I'd never heard. I'd blush a lot and give some inane answer. Then I'd ask something about her to which she'd give a brief, impatient answer, enough to be polite, and then zip back into today's headlines where things are interesting. I'd gone into the interview determined to ask her what someone who has spent 75 years on intimate terms with death and who is now herself 95 years old, thought of her own death. I forgot. It just wasn't relevant. ●

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# EDITORIAL

## DELIVER US!

If you have been receiving your MAKARA through the mail, 45% of what you paid for it went to the Post Office. This is not because we are overly fond of the Post Office. Early on in our publishing career, we applied to the Post Office for second class mailing privileges. This rate is available to most publications in Canada and reduces the cost of mailing a magazine (in Canada) from 44 cents an issue to around 5 cents an issue. The Post Office refused our application because we are a co-operative and co-operatives are barred from receiving 2nd class registration. The intent of this regulation is to prevent the taxpayers of Canada from having to subsidize the mailings of a private organization to its members. Fair enough.

We then began a year-and-a-half conversation/correspondence with various levels of the Post Office pointing out that the members of our co-operative do not receive the magazine, the members produce it and the public receives it. We took this argument all the way to the Mail Classification Division in Ottawa. Their august reply was that as long as we have co-operative in our name we are automatically excluded from 2nd class mailing privileges.

Since this final decision we have had three choices left to us:

- 1) Continue to mail MAKARA at 1st class rates and lose money or raise our subscription rates.
- 2) Mail MAKARA at 3rd class rates and face long delays and possible non-delivery!
- 3) Change our official business organization to some form that would fall within the Post Office Act specifications and re-apply for 2nd class mailing privileges.

Given these three choices, it didn't take us long to start looking into changing our business registration. Though our formal structure will become more hierarchical we will continue to work as a collective.

Though we are trying to hurry this second application, we're sure we'll have to mail out one more issue 1st class. If this application fails our rates will have to increase.

If you would like to support our right to the same postal privileges accorded to most other magazines in Canada, write to:

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## PUBLIC SERVICE OR DISSERVICE

In January 1977 the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation announced a policy that it would refuse any and all Public Service Announcements (PSA) from gay organizations. This policy is to be applied nationally on both French and English networks. Thus any PSA from a lesbian and/or gay male organization will be rejected, whether for a telephone line, a public forum, a meeting, or any other activity.

At the 39th annual national conference of Canadian University Press in January 1977, CUP decided to boycott all advertising for CBC Radio until the Corporation ends its discriminatory policy against gays. CUP President-elect Susan Johnson said: "Since discrimination of any kind is against the CUP code of ethics, the only moral decision we can make is to support the boycott of CBC Radio advertising." CUP represents 70 newspapers across Canada serving 350,000 students.

This discrimination was brought to light in June 1976 when the National Gay Rights Coalition wrote to the CBC to enquire whether or not it had a national policy about PSAs from homophile organizations. CBC Radio in Halifax had refused twice to broadcast a PSA submitted by the Gay Alliance for Equality about its telephone counselling line. Over the course of many telephone calls and letters, the CBC at different times gave 12 reasons why it would not broadcast the PSA. Many of the reasons were questionable (an alleged policy against broadcasting telephone numbers, but the CBC does broadcast them) or based on incorrect assumptions (PSA advertisers must be non-profit — the GAE is non-profit) by the CBC. The main reason given was that "Public Service messages may reflect factually how an organization intends to meet its future needs or its present circumstances. . . but it is not permissible for such messages to contain controversial opinion or comment on economic, social, religious or political subjects." The message which GAE submitted was a statement of fact informing the public about a service and contained no opinion or comment whatsoever.

The CBC went on to say that: "The Gay Alliance for Equality is entitled to fair and unprejudiced treatment from the Corporation. But this right to fair treatment cannot be separated from the element of controversy referred to earlier and this in turn is related to the Corporation's obligation to be impartial in controversial matters." Obviously, denying a legally-constituted group access to a publicly-owned broadcaster over a public medium is not being "impartial".

Readers should be equally outraged to learn that the CBC also will not broadcast Public Service Announcements about birth control clinics.

We at MAKARA found ourselves caught in a moral dilemma when we first found out about the boycott in March 1977. Not knowing about the boycott, we had, after much trying, succeeded in signing an advertising contract with CBC Radio. On the other hand, we certainly could not condone CBC Radio's discriminatory policy. After much discussion, we decided that we would print the ad in the magazine, since we had approached the CBC, the CBC had not known that we would support the boycott, and we had signed a contract. We certainly did not decide to carry the ad because of the money, since we have and will continue to support boycotts in which we believe. We also decided not to publish more CBC Radio ads, and that we would publish an editorial to explain the presence of the CBC ad to those people who know about the boycott and to draw the boycott and the reasons for it to the attention of those who do not know about it.

MAKARA,

I was rather horrified to see that in your recent recycling contest [Vol. 1, no. 4], none of the suggestions were deemed "sufficiently original for publication" [Vol. 2, no. 1]. What kind of elitist attitude is that toward your readers? If you are in any way "for the people" you better pay them a little more respect. I understand the desire to maintain high standards of journalism (and you know your layout and graphics do this very well), BUT your perceptions are not the only, nor necessarily, the best ones. I just noticed you have no letter section. Who are you writing for — us or yourselves? We too should be able to share ourselves through MAKARA — and that means an increase in flexibility.

My support continues — but I think you need to consider this SERIOUSLY.

In struggle,  
Linda Farthing  
Vancouver

(Ed. reply: Not elitist — honest. We make a comparable editorial decision (after heated discussion amongst ourselves) each time we accept or reject a piece of writing or art. We welcome readers'

## LETTERS

comments and submissions — we usually have a letters and/or reader's write page, if and when anything comes in. Vol. 2 No. 2 came mostly from our readers after we published a notice and sent out flyers. We don't write for ourselves, nor do we rigidly think "our" ideas are the only ones. We change our minds, our minds change us.)

Dear MAKARA People,

Why didn't I ever subscribe to MAKARA before? When it first came out I made a criticism — too slick, no content. (Perhaps that wasn't so and it was just my limited consciousness that didn't totally register all the good things that are happening in your magazine.)

Reading this month's issue (Spring 77) — go back to it many times. Find more and more depth there. Like the format, like *Dream Journey* by Anne McLean; *The Journal*; the article by Lyla Smith: these all speak intimately to me. They help me articulate my

sense of myself as a woman, by writing of their own experiences that are at once intensely personal yet shared by all of us. They make me want to turn back to my own writing which has been directed to other ends this year, to pick up that struggle — and they add to the strength I feel growing in me to be able to do this.

The drawings by Catherine MacTavish moved and intrigued me, such evocative still lifes.

I laughed and laughed over *Driving Me Nuts* by Mary Schendlinger. I am 30 and still taking the bus. And I enjoyed the article and pictures of the collective at work. You're doing a fine job.

Now that I am out of the closet — almost — I hope to collect some things to send to you. In the meantime I would like to subscribe. I also have just been elected to put out the newspaper along with two other women for the North Shore Women's Centre. It would be really great if we could perhaps visit your premises. If this is possible, maybe you could let me know.

Thanks to you all,  
Miriam Azrael  
North Vancouver

(Ed. reply: You're welcome!)

## THE VOICE IN THE POEM

Daphne Marlatt interviews Susan Musgrave

*Susan, you've spoken on other occasions of an Indian voice that seems to be generating some of your poems. Would you definitely separate this voice from your own voice?*

At the moment I'm writing poems that seem to come from three distinct sources. First of all there's what I call my 'familiar voice' — poems that are fairly subjective, often quite private — poems about my personal relationships, not just to other people but to everything I come in contact with. An example is this poem, "Crossing to Brentwood on the Mill Bay Ferry — November 4, 1975". Secondly there's the 'Indian voice'. This seems to come from somewhere outside me — speaks *through* me. That sounds strange — as if I am a medium! What I mean is that the words seem to come from a very primitive source; "Net Maker's Song" is the kind of thing I'm talking about. Then there's the third voice — a more concrete, analytical one. Poems like "Revue" where I'm not using earth-words like 'cold', 'dark', 'blood' — the voice here seems to be more involved with concepts rather than rituals. Another way of putting it would be simply that there isn't as much self-involvement.

Speaking of three separate voices, Mary Balsevich wrote an interesting review of *Grave-Dirt and Selected Strawberries* in the magazine *Open Letter*. She calls it a "primer of mythology". The book is in three sections. The first two she says are 'manifestations' of mythology. Section one 'expresses' the general mythology of symbols and section two 'presents' the manipulation of mythology (these are the 'Indian' poems I've spoken of). The third section, *Selected Strawberries*, satirizes mythology.

*Did you feel that was happening?*

It is an interesting theory. When I first read the review it seemed to explain in psychological terms what I was doing on a subconscious level. I think even now my writing could be 'codified' like this — if you're looking for categories. When I write a poem I am of course not looking at it this way — only sometimes months later I see more clearly what I was trying to get at.

*Do you find that living in solitude is necessary for you to write?*

I've never really lived in any other situation so I don't know. Do you mean the solitude of living in remote places or of living totally by yourself?

*Not by yourself totally but say with one or two other people — removed from a group.*

I don't think I could write if I were around a lot of people. In fact when there are other people around I never write — I have to be by myself.

*Does this have something to do with hearing what's coming in better?*

I'm easily distracted. Working is hard and if I can find any excuse not to, I will. It's partly laziness then. On the other hand, if I'm totally on my own I don't write as much either, I find other things to do. So an ideal situation is a semi-aloneness — knowing that there are people there if I want them. This is one of the most selfish aspects of being a writer that I'm aware of. It's called 'having people around you at your own convenience'. The times when I have actually been completely alone have been frightening ones. It wasn't until a long time

This interview was originally broadcast in 1974 by CFRO, Vancouver Co-Operative Radio. Daphne Marlatt talked with Susan Musgrave in a meeting arranged by Gerry Gilbert, producer of the show, "The Sunday Evening Post". In 1977, the transcript of that conversation was edited by Daphne Marlatt and re-written by Susan Musgrave especially for MAKARA.

after each particular instance that I saw how good the experience had been for me — and that it was actually a *necessary* experience in terms of my poetry.

