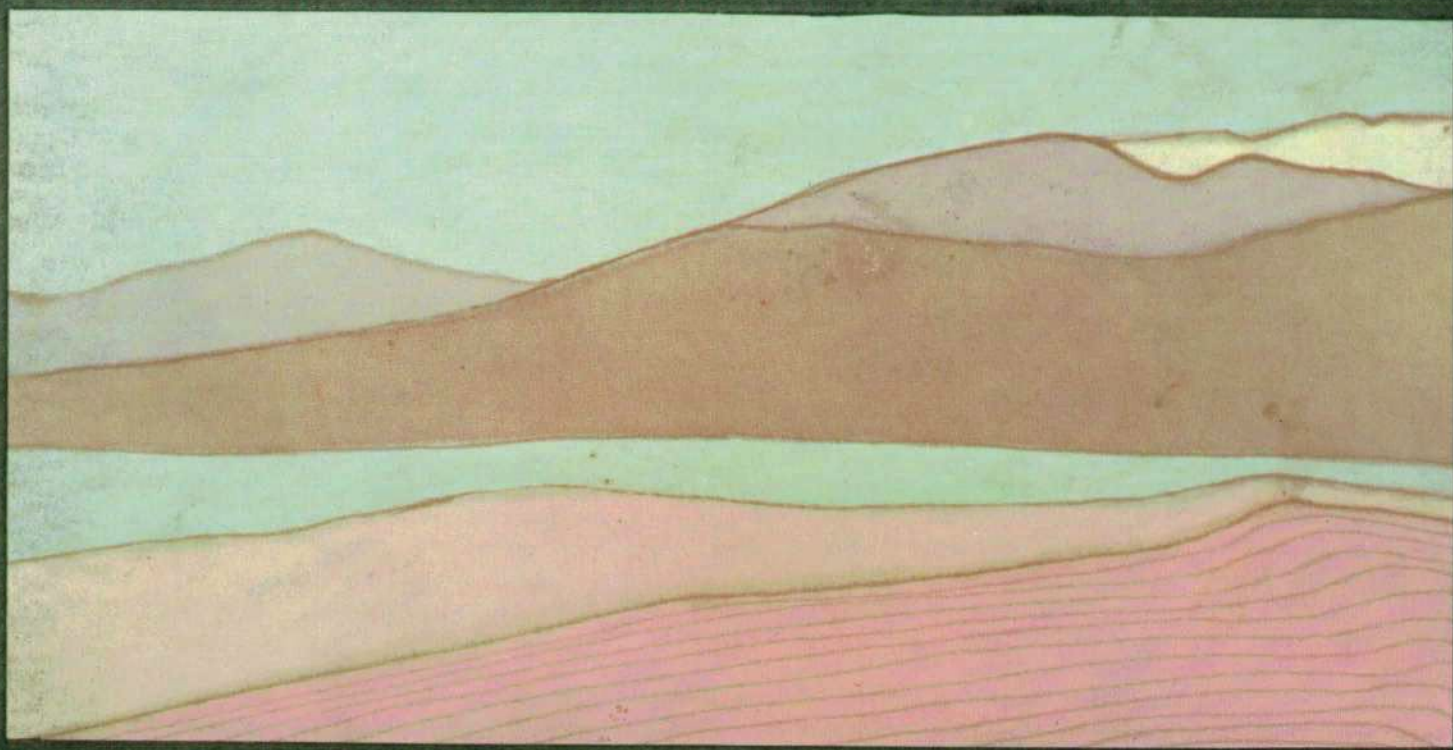
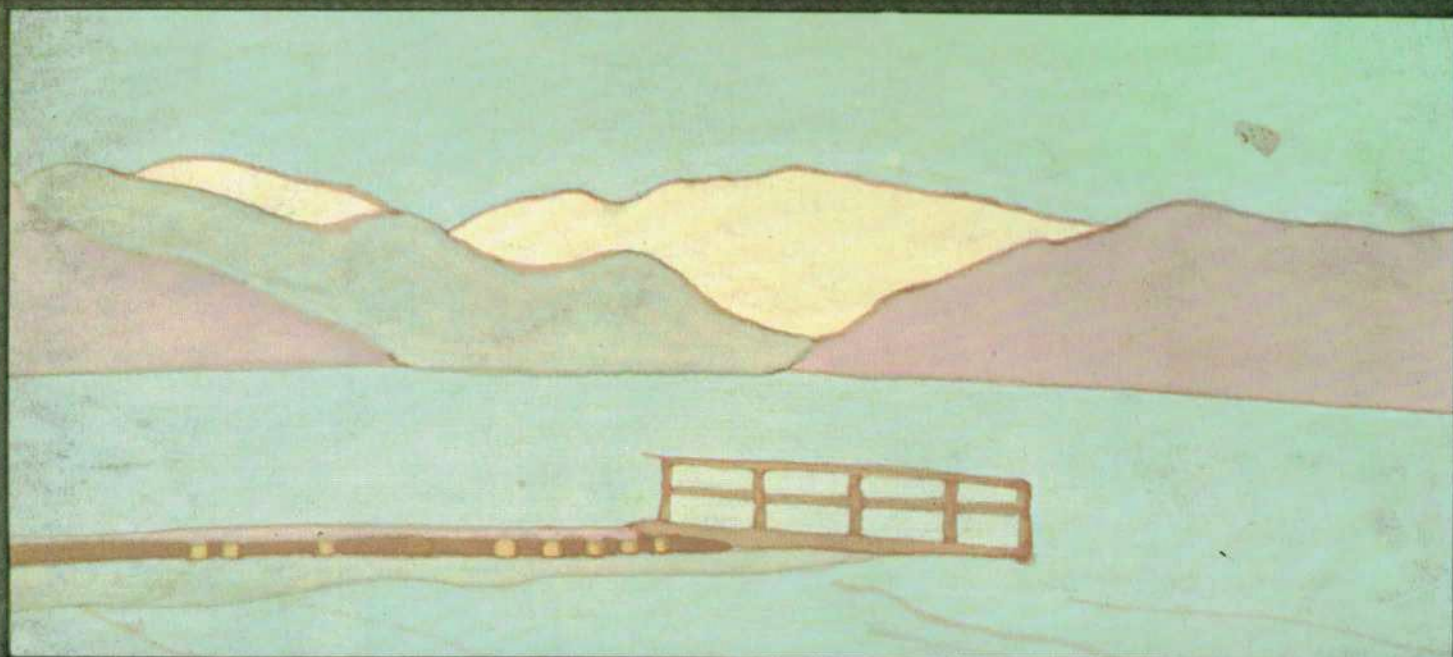


MAKARA

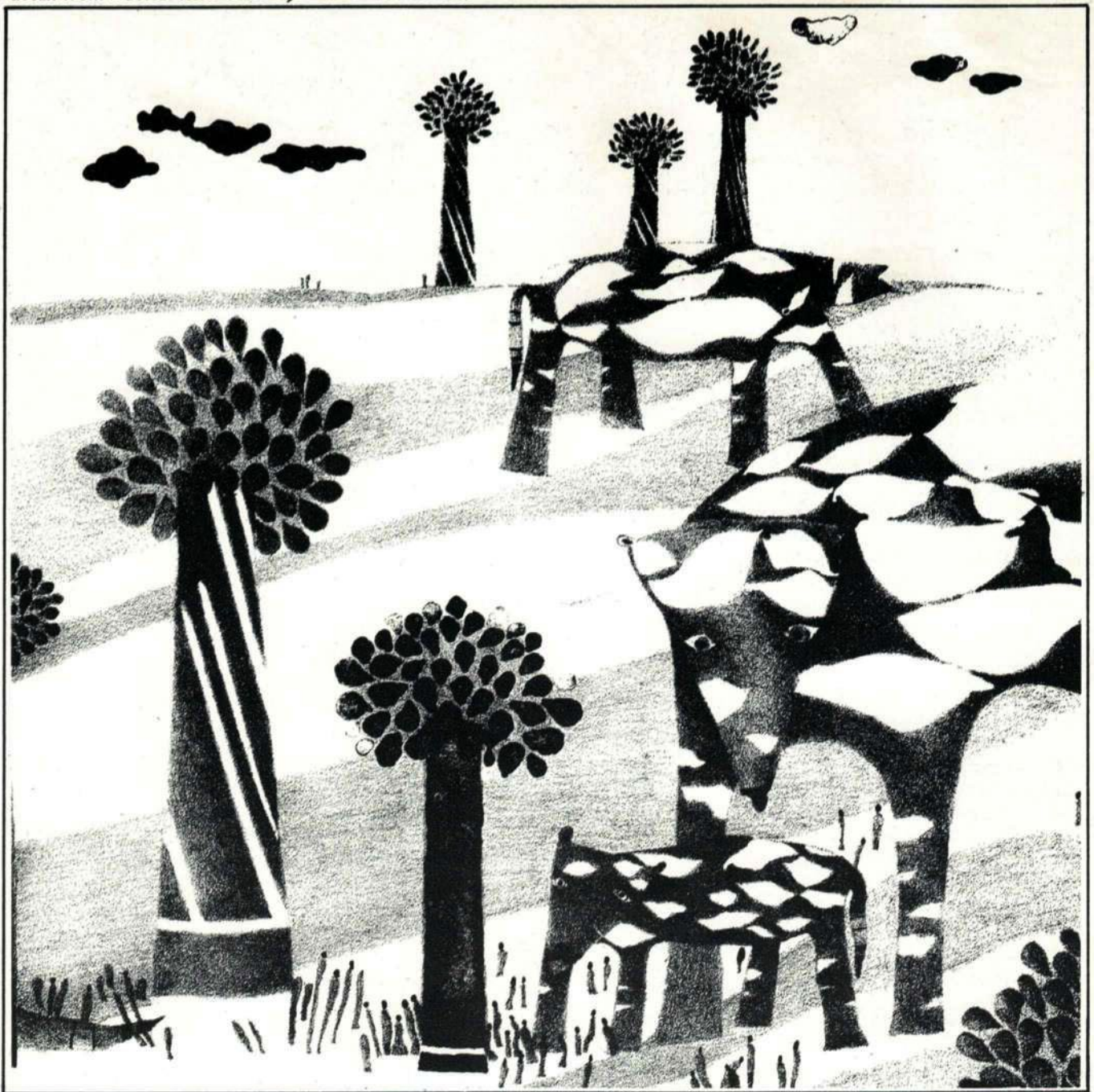
VOLUME ONE / NUMBER THREE

APRIL / MAY 1976

ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE



FANTASY, FICTION, AND REVOLUTION
FINE LINES—AN ARTISTS' PORTFOLIO



COMING SOON TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!

Our fourth issue will be centred around environmental themes, in recognition of this summer's Habitat conference in Vancouver. This is what you will find in it:

Urban Survival. This special section will feature an alternate publications guide of special interest to readers on the north-west coast and in Canada. If you'd like to become more self-sufficient, cut your expenses, or improve your lifestyle without moving to the northern wastes, this should get you started.

Habitat — a sortie into the bureaucratic maze of Habitat which will be mapped out by the illustrator of "She Named it Canada because that's what it was called".

Oh Canada will go futuristic, posing questions you may wish we'd never asked. Will most Canadians of the future be of Chinese origin, thus requiring a third official language? Will Saskatchewan disappear? Eh?

Also in the fourth issue will be a *portfolio* of alternative housing concepts by young B.C. designers, plus a Pacific Northwest alternate energy map, *fiction*, *poetry*, and several articles currently shrouded in controversy.

And, for *nostalgia* fans, "Whatever Happened to Recycling?", an analysis which will be followed by official announcement of MAKARA's Recycling Recycling Contest.

WATCH FOR OUR HABITAT ISSUE LATE IN MAY OR SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

MAKARA

VOLUME ONE / NUMBER THREE

APRIL / MAY 1976

MAKARA is published bi-monthly by PACIFIC WOMEN'S GRAPHIC ARTS CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, 1011 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5L 3X1.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: In Canada, 1 year \$6.00, 2 years \$11.00. Price for all other countries, 1 year \$7.50, 2 years \$14.00.

Characters and names in fiction stories in MAKARA are imaginary. Contents are copyrighted and may not be reprinted without permission. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and sufficient return postage. We suggest you keep a final copy of your submitted material, as we will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing, or photograph, although we will take all reasonable care.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address at least six weeks before you move to SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., MAKARA, 1011 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C. V5L 3X1.

MAKARA is produced co-operatively by the following people: Patricia Case, Josie Cook, Anno Delaney, Margo Dunn, Colette French, Dickson Loo, Bonnie MacDonald, Jeannine Mitchell, Karen Muntean, Nora Delahunt Randall, Elizabeth Rupert and Dvora Trachtenberg.

MAKARA is a member of Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association.



Advertising information available on request.

CONTENTS

WOMAN AS REVOLUTIONARY An Interview with Claire Culhane by Jeannine Mitchell	2
OH CANADA, COMMENTS AND ODDMENTS By Colette French and Saeko Usukawa	10
TEMPORARILY YOURS By E. Sands	14
HOW TO CHANGE A TIRE AND RELATED ADVICE By Barb Holdack	16
A DAY'S LIFETIME A Dramatic Voice Poem by Marion R. Smith	18
FINE LINES The Magical World of Four Vancouver Artists Featuring: Fiona Garrick, Anne Popperwell Jeannine Mitchell, Natalie Novotny-Green	21
SYNERGY By Rose Marie Larsson	28
THE AMAZING PHENAKISTOSCOPE	31
HOW TO FIT A SOFT SHAPE INTO A HARD FRAMEWORK Reviews by Annie Lee	33
POETRY By Fran Isaacs	35
THE ONE WHO BRINGS PLEASURE By Margo Dunn	36
BILL Fiction by Cynthia Flood	38
VANCOUVER'S FOURTH AVENUE ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON	41
LETTERS	47
ACCESS	48
ART CREDITS: JOSIE COOK POLLY FAMINOW DVORA TRACHTENBERG KAREN MUNTEAN SARAH WELLINGTON PHIL HERSEE JUDI OSBURN	Front Cover Inside front cover 2, 5, 8 16, 17, 31, 32 28, 29 36 Inside back cover

WOMAN AS REVOLUTIONARY

AN INTERVIEW WITH CLAIRE CULHANE BY JEANNINE MITCHELL

At 10:30 in the morning, my phone rings. It's Claire, sounding apologetic. "Hello, Jeannine? I don't want to bother you, but I just thought of an answer to your question about how do I keep going. Have you got a minute, or should I call back later?"

Well, I mean, what a formality. As a reasonably curious person, how could I wait to find out what motivates Claire Culhane: a woman who has been on the front lines of left activism in Canada since the 30's, when "the police would come at you on horseback, beating you down with their batons"; a woman who in the 40's went underground to avoid wartime detention camp, who in the 50's brought her two small daughters to the daily Rosenberg vigils and organized officeworkers; a woman who in the 60's, after supporting her children alone while studying nights, went on to wage a tireless personal campaign against Canadian involvement in the Vietnam war which included a 10-day fast, nearly 3 weeks of camping in a tent on Parliament Hill in sub-zero temperatures, and chaining herself to Parliament's public galleries while she rained down leaflets on the heads of the Honourable Members; a woman who, 40 years after her first demonstration (Spanish War effort, 1936), is apparently just beginning to gain momentum.

"Listen," I say, reaching for a pencil. "It's okay. Tell me what keeps you going."

So Claire starts off, talking about her need to fight injustice, which leads her to discuss a few of her continuing struggles in life, which reminds her of her father (now 86 and still disapproving of her activities), which brings her to several other areas of discussion and 20 minutes later, as I hang up the phone, damned if she hasn't signed me up to provide a bed for a woman coming to town for a conference.

Which is not to say that Claire is an overpowering or domineering kind of person. She may be quick to heat up but she is really quite gentle for someone who's "fought all my life". I would guess that Claire's impact is the impact



of water on stone – or, to be more accurate, the impact of some small, insistent chisel which, in her favourite phrase, keeps "chipping away at this rotten system".

It's the same style of attack that worked so well for the Vietnamese in their war with America. Maybe that's one of the reasons Claire strongly identifies with the Vietnamese people.

Born in Montreal of Russian Jewish immigrants, Claire insists she got no political inclinations from her family – except in reaction to their conservative

ideas. "The only direction I got was 'You're a Jewish girl – stay home and keep quiet.'"

Claire's ambition to become a doctor was discouraged by her family's attitudes and limited finances, so she entered nursing instead. In her second year she was suspended, never to return. "They said I was too impulsive – actually, the real reason was I believed what our books said: 'Never sacrifice the soul of your work for the technique'. Well, I took that to heart, and it would bother me how bad conditions

were on the public wards, so when we'd run out of clean linen down there, I'd just go up to the private wards and take some of theirs, 'cause they always had plenty."

Soon after that, Claire, now 18, was introduced by friends to socialism and it was a revelation for her. "The ideas were new to me, but I understood what they said about capitalism immediately, 'cause I'd seen how things worked in the hospital."

She was soon active in the Young Communist League and the Spanish War committees. "It was an exciting time. I was all ready to go to Spain to join the International Brigade. I had a boyfriend over there, and I figured since I was trained as a nurse and could drive that was enough, but then the Non-Intervention Pact was signed, so I never got to go after all.

"In the next few years, we'd hold what we called 'lightning demonstrations' about the Spanish war. We would meet one by one down at Phillips Square in Montreal with signs inside our coats. Then all at once we'd throw open our coats and display the signs, and before we'd know it, the cops would be there on horseback to break us up and book us down at the station.

"But, y'know, thirty years later, I was holding weekly vigils for peace in Vietnam at that same Square, and all I'd have to do was call up the police and say, 'We'll be there. If you want to come along and watch, go ahead.' So that's progress for you, eh?"