*Do you think that one is alone because one writes, or one wants to be alone because one wants to write? That is, does the writing set you apart or do you deliberately set yourself apart for that?*

Which came first, the poet or the poem? I think both things happen at once — it's probably circular. I know a few people who can write in a crowd, but usually they're alienated from that crowd. They go into cafes or pubs to write but they're still alone. They're using the people around them as a way of being solitary.

*In terms of your influences in writing — largely men or largely women?*

Both. The first person I read was Sylvia Plath, before I even knew anything about her biography which in a way was lucky. I didn't know she was dead, I don't even know if she was dead when I first read her. Then there was Ginsberg, Anne Sexton. Randall Jarrell and John Berryman I would say have had a lot of influence on me. It's odd — all of them except Ginsberg are dead. Maybe *that's* important — men, women, dead people.

*There's really no distinction between the work of someone living and someone dead in the way it reaches you.*

That's true. It's just a personality thing. I mean somehow a dead personality is more exciting to me than a live one.

*Why is that?*

It seems more alive somehow! Take someone like Anne Sexton — her death seemed so inevitable — she'd been writing about suicide for ages and had attempted it several times. When she finally killed herself it gave her poetry a kind of authority — made her poems more believable, which is horribly ironic. If she hadn't committed suicide it would almost have seemed as if she didn't have 'the courage of her convictions'. Suicide is a violent statement whereas a natural death is a bit like fading away.

Some writers seem to write themselves into positions where suicide is their only alternative. I think Sexton was one of them. I don't think Berryman was, though he was getting so incredibly crazy — his books were becoming more weird. I don't know if those are indications of anything or not. It does seem, though, that the poets I most respect, who I feel closest to, are dead.

*And had a certain preoccupation with it while they were alive.*

Right. And I think my work does, although consciously I hate thinking about death. Ever since I was little — I'm sure everybody feels the same — I've tried to imagine forever and ever and ever and ever. I have the same feeling now about infinity as I had when I was three years old and first thought about it. The closer I get to it, the farther away it seems — the more terrifyingly unimaginable it becomes.

*You were three when you first realized it?*

I can remember it very clearly. It was the day I stepped on a cigarette too and burned my foot, so it's my first clear memory.

*And that was the first time you realized what infinity was?*

I think so. I had a mug that had a picture of a little girl



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holding a mug, and on her mug was a picture of a little girl holding a mug — it went on and on. Someone must have told me this was called an infinite regression. I used to study it for hours wondering where it stopped. And that made me think, when you die, what happens? The only thing that kept me from being completely dismayed was thinking that you might come back as something else. I half believe this still. The other half of me still clings to that forever and ever and ever of nothingness. It's such a vast concept you can't possibly imagine it. What frightens me most is loss — when something dies or goes away I see it as a kind of rejection. I wrote a poem a while ago which is an invocation of two animals I loved that had run away from home. I assumed they had died. The poem ends "Where do you go / that it is forever?"

*Well, if you have access to or receive a voice that comes from another time and another place, like that Indian thing, then.....?*

That's why I say I really ought to have faith in the fact that there is something else, an "afterlife" if you like. Certainly when I'm writing I'm aware of other voices coming from other worlds. When I'm writing a poem I am *not* frightened by death — partly because I'm so completely taken up with writing about it. The poem seems to know more than I do — it seems to have a confidence that I lack. It seems to be telling me "don't worry — yes there is more to life than death". It just isn't nothingness. The poem reassures me — for a few days anyway. And then the fear comes back, gradually, so that in another two or three weeks there'll be enough there for another poem. As I say, the 'voice' seems to have a kind of fore-knowledge — I often feel 'I couldn't have written this if I hadn't been there before'. The only way I can rationalize this is by saying to myself there *must be* reincarnation. I don't believe you come back as a human necessarily — I like to think I was a frog once, or a tree!

*So when you're actually writing, the poem in fact informs you, it knows more than you do normally? I think that's a pretty common experience for people to have — the poem becomes a place where information flows in from various sources. And of course it's also a place where transformations occur. You've spoken of how Gullband got generated as a character from a previous transformation of a strawberry waiting for the sun to come up to a cat waiting for the sun to come up. You seem to be very interested in transformations, they happen all the time in your work.*

Probably more than is obvious. It's strange the way it does happen. I don't know if it works that way for other poets. I seem to be able to trick myself into writing things I hadn't intended.

*And then suddenly turn around and have it say things to you.*

As if it knew all along and you were just an instrument. I remember how I started writing *Gullband*. As you mentioned before, the word 'cat' transformed itself out of a strawberry, and then my whole life took on the shape of various influences. You know that kind of energy that happens when you are working on a series of poems — any new word you hear, anything you see, any colour, texture, sight, sound — somehow everything works its way into the idea of the poem. That's how it was with *Gullband*. Everything for three solid days became part of the fantasy. That's what's important about a book or a poem to me — that it creates a 'world'. I go there to write the poem and then I live there for awhile. And each poem has a definite physical place connected with it — 'real' in the imaginative sense. Often poems come from dreams as well.

*Are there actual physical places that seem to be more of a place to you than others? Do the Queen Charlotte Islands, for instance, seem more of a place?*

I think so, because the island myth can be broken down into so many smaller myths: there's the beach, there's the forest —

all the elements that are in what I write about. And then there's the Indian thing — so there's the presence of those spirits to some extent — well, they're there. And there is the security of being away from a town — geographically removed from a lot of what I find threatening in the world.

*There must be local myths from the people who work up there, like loggers and so on, too?*

I don't write much about that. I take more from the Indians than I do from white contemporaries, although often you get amusing stories. Usually I don't use them in poems. It's funny what I will allow myself to use and what I won't.

*Do you have any sense of why that is, why there is that distinction?*

Well, I think I have some kind of block against it. I find it too easy to do, though not to do well. I've tried that kind of thing before — narrative and dialogue poems. There are poets who do that kind of poem extremely well — Tom Wayman, Al Purdy. But I just don't feel right about that kind of poem yet; I feel it's a total pose for me. It's so easy to sit down and write a poem that many people would call a poem, but isn't. When I start to write certain kinds of poetry I start feeling too self-conscious. And usually when I am writing only part of me is aware — aware of where the poem is coming from, that is.

*There's no way that the daily, ah, contemporary, let's use that word for it, can work into the transformation?*

Not so far in my poetry. Prose is a different matter, I think I'd be a terrible novelist because I would steal — steal is the wrong word — distort, that's it — I would distort from everybody! I don't know if all novelists do that, but every detail suddenly comes up when I'm writing prose — you know, most of my friends have lives that are irresistibly fictitious — I would use everything they told me, everything I see around me. The Charlottes are an incredible source but I also feel slightly guilty about betraying my friends up there by writing about them. Sometimes it's just my warped sense of the world too, the way I see them. If anyone who knows me read the book they would see their lives, everybody else's lives. And yet slightly twisted.

*Sure, it's your vision.*

But I don't feel honest about doing that.

*Audrey Thomas has remarked that she as a child would deliberately memorize small details, like the way a billboard was, what was on it and where it was, to act as a key for her memory, so that she could store this particular day, with that billboard as a little key, and you just press it and the whole day comes back. Maybe a prose imagination tends to do that, tends to operate with those details, whereas a poetic sensibility works more with the processes that go on, transformation being an important one.*

I agree with that. Prose seems more out in the open — the filter system isn't as intricate as it is in poetry! I think the prose imagination has to be more awake more of the time — depending on the kind of prose you write, of course — you know, listening, recording, making notes, absorbing. A poem has to lie dormant for awhile before it even begins the process of digestion. I talk about it as if it were a biological process — writing poetry is an extremely physical thing for me.

Another aspect of prose-writing I dislike is that feeling you get of not having completed anything. You know, you have five or six handwritten pages which will probably only amount to about one and a half typed pages. I feel very dissatisfied that there's nothing really complete.

*You've never finished a — story, say?*

No. Every time I sit down to write prose I'm pleased with what I write but wish I could *finish* it. The next time I sit down I start all over again — I need the continuity — but it's not like starting from the same place — I should say 'space' — because

my vision has changed as far as the reality of the piece is concerned. I think it's because I'm aware that you have to have a certain kind of voice when you write prose and I'm not sure what that voice is. In poetry I've got used to the voices, and with prose I am still uncertain. I have much more conventional ideas about how to go about writing prose, which is something I'll have to get over before I can do it. I find the only way I can write is if I pretend I'm writing a letter to someone, and then I'm quite unselfconscious. But as soon as I drop that pose the voice becomes stilted again. I freeze. It's a kind of paralysis.

*You freeze into the sense of form that it has for you?*

Yes. I wish I could get over it because obviously you can do a lot of interesting things with prose, but I really get trapped by *thinking* of what I'm doing instead of doing it. Letters are really

the only place where I let things happen as they come out, and the result is often quite interesting but sometimes nothing to do with reality. I'm just warping everything that happens to me so it's more interesting, funny, or whatever.

*Well, that's a reality too.*

Sure, and it's a more important reality to me than the actual one. If I could somehow incorporate that understanding into my prose, then it might be all right. ●

#### POSTSCRIPT:

At the time of editing this interview, March 1977, I have completed the first draft of a novel (working title, *The Charcoal Burners' Camp*). Many of my ideas about prose-writing have since altered!

Susan Musgrave

## POEMS by Susan Musgrave

### NET MAKER'S SONG

Bindweed bind  
The little fish

Bind the witch.

Bind the crooked woman,  
The bent man.

Bind the hunched-up  
Humpback salmon

Bind the sea.

Bindweed bind  
The hunting moon

Bind the stars.

Bind the hollow mountain,  
The dry stream.

Bind the backed-up  
Broken water

Bind the sky.

Bindweed bind  
My father's house

Bind the axe.

Bind the fallen arrow,  
The bone point.

Bind the dried-up  
Deadhand sister

Bind the skull.

Bind the dried-up  
Deadhand sister

Bind the backed-up  
Broken water

Bind the hunched-up  
Humpback salmon

Bind the witch.

### REVUE

It is opening night at the old people's home. The patients appear to be invisible.

The doctor, blinded in war, builds bird cages for a living while his mother, a mooning caricature of a bird, looks on.

Behind locked doors the case-history of the players is being decided. In a bathtub full of septic water the director succumbs to a safety razor.

A matronly bludgeon nudges the inert audience. Few critics note the shivering creator standing quietly in a corner, without plot or circumstance, unspeakably lonely.

### CROSSING TO BRENTWOOD ON THE MILL BAY FERRY — November 4, 1975

Now, for the moment, everything is promised.  
It is a calm bright day.  
Not even any mist over the trees,  
nor ice in the slippery roots.  
No sense of urgency.

We are crossing the water.  
I hold your hand needing only that. The bare sea is simple enough and the clean sky that no longer seems lonely. Birds circle the boat full of their good messages.

Last night snow fell on the mountains. I woke up shivering and afraid.  
I needed to know everything about you.  
Suddenly I needed to know more than what there was.

Today, for the moment, everything is forgotten.  
I hold your warm hand as if it were something I had just found wanting to be held and you smile back. Later when we talk ours will be other voices.  
Now, crossing the water,  
I am certain there is only us.

# THE B.C. PEN: A MICROCOSM

## Part 1—The Conditions and The Disturbance by Claire Culhane

*I submit that the struggle in the prisons for basic human rights, as well as for sheer survival, is taking on more political significance with each passing day. When a section of the people have been so repressed that they have nothing to lose by challenging the entire structure which imprisons them, and when they begin to add their organizational skills (accompanied by a degree of solidarity) to their growing sense of awareness, then surely a vital component has been added to the universal aspiration to change a profit-motivated society to one attuned to human values.*

— Culhane

"Why are you always the 'bad guy' — during the Vietnam War you were called a Commie. . . now you are being called a 'bleeding heart' and a 'con lover' because of your involvement in the cause of prisoners' rights. You always seem to be on the losing side. Why do you do it?" A tv commentator asked this question during an interview after the fall '76 hostage-taking incident at the BC Pen. But it is not quite true that I am "always on the losing side", I hastened to remind my interviewer. After all, didn't the impoverished Vietnamese people finally win one of the most incredible victories over the world's most powerful military force? With the same kind of persistent, skillful, solid organization as the people of Indochina displayed, I'm equally confident that justice will win out here too, and the Canadian people can and will be educated to understand that the present prison system has to go. Anything that is so rotten has to eventually destroy itself — but, unfortunately, in the meanwhile it is destroying human beings too. That is where the terrible urgency comes in.

When I was in Vietnam in 1967 I came in close, physical eyeball-to-eyeball contact with prisoners — touched and smelled them in their tiny cells. I could do nothing for them, but commiserate with my eyes as I couldn't even speak their language.

Eight years later, I participated in a media tour of Oakalla where for the second time I came in close, physical, eyeball-to-eyeball contact with prisoners. They were underneath the cow barn, where one walked into a concrete cell and saw another cell within it, where a prisoner was encased behind a plexiglass wall with a small aperture for ventilation, a mattress and a bucket. Once again, I could do nothing for him, even though I could communicate with him. He may still be there, or if not, his counterpart.

So when one hundred and thirty-three prisoners sat down on the Oakalla playing field in July 1975, to protest their conditions, I naturally supported them as an extension of my work with the Vietnamese.

That fall as a part-time instructor at Capilano College, I offered a women's studies course at Oakalla. The project was short-lived and ended when my involvement in the BC Pen demonstration became known.

Then in December 1975, the prison support movement set up polling booths at Oakalla where for the first time prisoners cast their ballots like any other citizens eligible to vote. (This made people aware for the first time that some prisoners have the right to vote.)

During this time I began visiting and corresponding with prisoners. One should always go to the experts, they say, when one seeks precise information, and who more competent to discuss the conditions of their daily lives than the prisoners themselves. A lesson I was later to remember when a classification officer at the Pen boastfully described his efforts for a certain prisoner, only to be told that that same prisoner had been transferred three months earlier. . . .

In May 1976, the prisoners' support movement used the U.N. Habitat Forum in Vancouver to educate the public about prison conditions. Over one thousand people signed a petition supporting Justice D.V. Heald's declaration that solitary confinement is indeed "cruel and unusual punishment contrary

to the Canadian Bill of Rights". Many people even now don't realize that this judgement did not abolish solitary confinement. In fact, after declaring solitary confinement cruel and unusual punishment, Judge Heald did not support the lawyers' petition for an injunction against it. All that happened was the grill in the concrete door was enlarged and wired with mesh, a corner table and chair were installed, and the name was changed from Solitary Confinement Unit (SCU) to Super Maximum Unit (SMU).

Canadian prisons across the land are still guilty of holding human beings in the most inhuman condition. Segregation — administrative segregation — dissociation — whatever fancy name they decide to tack on it, it's all solitary confinement, twenty three and a half hours a day, every day, on punishment diet, no tobacco, no access to radios, newspapers, reading material . . . for indefinite periods. . . a few months to the remainder of their sentences of many years. . . no trial, no appeal. . . . While criminologists teach sensory deprivation and behaviour modification programs, prisoners are undergoing an assault of their persons that produces permanent physical and mental damage. Howie Brown, from Millhaven Prison, who has already spent half his time in solitary, describes it as "a slow agonizing trip to madness".

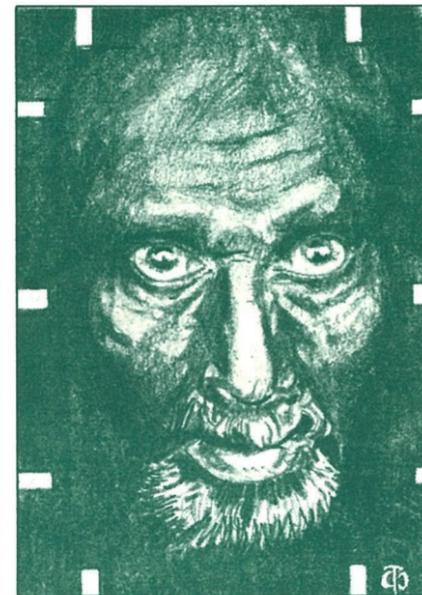
The Canadian Penitentiary System (C.P.S.) began to look around for some way of 'defusing the tensions' after two hostage-taking incidents and one murder (Classification officer Mary Steinhauser was shot by a member of the BC Pen tactical squad). At the BC Pen, now recognized as the No. 1 hot spot on the national penitentiary scene, prisoners were being encouraged to form a committee, which took quite a bit of encouraging since members of the last committee several years earlier found themselves either destined for the "hole" or unwanted transfers to the other end of the country. Once formed, the committee was ordered to change its name from "prisoners committee" to "inmates committee" because the ad-

ministration felt the term 'prisoner' might carry with it some political connotation.

Coincident with this leap forward was the invitation by the C.P.S. to a group of respectable (sic) citizens to participate in the troublous area. Lawyers, doctors, MLA's, MP's, criminologists, professors, Salvation Army, RCMP, media people and one solitary self-professed prisoners' rights advocate (myself) met to form the Citizens Advisory Committee (C.A.C.) in early summer of 1976. This Committee was to slowly and leisurely wend its way into the summer and fall, through a series of well-spaced meetings, dotted by a few tours of the BC Pen 'to show the flag'. After a most unsatisfying tour of the Institution where the key could not be found for the library (a library which was only sporadically accessible since it involved so much red tape for such brief visits that the prisoners were hardly aware of its existence); where the key could not be found for the classroom either; where the meal served during our visit was hilariously greeted by the prisoners as they enjoyed the rare treat of watermelon; where Friday afternoon selected for the tour was the afternoon when all the shops were routinely closed so that only the instructors were present; where the guard was left to provide us with his ridiculously inept description of the medical routines in the hospital area; where the visit to S.M.U. was accompanied by a serious warning to stand clear of the cell doors for fear the prisoners might throw things at us (when was the last time, dear reader, you read a similar sign at the zoo?); where the Inmates Committee advised the C.A.C. that they regretted having to reject our offer to meet with them because of the presence of an RCMP officer on our committee, particularly one well-known for his department's ungentle handling methods. The Vice-President of the Inmate's Committee reported that he had been warned by that officer "to be sure to come armed the next time you set foot in Burnaby. . . ."

It was not without a touch of humour that the secretary of the Inmates Committee asked how they could be seriously expected to meet with a citizen who had urged defiance of the law, since this officer was one of the chorus calling for the formation of a vigilante committee on the heels of the capital punishment bill's defeat.

For anyone whose attempts to visit prisons are discouraged by the administration because of the possible threat of



being taken hostage, let it be known that prisoners so welcome any opportunity to meet and talk with the public that they would gladly volunteer to remain locked in their cells (which they had been anyway for at least five months following the BC Pen disturbance), handcuffed and shackled, thus affording their visitors 100% guarantee for their safety. As for the solicitude frequently expressed by Mr. Cernetic that the men dislike being viewed as animals in a zoo, let it also be known that the men are fully inured to their zoo-like existence, so feel little or no sensitivity on that subject. And unless a prisoner is included on the guided tours, it should be obvious that only a very biased version of the amenities will be put forward by the staff.



During our first tour, a young prisoner in the Protective Custody Unit (PCU) called me over to ask if I wouldn't help him to be taught to read and write in the ten years that lay ahead of him, as he was wholly illiterate. The guard, standing at my elbow, asked him why he hadn't filled out the necessary forms, only to be told by the youngster, "But I can't read or write, how can I fill out a form?"

While the C.A.C. was dispensing its responsibilities according to the holiday schedules of its members that summer of 1976, the internal situation was heating up. As the annual negotiation period approached for the Public Service Alliance of Canada (P.S.A.C.), the prisoners complained that the guards were harassing them in order to build up the necessary riot-background to their demands for increased pay and staff. Though the prisoners were accustomed to this routine tactic, they were determined not to be used as pawns between negotiating parties and were beseeching serious consideration of the explosive situation from anyone who would listen — the Regional and Federal penitentiary authorities, the media, and the C.A.C. But to no avail.

It was against this background that on the request of one of the prisoners I placed a call the afternoon of September 28th to the Director of Inmate Welfare at Ottawa, urging him to immediately come to Vancouver. He expressed surprise at my request since his conversation with the chairman of C.A.C. the day before had left him assured that all was fine at the BC Pen. Five hours later seven prisoners had taken two hostages in the kitchen while 280 men in the vermin and rat-ridden East Block began 'smashing up'. Soon bed sheets hung from the smashed windows of the east block, one bed sheet proclaimed, "Under New Management" while ten bedsheets, one to a window, spelled out S-O-L-I-D-A-R-I-T-Y. The battle was joined.