"That's an example of how you have to stick with it. Dara, my daughter, says to me when we talk politics, 'You're just patient because you're older.' And I say, 'To heck with you — I'm the one who should be impatient, after all these years. You've just started!'"

Following her efforts on behalf of Spain, Claire became an officeworkers' union organizer (an activity she would later renew in Vancouver) and took part in efforts to organize the desperately poor people on 'relief'. At this time, Welfare did not yet exist, and Claire says people were receiving only \$1.65 a week.

In 1940, the morning after appearing at a relief rally, she received a call from her mother. The RCMP had come to her family's home with an internment order for her. Under the Defense of Canada Act, (through which Communists and trade unionists would be taken to detention camps), she was to be kept under detention for the duration of WW II. That day she stayed home from

work, thus missing an encounter with the police, who had been waiting for her.

"I went 'underground'. I quit work, stayed home during the daytime, taking just the odd walk in the evening, and I kept away from my friends. It was very isolating, as we had to avoid seeing political friends, so as not to lead police to them."

At this time, her husband had been hiding from internment himself for nearly a year. One of them had to go out to work, and she was pregnant, so out he went and was promptly arrested. They kept him for 13 days and De Valera, then Prime Minister of Ireland, interceded on his behalf as an old friend of the family. As result, Mr. Culhane was released and put on probation. Under surveillance now, the Culhane's moved to Vancouver.

"We lived on \$5. a week at that time. It was hard. I had to have two abortions, although I didn't want to. We just couldn't afford to have children. Those were the days of butcher abortions. Luckily, I was healthy, I was okay, but they were awful experiences. One fellow was the dirty-old-man type, the other nearly raped me. So, of course, I support the fight for abortions."

They lived on a fishing boat for a couple of years in Victoria, both working, then back to Vancouver, where they were both very active in the CP (then the Labour-Progressive Party).

In 1945, Claire gave birth to a daughter, Rosheen. "I worked until just a few weeks before, as I did five years later, when I had Dara."

In the years following, Claire had to step up her pace. Still active in politics ("Those were the days of the Stockholm Petition — the beginnings of the Ban the Bomb movement... also, I'd take the children down to picket to protest the Rosenberg trials") until 1952, when her husband was expelled from the CP, Claire now had four children to care for. "Two children from my husband's previous marriage joined us."

She worked outside the home continually. "He (Claire's husband, Garry), well, half the time he wasn't earning anything. He'd be organizing or he'd be writing or directing plays.

"During this period, I developed domestic crafts of necessity — baking bread, gardening, sewing, weaving — in addition to being an all-round 24-hour drudge. My only time for reading was by keeping a book in the bathroom, or around 2 a.m. when my chores were finished.

"My husband — he could go out and

make a speech on women's rights that would knock your eye out, but I'd be home with the kids! So then I began to figure out that there was something wrong that this person was a Marxist who would run as a candidate for the Communist Party."

In 1955, Claire left her husband. "I packed a shopping bag of clean clothes and took Dara and Rosheen to Montreal. When I got there, I lied about Dara's age to get her into kindergarten, and, of course, Rosheen was in school then, and I went out and got a job.

"That's when I decided to pretty much give up political work. For the next ten years, I didn't get involved, 'cause I'm not the kind who can just go to a meeting without signing up to do something afterwards, and I just couldn't spare the time. I was working, the sole support of the girls, and going to university at nights and taking the medical librarian correspondence course. Now you don't get around to doing anything political when you're carrying that kind of a load. Besides, I've seen too many families where the parents are so busy being political that the children turn away from them. So I made a conscious decision to concentrate on my family."

A couple of years later, she reunited with her husband and they spent the next three years living in Ireland. "It was pretty hard, financially. Garry couldn't get together enough money for this business idea he had, and it was just impossible for me to find anything. People must have thought I was crazy, when I went looking for work, asking themselves, 'What kind of an idiot comes to Ireland to get a job?'"

At one point, she had to return to Montreal for 4 months where she worked at two jobs in the same hospital, a 14-hour work day. Later, she returned to Canada for good, after a final break with her husband. Now back in hospital work again, she continued to concentrate on her family. "Keep in mind that, in Quebec, the action was, and is, mainly among Francophones."

By '67, with one daughter married and her youngest out of school, Claire was champing at the bit. She applied for the post of administrative assistant at a Canadian-run hospital in South Vietnam. By some miracle of bureaucratic fumbling, Ottawa's security checks overlooked her political history and hired her. It was now that her life was to dramatically change, with the bizarre images of wartime Vietnam assaulting her daily:

"In the Emergency Ward, one became dazed with shock following upon shock — lifting a baby out of a pool of its own blood, a young girl with her breasts sliced off and a broken bottle rammed up her vagina... a dead mother with an infant still suckling at her breast, an old man with only the top of his face left..."

excerpted from
Why is Canada in Vietnam,
by C. Culhane

Each day, she saw; each day, she listened:

"Typical comments by... various ranks and types of American military and civilian personnel include:

— 'I got 10 points extra. I shot up a pregnant woman.'

— 'But it doesn't matter if kids get killed, they'll only grow up to be VC... the only good Vietnamese is a dead Vietnamese....'

— 'I'm going to leave as many big bellies behind as I can.'

— (Describing the levelling of the countryside by giant bulldozers) 'We're going to make a parking lot of this country before we leave it.'

excerpted from a report by Culhane to the International Commission of Enquiry into U.S. Crimes in Indochina (Oslo)

She became overwhelmed with frustration at the "utter futility" of the medical team's token efforts. Shame at being associated with the hated Americans made this frustration even harder to bear. Then she began to see the political aspects of her work — to feel that, by the nature of Canadian medical team's basic alliance with the Americans, and the ineffectualness of its humanitarian work, it was of more use to the Pentagon than to the Vietnamese who came, hopelessly mutilated, to the wards where she worked.

Within 6 months, Claire was back in Canada. She filed an angry report with the federal government, which they promptly "buried". Then began her intensive campaign against Canadian intervention in Vietnam, whether through direct arms sales to America, 'intelligence' co-operation in Vietnam, or suspect 'aid' programs.

"I just couldn't stay there, winding bandages.... I had to come back here and fight to help stop the war. If I could have gone to North Vietnam, I guess I would've. But they felt I could do most by trying to stop the war from home."

Occasionally sensational (Claire says she once enjoyed doing amateur theatre),

but mostly a day-by-day grind of talks, marches and letters, her campaign's effectiveness has been difficult to gauge. However, she has received enough positive feedback to feel that, at the least, she has kept alive the issue of Canada's intervention.

Since the ending of the war, she has broadened her activities to include work on women's and ecology issues. Now mainly concentrating on political organizing around prison issues, she is still trying to get her report before the House, and says, *"I am convinced that if I hold on long enough, it will come out in the end. And when people say, 'Aren't you flogging a dead horse? It's over, for chrissake', I say, 'When people know what Canada did in Vietnam, they won't let it happen in other countries in the future.'"*

Sitting here in her crowded but tidy attic apartment in Burnaby, I listen to her talk with Adrian, a fellow prison organizer, who has dropped in on our first interview. Great. I've caught her in her natural habitat now. She swings open the fridge and presses food on him. ("No? Are you sure? Well, at least have some tea...") and then gets down to business. Speedy talk, but full of information: *"Here's the paper on Bob G.... Jesus Christ, he had his eye knocked out of his head. None of the services have come through, he's half blind now. He tried writing to the federal government, no response as yet. If you can do something, do it. If not, give them back so it doesn't just die. Poor bugger's rotting away...."*

Claire Culhane swears pretty frequently, it seems. Despite the fact that she is a self-admitted compulsive talker, I find myself absorbed by her conversation, which is direct and picturesque and pretty salty. She is, beneath sporadic shows of toughness, obviously a warm, affectionate person. "Finish your tea, and I'll throw you out", she tells Adrian, and soon her attention is focussed back on me ("Have some cookies. Do you want tea? How about milk, then? Oh well, at least eat a few cookies.").

If she appears on the printed page as a character, it's because she *is* a character. But she is not to be cast in the role of eccentric. Claire is very, very serious about pushing for political change and that fact alone isolates her as unusual — certainly in this particular country at this particular time.

Her standards are high, for herself and for others. One socialist publication refused to print a statement by her that tagged ordinary workers with shared

responsibility for social problems and wars. *"People say, 'What right do you have laying guilt on people because the war's still happening?' My argument is that it isn't Trudeau and Sharp who are actually loading up the trucks. Still, I'm pointing the finger at myself too, because I'm doubly responsible after having seen with my own eyes what's been happening in Vietnam."*

Now she's smiling! *"We can do so much! In Vietnam, some of the bombs that the Americans dropped didn't even go off. And that was because someone in the factory back home had turned the screws this way" instead of that, making them duds. Isn't that great?"*

Claire's insistence upon high standards among fellow radicals is one reason she has time and again left larger organizations to work in smaller, more tightly-knit groups — or to work alone, if necessary. *"I've no use for Marxists who can't show up at meetings on time, who can't be depended on to do what they've taken on, and do a good job of it, too,"* she declares emphatically. But she also admits, *"I'm kind of a loner, I guess."*

She has supported or has been involved with dozens and dozens of issues in a wide variety of areas (unions, welfare rights, ecology, feminism, anti-war, prison, Canadian independence, Québécois independence, race issues, native rights, and no doubt more). Taking pains to debunk the media caricature of 'the professional placard-waver', she states that all these issues are obviously inter-related symptoms of an unjust and collapsing order and that she has been deeply committed to each issue she's supported. During the controversial Rosenberg trials in the U.S. (in which an American couple, known as leftists, were alleged to be Communist spies during the highly-charged McCarthy era), Claire spent 6 months picketing outside the U.S. Consulate. Later, when the Rosenbergs were sentenced to die, the Culhane's offered to adopt their two young sons. *"One of the few times my kids saw me cry was when the news came on the radio and said Julius had been executed and Ethel was next. I just fell apart."*

Although her daughters are grown, they now have families of their own so Claire still plugs a share of her considerable energy into her grandchildren.

"Dara is married now and living in Alert Bay with two children. But Rosheen's just around the corner. She's separated from her husband with 3 children, so we're very much of a team. She works on the boats and things like that, so

when she's out working, I fill in for her. I like playing around, cuddling with the kids. One of them usually comes over and sleeps on the weekend - they take turns.

"My granddaughter, when she was about 8, said, 'Just what is a Communist, Nanny?', so I figured I'd better move back out here so I could be around to explain it to her."

But I should leave these images of Claire now: Claire in blue jeans and sweater, with a scarf at her neck; Claire talking quietly to an upset friend on the phone. She is moving against a backdrop of posters ('Pray for the Dead and Fight like Hell for the Living'), news

clippings (SAIGON SURRENDERS) and mementos ("See that scarf with the Vietnamese words on it? Women in South Vietnam would wear these scarves with the lettering hidden, then hold it like a banner in the marketplace, quickly running away. My friends carried this one through 6 checkpoints as a parting gift to me.")

There she is, fainter now as I move away: she's standing in her kitchen under a poster of pigs in mud ('Love Makes All Things Beautiful'); she's passing under a framed picture of an Asian woman.

And there she is by her desk ("I

made it by putting a door down on these files"), standing beside a scattering of family pictures. And there she is, barely seen, typing at a furious pace, surrounded by stacks of boxes of papers (statements, reports, letters, manuscripts) and, of course, books — rows of books. But just before I let the image fade into a blur (little dots instead of outlines, finally nothing seen), I catch a faint, wry grin, "Jesus Christ, I'm going to have to break both my legs or get a 10-year jail sentence to read all this stuff."

From this point on, I'm just going to let Claire talk.

How She Keeps Going

"Sure. Sometimes at 5 a.m., you wake up tired and you think, 'Well, hell, if I was to drop dead tomorrow, what bloody difference would it make?'

"But you know what keeps you going — or what keeps *me* going, at any rate — is a combination of (1) theoretically understanding the process of change, and how it must go through stages before world revolution and (2) having personal connections with the people you're working with or for. Like, I've had friends in Spain, friends in Vietnam, friends in prison....

"And I would add a third thing — there's so much to do!"

On Her Brushes With The Law

"I've been picked up fairly often, sometimes held a short while, but I've never served time.

"Guess the closest I came was to getting up to five years in 1972 when a group of us were involved in the Concordia project fight in Montreal. We occupied the houses until they got bulldozed, then occupied the planning offices. We refused to leave after the Riot Act was read to us, so they picked us up bodily and charged us. We won a victory in court, though. We won the right to have a trial in French. We figured if it was in French, we were likelier to get a more sympathetic jury than if it was an English jury.

"Anyway, the prosecutor would stand up and make these accusations about me. Things like: 'Is it not true that you have been agitating with welfare rights groups?' And I'd say, 'Well, sure, that's my job as a community organizer. We've sat in on welfare offices all over the city.' Or he'd say, 'Did you not, on such and such a date, apply for a permit to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam?' and I'd



say, 'Well, I probably did. I've applied for dozens of permits. I can't remember the date.' Whenever he accused me, I'd turn around and tell the jury why I did whatever it was. Usually, I'd talk for 5 minutes, but when he brought up Vietnam, I talked for 10 minutes — all about what terrible things I'd seen there, and what was really going on, and the bombing and so on. After that he just gave up and sat down.

"Later, I got the names and addresses of the jury from a clerk, and I sent them each a free copy of my book in the French translation." (note: the prosecution lost the case.)

"The NDP Government Was Watering Away People's Ability To Struggle..."

CLAIRE: I feel that the NDP, like other

social democrat parties in the world, does ultimately betray the interests of working people. That's where social democracy is today. Really, I prefer to refer to the social democracy more than the NDP because when you refer to the NDP you're immediately identified as having loyalties to certain people who are very genuine and are doing the best they can. So I find it better to deal with it in terms of what social democracy can offer at this moment in Canadian history.

It's within that context that I feel that social democracy cannot any longer fulfill a viable role because while it's been important to take people through the educational knothole of showing that the capitalist system can't function, isn't functioning — y'know, everyday

in the paper we see this chaos in whatever area you want to touch on, whether it's ecology or economy or politics — social democracy now is making it possible for the capitalist system to continue.

I have been asked by sincere women in the NDP to join with them in fighting to bring the Party back to its original principles.

But I had to ask them: "Take into consideration what happened in Chile, where people also thought that you can elect in a Marxist government and you can get it the easy way, without having to go through a revolution. This is what *disarmed* the people. Instead of being able to make the decisions as to when they would confront the forces that *inevitably* would be rallied against them, people were not prepared."

My point is that if we were to agree that we were all going to pitch in and renew the NDP's ideals, would we be prepared for the next step? Were we to succeed at even that?

And the next step, if you really had a left-wing revolutionary NDP party doing all the things that it said it would do, is you would have Trudeau's troops here just as fast as they had them in Quebec during the FLQ events. So you would *have* to be prepared.

It isn't just a question of getting the NDP back on the tracks and accomplishing all the things they promised, because they *can't* — any more than the people in Quebec can at this stage.

I think that running as an independent leaves you free to say, "Sure I'm going to fight for elimination of racial discrimination, or sexism, but we won't succeed until we change the whole system — these will only be steps in the struggle, and the electoral part of it is one step."

MAKARA: If the daily comforts of a reformist government — comforts like Mincome and Pharmacare — make life for working and poor people easier to bear, isn't that something worth supporting?

CLAIRE: Yes, I agree with you entirely, and that's why I think it's ridiculous that people will take what I'm saying and distort it into saying, "Well, are you saying people should suffer and they'll learn?" I'm not saying that at all. That's the point I made in supporting the idea of independent candidates, eh? The position would be that we fight from the bottom because things that are handed to you may be fine for a while but you haven't really got them.

So while Mincome and Pharmacare and all those things were handed to us

by the NDP government, we stand in danger of losing every one of them under the new government. We don't know from one day to the next what we're going to lose, simply because these things have been handed down to us from the top instead of being a combination of taking advantage of a reformist government, but never stopping the building of the people's organizations, from the bottom to strengthen it.

MAKARA: What would you say to those who'd criticize your ideas as splitting the socialist vote?

CLAIRE: Look. The ICBC issue has come up and we have thousands of people demonstrating, whereas what happened when Bill 146 came through? There was hardly a peep. (note: ICBC refers to huge auto insurance increases by the new, right-wing B.C. government. Bill 146 refers to a law allowing the government to end strikes and force mediation. It was introduced by the old, left-wing government.)

It was the NDP government that did what no other government in Canada could do (put through Bill 146) simply because people were conditioned into "Well, it's a good government. Look, it *has* done some things for us", and therefore, disarmed, losing the power to struggle. And *this* is what's so serious.

This is where an independent candidate can put up a real fight. Let's say we have one person in Victoria, just for the sake of argument, that got elected as an independent from a tenants' group, from an ecology group, an Indian group, whichever, but a real people's genuine person in there.

That person could be raising issues that nobody else will *dare* to raise. And be rallying struggle outside where it should be because that's where it's meaningful. It's not meaningful when a few people in the House will move a motion and get it through and hand you some goodie. Because look how fast the goodies are taken away from you.

But you talk of splitting the vote, and you use the term 'socialist', and even that is such a misnomer, you know. Look at the amount of education people are going to need to learn that we *haven't* had socialism the last three years...

MAKARA: Claire, stick to the question...

CLAIRE: All right, sorry, okay, well. Then you have to ask yourself, "How much better off will we be if, in having

an NDP government, we lose the right to strike and do not have a base to struggle from?" So if you're looking at it from a political point of view then, I mean, is there all that much difference at this particular moment?

The NDP government in the person of Barrett went to Ottawa and supported an unfair set of price and wage controls. I mean, it needed only one province to speak up against it, when Trudeau got them all there Thanksgiving morning. He had to have total consensus in order to get on that radio and tv and put it over. So, it didn't matter, then, whether it was Barrett or Bennett who went to Ottawa. And Barrett has actually said, "It takes socialism to save free enterprise", while David Lewis got mad in the Parliament once and said, "I'm the most anti-communist person in this Parliament."