By 10 p.m. I was calling the members of C.A.C. urging that we should be fulfilling our responsibility by getting down to the Pen, but was being told that tomorrow would be time enough. By 2 a.m. six of us were at the BC Pen having been summoned to meet with the Inmates Committee, while the Administration was holed up in their Board Room, where they had to remain for the duration, unless otherwise invited to meet with the Inmates Committee in their Headquarters.

And what a difference in the atmosphere! The Inmates Committee savour-

ing the sweet taste of power, was laying down the ground rules for the discussion, emphasizing that their top priority was the safety of the hostages. This theme was to be repeated throughout the next few days. They were able to demand that their own 'advocate' be summoned to the meeting, and when I was "inadvertently" left cooling my heels in the Board Room for 1½ hours, they refused to proceed with their opening negotiations until I was escorted to their Headquarters. The first demand was for a press conference and the first compromise was to release one hostage at that time to show their good faith. Two telephones were to be installed, one for internal purposes as they were maintaining a 15-minute check with the kitchen to be assured of the continued welfare of the hostages, and another one for external purposes so that no delays be encountered when communication to the outside world was imperative.

When we reached the gym area to begin the press conference, it was to find that no telephones had been installed. The press (numbering approximately 40 people from as far away as Seattle and Toronto) had to wait another hour until this condition was honoured. The opening remarks of the President of the Inmate Committee included a heart-felt welcome to them, but not without a touch of pathos as he asked where were they yesterday, where were they last week? We were later to learn that many of them had never even received the communications which the Inmates Committee had been sending out during the previous two months via double registered mail. This was the first of many examples of the Administration itself breaking the laws. And this was also to bring on a near violent clash between the host of the CBC-TV Hourglass Show and myself the following week when I was vehemently accused of being inflammatory for insisting that new lines of communication be established so that prisoners would not have to take hostages in order to have a press conference. Note: There have been no press conferences permitted since that time.

The drama of the ensuing eighty hours was set in an atmosphere of extraordinary contrasts. Inside the prison, the seven-member Inmates Committee took control of the situation — checked with the kitchen every fifteen minutes where the remaining hostage was well taken care of, neither molested nor harmed, permitted periodic telephone contact with his wife — food (mostly C-rations) and water delivered



to the 400 prisoners — medications administered — hourly contact maintained with all the tiers to keep the prisoners informed of developments and encourage feed-back of ideas and recommendations from those whom they scrupulously insisted they were representing so that at no time could they be accused of independently running the show — preparing press releases — working out strategy with frequently called Committee meetings — enduring the gruelling experience of negotiations with an Administration which was so infuriated with the reversal of roles that it deliberately attempted to sabotage the negotiations by halting the proceedings at every possible moment. A replay of the recorded negotiations would reveal that it was the Inmates Committee which was urging all possible speed and that it was the Administration which was employing every possible dodge to delay the final decisions.

It did not require any profound analysis to discover the reason for this tactic for, by this time, the Army and the New Westminster police had joined the security forces to circulate around the grounds, together with the RCMP — guns pointed into windows, tear gas canisters in hand (literally), ambulances unloading more lethal equipment. I can truthfully say that while no 'unfortunate incident' ever occurred, there never was a moment, day or night, when we were not aware of the potential danger should 'they' decide to come down on us with all their equipment. And the longer the negotiations were delayed, the more possible such an 'accident' could happen, a la Mary Steinhauser affair, which has now become synon-

ymous with deliberate murder of a known 'con lover'...

When I was asked, at a later date, was I not in fear of my life, finding myself living in such close quarters with such a collection of 'dangerous criminals', I had to admit that the thought never crossed my mind. When one sees a so-called criminal demonstrate the most sensitive concern for his fellow prisoner, taking solitary confinement stints for having fought with a nurse who was refusing his diabetic friend his urgently needed medication, or when a 22-year-old with only 11 months more to go, faces a possible 15 more years for participating in a hostage-taking which was viewed as the last hope of making the public aware of the unbearable conditions of *everyone* there... then who is the real 'criminal'?

Especially when we learned of a certain other drama which was being enacted during the same 80 hours, upstairs in the 'penthouse', as the SMU is called, and the only area where guards were functioning. Taking advantage of all the excitement down below, the guards had a real hey-day — for three days they hauled out the fire hoses and every few hours hosed down the prisoners in their cells, leaving them and their bedding soaking wet — opened the windows — turned off the heat — removed their toilet paper — offered instant porridge and coffee without water or spoons — and altogether played the most disgusting 'games'.

The guards had their explanation for the hosing down — it was just to put out the fire which the prisoners had started. What the prisoners were doing was putting a match to toilet tissue rolled



into a tight ball in order to heat up the cold coffee which was being handed to them by the guards. Their need for hot drinks at that point could be readily appreciated. However, what has to be even more clearly understood is the ingenuity of prisoners to keep alive and

**LAWBREAKERS ARE REMOVED FROM SOCIETY AND PLACED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PEOPLE WHO THEN PROCEED TO DISREGARD THEIR OWN REGULATIONS, BREAK THE LAWS OF THE COUNTRY AND VIOLATE HUMAN RIGHTS.**

the nature of the games played by guards to harass them — a most familiar pattern of prison life.

When we talk about the urgent need to eliminate prisons, it should be clear that it is not only because of the brutalization of the prisoners which must come to an end, but the equally terrifying brutalization of the guards. Who would like to have such a person as their next door neighbour?

One of the SMU prisoners writing about this episode says: "I tell you my whole body is just numb, I've got the worst cold I've ever had, my throat feels swollen, I can hardly talk... what I don't understand is that no one up here did anything. That's the straight goods, but the screws take it out on us up here." He went on to express his joy at hearing them smashing up downstairs



because "they're really smashing the whole rotten system."

The prisoners certainly displayed a greater degree of social understanding than some members of the C.A.C. Under Clause 4 (f) of the Letter of Understanding between the Citizens Committee and the prison system, the C.A.C. had a clear mandate to publicize conditions within the prison. The clause reads: "to inform the public generally of conditions and issues arising within the institution." Yet when the Regional Director finally permitted two members of C.A.C., accompanied by an Inmate Committee member, to visit SMU, the Committee members saw water on the floor and saw inmates cold and wet in their underwear and *failed* to report their findings to the public.

As inadequate as the C.A.C. was, anyone could see how desparately anxious the Administration was to get rid of the C.A.C. in general, and myself in particular. On the second night while waiting in the gym after midnight for the completion of a press release, the Acting Director phoned up from his office to warn us that the men in B-7 wing were breaking out and we should take off down the hill in case they broke into the gym. One member heeded the advice and took off. As the others paused to think it over, the Inmates Committee Vice President, Omer Prud'homme, calmly reached for the phone and let it be known that if we decided to leave he would be obliged to inform the kitchen. That was enough to stop everyone in their tracks, for the full meaning of that comment was that the hostage's life would be endangered since our continued presence was their guarantee that there would be no sudden break in the negotiations. At that moment, a 5th C.A.C. member returned with Inmate Committee members from a routine tour of the prison, and was able to report that *nothing* was happening in B-7, most of the men were sleeping...

This tactic was repeated the next day only a few hours before the signing of the Memorandum of Agreement. A message was delivered to the full C.A.C. group warning that there was a strong possibility that the gymnasium was going to be 'rushed' and that we just had time to leave providing we left immediately. Remembering that we had been through this number before, it was agreed that we remain.

In another few hours (5 a.m., October 1st) the Memorandum Agreement was signed by the Inmates Committee,

the Citizens Advisory Committee, the management of the BC Penitentiary and the RCMP and the hostage was released in perfect health, and in a fresh new uniform.

The constant, round-the-clock vigil of the Inmates Committee was over. The prisoners then faced what would be, for them personally, the most dangerous period as the public interest died down and the administration and guards were given back the control of the institution. The Inmates Committee and the C.A.C. succeeded in having the RCMP brought in to supervise the transfer of the two hundred and eighty men from the uninhabitable East Block to the gym. This was done to avoid a repetition of the finale of the 1975 Millhaven Prison riot when the prisoners had to "run the gauntlet" naked, between a double file of guards armed with riot sticks, leaving some of the prisoners with "scrambled brains". The Inmate Committee thanked the C.A.C. for their invaluable support throughout and begged us not to desert them now as the security, angered at what they considered to be a disgraceful concession to the prisoners, would certainly take their revenge.

We pledged our continued support, recognizing that this was indeed an historic event — the first time in the history of Canada that an outside citizens group had served as a liaison between prisoners and administration *throughout* an entire 'disturbance', and also probably the first time that a group of men had laid themselves personally on the line (here we must include the hostage-takers in the kitchen) to win a victory for the entire prison population. A victory in the sense that they had succeeded in bringing to the attention of the public, in a disciplined, non-violent manner the grave problems which beset them, and for which some of them would most certainly be facing a variety of reprisals as well as extended prison terms.

How the administration 'honoured' the Agreement with the prisoners and dealt with the efforts of the C.A.C. to remain in contact with the inmates will be the subject of Part II of this article along with the Prisoners' Rights Group (P.R.G.) submission to the parliamentary hearings on prisons and the public response to the prison situation after the release of the hostages. ●

See the next issue of MAKARA for THE BC PEN: A RESPONSIBILITY Part II: Response, Results/Analysis/Alternatives.

we have said in the laws we wrote.

And when we strike out at them, they wave before us a degree from one of our universities, a paper which says they understand what we do not. They need only learn that which others like

## readers' write

I believe in the use of words. I believe that if I am left free to listen long enough to your words, I will begin to understand the oneness in us, that oneness which once perceived makes me feel pain when you are hurt. I believe that words can make me feel your acceptance, where before I felt only the threat of your presence. Words can take knowledge and understanding in you and place that same knowledge and understanding in me. Words are to me the means by which you and I come to feel contentment with each other, and because with each other, with our environment.

But I also believe that we live in a world where words are being used to destroy us. They are being used to tell us that we aren't what we are, that we like what we dislike, that we can't when we know we can. Words are being used to take from us our autonomy, our oneness with the universe in which we live, our greatness and our infinitesimal minuteness. Words are being used to destroy our faith in ourselves, our innate knowledge that truth is truth as we perceive it, subject to change upon a change in our perception.

Perhaps in no area have we done ourselves greater harm than in our abdication of responsibility for our collective actions for and against one another. We have let words lull us into accepting government by people we do not trust, and allowed that government to impose upon us rules we cannot understand. We have allowed another group in our society to persuade us that they can understand the rules which we cannot, and allowed ourselves to believe that understanding would protect us from our ignorance and apathy. We have allowed that group to impose their priorities upon us and persuade us that their priorities represent some objective external concept called right. We are merciless to fight them, because we can fight only with our words — in our political lives, our legislatures, and ultimately, in our courtrooms. Ultimately we must lose, for the ultimate forum is theirs — the courtroom. Regardless of our political victory, we have reserved to lawyers the final victory, the right to interpret what

them have required them to learn, and we submissively bow to their superior knowledge.

I have been to law school, and I have sat through classes convinced that if that is reality, I am insane. I have read judgments telling me that there is no opening in a three-sided garage, that no reasonable man would act in the best interests of his neighbour, that our laws do not discriminate if they discriminate against every member of a particular class. I have seen the Supreme Court of Canada determine that a woman is not included within the meaning of the word "person", and known the court to read "enacted before or after the coming into force of this Act" as meaning enacted before this Act. I have seen the judgments which must always be made, according to this group of people, upon the premise that the Parliamentarians knew the law when they set out to change the law. And I have read the Parliamentary debates in which the Parliamentarians who knew the law, knew a different law than the Supreme Court of Canada.

I have been in the classroom in which those persons are taught the difference between telling part of the truth and being heard, and telling all the truth and being held in contempt of court. And I have been in the classrooms in which those lawyers learned that justice and right are not "relevant considerations" for law classes.

And now I realize why we fight as women to enter that arena. We fight because as oppressed members of our society, we are best able to view the oppression of others. We fight to enter because we hear the lack of meaning in the words they use, and want our words heard. We demand representation on the bench because we ask that our reality have a part in the reality we are told is this objective standard called the truth. We ask to be heard because we have learned that prejudice is the word we attach to a refusal to recognize all truth as subjective reality; bigotry to my belief that my subjective reality is everyone's objective reality — God's reality, for lack of a better definition.

I wonder if we can win. Can we win

if we prepare our women with nothing better than the men had to prepare them? Can we win anything ultimately of value if we simply send our women into courtrooms to play the roles men have played, adopt their modes of behaviour, and speak their words? Man's way has been to make war. Women's way has been to love, to wait, to make learning possible. If we are sending our women into the public arena, do we do enough if we send them there trained in a man's way — trained to fight rather than teach, trained to sell out rather than stand judged upon their ideals, trained to speak rather than to listen?

When will we learn that our best defense against our accusers is not a lawyer speaking, but a court understanding? That a better world comes not from the talking, but from the listening? From caring, rather than condemning?

— Lee Masters  
reprinted from KINESIS

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# THE BOOK OF T: THE AQUARIAN DECK FOR THE NEW AGE

By Jocelan Tracey



sky, who is the head of The Theosophical Society in London, England, and one of the foremost experts in the field of spiritualism, predicted that a new Tarot deck would be presented to the world sometime in the late 20th century. The new symbols were actually given to a group of 5 people in 1962 through a ouija board, as unbelievable as that sounds. They were not looking for a New Tarot Deck, of course, but it's all they could come up with: a spiritual duty, as it were. John Starr Cooke, who was part of that group, was eventually given the job of painting the symbols, which are quite bizarre on first encounter. But he had little choice in what went into the cards, as exact specifications and details had been dictated, including their size, correct placement of symbols and the exact shades of colour.

When I first saw the New Tarot cards, I hated them. They seemed very scary and unfriendly. They also seemed a lot bulkier than any previous decks I had wrapped my hands around; the colours

made me uncomfortable, and the symbols seemed like a leftover of the psychedelia era. And the fact that they came from a ouija board didn't thrill me either, so I shoved them away in some drawer and there they sat for about 2 years. It was only when someone else found them and loved them that I began to get turned on to them. So I studied the 3 little books which accompanied the deck, and found that indeed this deck had a little different slant to it. In fact, I began to get quite high reading those books, and when the time finally came, when I got a decent grasp on where the symbols were coming from, I began to play with them. Very interesting. And they helped me a lot, not to mention that I will never say anything bad about the ouija board again.

So why was a New Tarot given at this time? Well, most likely to rescue them from their plight as fortune-telling cards (by would-be "mystics" and shysters who make their money commercializing on good things by turning them into quickie versions for the unwary or unlearned) and restore them to their original and vital meaning as a path and a teaching, and secondly, to state our civilization's destiny and evolution in this particular age and indicate the transition into the new age.

What makes this deck any different from the last one? The old Tarot deck dealt with the cycle beginning with Atlantis 12,500 years ago. That cycle which was ruled by Leo is now completed. As people have been telling us since the late 1960s, we are entering the Age of Aquarius. And we are going to be in this cycle for another 12,500 years, so there is no escape. The cycle ruled by Leo was called the Age of the Kings (the Fixed Cross), and prior to that was the Age of the Queens (the Cardinal Cross). As there were no symbols per se used during the Age of Queens, one can only speculate what was happening. But it has been suggest-



ed that it was an age of great spirituality and creativity, and that it was of the highest intuitive level, which was probably why there were no symbols; they didn't need them! When the Age of the Kings dawned, reason and logic became the order of the day in that male-dominated span of time. The old Tarot symbols came about in this age when concrete communication was required on a material level.

Now that we are entering a New Age, a new set of symbols is required for an understanding of what is happening during this cycle. This Age is the first in which spirit and matter will merge. The child of the Queen and the King connects both the positive and negative poles in ONE. We are now heralding the coming of The Age of Pages: they are androgynous. Sex will no longer be the dividing line, nor will there be lines drawn between the races as was previously the case. For the Pages bring the synthesis of all the races to form a new One.

In the previous deck, the Queens were the complaisant, yielding, serene flow, content to sit in the background, keeping an approving eye on things. The Kings were the great warriors, the initiators, who fought and battled and won the world. The Pages were the fairytale Princes or Princesses happily playing their days away under the direction of their father, the King, and the watchful eye of their mother, the Queen. The Pages had little responsibility, but were a joyful part of any reading. All this has changed now.

The Kings are forced to relinquish their armour, their weapons, abandon

their battlefields and their overactive commanding egos. They must step down and be tall, still and strong with their earned dignity, aware that the wind blows through them, accepting the fact that "greater hands than theirs" are truly in control. The Kings' job now lies in conscious organization of order on this earth; they have passed their titles and power onto their child, the Page. It is time for the Kings to LET BE.

The new Queens are no longer content to sit in the background and let everyone else direct. They are still tranquil, but are very expressive of their feelings and emotions. They are still intuitive and receptive, but no longer yielding or complaisant. They are the Creators, the Mother, the flowing fountain, the Matrix, the moon from which all things grow and all things are. Their ambitions are not for themselves, but for their child, the Page.

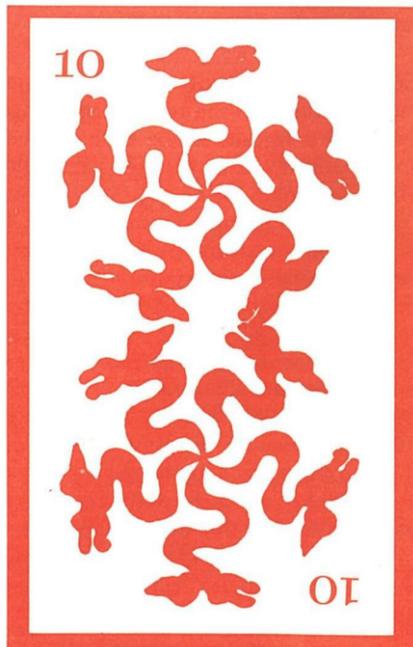
The Pages shine with the resultant light of the Queens and the Kings, illuminating the New Age and Cycle. The 4 Page cards are painted in whirling mandala form. From in to out, from the tiny seed of Being to the flowering of Becoming, these mandalas move; tentatively squared by the Diagonal Cross, they are the Mutable Cross. The unifying symbol for the Pages is the flowing cup, also pictured on the Royal Maze card. This cup represents the Pitcher from which Aquarius pours the aqua-vitae (water of life) across the sky to Leo. Consciously, the Pages pour the liquid that Aquarius brings in the New Cycle. Each of the 4 Pages has a musical instrument exemplifying the force sounding and awakening now. Vibrations and levels higher than the visual are being responded to in circulating, widening waves, encompassing all with steady and serene awareness.

The Knights of the old deck were the forceful warriors, protecting the monarchy from invaders and intruders, using their energy to go out and do battle for prestige and gain, power and fame. But now that the Queens and Kings are standing tall and still and passing on their powers to the youthful Pages, the Knights have cast aside their dented helmets and weapons. The desire for glory is finished, and the battles are over. Instead, they directly use the abstract principle within each of the functions' energy force. The Knights are the guardians of the Royal Maze. Relative to the seeker, or the person doing the reading, these 4 Knights arrive at breakthroughs in consciousness. They coincide Being and Becoming, that which Is and that which Seems. A number 8 appears on

each Knight's card; the 8 joins two circles, or doubles the way. The double circle has entwined the force of the electric Knights, and spaced between the spheres is the point of fusion, the new merge.

The symbols of the suits have been changed as well. The cups have been replaced by the pears, the pentacles are now the stones, the swords have become the blades, and the wands are now serpents. It is not made clear why these changes came about, but as the Aquarian Deck is a progressed deck, we can assume that the suits as well as the rest of the deck, were taken too literally and were very limiting. The swords, for example, denoted danger lurking. Now, as blades, they represent the intellect, thinking and high aspirations. The blades are ruled by the air element. The pears are ruled by the element of water and represent intuition. The serpents represent the feeling functions and are ruled by fire, and the stones ruled by the earth represent the senses. The New Tarot gives you a lot of room in which to move and can be taken several different ways, but it does not give literal meanings, it does not TELL you what it means. It shows you the way so that you can discover what it means for you.

As the Books of T are a Path and Teaching, it is very fitting that the coming of the New Age, in which a change in levels of communication and consciousness are occurring, should bring with it a new set of learning devices. As I was starting to say, the key to this deck is that it is a progressed deck. What this means is that there are NO preconceptions, no past, no reminders of any-



thing "bad" that you did. There is no negative slant at all. All that counts is now, and how you conduct your life as of this minute. No guilt trips, no bad feelings, but taking each day as your whole life, living in the present, and doing a fine job of it, which is actually all that counts, and that's the idea.