MAKARA: Would it better suit the cause of revolutionary struggle of the NDP did not exist?

CLAIRE: No. This is a necessary stage which, apparently, the Canadian people are having to move through. It isn't possible, apparently, for them to move from the Social Credit government to a genuine socialist government, I mean, we're just not that politically mature; we're not that well-organized, and all the rest of it. So I'd say the NDP, the social democratic thing, is a step, an historical step that England, Australia, New Zealand and Sweden, all this type of country, are going through. So it isn't a question of whether or not I would like to have not seen it happen.

MAKARA: Do you think that the social democratic countries are going to move forward to a real revolutionary stage?

CLAIRE: But I think we're ALL moving towards revolution. I don't think it's any one set day. You know, I don't know what you mean when you say revolution. I see revolution in terms of social change that takes place at every level — all the time.

They Invaded In 1775, And 1776, And In 1812 They Burnt Toronto, So...

"O.K. I'll be speaking and someone says, 'Suppose the Americans are going to come in across the border and what the hell kind of an army have we got, your know, Manhattan's in the North, they've got nuclear bombs near the border and all this thing... you know, the Americans... 90% control, and all that. What's the use?' And I would have to say, 'Look, first of all

they don't have to send the Marines 'cause we've got a government that's handing it to them on a silver platter, so our fight is to stop our own government from doing it, but if the day ever comes, and I guess nothing's impossible, that the Marines come across the border, I just hope I live long enough to see *you*, coming from one of the richest countries in the world with everything going for you, with enough skill and organization and courage to fight back, the way I've seen Vietnamese people do with their bare hands.

"And it's true. If we talk of revolution in Canada, we have to take America into consideration. There were American troops on the border during the FLQ events. Rockefeller hasn't sunk millions of dollars in Quebec and the James Bay project only to stand by and let it go down the drain."

On The Women's Movement

"Well sure, I identify with it on every level, and I've always understood the need for it.

"Here's a story — this happened to me when I was 5 years old but I remember it vividly, still. My brother was at the synagogue and I was told to go after him because he had to be home. Just as I was standing there by the doorway calling him, they brought out the Torah. I saw my brother reach over and kiss it, so I reached over to kiss it too, and got a blow that nearly took the head off my shoulders. Some man behind me had hit me, and it was really a hard blow. Well, I screamed all the way home, and when I got there, I told my grandmother about it and she said, 'Well, of course you got hit. If you'd kissed it, they would've had to throw it out, because women are unclean.' All I could think of was, 'What're you talking about? God made both of us, my brother and me. I didn't come out of a garbage pail.'"

On Consciousness-Raising

"I think it's important, though I never did go through it myself, y'know. But I must admit I've found myself impatient at some who never seem to move into fighting for change.

"I guess I've always figured once your consciousness gets raised, you get cracking."

On Her Political Influences

CLAIRE: No, I don't see myself as a pure Marxist. I'm very critical of certain things in Marx and Lenin, which I think we're intended to be critical of. I refuse to accept everything that Marx and Lenin wrote as being dogma, which I think

90% of the left still hangs on to. You know, they need a crutch. If it isn't religion, it's that.

I would place myself say between anarchism — if only anarchism didn't have such a negative image — and libertarianism, still accepting Marx as a foundation. Just like you can't talk about physics or chemistry without knowing arithmetic, eh, and I sort of put Marx in that category.

And the same applies to Lenin; I mean, there is much to admire in his brilliancy and all the rest of it. But I think what people don't know is that he had a stroke and was paralyzed, and he was helpless at the end when he began to see a lot of the mistakes he had made.

MAKARA: You've been influenced by Mao too...

CLAIRE: Yes, but again, I detest the cult-of-the-personality thing. And they (the Chinese) haven't been able to avoid that for whatever reason they give. For my own part, I try to prevent myself from being too hung up on the Vietnamese scene, but, so far, I would say that a good deal of what I've seen there I can relate to. At the same time, I'm not being stupid and saying that everything is going to go smoothly there. I can also see that because of the struggle they had to go through, they'd have to have a pretty rigid party establishment, and whether or not they're going to be able to make the necessary adjustments will remain to be seen.

But getting back to the question of what I would call myself: the Communists call me a Trot, the Trotskyites call me a Communist, other people have called me an anarchist, and the CPC-ML called me, I think it was, a 'unity maniac'.

So you figure it out, eh?

On Her Role, As She Sees It

"Well, in a way I play the gadfly... I've always been a bit of a loner... I provoke people. I certainly don't hold myself up as a prophet or profound analyst. But I try and shake things up....

"I'm not an analyst but sometimes it's just a matter of bloody common sense, y'know. I might wake up next morning and think, 'Well, Jesus Christ, did I do any good?' But then I'll think, 'Oh well, at least I got 'em mad....'"

On Her Plans To Retire

"I tell the kids — they say, 'Grandma, when're you going to have more time to do things with us', and I tell them 'When I'm 80, I'll stop — maybe.'"

Will the Real Canadian Revolutionary Party Please Stand Up?

"Right now, the big hassle, as you probably know, is are we going to have enough forces to set up a revolutionary party in Canada and everybody can join and we can start organizing for the revolution. You know, I don't think so, not yet. I'm not against the *idea* of a party. I'm just saying, 'What have we got to work with?'"

"For example, can anyone honestly say that of all the people — male and female — interested in party-building, have any grasped the essential factors of feminism and sexism — which are basically the keystones of anti-authoritarianism?"

"I mean, people still haven't even agreed on whether Canada is a colony or an imperialist nation, basically."

"And right now, everyone seems to be searching for leadership — but nobody can agree on who will lead. You know? (note: Claire is referring to the apparent rush of groups currently making attempts to form revolutionary parties: apparently at least 6 groups in Montreal, while Vancouver has at least 2.)"

"So I think there's much groundwork that has to be done before a revolutionary party can properly work here."

"We're not thinking of developing *skills*, interpersonal skills, organizational skills, and so on."

"You know, people want to run the world, but who's going to run the power, the water, and so on? Five years before the Americans left, the Vietnamese began preparing to take over. This was during the bombing raids, and the first step was to organize the workers into trade unions for better conditions, but soon the trade unions were half-full of police agents and bought-off workers. So their task was then to win over the police agents ('cause what else could they do when there were so many?). And third, they had to learn to run the city works and factories. They had to set up a group in each place of work which would be ready to take over when liberation day came."

"Five years later, when the war ended and the power shifted, each important area had a group, ready to ensure that the troops that were leaving couldn't blow up anything as they were going. And, do you know, for not one minute was power, water or any other service interrupted."

"Can you imagine the incredible dedication and discipline that goes into something like that? How do we compare?"

"My point is, they put their full attention to everything they do. And it's only when people see that we're not just talking about taking apart the system and so on, but that we can really build something better — it's only then that we can inspire people. And that has to show in everything we do.

"Russia and China and Cuba and Vietnam have all had a political party organizing the revolution and the people have rallied to it. But I think we're going to have to re-examine this whole thing....

"I mean, we can't compare ourselves to Russia of 1917; we are industrially and technologically advanced, so my feeling is that, at this moment, I don't know how it's going to happen but I feel the important thing is for everybody at grass-roots levels to do what they can and I think that everybody can belong to something, nobody has to operate individually.

"I feel that there are enough organizational forums and issues where people can educate others and learn to work with people on a grass-roots basis — union organizing, the ecology movement, the women's movement, the native movement — there's no shortage of areas that need work done.

"I believe in co-ordination from the bottom, for example, co-ordination of the workplace by the workers there, *not* co-ordination from the top, or centralized socialism which, in essence, happens when you talk about organizing people through your 'revolutionary' party.

"These aren't fixed ideas, you know, though. I'm still hammering out my ideas on this party business."

"I'm always the oldest one at meetings....

... afterwards, people always walk away and pair up and I think, 'Gee, they forgot to invite me along', and I suddenly realize that there's no bloody reason why they should. I wouldn't go anyway. I mean, people pair off. It's quite natural and normal, and I don't think anybody even thinks... I'm sure I'd be welcome if I went along... It's just a natural development and I can't be bothered going to beer parlours and that, I find it a total waste of time. So... but all I mean is that I suddenly realize that though I'm living this way, I'm not 18 anymore. That's what I mean.

"I feel that being older isn't a problem for *me*, but it is a problem for me in the sense that I'm conscious of other people sometimes feeling *they* have a problem. For example, if I want to



come on really emotional and passionate about something, then a little signal goes on in my head that says 'Well, do they think I'm just frustrated, living alone?'

"And then also, I have to be cautious because after all I've lived for 57 years, most of which have been really active years, and I've always had a lot to say. I want to share, and I want to contribute and then I find that I'm coming on too heavy and too hard and I don't mean to.... So I'm having to guard myself, hold myself back for fear of what people will think, whereas this wouldn't occur to you.

"I'm not living with anybody now, and I don't know if I ever will again in my life, because I don't know who would accept my pattern — and my pattern is being totally committed to the things that are important to me and I can't... I don't know anybody yet who would fit into that. I hate sleeping alone but then I work until I'm ready to collapse, so you don't mind so much getting into bed alone at that point — you may not like getting up in the morning alone, but... Anyway, these are things you work out and I guess it would be easier at my age than it would be at yours."

On The Advantages Of Being Old & Grey

"The older you get, the safer you get, 'cause people don't know what to do with you. You can't go beating up a grey-haired grandmother...."

Camping Out On Parliament Hill, 1969 - 1970

After My Lai, Michael Rubbo (an NFB producer) and I decided we had to

help keep people aware of what they'd just heard — not let My Lai be forgotten with the next day's headlines. So we set up two tents and started camping out on Parliament Hill, living on a Vietnamese diet of rice, soup and tea.

We put styrofoam walls and floors in the tents and candles, so we were able to live in them at 20 degrees (F.) below zero for 19 days — from December 24, 1969 to January 12, 1970.

It was a tremendous success. We rented a 9 x 12 tent and put a sign on it: **COME AND TALK TO US, ESPECIALLY IF YOU DISAGREE.**

Christ, people were lined up until midnight! People would argue and go home and come back later to argue some more. It was great! It was marvelous, 'cause these people were totally anonymous and could say what they liked.

The owner of a nearby restaurant sent people over to see us. And you got some real surprises sometimes. For example, this big, well-dressed guy came and ripped leaflets right out of my hand, so I thought "Oh boy, he's going to tear them up" and then he said, "See that apartment building on that hill? I live there. I'm going to put one of these leaflets under every door in the place." He came back off and on. Towards the end, he said, "Goddamn, my wife is home crying her eyes out over Biafra and you're freezing out here over Vietnam and those people in Parliament are doing nothing." I said, "Yeah. I know that. Why do you think I'm here?" So he hesitated a minute, then pulled something from his pocket and said, "Here's my card, call me if I can help." And it turned out he worked for the External Affairs Department.

On TV With Trudeau, 1970

He'd say, "Well, we're building hospitals there (Vietnam)", and then I'd say, "What about military support?", and then he'd shrug — you know, the way he does — just shrug, and I'd think, "Well, what can I do, eh? Spit in his eye? Slug him in the face?"

Revolutionary Life Is Cheap

"I've lived so close to the line for so long, I can stretch a dollar like nobody can. It's amazing how much you can save if you don't drink, don't smoke, don't buy clothes. And I must lose 20 lbs., so I don't buy so much food now, either.

What Does She Get Out Of It?

"Well, I think it isn't so much what you get out of it, as where your interests lie. You have two alternatives, I guess, in this kind of society we live in. You can skim along and not concern yourself about any factors other than yourself. But let's face it, that's the conditioning we get from practically the day we're born — certainly from the first day you go to school. The conditioning is: think about yourself and get ahead. So, I would say that it's not unexpected that the majority of the people accept that as their philosophy and go on with it.

"But then, there are other people who cannot accept the things that are going on, whether from a religious or philosophical or economic point of view. And those people are realizing that they aren't going to get ahead.

"They aren't even going to *survive* if the world continues in the direction that it's going.

"I mean, here we're sitting 60 miles from where they're building ten massive submarines, each one of them can blow up the world, and they're going to be floating around the Juan de Fuca strait in another year or so.

"And people who begin to look at these things will realize that there is very little option left. And I think that as pressure builds up, people will have to come to grips with the situation. They'll say to themselves, 'I'm going to have to do something in order to sleep at night.'"

How Can She Be So Optimistic?

"You forget that I have been one of the fortunate ones to have the experience of being in Vietnam and if ever

anything seemed hopeless... you know, you had the most powerful military forces in the world in this bloody little village where I was, that could wipe them out in five minutes and they tried and they tried and it was all very well that the guys would say, 'If we could just 'nuke' them, we'd be finished with it'. But they couldn't and they didn't. And I haven't got time to go through a whole analysis of it, but there was world opinion that prevented Nixon and Johnson from doing what they certainly would have liked to do, and part of that is represented by the half-a-dozen people in each neighbourhood that marched the odd time during the anti-war, Vietnam movement. This is going on all around the world — it's cumulative.

"Look how many countries have attained liberation in the last year or two — you know, places in Africa where war has been going on for five and ten and fifteen years, eh, you know, where they've been fighting with their bare hands."

On Writing

"Christ, it's agony. I hate it until I get it down and then I love it. I'd rather dig ditches at this point. (She is now working on an article.)

"I did one piece recently, talking about some of the things I see happening around here locally and M... B... wouldn't print it because he didn't agree with some of the points. I said, 'Christ, *that's* not the point. You print it and let the *reader* disagree.'

"But they're collecting my papers at an Eastern university now. Isn't that a laugh, eh? Bert(rand) Russell and me."

Short Discussion On The World's Future

MAKARA: The Chinese have talked about the possibility of a 3rd World War... or a war with the Soviets... there's the continuing struggle in Latin America... now Africa... the danger of ecological breakdown... the possibility of perhaps a rightist reaction...

CLAIRE: I don't have the answers for any of that...

MAKARA: You don't have any particular beliefs that this or that might develop?

CLAIRE: No, because I think there are so many contributing factors. I mean, I couldn't predict what's going to happen in Burnaby! You know?

THIS MOVIE IS NOT OVER (for Claire Culhane)

Now we begin
riding the hump of night
the gulf over the planet
a moving camera recording

*this is the world
this is the world we live in.*

now we are tickled by flowers
the same colour as flags
On cue
the soldiers fling their arms upwards
bare in short-sleeved tropical uniforms
their disembodied
arms

Now we are watching
released prisoners
inching along the floor
he has perfected a system:
the hand crosses to the ankle
moves the leg forward
then the other.
this is still happening.

*walking the streets of Quang Ngai
after six years absence
I am suddenly
embraced by strangers.
they were young girls
who have married
had children, and grown
unrecognizably old.*

this too is happening:
they are eating bark.

Now people are hurrying
for their coats
leaving the room
refusing to witness
now we are reaching
for logic, for comfort
rebuilding our headless capitals

even the film projector
refuses to witness:
it goes berserk, breaks the film
but we are still
faced with this
tired incorruptible woman,
witness

Not one of us here really
understanding what it is to be
unbought, uncomforted
the continual pull at the guts
the planet's heaviness

This movie is not over.
this witness takes
down her posters
petitions, our intentions
broken as the night rides
in through the open door

PAT LOWTHER
November, 1974



BEING A COLLECTION OF COMMENTS AND ODDMENTS FROM OUR PAST

"Wednesday night an amicable society of journeymen taylors met at a state-house in the neighbourhood of Westminster, but being soon intoxicated with drinking healths... they fell to loggerheads about the disposal of our late conquests in North America, when one of the Members, unfortunately moving that Canada should be given up for the retention of Gaudeloupe, he had his head broke with a gallon pot, and was kicked out of company."

The London Chronicle,
September, 1761



"Near Stadacona, Cartier discovered some stones that appeared to be diamonds and gold. He stored them in barrels aboard ship. When he returned to France, word spread of the riches he had brought back, and there was excitement about the wealth of the New World. This, however, was short-lived. The glistening gold stones proved to be iron-pyrite; the diamonds were only quartz crystals. The phrase, 'false as a Canada diamond', became part of the European vocabulary."

Challenge and Survival,
Herstein, Hughes and Kirbyson

"Away I went on another 300 mile round trip. I have wondered since why I didn't use one of the horses, but I didn't and just hoofed the whole way. Averaging fifteen to twenty miles a day, it took about three weeks, but the last fifty miles were tough since there was nearly a foot of snow to trudge through. Fortunately, three of our future neighbours were ahead of me with packhorses, so the trail was fairly well broken. Even so, it was pretty hard going for I was carrying over fifty pounds, besides two blankets and a pair of snowshoes. The snowshoes were the real joke since I didn't realize the labour they would have saved me. Also I did not know how to use them, so ignorance was not bliss in this case."

Arthur Shelford, "We Pioneered," from
Pioneer Days in British Columbia, Vol. II

"As we were now ready to start and our snowshoes were of no further use to us, we removed all the netting off them, and that, along with our parchment windows, was boiled down to the consistency of glue. The savoury dish thus prepared formed the 'menu' of our last meal before leaving Deases' Lake."

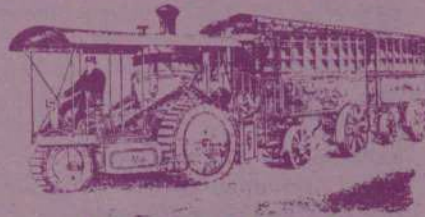
Robert Campbell, 1839



"As we approached the Rocky Mountains the journey was wonderful from every point of view. The grandeur of the scenery is awe-inspiring, and the amazing acrobatic feats of the train were beyond words!"

Chit Chat, Lady A. Fane

STEAM TO CARIBOO!



The British Columbia
GENERAL TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

"The country is too young for regular theatric entertainments and those delicacies and refinements of luxury which are the usual attendants of wealth. Dissipation, with her fascinating train of expenses and vices, has made but little progress on the shores of the lakes."

A Statistical Account of Upper Canada,
Robert Gourlay, 1822

"This ball (held in 1908 in Quebec City) was intended to be another stepping stone in bringing English and French Canadians together; but after half-an-hour it was observed that all the French were dancing in one room and all the English in another!"

Chit Chat, Lady A. Fane

"At Fort Macleod, where the Mounted Police had their first headquarters in western Canada, the hotel of 'Kamoose' Taylor had the following rules for guests:

1. Guests will be provided with breakfast and dinner, but must rustle their own lunch.
2. Spiked boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.
3. Dogs not allowed in bunks, but may sleep underneath.
4. Towels changed weekly; Insect Powder for sale at the bar.
5. Special rates to "Gospel Grinders."
6. Assaults against the cook are strictly prohibited.
7. Only registered guests allowed the special privilege of sleeping on the Bar Room floor.
8. To attract attention of waiters, shoot a hole through the door panel.
9. Two shots for ice water; three for a deck of cards.
10. In case of fire the guests are requested to escape without unnecessary delay.
11. Guests are requested to rise at 6 a.m. This is imperative as the sheets are needed for tablecloths."

Whoop-Up Country, Sharp



"We forbid all persons, drivers of carriages as well as those on horseback, to allow trotting or galloping while the congregation leaves the church, until they are ten arpents from the church; afterwards they may give their horses their heads provided there is no one ahead of them...."

Canada's first traffic law, 1716

"We drove our ox carts, two of them, and brought our sheep and cattle. The morning after our first stop, Father milked the cows and put the sweet milk in the stone churn. By night, the milk was churned into butter, for the Indian trails that we followed were so rough, and we had the sweet buttermilk for our supper.... We got to a place called Hamilton where only one man by that name lived in a log cabin under the mountain, in the midst of forest."

Jane Spring, 12 years old, in a letter written in the 1790's, *Paddles and Wheels*, (Grayson and Grayson)

"(We had a dinner) of roast beef alone, so tough that my friend remarked that the animal must have died in the yoke from distress. Human teeth could make little impression upon it, and I satisfied hunger with bad bread and water."

A Tour Through North America, Patrick Shirreff, 1835

The first Masonic Lodge in Canada was formed in 1749 by members of the military garrison stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia.



"Despite his knowledge of avalanche safety and experience with this terrain, John Wackerle — a warden at Banff — was caught in an avalanche while working on this study. Fortunately, he was buried only up to his neck and was able to claw his way out of the debris."

Canadian Wildlife Service, 1971

"Until the middle of the nineteenth century the tomato was considered poisonous, but its beauty led to its being hung up in the house as a 'love apple'."

Pioneer Days in Upper Canada, Edwin C. Guillet

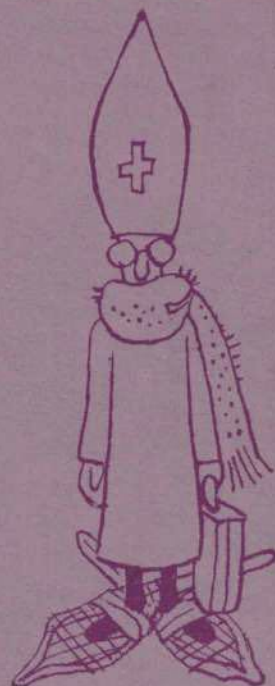
Venant St. Germain, a citizen of respected standing in Lower Canada, swore an affidavit on November 13, 1812, that he had seen a mermaid on Lake Superior.



In 1888, five farmers from Zorra, Ontario, defeated team after team to win the North American Tug-of-War Championship in Buffalo.

"A few men, well mounted and dressed as lancers, in uniforms which were, however, anything but uniform, flourished backwards on the green sward to the manifest peril of the spectators; themselves and their horses, equally wild, disorderly, spirited, undisciplined: but this was perfection compared to the infantry. Here there was no uniformity attempted of dress, of appearance, of movement; a few had coats, others jackets; a greater number had neither coats nor jackets, but appeared in their shirtsleeves, white or checked, or clean or dirty, in edifying variety. Some wore hats, others caps, others their own shaggy heads of hair. Some had firelocks; some had old swords, suspended in belts, or stuck in their waistbands; but the greater number shouldered sticks or umbrellas. Mrs. M. told us that on a former parade-day she had heard the word of command given thus — 'Gentlemen with the umbrellas, take ground to the right! Gentlemen with the walking-sticks, take ground to the left.'"

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, Anna Brownell Jameson, 1838



"The Roman Catholics in East Canada are very strict — one of their dreams is that the Pope will leave Rome and live in Quebec."

Chit Chat, Lady A. Fane



"Lieut. Grant and myself were entomologising near our tents when a splendid and quite new butterfly sprang up. We pursued it eagerly for a good way along the river-side, making many an useless dash at the prize, when the insect darted across the stream and escaped.

"Casting our eyes to the ground, we saw the olivine, and instantly fell to work in taking specimens. All this time, unknown to us, there were Indians in the woods on the other side of the river, following our every step in perfect amazement, persuaded that we were mad. And why? Because we chased a poor insect — lost it — and in our impotent rage were smiting the dumb rocks. They intended to seize and convey us to our friends; but seeing that we afterwards became calm, they refrained.

"Of these kind people and their intentions, I only heard accidentally two years afterwards in a public stage-coach in the state of New York, 700 miles to the south-east! A gentleman was entertaining his fellow-passengers very cleverly with the little story, and was greatly amazed by my telling him that I was one of the butterfly-hunters."

The Shoe and Canoe; Or, Pictures of Travel in the Canadas,
John J. Bigsby, 1850



"Expel nameless intruders from children's heads. Steep larkspur in water, rub the liquor a few times into the child's hair, and the business of destruction is done. This is an effectual remedy. Does it not make your hair itch?"

The Cook Not Mad
anonymous, 1831, Kingston, Ontario

"(Breakfast) was composed of tea, coffee, toast, and bread, and the never-failing buckwheat cakes, with a variety of sweetmeats, crowned with a *piece de resistance* in the shape of a huge greasy dish of beef steaks and onions.... Ten minutes sufficed for the dispatch of the meal; after which, each and all retired in silence and haste as they had entered, stopping, however, as they passed the bar, for the never-failing dram and cigar, which concludes the business."

Six Years in the Bush,
Thomas Need, 1838



"In the pioneer period the gambling element, which has always been pre-eminent in horse-racing, was productive of a great deal of evil; men had then little actual cash to wager, and bets of 10,000 feet of lumber, barrels of pork or flour, and even of land grants and homes, were quite usual."

Pioneer Days in Upper Canada,
Edwin C. Guillet



"A young Belleville couple's greatest pride was their first blanket, made from hair picked out of the tanner's vat and a weed similar to hemp which grew in their yard. After cleaning the hair by whipping it, it was carded, then worked up with the hemp and spun. Next the wife spent long hours doubling and twisting the thread before finally weaving the blanket."

Early Clothing in Southern Ontario,
Eileen Collard



"To hym that found the New Isle—
£ 10."

An entry dated August 10, 1497, from the Privy Purse account of King Henry VII of England. Note of payment made to John Cabot, Master Mariner of Bristol, for discovering Newfoundland.

Hurrah for our native isle, Newfoundland!

Not a stranger shall hold one inch of its strand!

Her face turns to Britain, her back to the Gulf.

Come near at your peril, Canadian wolf!
Ye brave Newfoundlanders, who plough the salt sea

With hearts like the eagle, so bold and so free,

The time is at hand when you'll have to say

If Confederation will carry the day.

Would you barter the rights that your fathers have won,

Your freedom transmitted from father to son?

For a few thousand dollars of Canadian gold,

Don't let it be said that your birthright was sold.

an anti-Confederation ditty
current in Newfoundland

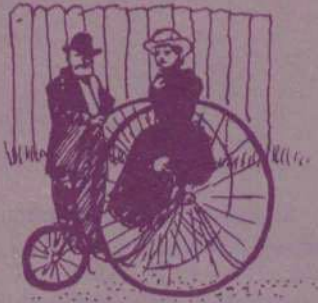


"Do not use the word 'limb' for 'leg'. If legs are really improper, then let us on no account mention them. But having found it necessary to mention them, let us by all means give them their appropriate name."

Our Department,
Young, Paris, Ontario



The first cycling club in Canada, the Winged Wheel Knights, was formed in Montreal in the 1870's.



"The bicycle became so popular that racks were put up in the vestibules of the small office buildings to receive the 'machines' of those employed there and who had business there. At the corner of Pender and Granville streets, ... a school for bicycle riding was flourishing. It covered two or three lots... and (was) fenced with a high fence - to hide it from the curious, for pupils did not take kindly to making a public amusement for street spectators by their efforts to stay on a 'wheel'."

Early Vancouver, Vol. 1,
J.S. Matthews



"(Prime Minister R.B. Bennett) Bonfire Bennett, as he was called in the West for his fiery style of speech, could utter 220 words a minute, as registered by a stopwatch, never missing a syllable or misplacing a predicate."

Mr. Prime Minister, Bruce Hutchison

"Our Christmas dinner I remember consisted of a young beaver stuffed like a suckling pig, which proved delicious. Lynx also makes a good stew if you do not think of cats, and squirrels make *un grand ragout*."

Charles Frederic Morison, 1868



"Joseph Tisdale's brother, William, is said to have married the daughter of a woman who exchanged the original site of the city of Hamilton for a barrel of salt pork and he settled in that area."

Early Clothing in Southern Ontario,
Eileen Collard



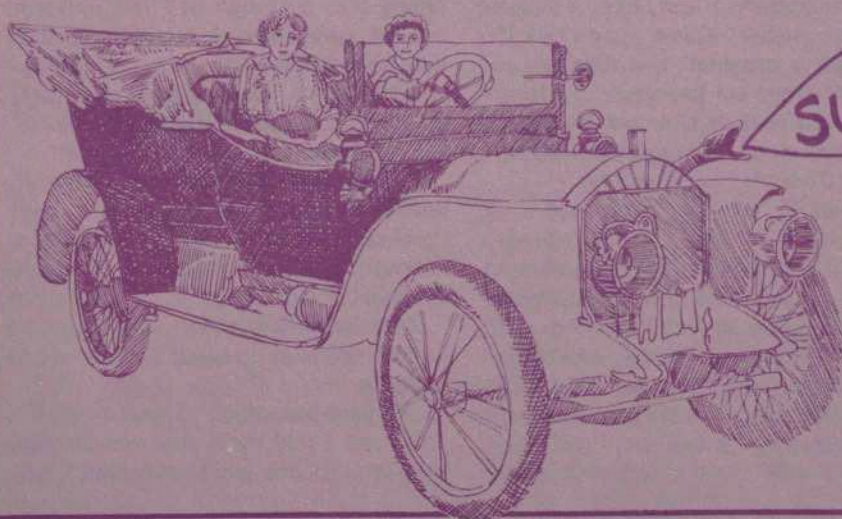
"Canada produces nothing that can ever possibly make a colony flourishing.... But how different is Louisiana! capable of bearing almost anything from the temper of the sky, the goodness of the soil, and from the multitude of long, deep, and beautiful rivers. In short, Louisiana, particularly the northern part, is in all respects a most desirable place."

The London Chronicle,
December, 1761

My life is gliding downwards; it speeds swifter to the day
When it shoots the last dark canyon to the Plains of Far-away,
But while its stream is running through the years that are to be
The mighty voice of Canada will ever call to me.

I shall hear the roar of rivers where the rapids foam and tear,
I shall smell the virgin upland with its balsam-laden air,
And shall dream that I am riding down this winding woody vale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabaska Trail.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
published in *The Gazette* on Dominion Day, 1914

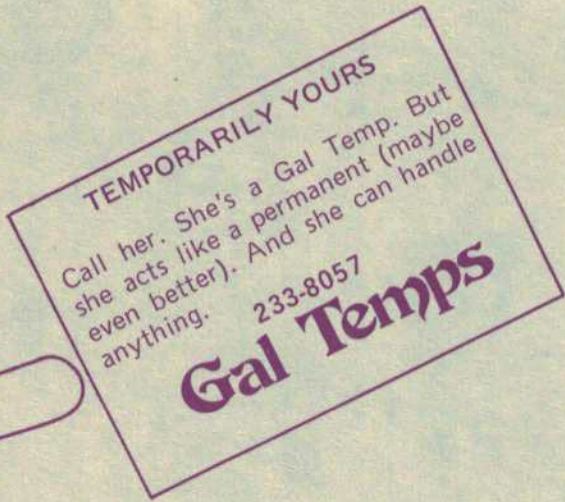


SUBSCRIBE!

Please send me _____ subscription(s) to MAKARA @ \$6.00 per year, 6 issues. I enclose a cheque or money order for \$ _____.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Start with Volume 1, Number 1, 2, 3 circle one



By E. Sands

I was up early that morning and looking forward to having my ears syringed at the Bedsworth Medical Clinic. My thoughts of re-entering the world of the hearing were interrupted by the distant ring of an insistent telephone which turned out to be mine. It was my representative at Gal Temps, the agency that had been coming up with temporary office jobs for me during the past two years or so. I had my typing (65 words), some steno, PBX switchboard, and a great deal of experience at running off Xerox copies.

Nancy asked brightly if I was doing anything today and, knowing that competition was stiff, I quickly answered no while leafing through my appointment book for my doctor's number.

"O.K. they need someone to run off some copies and, uh, I don't know what all else, but I'm sure they'll keep you pretty busy. It's Allied Cement... 1150 Haversham. \$3.25 an hour... O.K.? Get down there as quickly as you can and see Mr. Arnold."

I cancelled my syringing and quickly changed into a conservative but colourful outfit. I had learned during my temp training that this was absolutely essential; one was always pretty and bright. I quickly downed my tea, forced my contacts into swollen eyes, and ran out into the drizzling rain.

When the bus arrived, I took a seat at the back and, pretending to read *Helter Skelter*, I eavesdropped on two office girls next to me. I can never resist.

"It's like really really bad, you know."

"Yeah."

"I mean, some of the girls have worked there two years or more, like me, aye? I've never missed a day, never called in for sick time, I've always taken whatever shift they put me on, I never complain, you know, and like, they could just tell you any time, 'You're laid off.' So I really got peeved off when they let Susan go and I says, 'I'm going in to management.' And, like, management always says, 'Come in and talk if you've got a problem', and then, when you go in, they act like you're hassling them. And I told them, you know, how I've been there for two years and never missed a day...."

"Yeah."

"So, like, it's O.K. if you're married and you can afford to go on part-time...."

Rats! My stop! I turned away from the conversation and stuffed my paperback into my raincoat pocket. An elderly man tripped over my umbrella as I rang the buzzer and I felt that another exciting day as a business aide had begun.

Straightening my appearance as I walked, I hurriedly searched for the office. 1120, 1135, 1145, 1160... I must have passed it. I doubled back but once again was faced with the unnerving fact that there was no 1150! Think quick, my temp training screamed. Maybe it's the next street over. I ran through the parking lot and dashed into the building of that number. I rode to the fifth floor and rushed past the doorways, my eyes straining to see those words "Allied Cement".

I could hear the far-off sounds of great sips being taken and glancing through the doorway of a travel bureau noticed a Chinese man holding a styro-foam cup. I eagerly asked him directions. He rose and casually strolled toward me, a strange grin taking over his face. I at first attributed this to Oriental calmness in the presence of my hysteria. (Remember, my time is precious as I'm paid by the hour and besides, Gal Temps checks up on such things as punctuality.)

"You the model?"

"What? Oh no, I'm looking for Allied Cement... uh, is it on this floor?"

"Oh, you looking for... what? You meeting your friend?"

Angered now by this rather personal line of questioning, I replied cleverly, "No, why would I be looking for my friend?" And then, deciding that he was of no help, I darted into the next office while he ambled slowly behind me. There, too, they had not heard of any cement companies. I realized by this time that I was in the wrong building.

"What you looking for... hey maybe you got the wrong building... lemme see you paper."

The elevator arrived and I escaped. By this time I was concerned.

I decided to call in and verify the address.

"Gal Temps."

"Hi, it's Ellen."

"Aren't you there yet?"

"No, well, I..."

"They just called in to cancel the order and I told them you were on the road and so, for god's sake, don't tell

them you talked to me."

"Yes, well, I've been looking for 1150 Haversham and it's..."

"It's 1150 Dinsborough."

"Oh, well, Nancy told me..."

"So you're lost."

"I'm not lost — she gave me the wrong address."

"Well, do you want to just let this one go then for now?" Sympathetically.

"No! I want to go. Now that I know where it is. I'll be there soon." I thought angrily of the past twenty minutes of searching for a non-existent address as I glanced at my rainsoaked \$35.00 pants.

"Alright, well for god's sake, don't tell them..." I hung up and ran from the pay phone, opening my map and my umbrella at the same time.

Finally, of course, I arrived and tried to look presentable as I rode in the elevator but I had forgotten my hairbrush. Oh well, I'd just be extra efficient to compensate. I found the company and walked in, introducing myself to the receptionist. She was a thin, anemic girl with a heavy wool cardigan draped over her shoulders. Mr. Arnold wasn't in yet, but she had been authorized to show me my duties. Now, rather than run off copies, I would answer the switchboard and do some typing.

"We're having a party on Friday for one of the girls who's leaving. Her husband got transferred. And I guess you can come if you want. At lunch, you can go over to the Inn next door. They have a coffee shop."

"Well, I usually bring my lunch."

"Well, I guess you'd have to, aye?"