So, you want to know what they did with "adverse" cards such as Death? For those of you who are not familiar with this card in the old deck, it was all that the name implies, and was not the happiest card to see in your reading. In the New or Aquarian Deck, this card is called the Renewer. The Renewer reveals. This card makes you take stock of your life and tells you that you are falling down in some area that should be looked after immediately. Generally some fear that is deep inside is being presented to you for further consideration. And in relation to the rest of your reading, it reveals exactly what that is.

Much the same change has happened to the old Lightning Struck Tower. The catastrophe depicted on this card was total and universal and hit a person's being on every level. It was generally a card of disaster and ruination. In the New Deck, this card is called the Citadel. It consists of the 7 chakras or psychic centres in a person. The chakras are pictured one on top of the other, all equally clear and perfectly developed. They represent the stages of growth in one's spirit; like beads on a string, they have a gem-like quality. The meaning of the Citadel is self-completion, quite a change from the self-destructive Lightning Struck Tower.

You may be wondering what more

could possibly be done for cards like the Sun and the Star. In the old deck, the Sun represented happiness and prosperity, which is fine to tell you that, but not how to find it. In the New Deck, the Sun card is called the Doer. The Doer means Right Activity. The potent quote from this book is as follows: "There is only one thing to do, to be as you are, to be it and be it openly, to let your sun shine...." That's pretty out front. The Star card is now called the Wayshower. The Star represented Hope and good prospects. The Wayshower no longer signifies Hope, but a breakthrough: true vision and singleness of purpose, to enlighten by allowing the flow of blessings to rain down. It is a very positive and revealing card, as are all of the new symbols. They don't tell you what you are and that there is nothing you can do about it. Instead, they remind you of who you are and what you should do next, and then point you in the right direction.

All this serves to lead us up to the Royal Maze, which is perhaps the most important card of the New Deck. Previously, it was called the Wheel of Fortune, which meant good or bad luck, depending on how it was aspected. The meaning of the Royal Maze is Destiny. To choose the Royal Maze as a path is to choose to leave many things behind that you are very fond of or attached to, like all your past and future, everything you were ever taught, and everything you know. In choosing this path, you choose THE LIGHT, and it's a path of pursuit of nothing else. Talk about singleness of purpose. Once inside the Royal Maze, the only way out is up, and because it does mean leaving everything behind, not everyone can or could make that kind of decision. But that is why it's called the Royal Maze, for this the Royal Way that the Tarot is teaching. The Royal Maze represents the Supreme Challenge. It is a picture of the entire principle of the manifestation, and Destiny is always NOW.

It is very important that you do a reading at "the right time". This means in privacy, in a relaxed, receptive space. You should never do a reading when your mind is filled with a lot of other thoughts, or in the presence of hordes of people. You should be able to concentrate with as little distraction as possible. You cannot get a clear picture or a true understanding without these things. Of course, if you are interested in doing the Tarot, get your own deck. It's the only way to become familiar with what the symbols mean to you.

The New Tarot, as well as being a

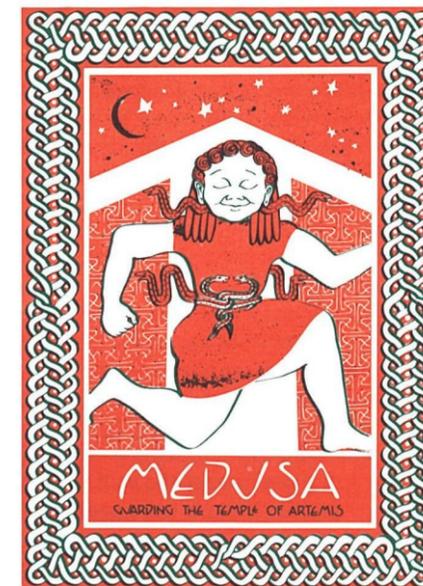
"progressed" deck, is also a "reversed" deck. The "reversal" refers to the self. You are the one who chooses your own fate, the author of your acts and events: Destiny does not come from without, but is a merging and flowing from without to within and from within to without.

When you study the New Deck, you will notice the absence of armour-clad warriors on the cards. The figures stand forth unclad and openly, with no further need to do battle. The commanding one is your SELF; and you, the personality, cannot rob any longer that which is never apart from yourself. And that is what The Book of T, the Aquarian Deck for The New Age, is here to teach. ●

#### Reference books:

*The Tarot of Thoth Tehuti*  
by Aleister Crowley

*Further Studies of the Aquarian Deck for the New Age*  
by John Starr Cooke and Rosalind Sharpe



An image from pre-Olympian matrilineal society in the Mediterranean — a part of women's spiritual heritage.

Two-colour seriagraph on heavy paper, 20" x 26". Signed by the artist. \$10. cheque or money order (Canadian funds) to: Karen Muntean, Box 45, Saturna, B.C. Also available through MAKARA and some women's bookstores and galleries.

# REFLECTIONS OF MADELAINE

Fiction by M. Errat

Saturday, February 7, 1976

Quick footsteps and cafeteria clattering of metal trays and trolleys. Voices near and far away. Her eyes opened, focused on nothing. She rolled over and threw up, greenish-black poison. Above, the lights were too bright and she closed her eyes. Then she was drifting again, half-conscious, floating into darkness.

She sat up suddenly, not feeling the intravenous needle in her left arm which was bound from elbow to wrist so the syringe could not jerk free. Her cane rattled to the floor. She lay back and the bed began to rock. A doctor swayed above her like a giant ship's lantern. His glasses pushed the light, hurting, into her eyes.

"What can I do for you?" The voice, careful and false, was slightly accented. Or maybe just pretending.

You can bugger off and let me throw up in peace.

"I'm thirsty."

He handed her a plastic cup with a bent straw. Leaning forward, he rested both arms on the raised sides of the bed. His hands were short and fuzzy red.

"Do you know your name?"

O.K. This is your game, so let's play.

"Madelaine. Madelaine McNeil."

"I see that you are handicapped, Madelaine."

No, I'm crippled. In every sense of the word. Lame child of my own creation, born the day I refused to walk without support and acknowledged my dependency.

"I had spinal surgery seven years ago. It was only partially successful."

"I see. And how old are you, Madelaine?"

"I'm twenty-five."

He straightened, took off his glasses and pointed them at a tall oriental man standing beside him. "It is most often women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five who make such suicide attempts. A man, if he tries, usually succeeds. A woman tends to be more dramatic."

Dramatic. Bullshit. Between twenty-one and thirty-five, a woman is backed against the wall and ordered: "Decide." And she has to decide. If she's handicapped, she can sell out to her parents or her man, or she can try to hack it on her own. Either way, she's damned and she knows it. You want to know something, Dr. Smartass? It's not the weak ones you'll find in your psychiatric wards. It's the strong; the fighters who will break before they'll bend. It's the ones who must give in and know they can't.

"Do the men always succeed?"

The doctor did not answer and dislike escaped, distorted by his glasses. Censored. "I'll leave our patient to you. This is Dr. Chan, Madelaine."

Dr. Chan put one foot up on a chair, case book balanced on his knee. He spoke very quietly. "Why did you do it?"

Laughter splits and crashes within like broken concrete.

Why did you do it. Is he really asking me? Ask yourself, doctor. What does an organism do when faced with only two alternatives, both of them impossible? It turns to self-destruction.

"My man opted out for my own good, after father convinced him that he wasn't right for me. We were driving to South America in Jaye's van — I speak Spanish pretty well — but my parents didn't want me to go. They didn't think he would take care of me."

So I was left as before, only not as before. Did they think I could live, changed, an unchanged existence? I could not live that way, their way, and did not know how to live any other way. Perhaps some other self would know.

"Tell me what pills you took."

"Eight 292's. Twelve capsules of phenaphen, sixteen doriden, and about 100 milligrams of valium."

"Where did you get the phenaphen? It is a powerful drug, not commonly used."

"It is a relaxant. It was prescribed to kill pain."

To kill pain. Pain that it cannot reach. Muscles knotted into spasms that last for days. And what else?

The pain of being loved. Jaye standing with one hand in his back pocket, the other tugging at the straight, ragged hair on his forehead. I love you too much, he said. Your father is right. I can't promise to take care of you always. Something could happen. And where would you be? You can't look after yourself.

You are afraid of me, I said, and suddenly I didn't want to need him anymore, to follow, blind still and clumsy. Groping, gasping, fearful. As I breathed it into my life, the gust of freedom was gone.

"Did you intend to die, Madelaine?"

"I don't know. Yes. At least part of me, I guess. Then my parents must have found me and brought me here."

I had needed them for that too. To bring to this place the heavy sleeping thing. To await the chrysalis' coming to life. To watch the coloured wings unfold and dip unwilling in the first cold, hard wind while the creature clings yet to its shredded cocoon.

"Don't do it again."

The book snapped shut, case closed.

"Hi! I'm Agnes from suicide follow-up and you're assigned to me for the next six weeks."

Hallelujah. After that, I'm free to jump off a bridge, no doubt.

"How do you feel?" The camel coat is too short, the brown and green scarf too tightly drawn into the neck.

"I don't feel that I'm quite here yet."

"You seem a clever and determined young woman. You took a lot of dope, yet the attempt was unsuccessful. What made you do it?"

Not clever. Excuses. And too lame to be determined. Some

other bastard offspring of fear and despair. But unsuccessful. This too must fail. Helluva thing to say to a mental patient, really. Considering what 'successful' means in this case. Like your attempt to survive, your attempt to die has failed.

"However, you must continue to live, after all."

"I beg your pardon?"

Can't you see them? Can't you see them standing there in a line across the foot of my bed? My mother. My father. My doctor. My man. Live, they said. Only not quite.

"My parents have looked after me ever since I couldn't walk properly. They've never forgotten how weak, how helpless I was then. When I met Jaye, I knew they didn't approve. They wouldn't say anything at first, then one day they asked me if we were lovers. I said it wasn't any of their business. So they knew we were."

After that things got bad. Mom looked the other way when I kissed her goodnight. Dad started talking about my 'responsibilities' and Jaye couldn't come to the house anymore. We wanted to drive to South America for a couple of months, and that was when dad invited Jaye to lunch and asked him if he was being fair to me. He asked him a lot of other questions that don't have answers and by that time, Jaye wanted to agree with him, for me."

They did not, however, ask my opinion. Just like they didn't ask my opinion about leaving university. They went to see my doctor who conceded that the pressure, the studying, struggling to classes was wearing me down. And so they presented me with their decision. No more money for fees. For my own good. Get a bursary and go anyway? Stare at the silence over the dining room table. Unthinkable.