I sat there and waited for a call to come through so I could put my skills to use. Large men in well-padded jackets kept arriving and going into the room next to me where they conducted business from the 10 massive desks. From within I heard a lot of comments to the effect that it was "another Monday morning" and there were "five more days until Friday".

As time went by, I became admit-

tedly bored as the phone rarely rang and no typing was as yet offered me. However, a break came and I was relieved for my 15 minutes in the coffee room. Here, the conversation ranged from hockey, to Patty Hearst "getting off because she was rich", to how many minutes were left until the break would be over.

Later, when I was back at my desk and awaiting lunchtime, each of the businessmen would amble over to me on their way out and say, "I won't be back today" or "Take messages. I'll be back around two." However, since all had neglected to mention their names, I decided to simply say, "No one is here" and hang up. I know it's the temp receptionist's job to find out things like names, but, somehow, I've never been able to handle the look of shocked indignation when you inquire, "Yes, and you're Mister...?"

Actually I needn't have worried. Only one man returned after lunch, a care-worn old employee in shirt-sleeves who had brought lunch in a bag like the girls and eaten it quickly while glancing over the sports page. It seemed to me ironic that Ralph, his name, such a devoted worker (he was back at his desk and involved in paper work in fifteen minutes) was still at a lowly desk job while the eager-beaver young execs in plaid sports jackets were at the Inn, buying rounds. Gee, even men are discriminated against, I mused. But somehow, it was not the same.

I left work that day totally exhausted, but then boredom can do that to you. This had turned out to be a week's assignment so I went to bed early knowing that I would have to be up at seven.

The remaining days went by slowly. Each one was filled with, "Good morning/afternoon, Allied Cement. One moment, I'll connect you." And typing endless pages of numbers which I later drew boxes around to split them into categories — all of which were meaningless to me. The monotony was broken by (a) a toothless but cheerful postie with the Allied Cement mail, (b) a fat, young messenger who planned on enter-

ing a car rally, and (c) the constant reminders that there were "three more days until Friday" or "ten minutes to lunch" or "three more sips to a cup of coffee".

I began to get rides home from the other girl, Brenda. In her cramped Pinto, she would tell me about her last vacation which had doubled as a honeymoon. Her husband worked for a finance company but was seriously considering going into banking for the lower mortgage rate they would receive when they bought a home of their own. A lot of their friends were marrying young and she was twenty, so I dreaded to think what this might mean. Although she didn't care much for kids, Bob, her husband, did — so they agreed that it was only a matter of time. "You know how guys are," she said poignantly.

Friday arrived and I wrote little messages in the desk calendar for the girl I was replacing. She had gone to Cape Cod on vacation. On December 26, I wrote, "He's mad because you forgot to get him a Christmas present" and on January 2, I put, "Are you still here?"

There was a lot of comment about the fact that it was "finally the weekend" and several remarks to me personally such as "So, you're leaving us today?" When four-thirty rolled around, I took my time sheet to Mr. Arnold, the office manager, to fill out and I thanked him for calling Gal Temps.

"You know, Miss, or I guess it would be Ms., Sands, we are very pleased here with your work — very pleased. Have you been looking for full-time employment at all?" My stomach began to ache and I searched frantically for a polite way out.

"Uh, well, no.... I don't think I'm ready for anything permanent just yet."

"Oh, that's too bad because, as you know, Phyllis will be leaving and we'll need a girl to replace..."

"Oh, well, thanks, but I thank you.... Have a nice weekend."

When Brenda dropped me off at my corner, I felt very free.

HOW-TO

Change a Tire and Related Advice

AH-HA! When you notice one of your five (yes, FIVE, one being a spare and very necessary to give this article it's full potential) tires has a slow leak - it hasn't just blown up or become flat overnight - you should go (slowly) to your nearest service station and reinflate the tire.

BLECH! Next apply spit to the air valve and look for bubbles. If there are bubbles, tighten the valve core. Still bubbling? The valve core may need replacing. If your tire isn't losing air thru it's valve, you have a puncture ... So ... you'll have to change your tire.



CHEEWIZ! check to see that your spare has it and park well off the highway. Put gear into park (automatics) or reverse. Set brake

DUH! Before going further, remove unnecessary (within city by-laws) as this can get messy. Get out and spare. Look in your car manual for proper jack placement or find a solid part of the body closest to "flat" side. In general, American cars hook on the and other foreign makes have side brackets near wheels. Never jack under the rear axle centre - it may

air in your firmly.
clothing
← jack place the fender the bend.

ERRGH! Now, before jacking the car up, pry off the Use the tapered end of your jack handle or an all-screwdriver (which you should have in your car). Be

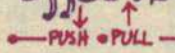
Hub cap. purpose firm!

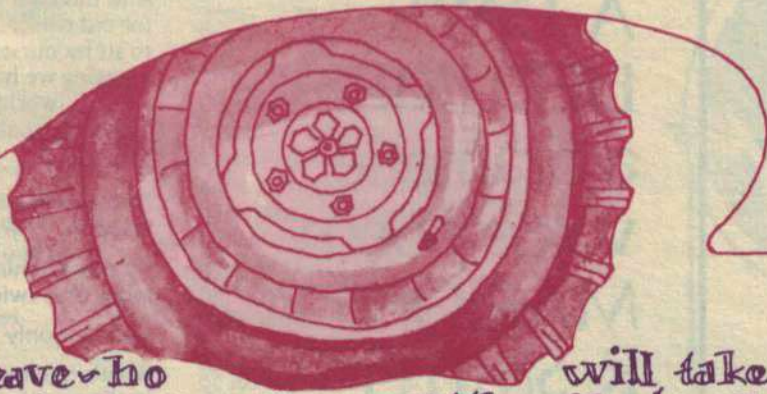
F---! Get out your lug nut wrench → or jack and loosen all wheel lug nuts. Don't remove them yet, however. Loosening these nuts can often be a chore ... so think


handle



and act positively.

One good heave-ho (and patience) than a dozen little efforts. Use horizontal leverage - turn counter clockwise  Now that your arms are stretched an extra six inches, jack up the car, remove the nuts and the tire.



GASP! If for some reason you feel the urge to take a peek with your head under the body between the wheel drum and fender - DON'T! Jacks have been known to slip. Now put on the spare tire. Hand tighten the nuts in a criss-cross fashion,  always pushing the wheel close to the drum. When you're certain the wheel is flush to the drum, let the car down and tighten the nuts as tight as you can - without passing out or breaking the stud right off (not too likely!)

HOORAY! Put on the hub cap by holding it firmly on the rim with your left hand and giving a "swift right kick." Don't kick your hand! Or you may find it difficult to put everything back in the trunk and drive to a service station to have your flat fixed.

EXTRA THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW:

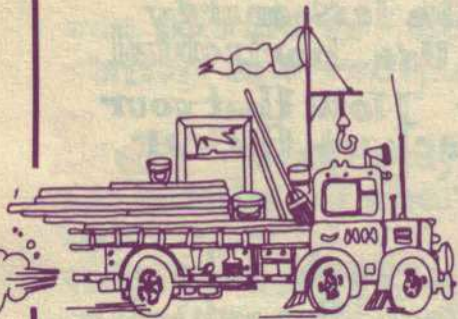
- ① Don't check tire pressure when your car has just been driven. Air heats and expands during use. Check it cold.
- ② Don't put radials and bias belted tires on a car together as they have different traction - this can be dangerous.
- ③ Blown-up tires can't be glued back together.
- ④ Always carry these: jack stand and handle, good spare tire, lug nut wrench, big screwdriver, and rags.

~ Tire tips courtesy of *B. Holdack*

HELPING HAND

Light Trucking

Antiques - Pianos - Furniture
Kitchen Appliances - Beds
and Chesterfields moved
with care. Construction -
Demolition - Garden
Materials Clean-up and
Rubbish Removed.



Call
929-1695 or
738-0251 or
980-7318

CULTURE POLITICS FEMINISM

THE OTHER WOMAN



\$3 & \$4 (U.S.) **six issues a year**
Institutions: **BOX 928 STATION Q**
\$10 & \$12 (U.S.)
ONLY Can. Funds **TORONTO, ONTARIO**

A DAY'S LIFETIME a dramatic voice poem MARION R. SMITH

I

Another day — and I'm still here

They say death is always on one's left,
a flickering movement in grey

But I feel as though he is on me
more crushing than any man
so intent on his own release
he does not even know how I long
to be free of his weight.

But haven't I always known about
death?

For 90 years I have seen it all around
me

In the midst of life we are in death

some like to quote that — morbid minds
relishing each other's mortality

I've outlived most of them
And I can still hear the crows
telling the world it's morning.
Belligerent sounding birds but they
delight me

hearing them is hearing life
Their cawings take me back to mornings
when I hardly had time to listen

Yes, they bring back memories
and what is life
but the making of memories.

II

Well, Kitty,
you're awake and stretching
getting limbered up for the day
And now you want to go out,
sit in the sun

That's all either of us is good for now
But why should we ask for more?

There's a time
for prowling in the night,
for making love, making babies,
for secret comings and goings,
for being drawn to the flame of life
like a moth

And there's a time
for old cats like you and me
to sit by ourselves
knowing we have all the time in the
world
and no time at all.

III

And now for a cuppa tea
Good tea Warming tea

Strange to think it has been known
more than twice as long as Christ

He knew only wine and water

Wine's fine but tea's better
in the morning

Yet all those years
I made coffee for Erin
and drank it with him
never even thinking
to brew tea for myself
though I would have preferred it

But the man was the hub
the centre of one's life
Everything revolved around him
even little things
like coffee for breakfast

The little things
like the drip of water so soft
you never knew it was there
till it had eaten a hole
right through you.

IV

I must not speak to you this morning
my pretties

The neighbours are in their yard
and they think an old woman
who talks to her flowers
is losing her buttons

Then they may think
they should do something about me

in the name of What's Best
they would take from me
a great pleasure

As if it matters now
that I talk to myself or to flowers
and if they only knew
I see other gardens here, sometimes,
blending into this one
Other gardens I made and loved
wherever we had our home

The past more vivid to my eyes

as if I gather all my life
together now, like a skein of wool,
winding one end as the other unravels

Aunts, uncles, older cousins
I knew in my childhood
through my thoughts, my dreams

seem closer than anyone I've known
in the past quarter century

I played in their gardens.
I was such an innocent little girl
Wide eyed at the antics
of grown ups around me
and now, remembering,

anger, anguish, undercurrents
of heightened laughter that I felt
but dared not question,
I fit those moments of so long ago
into a mosaic of living
bits and pieces of other lives
that made up mine.

V

Move over, Kitty,
we'll both watch the world go by
That little girl across the street
reminds me of my own Patti

just such a bright
responsive little thing as this one

How Patti loved to dance!
To show how she felt
by the way she moved.

Don't be putting ideas into her head
he'd say. The happiest place
for a woman
is in her home, with children.
The sooner she learns that
the better for her.

He was right I suppose
Living where we did, when we did
there was no way we could fit her
to be a great dancer
even if he had understood
the latent grace in her

Such a pity

She married so young
caught like a butterfly
by a clumsy boy
who really only wanted
a queen bee
for his private hive.

VI

There goes Mr. Dun to work
Poor man, looks as if he'd been
whipped out of the house
or perhaps he dreads each day

My Erin never looked like that
He was so strong
so much his own master on his own
farm.

The harder the work ahead
the more eagerly he went out
each day a triumph
of his energy, his will power
and he counted
a sunrise or sunset without clouds
as a plain dull thing to see.

But the day came
when he raged at us
like a wounded bear
felled by his own strength

Certain that his domain
would be taken again
by the wild sagebrush
without his strong hands
managing everything
he fretted and growled
from his bed as we,
poor helpless things,
carried on through the season.

And like a sick old bear
he just curled up and died
when he finally realized
he could never work the fields again,
never take the reins
into his hands

Of course
a woman couldn't run a farm
even with three strong boys to help
Everybody was sure of that
and all the neighbours
laughed or shook their heads
when I wouldn't sell or rent
but just carried on as I had
while Erin was laid up sick.

I guess, when you come right down to it
I was just as stubborn as he was
after all.

VII

We stayed with the farm
but our lives were changed

The boys
found that together
they could make it go, and that
was a lesson they might not have
learned
chafing under Erin's firm control

Togetherness

yes, we had that long before
it became a catchword
but I was still Mother
and many a problem I worked out
while I kneaded dough
to velvety promise of good bread
becoming so soft and smooth
in my work-rough hands
I forgot the troubles outside
in that homely kitchen task.
My goodness
that grandchild of mine
is coming tonight with her boyfriend
and me without a cookie in the house!
It's good to have someone
to bake for again

I wonder is it because, in a way,
we give something of ourselves
when we women
prepare food for others?



OF COURSE!

We're interested in hearing from you! Letters from our readers provide the feedback we need to help shape the future of MAKARA. They also constitute a forum for communication and idea-sharing among readers. We hope to make your letters a regular feature of MAKARA in the near future.

Writers and Artists are also invited to present material for paid publication in MAKARA. A stamped self-addressed envelope will ensure a prompt reply to all submissions.

SUBSCRIBE!

Please send me _____
subscription(s) to MAKARA @
\$6.00/year (6 issues). I enclose a
cheque for \$ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

Start my subscription with

Volume One/Number One _____

Volume One/Number Two _____

Volume One/Number Three _____

VIII

Now, my children,
I have made good cookies for you
What we give with the food we make
of course, is love
that's the one thing we need most
when we come into this world
and when we go out
though I know some
poor old souls
that have to make do
with the memory of love they had
or might have had
and some that turn sour
as unsweetened rhubarb
without it
I'd turn bitter myself I think
without growing things
all around me
I wish I could be buried in clean sod
with only a winding sheet
between me and the earth
but I've got no say
about that and after all
it's only a dry old husk
I'll be leaving behind
like a leaf fallen from the tree
after a hard freeze.

IX

I'm quite ready for a nap
to sleep, perchance to dream...
odd how one line of Shakespeare
one verse out of many
will stick in one's mind
but perhaps
it's like the name of a place...
when you say that name
a whole landscape comes into view
but if you had to describe it
to someone who didn't know...
they'd get a puzzle picture
with most of the pieces missing
The landscapes of my dreams
blend into one another
like the play of northern lights
and I could never put in words
how beautiful they are
I seem to be exploring new country
yet every now and then
I come on a familiar scene
and often the people I meet
are the last ones I expected to see.

X

There was something I meant to do
when I got up something
important but what was it?
Yes. The jewellery
I must find something for Susan
Mother's ring perhaps the pretty pin

Will she understand
it is to be a link
between mother and daughter
between us as women?
Maybe, when she holds this trinket
she will imagine, as I do sometimes
that we are all here
mothers, daughters, granddaughters
like a moving forest
of shadowy figures receding
into a veiling mist,
like a forest standing tall and close
with strong roots entwining
as they brood above
the seeds they have dropped
I hope she will understand
that we are what we cherish
and why she bleeds
Some call it the curse
half believing it is the stigma
of woman to blame, but the truth is
we bleed, like Jesus,
for all our sons and daughters.

XI

There's the mailman
maybe bringing the letter
from the lawyer
I'm thankful to be able
to set my affairs in order
not that I have much in worldly goods
but I like to leave things tidy.
I've made arrangements for you
Kitty, if you should outlast me
because you are my responsibility
the last one left to me, really
but you're too sensible a cat
to fret for long about a change
that can't be helped
It takes most of us
a long time to learn that
and I wonder now
if it may not be easier
to let go of happiness
than to give up misery.

XII

Too soon old, too late smart
how many sayings have been coined
to express the unattainable
of knowing how to live
without the pain of learning
but so much of joy
comes as — how do they say it now? —
a happening
and how could one plan that?
I have heard that in the far east
people believe they are born into life
again and again
and the way they live each life
determines their start in the next one.
I wonder

to be a child again
to see with new eyes
all the world about me...
what a fine thing that would be!
Goodness sakes, Kitty, you purr
as though you agree!
Do you sometimes dream
of being a round eyed kitten
pouncing on my ball of wool
instead of the fat old tabby you are?