You are a crippled bird and you will never fly, said my father. But what if the bird has only been told that it cannot fly? Will it sit in its cage, quiet and unhappy, or will it beat its wings against the golden bars until it dies, exhausted?

"They did not understand why I couldn't be happy, taking a few courses, going to Europe or Hawaii with them in the spring."

"So you took the easy way out."

"Are you going to do it again?"

I'll never know for sure.

"I don't think so."

"Good. Your parents are here. Shall I let them see you for a moment?"

I wonder if they can, see me?

"Yes."

Her mother glanced at the intravenous bottle suspended above the bed and kissed her on the forehead. Her father took her hand and said nothing. She looked into his face and saw the agony of her suffering. She closed her eyes.

Her mother spoke quickly, almost out of breath. "Everything will be all right now. You'll see. We'll take you home and everything will be all right, darling."

Yes, I see.

"You should sleep now, honey. We'll be here if you need us."

And what if I don't? What if you need me more than I need you?

She turned her face to the wall.

Saturday, August 28, 1976

The lawn is not green. Every morning I sit at my small kitchen table, one elbow on the window sill, trying to decide what

colour it is. Looking down, through the branches of the apple tree, the ground seems furry soft and deep, russet in the shade. The open yard, back and front, is shaggy with dandelions jostling against the fence and stumbling onto the sidewalk. Spread in the sun, they suck the yellow light into their centres.

I was awakened again this morning by the cat I have named Thistle, a thin, long-haired tom with slanted corn-coloured eyes and fur that is a curious flat grey. He had jumped from the verandah and sat by the window which stood ajar, purring loudly and staring into my face. He did not come in; he just waited as he has waited, earnestly, for the past eight days, to make this his home. It seems that he has succeeded, for I see him curled on the quilt next to my pillow where it is still warm. Perhaps this needn't be all mine any longer. Perhaps it is all right to share it now.

Sunday, August 29, 1976

Strong black tea. A red geranium in a clay pot painted white. Morning sun and round leaf shadows on the dark blue table. It is a pleasing combination. This place has simple warmth and light. The bed is shoved under the front window and resting in the afternoon, I can see across the wide verandah to the next door garden: old fashioned shasta daisies and heavy pink roses sagging over the fence. The bureau and mahogany bookcase are from home. The closet tunnels beneath the hall stairs and I must duck a little dangerously to put anything away. In the kitchen are a two burner stove and a small refrigerator, an enamel sink and the odd wooden chairs at the table where I now sit with my brown teapot and a copy of *Middlemarch* from the library.

Tuesday, August 31, 1976

I don't do my dishes every day anymore. But the routine has organized itself somehow, the same way that often-used dishes and books organized themselves on shelves within my limited reach. I put all the dishes on the counter first, open the cupboards and get out the dishcloths and detergent from below. Then I can hook my cane over a kitchen chair and balance, half leaning against the sink. This is the way I do my washing in the bathroom down the hall, too. But the bathtub is modern and too low. The easiest way is to sit on the edge, swing both legs over, then grab the sides of the tub and sit down, supporting my weight on my arms. To get out, I just reverse the order, grab my cane and pull myself to my feet. It isn't as hard as I thought it would be.

Last night I dreamed of Jaye. We were sitting on the front steps, close together. It was late afternoon, but we sat away from the shadows in the plain and certain light. We were not talking and we did not look at each other, but at some common point straight in front of us. Then I took his hand and we went upstairs, not to this room, but to another larger room, square and clean. There were no curtains, only the trees outside. We stood in front of the empty fireplace and undressed each other. I knelt in front of him, nuzzling the black, soft hair, then held the hard velvet cock next to my cheek. My arms pressed his tender, muscled back and he pulled my face against his belly. I closed my eyes whispering, "Hide me. Hide me."

How did I get upstairs without my cane?

...later.

Lame child of my own creation. Hide me. Could he hide me then? Would I let him now? In defiance of my dream, I doubt it.

Wednesday, September 1, 1976

Jaye has been here only once, a month ago. He seemed sincere and frightened. Like my parents, frightened and bewildered by the power in the crippled wings. United now in fear, they

stood and watched me pack the trunks and cardboard boxes, unwilling to protest. But Jaye, not certain of my strength or his, not able to look at my strange and altered face, had asked me to go with him when he left for South America last month. My parents would object no longer. Was it honesty or stubbornness that made me refuse? Maybe it was anger.

What right had he to try to make it all o.k.? It was I who chose the change. But I am the person whom neither of us knows yet, and I must do the knowing first. "Leave without me," I said. "You will only leave behind a stranger." But when he returns, a stranger to one of us no longer. Then we will undress and look at each other again.

It was a mistake for him to come here before he left. He knew that and stood helpless in the doorway, his head bent and his hands unclenched at his sides. He seemed sincere and frightened. "Are you sure?" he asked. "It's not too late to change your mind."

"Get out!" I screamed. "Get out! Get out!" And he backed away, leaving the door open. I pushed the door shut, shoved a chair against it and sat down, looking inside. Did he know that I was only afraid?

The pain of being loved.

Friday, September 3, 1976

Today on the bus I fell. Five of my eggs were broken and the apples came out of the bag and rolled under the seats all over the place. The driver was angry that I embarrassed him and he picked me up like a clothes bag and slumped me into a seat. He pushed my cane into my hand, but the grocery bag was split and awkward and people did not look at me when I got off.

The drivers are not rude or inconsiderate; they just don't pay attention. Once you've paid your fare and passed by, they

don't seem to notice you anymore. How is a person to balance with a cane in one hand, a heavy shoulder bag and an armload of groceries? That awful jerk when the bus starts up! It has always frightened me to be stuck without a seat before we start to move, but sometimes there isn't a place near the front and people don't often get up to offer me one. I guess they don't want to draw attention to me or themselves. But I'd rather be conspicuous than flat on my ass.

Saturday, September 4, 1976

Damn! I broke my coffee maker this morning. I am so clumsy. I leaned too far, poking my finger into a geranium pot on the window sill to see if the plant needed watering. A thrust of pain in my hip as I straightened, an involuntary jerk and smash! It was a pale blue ceramic pot and drip filter. Oh hell. I hate perked coffee.

The pain is bad this morning, but I don't want to take a pain killer.

At twelve o'clock last February, I saw the darkness split from daylight, and my body, poisoned, now rages at the slow impartial force which threatens it towards black chaos once again.

This pain, this room, this lousy job marking high school English essays for \$4.25 an hour. What if this is all I ever have? \$130.00 for rent; \$30.00 per week for food and extras. What extras? There is no money for clothes or books, dental bills or broken glasses. What would happen if I got really sick and couldn't work?

The coloured wings unfold and dip unwilling in the first cold, hard wind.

What if I don't finish *The Catcher in the Rye* this afternoon for Spencer's grade elevens? What if I forget to take the stew

meat out of the freezer? What if? So what if? There are no other alternatives left. Only this. This pain, this room, this lousy job. This woman.

The pain is bad this morning. Take one capsule every four hours as required. For how long? Five years? Maybe fifteen, even twenty? No. I put the bottle on the shelf behind my spices and vitamin pills. This pain, too, is mine.

Sunday evening, September 5, 1976

I had dinner with mom and dad tonight. They are so hesitant, so cheerful. Nothing serious. "You look thin," my mother says. Careful. She cooks a prime rib roast and packs a shopping bag with biscuits, apple sauce, a piece of cake. Still, she must feed me, sustain the web of flesh that joins us too close together. This tearing away from flesh will be the final conflict, the one that will remain, perhaps, unresolved. For though it seems that I sever the bond, I shall take against my will that part of me that is forever her. How to acknowledge the flesh and deny its tyranny?

Goodbye. Careful. Nothing serious. Are you still afraid that you might want to come back home?

My father helps me out of the car and takes my arm as we walk up the steps. I am grateful and impatient. He puts my parcels on the kitchen table, then leaves at once, kissing me on the forehead.

You are a crippled bird and you will never fly. Why do you need me to be crippled? Do you feel so unimportant that you require my dependence to be of value to yourself? You didn't think I loved you anymore when I found that I did not need you. You tried to make me choose between you and another man, my other man. Worse than that even. You tried to make the choice for me. For my own good. What arrogance and presumption to imagine that you knew what was good for another human being. Is it forgivable? I don't know yet.

So do not take my arm now. I have learned to walk up the stairs myself. Some other time it will be all right, when I can accept without fear and without obligation, your need of me, when it does not bind me any longer. For now I'd rather fall, watch you turn and walk away knowing that I might lay on the cold cement all night.

What if you need me more than I need you?

Thursday, September 9, 1976

My back hurts this morning. I must have rolled onto my stomach or lost some of my pillows in the night. Packed into bed, feeling like a great, inert sea-mammal alien to land, stranded and unable to move. Jaye laughs at my pillows. "How can I get close to you?" he demands.

Our weekend trip to Victoria. "I might as well rent another room," he grumbled, pretending. But we managed, with Jaye stretched behind me, curved against my body. I held his arms around me and he pressed his hand between my legs. Feeling him breathing against my back warmed and comforted me when I awakened as I often do, cramped and miserable.

I bought a pyrex coffee maker with a plastic drip filter so it won't matter so much when I drop it again, for I shall always be dropping things!

On the linoleum beside me, Thistle is stretching in a neat square of sunlight. His narrow body arches backwards, straining, yearning and vulnerable, towards the warmth. The dandelions spread below thrust towards the light as well, their petals pushing, curving backwards against the long stems. On the apple tree, the full leaves are motionless in the moment before they fall.

Thistle yawns, twitching the end of his fat tail. We are considerate of each other. He seeks affection seldom but honest-

ly and I do not mind his asking. We are both aware that he had no need of me before he chose to come here.

My back hurts. I feel the pain and something else, this morning. The freedom? My freedom. I wonder is it necessary to pay for the one with the other.

Last night I dreamed that I had moved to another room, a spacious room of light and mirrors, carpeted with warm and summer-fragrant grass. My mother had arranged it for me. I lay naked on the white bedspread thinking that it was nice, but I wanted to rearrange it myself. I wasn't sure just how.

As I lay there, the mirrored images began to swell, to shift and alter — they merged then separated, a hundred different selves. I became dizzy, then frightened. I rose and picked up a large, potted Norfolk pine sitting on a rattan stool. I hurled it at the mirrored wall in front of me. Then the stool, an old Chinese vase, a dictionary, a rock embedded with a fossil shell. The mirrors remained intact.