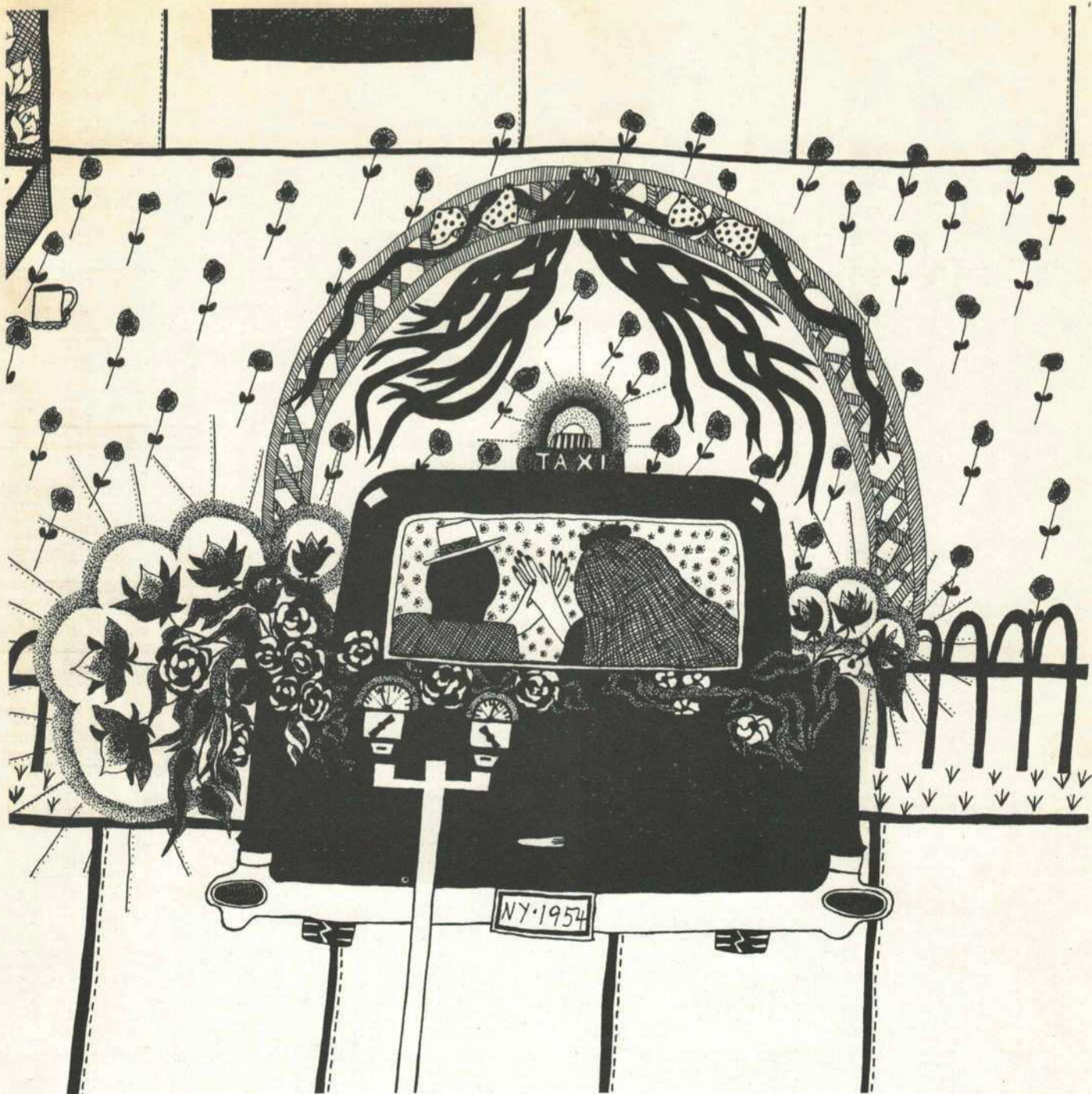
I've had my ups and downs
and I thought I was ready to go
but here I am
wishing I could start over again.

The young are so despairing
so rash towards Death,
but the older one gets,
the less eager to embrace Him.

XIII

It's been quite a day...
quite a day
They appreciated the cookies
and the ring, I think,
and perhaps that is all
one should expect
a kind of passing sympathy
for an old one about to go
out of their lives
their concern is with courting
and the years between us
are such a gulf
they cannot even imagine
being like me, or that I
was ever like them
or that these hands
once caressed smooth flanks
to urgent need
and looking at them so gnarled
and wrinkled, it is hard to remember!
but I have still needed
to touch and be touched with love
though now... it is like
Yes, like going on a journey.
You think of those near you
that you will be leaving, but your mind
is on the preparations you must make
for going, and on what
it will be like along the way
and what you will do when you get
there
wherever it is you are going
But this time I am going
to an unknown country
or perhaps
I will wake but think
that I still dream
Well, whatever, Kitty,
it is getting very dark
and I am very tired, so I think
I will just leave those dishes
until tomorrow.



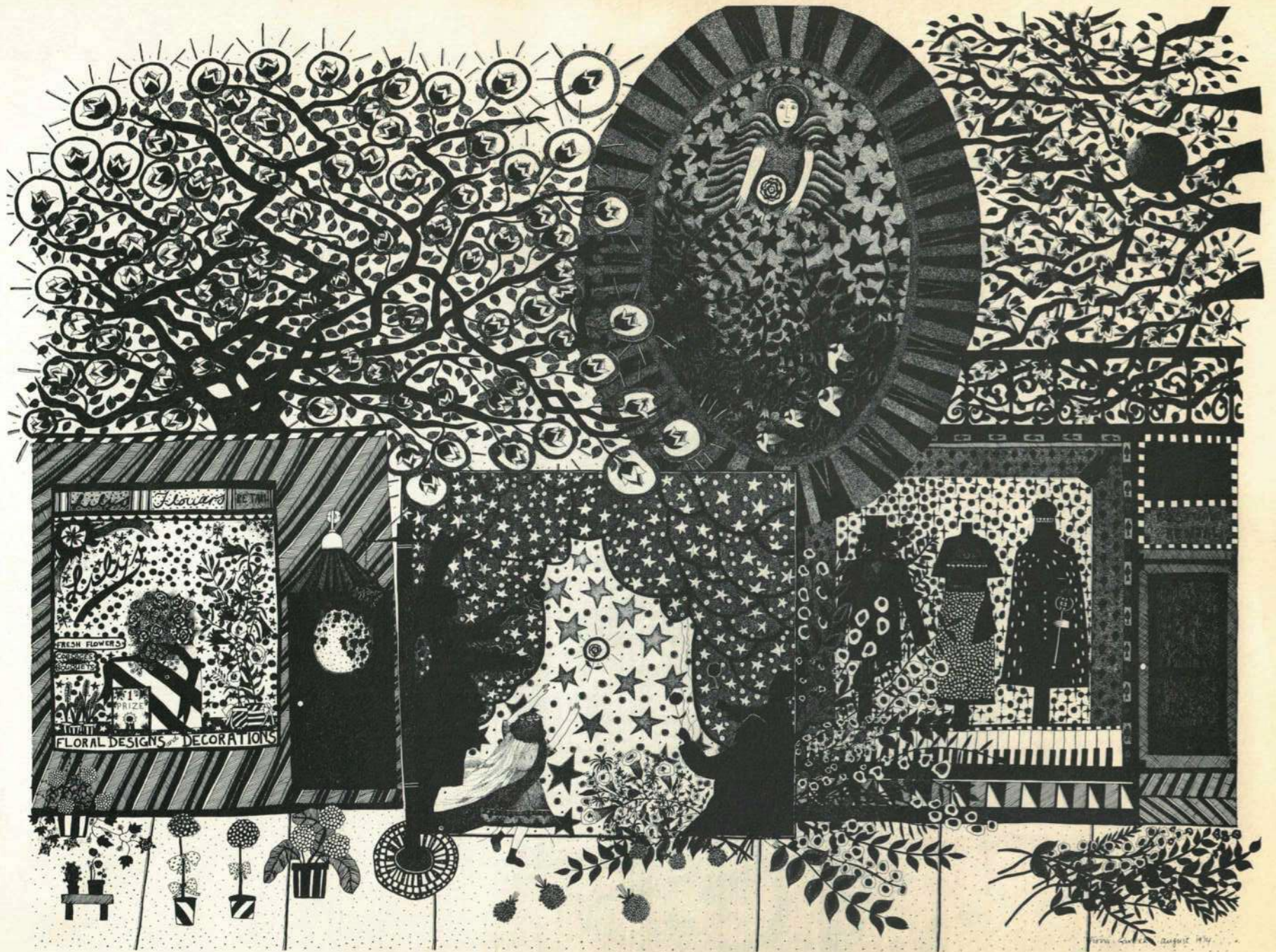


LONE STAR CAFE, detail

Fiona Garrick, 1975

FINE LINES

THE MAGICAL WORLD OF FOUR VANCOUVER ARTISTS



LILY'S FLOWERS, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Fiona Garrick, 1974



LONE STAR CAFE, 24¾" x 18½"

Fiona Garrick, 1975



TENDER

story Jeannine Mitchell

I won't give her name, or any descriptions of her. Only this: she wore no clothes except blue clothes. A violet looking out of her pocket, one red fingernail perhaps, these were her only indiscretions.

Also, she was last seen in a boat with others: they were looking for Tender Island. Tender Island was somebody's dream, but it came with a set of directions — how could they resist? For example. "Tender Island is clearly visible at sea, in a space between raindrops. If you give up on *that*, Tender Island is where you want it."

Could you mistake it for some other island nearby? Absolutely not. "You know it at a glance. The driftwood of its shoreline moves cautiously like wild animals. Not a single tree, just little tongues of pine on Tender Island."

So she and the others had packed a boat tightly with expedition supplies like oranges (for vitamin c), rye bread (for ergot), crayons, and so on. Also navigation maps. And they'd headed out to see...

There were nothing but waves around them, nothing. They were pushed and rubbed by waves, the waves held and let them go, the waves slowed, the wind let go...

The boat became soft, and all the people on it. Soft, just too soft to move.

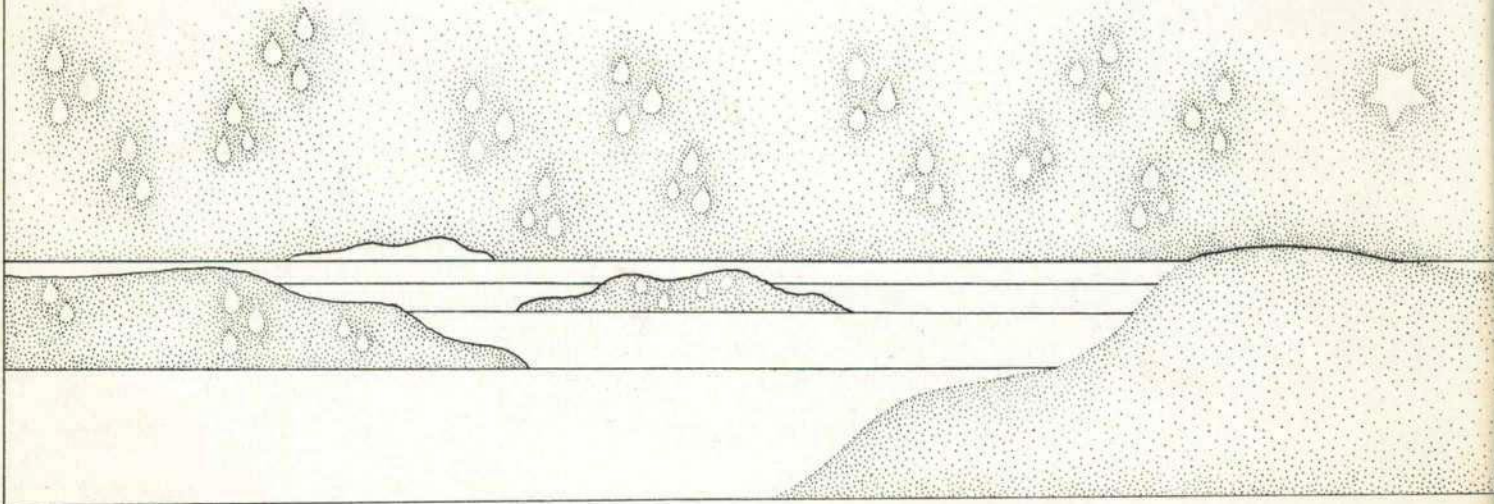
They stopped beside a mountainous island. This was not the end of their journey. It did not appear to be Tender Island. However, this woman, a dear friend of mine, a person of earnest inquiry, was quite pleased all the same. She had never been this close to a mountain. It was pouring rivers that drowned her in sound alone, a sound of its own.

She leaned over the edge of the boat : touch. And just from that light touch of an ordinary finger the mountain tremored, as if it was unfolding deep inside. "I could write an essay about mountains," she said. "The first sentence might be:

Mountains: at sea, rockier varieties float on stems like lily pads."

Shortly thereafter, the ship managed to catch a little breeze and push on again. Once more there were nothing but waves. The moon filled and emptied. It was hard to see what the stars had done, but she lay awake some nights just feeling them change, getting telltale aches in her shoulders whenever a star broke to pieces or ran out of gas. The sun went on, went off, went on and oranges were placed under a ration.

She said (the morning after two stars had imperceptibly collided while several people had argued about rye bread), "I see a sailboat so perfectly beautiful my throat hurts; my throat



ISLAND



hurts like I'm in love... I could write an essay about love:

*Instinctive love is energy and thus quite moving.
Moving quite energetically out of random surfaces
like the person sitting beside you on the bus, who
is reading a newspaper. Or a certain curve of sail.*

*Have tried taking it home with me. The sail
becomes a heap of canvas in your livingroom.
Or worse, you wake up beside a strange person
who talks of nothing but international trade
and rex morgan."*

Sighing, she continued:

*"A conclusion may be drawn.
Energy: take it or leave it — it gets around.
Cultivate an interest in strange people."*

She peeled an orange, placing the peels in a little heap on her blue skirt. "I love everybody on this boat," she announced. "When I'm in a good mood." Then she went into the engine room, put on blue coveralls, and cut up all the navigation maps.

Following this, she pasted the pieces into a new and more attractive map and drew horses in the margins. The final result showed over a dozen multicoloured mountainous islands drift-

ing closely together, on green stems. Tender Island was one, Tender Island was another, and right here and here there. They were all marked Tender Island.

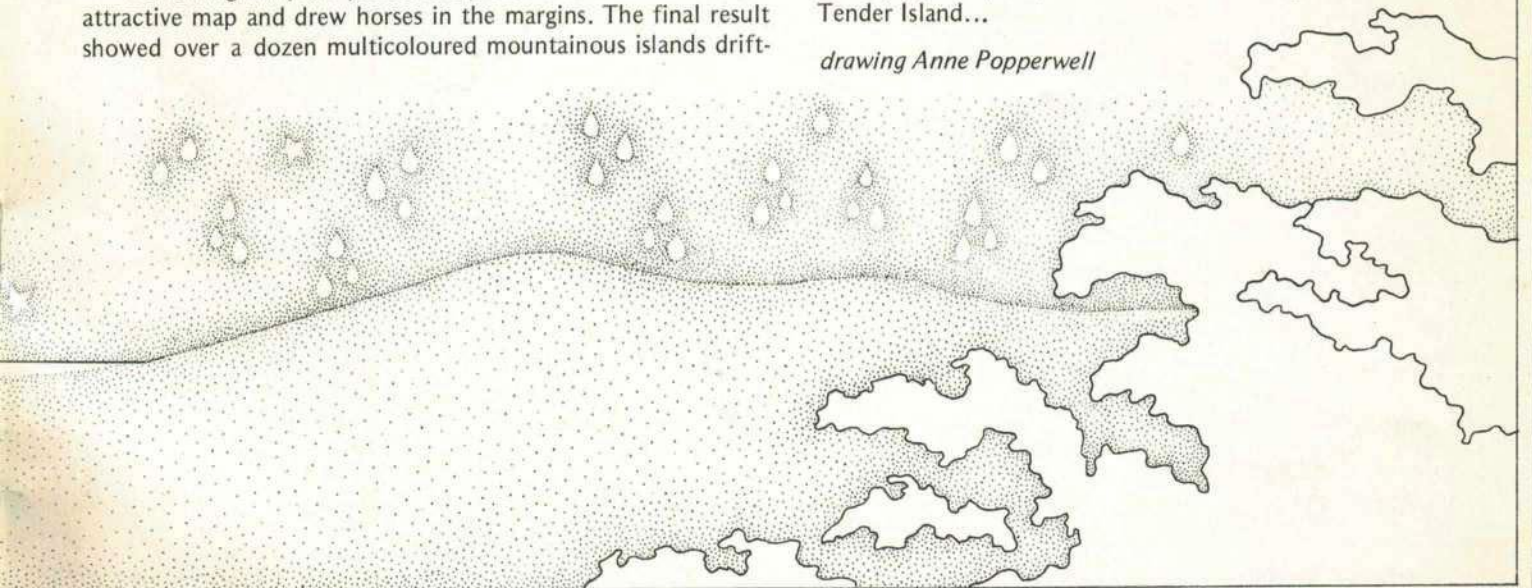
The expedition continued, with renewed interest on the part of the crew. Somewhere on the charlotte straits they came across a fleet of kayaks laden with oranges. The stars continued their hectic dances and filled her nights with speculation.

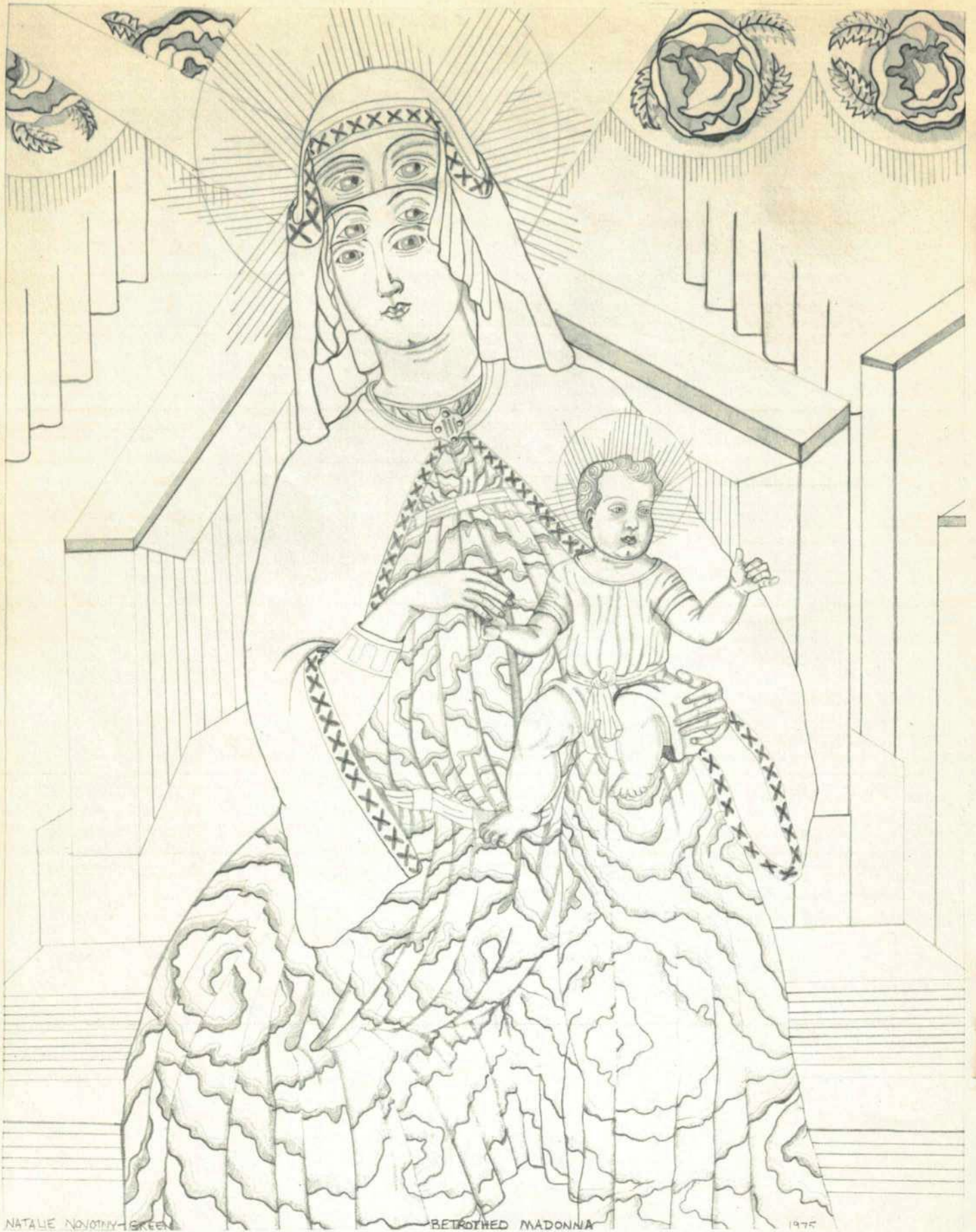
Aside from that, nothing but waves. Waves that pushed, waves that rubbed, and held them when the wind slowed...

*the boat became soft
like the people on it.
Soft, just too
soft to
move.
Rain was falling around
the boat, very c a r e f u l l y...*

Unusually careful, this rain. A good rain for seeing between. She (this woman with the blue rubber rainhat) and the others consulted their navigation map and hopped up and down and up again. They hugged each other — AHHHHH! Yes. Off to starboard, off to port, and at intervals along the horizon, was Tender Island...

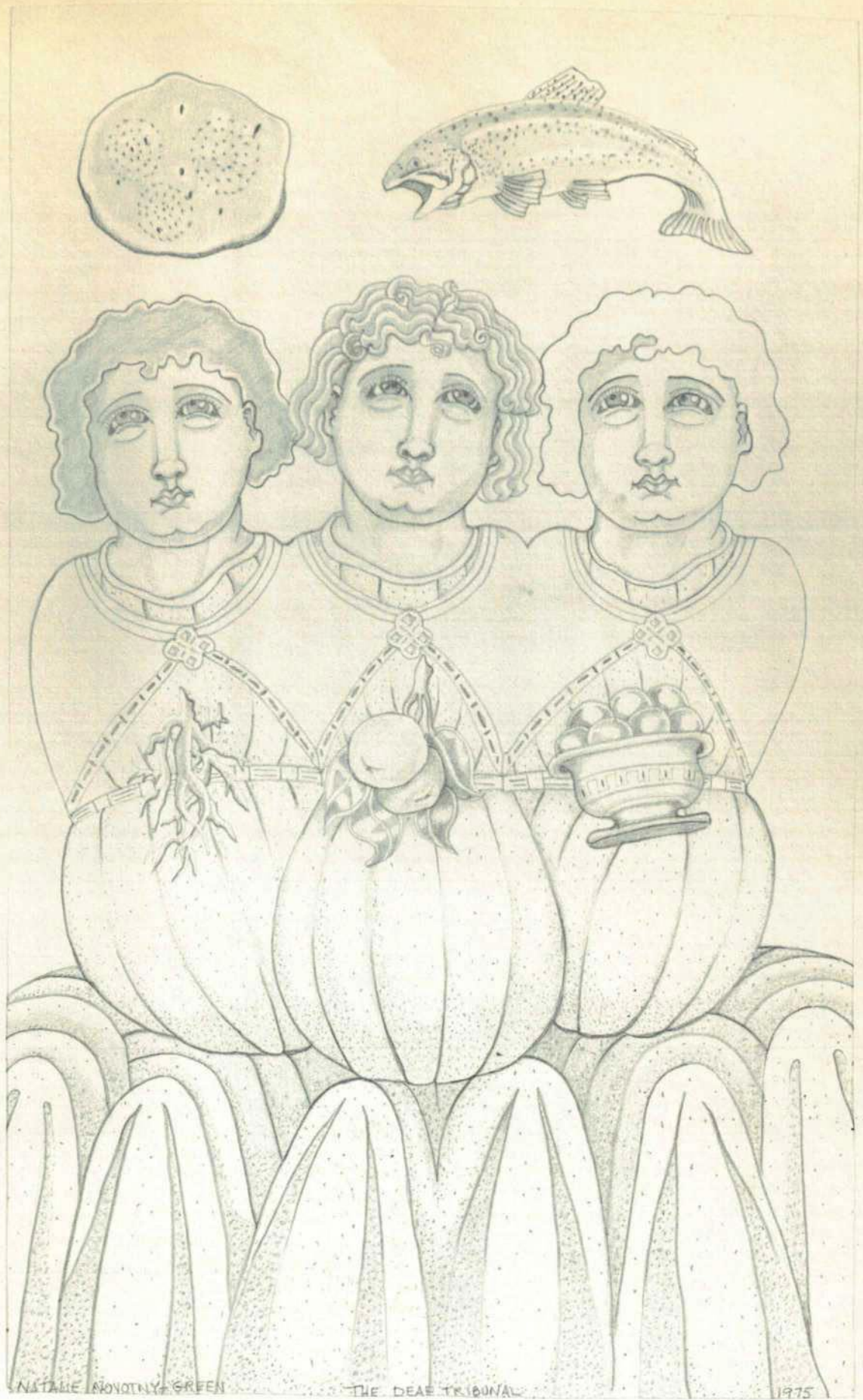
drawing Anne Popperwell





BETROTHED MADONNA

Natalie Novotny-Green, 1975



THE DEAF TRIBUNAL

Natalie Novotny-Green, 1975



"GO WITH YOUR IMPULSE. DON'T HOLD BACK.
TRUST YOUR INTUITION – GET UP THERE AND DANCE!"

SYNERGY

by Rose Marie Larsson

When I was planning to move to Vancouver from Toronto three years ago, and was looking over the 1972 issue of the B.C. Access catalogue, I noticed an ad for Synergy. I was intrigued and attracted first of all by the word "synergy": the energy generated by two different components coming together is greater than just the sum of the two components' individual energy.

Also, the kind of total body programme that was offered was very impressive: movement sequences for stretching, strengthening, balancing, co-ordination, synchronization of breath and movement, body alignment, Yoga, massage, anatomy, video feedback sessions, choreography, movement derived from folk dance, and contemporary dance techniques are also integrated into the basic teaching.

When I finally did move to Vancouver I "forgot" to check Synergy out. I became absorbed in other things: study at UBC, work to uncouple and make meaningful a relationship with the man I'm still living with, work with my two children who had school and daycare experiences to deal with. Lots of problems.

In 1974, I came across a Synergy brochure again, and thought, OK, here's where I begin again. I hadn't done any form of body work then for close to two years. I had no aspirations to dance then as I registered for the class. I was in lousy shape and thought of movement classes mainly as a chance to get my body



Finest contemporary custom framing includes aluminum and wood frames, new plexiglass trap frames, inexpensive Opus and Clip frames. Preservation-/conservation-consultation for works of art on paper. On view: fine art reproductions and original prints.

Mido Framers
2952 West 4th Avenue
Vancouver
736-1321

reasonably straightened out and to fit together all the disconnected parts of it in a way that felt good.

I had worked in theatre earlier, and done various kinds of movement as training but I had turned away from trying to carve out a career for myself in the theatre, and had begun looking around for a medium that would move people to creativity but that didn't channel into the art scene, didn't aim for professionalism. I wasn't interested in amateurism either; I didn't want to join a dance club, or a folk dance society where you meet for a bit of creativity once a week to alleviate the pain and boredom of all the rest of the week.

I was becoming concerned about taking hold of my needs to be an artist, to go beyond the invitation to be part of an elitist, isolated preoccupation and instead to participate in art as popular celebrations and consciousness raising, growing out of ordinary people's life experiences — with them, perhaps by them. I was aware of the necessity for creating a new kind of socialism that would be a breakthrough of creativity on all levels of living experience, would radically alter the quality of everyday life.

I had done Gestalt therapy in Toronto, but therapy stops short of giving one a sense of achievement. It didn't provide an outlet for "making something", for expressing statements that go beyond the personal and individual. Synergy attracted me because the essence of Synergy dance is improvisation. It is improvised dance that sometimes becomes theatre, sometimes transcends all boundaries of art and becomes "something that took place between people" — real contact, the kind that is so rare in everyday life.

My first Synergy class, taught by Linda Rubin, began the process of connecting up with this being-on-the-threshold awareness again. For one thing, I came up against a totally inexplicable, childish — I would have called it irrational — need to dance, dance, dance.

The people who participate in the Synergy workshops are, in Linda Rubin's words, "non-dancers", ordinary people who come for the joy of it, come with a need for movement and body work, as well as people who are pursuing their development as dancers and performing artists. Each brings his/her share of body blocks that inhibit movement and often make it difficult to establish the connection between what one has in mind and the actual reality of executing it. But each also brings a temperament, a way of perceiving the world, a personal quality; when it expresses itself cleanly, it reverberates through the room, like a strong vibration.

People also come from various work situations that drain energy. With a day's load of unresolved resentments against inhuman working conditions, boring or brutalizing labour, it isn't easy to connect with your own or even others' creative potential, be open and spontaneous; rather one wants to continue the unreality. Still, the magic happens; during each workshop a dance is created and people leave feeling elated, energized.

A Synergy workshop usually begins with two hours of intensive stretching exercises that loosen up shoulders, belly, pelvis, hip joints. The stretching is combined with self-massage and based on breathing and relaxation as a way to achieve suppleness and body awareness. I've heard Linda say over and over again, "Release your bellies. Release the tension that isn't necessary for this particular movement, for what is difficult when your body is tight is to find the muscles — literally *find* them in your body — necessary to execute a particular movement." People use general body tension instead; they move the pelvis — and immediately the shoulders tighten up as well — or they stop breathing.

Deep relaxation and stretching exercises are often done by two people working together, sometimes in groups of three, so that they can push and pull into a deeper stretch than is possible

exercising alone. This is, at the same time, an exercise for turning onto someone else's energy and that is a kind of dance in itself, in its energy exchange between the two.

Without the deep stretching, an evening's improvisation would be stunted by the participants' body fears, held anger, held sadness. The stretching releases some of that muscle tension and removes some of the obstacles hindering the flow between body and mind, resulting in more spontaneity, more daring in movement. The held feelings become expressed in creative dance.

Exercises for strength, balance and endurance are equally important and are part of the limbering up programme, as are exercises that involve moving across the floor, utilizing the space, alone, with a partner, or in a group. This includes moving across the room with the eyes closed — to get a sense of space that doesn't depend on the use of the eyes, but the use of body radar, balance, inner vision, direction. There is also the exercise of mirroring — two people face each other and mirror movements or sounds, create a pattern that seems to stem from both of them — and does, when both are tuned into the process of letting one impulse follow another, without either person being leader or follower, but each giving and taking.



Similar in nature are the exercises that involve energy exchange: one person gives somebody else a movement, a walk, a turn, a leap, to take over and imitate. Again, this gives one the opportunity to present something unique, as well as to receive the gift of someone else's energy. This process leads to the discovery of what is possible through a mutual effort and takes the pressure off having to be creative all by oneself. It eliminates the low one can experience by being constantly in the shadow of a teacher who constantly shows you the perfect unattainable thing to do.

There are also exercises aimed at building trust between people. Although all exercises involving a partner or group work involve elements of trust — such as lifting and being lifted — contact improvisation involves taking each other's weight, leaning on each other, in one continuous flow of weight shifting over different parts of the body.

All the exercises lead up to dance, and some — mirroring, energy exchange, contact improvisation — are used as techniques to get going in a dance improvisation.

The improvisation itself is usually focused around a theme of some sort, from which people can take off. This can be the introduction of a certain quality or idea. All may focus on, say, the idea of primitive ritual: the elements, the kinds of movement, the group shapes, the feelings that go into making such a ritual. Linda sometimes uses make-up to create masks for people, to release inner creativity unhindered by the everyday persona. Dreams may be re-enacted. Movement patterns may be based on folk dancing. Small groups of people may work together around

a particular image — wood, sensuality, water, skin. Sometimes a whole improvisation may be structured around a demand that everybody pay attention to how to support an individual's or a group's efforts on the floor, or be aware of creating sculptural shapes in space, singly and together. Invariably, the instructions to the groups from Linda are "Go with your impulse. Don't hold back. Trust your intuition — get up there and dance!"

Then the music starts; the lights go down, and a group ranging in size from 12 to 20 people prepares to move.

Someone begins, sets a tone. Then, without detailed scripting or directions, but only with their own inner vision, people join in and begin to dance.

Gradually, a dance begins to take shape. People form groups, then regroup. Someone moves out by herself into a solo. Others pick up on the energy and form a supporting group. Two people begin an interaction that moves from a standing still position, sensing each other out, into leaps and turns around the room, eventually breaking up and becoming amalgamated into new evolving relationships.

Sometimes the growth of the dance is slow and trite. People don't connect on the floor, are dishonest, collide, try to force their thing regardless of what else is going on, become repetitive in their movements, compulsive. Or people hang out on the sidelines, unable to express what they are really feeling, scared to take the space and change what they don't like, afraid to connect with what they really do like because they might be rejected, out there, where all the action is.

In the feedback sessions that follow each workshop, we have a chance to talk and share our reactions. What kept people and, as a result, the collective dance, from getting as high as it could have, from growing at certain crucial points? Times when someone could have added an expression, and didn't. Times when several people had the same impulses to move in the same direction, but thought that each was alone with the feeling.

All of us in the workshop deal with the same negative feelings: fears of looking ridiculous, fears of not being able to come across the way one wants to, feelings of helplessness before scenes that lack meaning, fears of others' strength and others' weakness, fears of being overwhelmed and losing control.

Sharing these experiences is crucial to learning about dance. We develop a sense of objectivity about our problems, realize that we all face the same problems on the road towards becoming the beautiful dancers/artists we all have the potential to be.

The feedback seminars also provide an opportunity for us to tell each other what we liked during the evening. It is as important as sharing the problems — to be told by someone "I really liked what you did then, that was beautiful." "I really like working with you." It gives us the necessary reinforcement for daring further exploration in the next workshop, this verbal affirmation, since for most of us the creative impulse and what we do with it is yet so weak and hard to trust.

In these feedback sessions, Linda Rubin does not function as a teacher who is beyond all the problems that the students experience, but as one who also continually struggles with exactly the same problems — the only difference is perhaps the intensity. Her contributions to the group come out of this reality. So, when she tells people with fears to "dance them out, make something out of them on the floor", we trust her.

The Synergy Company, which was formed in the summer of 1975 and participated in workshops in Vancouver, Victoria and Surrey is also continually forced to deal with the same obstacles to creativity. In the process they become not so much expert performers in the usual dance sense, as perhaps more deeply familiar with how to go beyond the barriers that hold us back. Linda's development as a dance artist — although she says

that at times she doesn't know if she should call herself a dancer, even an artist, perhaps a businesswoman, or find a new word for all those things — began late in her life. Although she had ballet lessons as a child and had studied folk dancing, she didn't start working seriously to train as a dancer until she was at the Vancouver School of Art. There, a friend gave her a picture book about modern dance; inspired, she gathered a group of people together and began to improvise dances in the style of the photographs in the book.

Linda wanted to get the best training she could get and began taking summer classes in New York, with Martha Graham and other studios. She decided to pursue dance rather than the visual arts, and moved to New York City, determined to go as far as she could go in a dance career.

She left New York after three years. "I didn't have the right kind of energy it takes to make it as a dance artist in that kind of competitive environment." Linda Rubin found that she couldn't get into her own kind of creative work there, so she returned to Vancouver and worked with the Western Dance Company. When it folded, Linda went on to create Synergy with a group of other dancers, among them Gisa Cole and Jamie Zagoudakis, who later moved on to dance work of their own.

Linda Rubin feels that what she is doing right now is experimenting. She is tentative, even reticent, about defining what it is she is doing, wants to say with this current of experimentation, exploration. "Perhaps," she says, "five years from now I'll know what I'll be doing. Right now, I'm trying a lot of things out."

She feels the problem is related to the word "dancer" when her work isn't "dance" in either the usual ballet sense or what we have come to know as classical modern dance. Linda feels on the verge of something, and that is where I see her too. On the verge of leaving the whole professional art scene behind, with its star system, its competition, its world of performers continually on the road or in the air from gig to gig, in the "business".

Synergy could presumably go in the direction of becoming that kind of performing company, striving for professional recognition, touring places. But then what would happen to the quality of the work itself, which depends so much on non-professional dancers bringing together dance out of their life experiences?