Jaye entered the room and put his arms around me, one encircling my waist, the other my shoulders. I noticed that he was looking behind me, into the mirror, the image that I could not see. Suddenly, he held me too tightly and one by one, the images burst like a shattered kaleidoscope. Full of prism lights, the lovely splinters shivered to the ground. Blue and green they glowed like phosphorescent creatures stranded by the tide on unmarked sand. They throbbed, then faintly. Extinguished in the night.

Friday, September 10, 1976

I awakened with resentment this morning. I closed my eyes and fought for sleep once more. In that void a warmth remained, and with it an illusion of safety that I knew was gone, but I struggled to regain it. Futile, foolish perhaps, but human. The dream would not be re-captured. The comfort and the safety had escaped the ravelled snare, the deception of my sleeping. The illusion was abandoned.

Why do people yearn towards illusions, illusions which they guess will disappoint and betray? Still, they cling to them. I cling to them. The dream is stranded, the sand unmarked, the tide has lapsed and all surrounding empty, black but warm and it is the comfort that I seek there. I find a sense of loss as well.

There was no safety.

He tried to give me that. Goddammit, he tried, but he had no right! Jaye did not secure me against the world or myself. Both of which I destroyed and now I rebuild. The power is mine, not his. Whatever is here, whatever is lacking is, at least, of my own creation.

It was not raining. Madelaine stopped in the doorway, then turned and dropped her umbrella in the hall. Thistle passed behind her legs and sprang to the porch railing, delicately shaking the water from his paws. She scratched his ears, but he pulled his head aside and began cleaning himself. She laughed and moved away. The cat did not follow.

At the end of the walk, Madelaine paused. On the boulevard between the copper beech and the curb, there was a puddle. A small lake for rubber boots, floating twigs and make-shift boats; clear and deep, its bottom layered thickly with brown leaves. She noticed a reflection of herself, a forgery leaning away from her across the surface of the pond. A drop of water from a branch overhead struck the centre of the image and it ruptured. She waited. Drifting in broken circles, the echoes weakened, then returned. As she bent towards it, the form dissolved, dismembered and confused. Then she smiled. Below, she saw herself embodied, constant, new, a final image. ●

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# ACCESS

## NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS:

SHEILA ALLEN studied printmaking for 2 years at VSA. She now has a printing studio at Alouette Arts in Maple Ridge, B.C.

CEDAR CHRISTIE is a Toronto-born painter/sculptor and illustrator who can be contacted for freelance work through MAKARA.

JOSIE COOK is an original member of MAKARA and is now freelancing. She may be reached through our office.

For more about CLAIRE CULHANE, see MAKARA, Vol. 1, no. 3 for an interview by Jeannine Mitchell. Rated excellent.

M. ERRAT is a feminist who is deeply concerned about the emotional handicaps often thrust upon the disabled. She herself is partially disabled and has worked with children and adults who share similar problems.

GWEN HAUSER is a Vancouver poet living in Toronto.

BARBARA KAHAN enjoys writing about many things besides megavitamin therapy. She doesn't have a particular field of interest (but has a definite point of view!). Right now, she is working on an article on alternative approaches to education.

JEAN KAMINS — She is a freelance artist in Vancouver, middle-aged mother of three and still cute.

PENNY KEMP is presently ensconced against the bull dozers on Ward's Island, Toronto. She is editor for *Twelfth Key*, a poetry magazine, London, Ont. Her new play, *The Angel Makers*, will be on tour this fall.

BONNIE KREPS, born and raised in Denmark, has been an involved feminist in Canada for 9 years. She wrote "Hotline for Women" (a feminist column) for *Chatelaine* for 4 years. She now lives in Vancouver, doing a lot of writing and is doing a film on rape for the B.C.

Police Commission and Rape Relief, while her daughter, Lisa, lives with her (Lisa's) father in the Kootenays.

LINDA MARCHAND is a photographer living and working in Bellechasse County, Quebec. Presently involved in doing a photographic book about rural Quebec as well as tending and tapping some 2000 maple sugar trees [written in Feb.].

DAPHNE MARLATT is a Vancouver writer. Her published works include *Our Lives* (Truck Press), a cycle of prose pieces; and two books on the Japanese/Canadian fishing community in Steveston, B.C. — *Steveston* (Talonbooks) and *Steveston Recollected* (B.C. Provincial Archives), excerpted in Vol. 1, no. 5 of MAKARA.

KAREN MUNTEAN is a former staff member of MAKARA and now resides on Saturna Island, B.C. She is busy doing freelance design work as well as contributing to MAKARA.

VIVIAN NAST is an artist and student living in Vancouver. She can be reached through MAKARA.

PERSIMMON lives in Vancouver on a street famed for its 3 a.m. car crashes. She is a graduate of Vancouver School of Art and has shown her work at UBC SUB Gallery, the Helen Pitt Gallery, 21 Water Street and the House of Ceramics. She is a member of the Women's Inter-Art Co-op and is currently the art co-ordinator for the Women's Cultural Exchange.

BARBARA RAPHAEL attended UBC and SFU. She worked 2 years in a home for emotionally disturbed children, travelled for 2 years and spent 2 years as a child counsellor at Macdonald House, Vancouver.

FRANCES ROONEY is writing in London, Ontario after getting fed up with law school.

We accepted PAT SMITH's manuscript in December 1975! We have no recent contact address for her so she may not even know it is being printed. Hope you like it, Pat.

JOCELAN TRACEY — the Queen of Pears. Ex-West End street punk. Present transition inspired by Kabalarian Philosophy, Bob Marley & the Wailers, The New Tarot and Be Be K'Roche.

## NOTES ON OTHER STUFF:

Books by SUSAN MUSGRAVE: *Gullband* (J.J. Douglas), *The Impstone* (McClelland and Stewart), *Songs of a Seawitch* (Sono Nis), *Entrance of the Celebrant* (Fuller D'Arch Smith, London), *Grave-dirt and Selected Strawberries* (Macmillan of Canada).

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Our sincere apologies to VIVIAN NAST for not crediting her for the graphic used on page 3 of MAKARA, Vol. 2, no. 2. (When will we get everything right?)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address to SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., MAKARA, 1011 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, British Columbia V5L 3X1

PLEASE NOTE: In MAKARA, Vol. 2, No. 2, we ran a classified ad for AMAZON ACCOUNTING. They moved, B.C. Tel goofed, and some of our readers couldn't get through. The correct new number is 462-9858.

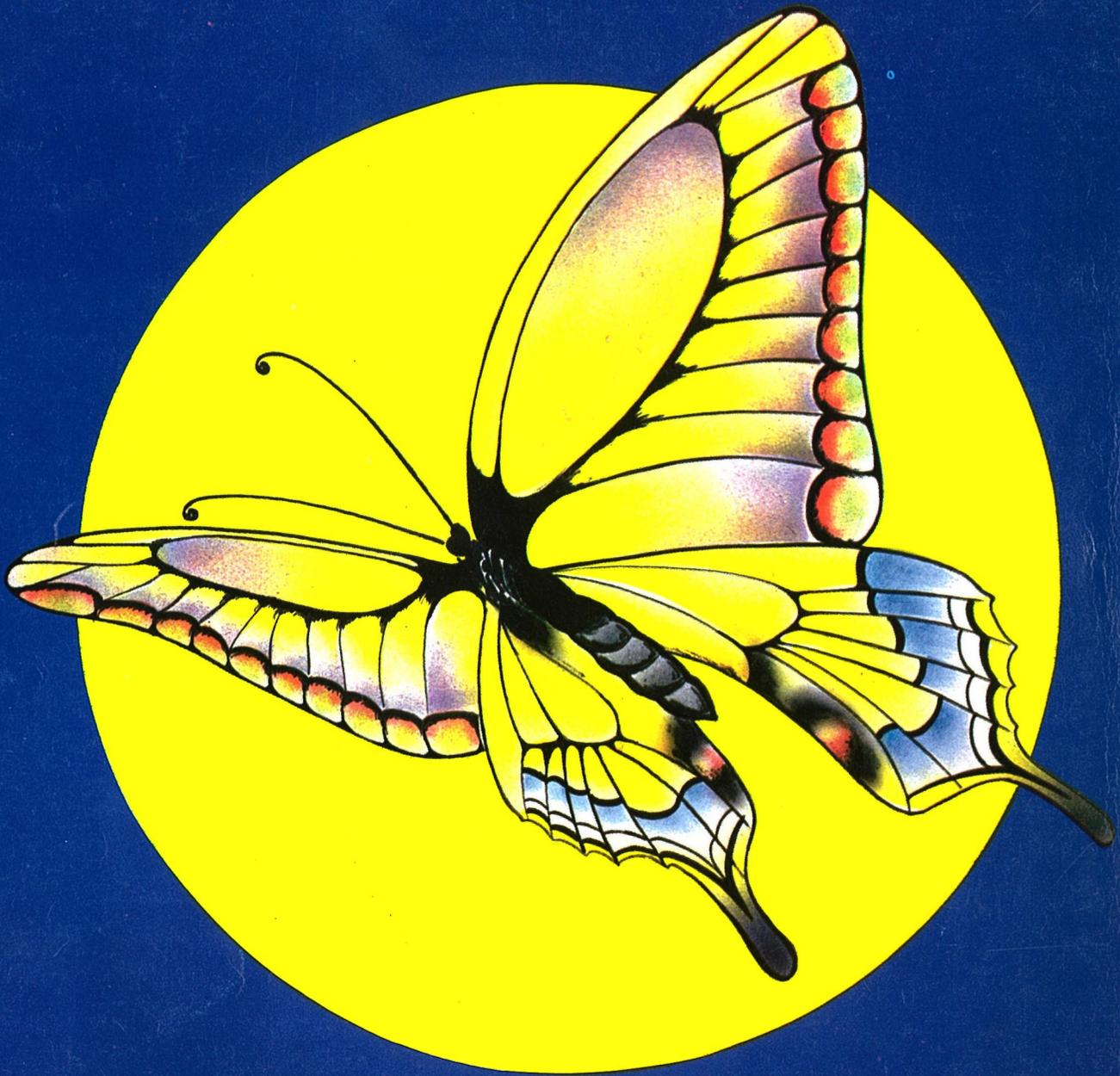
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