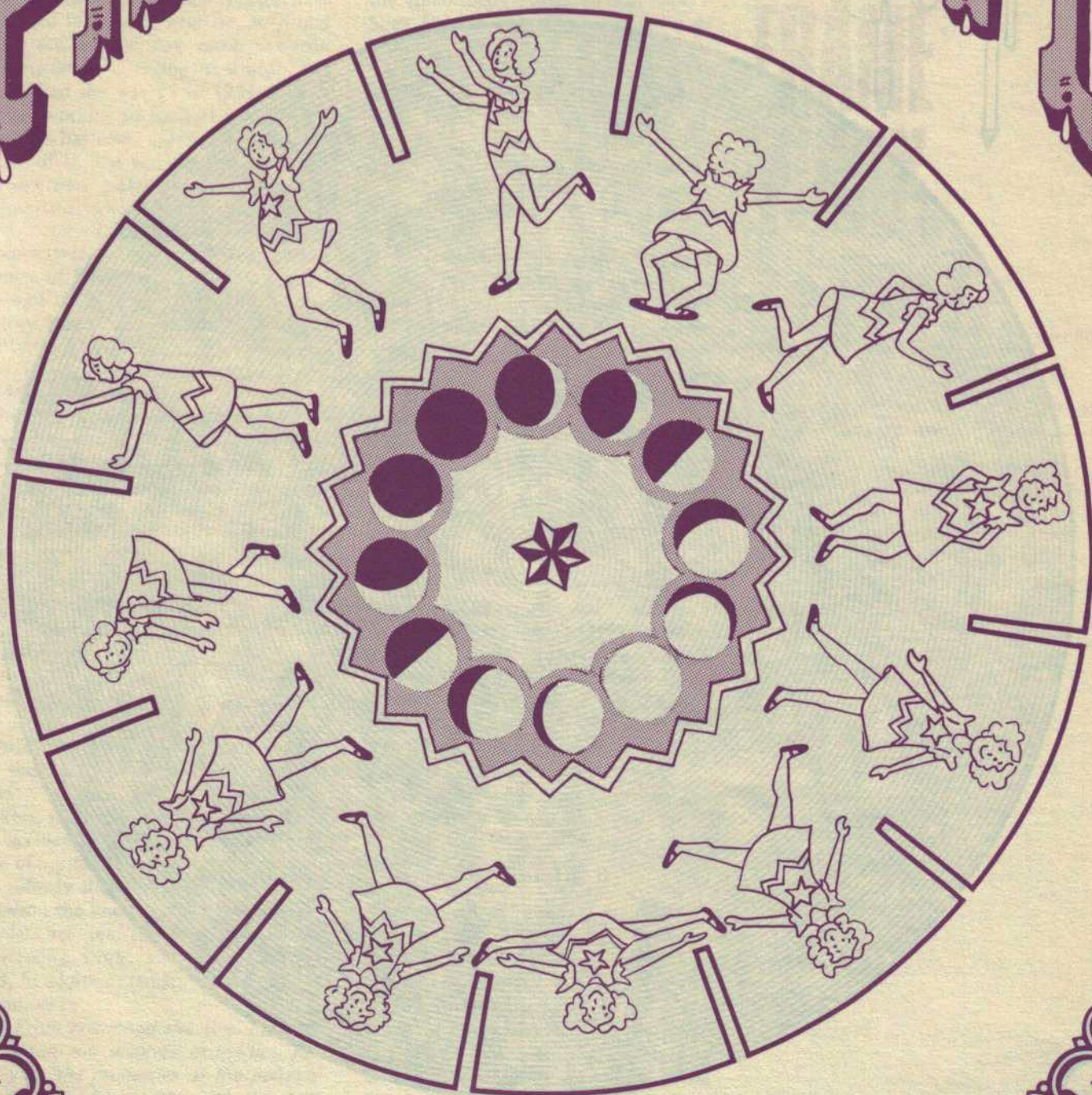
To really go with the realization of what is basic and integral to Synergy work, it would be necessary, I think, to move out of the art scene altogether and go further in the direction of seeking out people who are outside that limited and exclusive world. It would mean taking hold of and understanding the social forces that make and keep people's bodies rigid, and minds locked into prejudices and set ideas, but it would also give tremendous satisfaction to discover and get connected with that suppressed creativity. Dance and movement can be a powerful consciousness raiser. When people start reclaiming their bodies and capacity for *movement*, deep, full and expressive of their inner worlds, then we will have body politics in action.



The Amazing

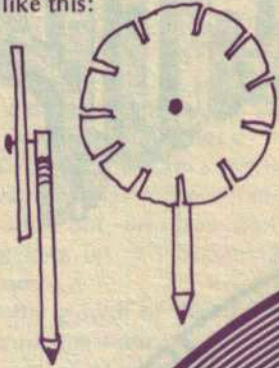
FENAKISTOSCOPE

(That's Fen-a-KIST-o-scope!)

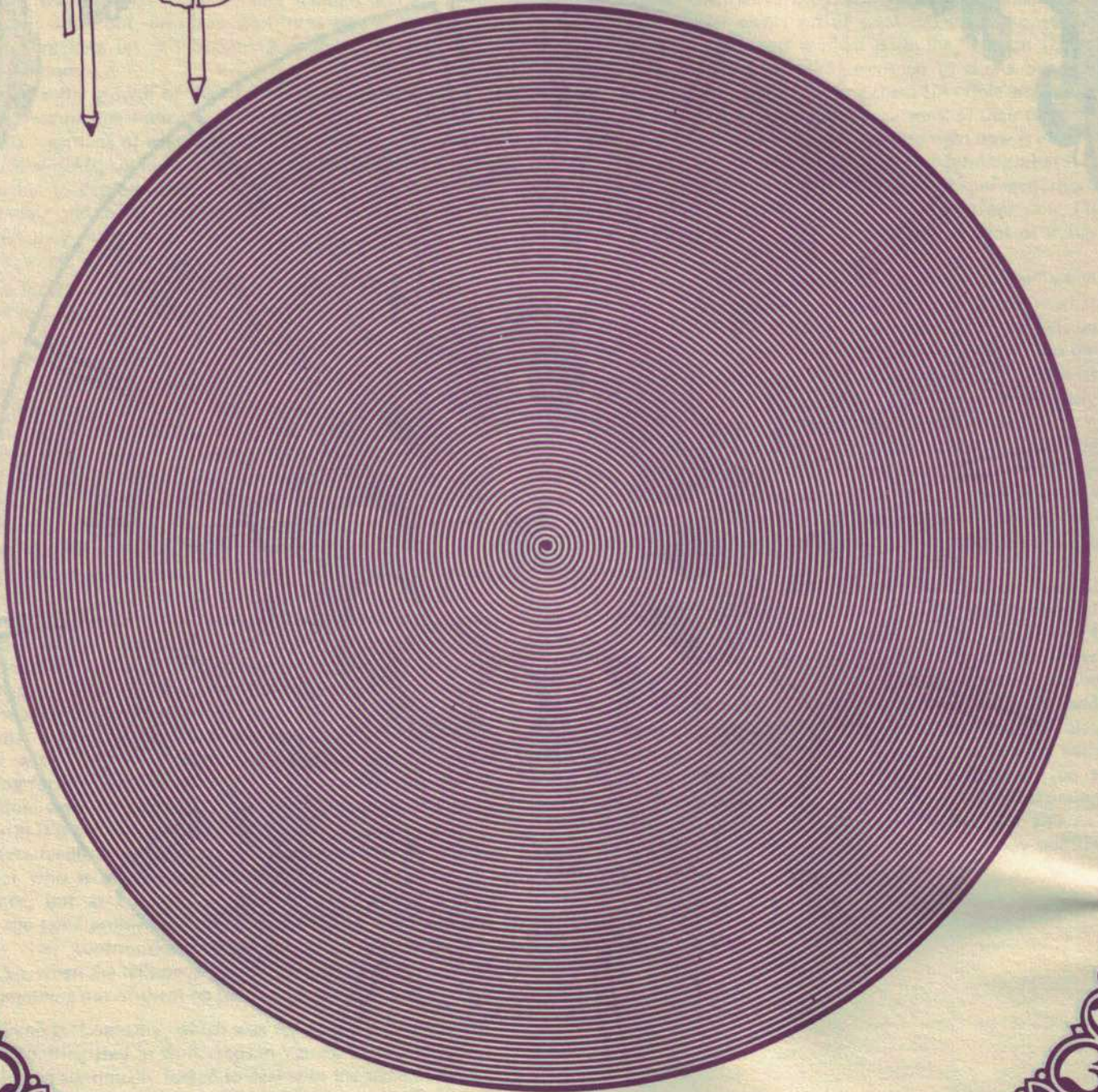
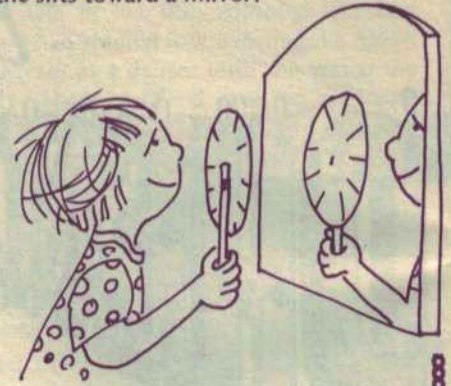


AN AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS

1. Colour the disc in bright colours. To work well, the dancer and moon-phase sequence should contrast sharply to the background.
2. Carefully clip out this page of MAKARA and glue it to light cardboard. Cut out the disc. Colour the back of the disc black.
3. Make a handle by thumbtacking the disc to a pencil eraser like this:



4. Hold the phenakistoscope by the handle and spin it while looking through the slits toward a mirror.



Basic pattern for the Phenakistoscope, and many more mini-movie devices, from *Paper Movie Machines* by Budd Wentz, published by Troubadour Press, San Francisco.

The authors of these two books are, in many ways, polar opposites: Françoise Giroud, the 70-year-old journalist who became the first Minister for Women in France, rarely speaks of her feelings in the taped interviews that constitute her book; Judy Chicago, an American of 37, exposes her struggles as a woman artist and teacher in California. Both make compelling reading: one working on a high political level in the outer world, the other discovering the inner world of women. Both went through the same masculinization process, rejecting other women on the way; both have returned to women, who are, as Giroud says, one of the two most powerful detonators for changing the world.

When she was 15 in 1931, Giroud began working to support her mother, and she has never stopped being in the thick of it. She was a script girl when movies were great, a resistance worker, a journalist who helped to found *Elle*, and later *L'Express*, the catalytic French weekly which has changed the course of French and European history as well as creating a school of investigatory journalism. Her book is tough, witty, ironic.

This woman, who begins by saying childhood should be kept to yourself, "the way you keep back tears", is at first unapproachable, exists on the level of heads of state, is as mythical as Golda Meir or Indira Gandhi. Can they be like us, you ask; can we be like them? But who would choose Giroud's crucible of suffering, of which she speaks hardly a word, out of respect for the greater sufferings of others. This pattern was set when, after the war her sister returned from concentration camp; Giroud burnt her own reminiscences of resistance work and prison. Yet she had suffered: in 1940, in occupied France, doctors refused her an abortion, castigating her as shameless; suffering from malnutrition, she gave birth to a child with rickets; the child grew up only to die in an accident at 22 — and this was only one of her tragedies.

Slowly the woman emerges, mostly between the lines, as a girl who refused to let her sex stop her from doing interesting work, and whose mother had, in addition, taught her the old arts of influence:

From childhood she [her mother] had been too involved in politics, too privy to the intimacies of the political process, to be unaware of the part played by private conversations, the weight of individuals, the importance of secret diplomacy, the role of this or that

person whose name is often forgotten by history, in making important decisions. I've seen enough personally to have my own ideas on the subject....

Giroud simply used all tactics. *L'Express* certainly was up front. Founded by a group "who wanted with all their might to move France out of its rut", by 1956 they were inured to being raided, bombed, and threatened. In a final effort to silence the paper, Servan-Schreiber, the co-editor, was drafted into the army in July. No one expected "the assistant", "the woman", to carry on alone through the tumultuous events of that time — Suez, Hungary, etc. She dealt with them brilliantly, but then:

In October, the financial situation of the paper was shaky, to say the least. What was I to do? Try and borrow money? I don't think I'll ever really know. What I did was like a sequel to my childhood experience. I chose what was most natural to me — that way you have the best chance of succeeding — that is, I chose to gamble. In fact, double or nothing was the name of the game: I doubled the cover price of the magazine and added a weekly four-page supplement. The readers could resist the price raise, in which case the game would be over. But if they accepted it, the game would be won. It was.

But she was faced, some years later, with a far greater challenge when a man left her; although she denies it, her sex may have been part of the reason:

Everything that I had patiently overcome, everything that I had repressed, covered over, forgotten, for all those long years, everything that had made me different, resurfaced as so many reasons for my rejection. The familiar "You're not like the others...", which so often had sounded like a compliment to my ears, suddenly turned sour.

It was years before she resurfaced, but she never stopped working.

She has never, in her professional life, forgotten other women. From her scepticism about Robert Kennedy, about whom she said: "I would never place my confidence in a man who has given his wife 11 children", it is evident she always takes women into account. With her strong sense of injustice, but compassionate understanding, she asks:

What's Mrs. Onassis doing there in Greece where those who oppose the regime are jailed and tortured? Defending John Kennedy's ideals?...

I'm sorry. What I just said is stupid. I'm as much a victim as the next person

HOW TO FIT A soft shape

INTO A

HARD FRAME WORK

A Review by Annie Lee

I Give You My Word, Françoise Giroud, Houghton Mifflin, 1974.

Through the Flower, Judy Chicago, Doubleday, 1975.

of the curious need the whole world seems to have to see the young widow remain forever faithful to the hero struck down tragically by an assassin's bullet. This amazing little Greek millionaire, who suddenly placed a jewelled crown where the halo had once been, broke our doll for us, the doll that said "Jack" when you squeezed it.

It is not a tragedy.... Just because her former husband is dead, what right do we have to prevent her from living her own life any way she wants to. It's an absolutely medieval reaction. Especially in its view of women's place in the world....

And so she goes on. Witty, courageous, modest, in her tour of French politics, she drops a few fascinating ideas on the future, along with insights into the past and present; one of the most amazing is this:

It would be funny, I think, if all of a sudden, the primitive woman were to re-emerge, the woman who had to be subjugated, muzzled, imprisoned in one way or another, so that men would have the strength to do something other than make what is called love and could concentrate on creating civilisations. In Polynesia, women are still these extraordinary "man-eaters" — any man. They set out to do their marketing, meet a man along the way, and it's "Bang, grrr, thank you, sir!" The women are delighted.

"It's not just a better world; it is a different world altogether," the French woman says of postwar life: a world of paid holidays, the pill, and among other things the chance for economic independence for women, the main factor in their freedom. How different this world is, in rich America: Judy Chicago hardly mentions economics in her story of a woman's search for self-expression. Between the two, a turning point has come: the explosion of women's liberation and the tremendous affluence of the States, which spills out to millions a way of life that elsewhere only the rich enjoy. For the very exposure of women's feelings, the foundation of the woman's art of Judy Chicago and her companions, would in poorer societies only lead to self-torture for women struggling against the chains of poor wages, discrimination, desertion, and sexism. Giroud had to suppress her emotions; she does not "complain", she states facts. It is when grumbling is sharpened by consciousness of oppression and becomes a protest that a movement is born. And Judy Chicago, by virtue of her art and her teaching, plays a dual role in this movement.

Born in 1939, Judy Chicago never doubted that she would be an artist. Even though her father died, leaving her mother to support the family, she continued studying, and in the early 60's landed up at UCLA, blissfully unaware that women do not become "serious artists". Only as a graduate student did she begin to see the obstacles: as Giroud did before her, she rejected women and imitated men:

In an effort to be accepted, I began to wear boots and smoke cigars. I went to the motorcycle races and tried to act "tough" whenever I saw them....

I didn't want to admit that I didn't know the first thing about the mechanical world, because I knew that my "status" in the art department depended upon the fact that I was "different" from other women who were "weak" and "dumb". I couldn't exhibit these traits or I would be just "another cunt". So I pretended to know what I was doing in the shop. Even when I almost lost a breast in the table saw, I wouldn't ask for help.

The dichotomy crippled her art: she could not express her real emotions without creating art that would be branded as female, and hence be rejected. Chicago's emergence into the professional art world was soured by its dealers and technicians who were out for sex, not art; she was virtually ostracized. Then came the first murmurings of the women's movement: electrified, she spoke about her art and herself in meetings, but still felt herself up against a brick wall in the male art community, so she left Los Angeles for a year of teaching in a small-town college.

I realized that no one had ever demanded of these women that they reach their potential.... I had somehow come through society without being wiped out, and that many women hadn't.

In that year, the women's art movement was born. In her first class, which she had decided must be a discussion, she waited to let the woman students begin: they persisted in chit-chat. After a while, she exploded:

Right then I made the most important step in my commitment to women: to always reveal exactly how I felt. I said: "You know, you are boring the hell out of me. You're supposed to be art students. Art students talk about art and books and movies and ideas. You're not talking about anything."

Dead silence. I thought: "Already the first day, and I, with my big mouth,

have blown it." Then I heard a soft voice saying: "Well, maybe the reason we don't talk about anything is that nobody ever asked us what we thought." I was very moved. I realized that no one had ever demanded of these women that they reach their potential. They began to tell me about their lives and relationships, about how, when they went to parties, the men did most of the "serious talking".... They were always introduced as Sue or Carol or Nancy, just "girls" who were expected to go along with the men....

I had somehow come through society without being wiped out, and that many women hadn't. The enormity of the situation overwhelmed me.... I felt that it was important for them to understand and be able to cope with their circumstances, instead of simply feeling, when they came up against cultural pressure, that there was something wrong with them.

That was the moment when Chicago realized that something was wrong — in the shape of sexist attitudes such as the one she heard a male teacher expound: his beginning sculpture students had to cut a piece of wood in three sections and rejoin them. "The project was conceived in terms of what men were expected to do and know.... Most female students probably couldn't relate to the project as being meaningful...would probably just get the message from his projects that sculpture was just not for them."

The fight was on as a teacher and, at the same time, in her own work:

The Fresno paintings revealed the dilemma I was in. "How to fit a soft shape into a hard framework?" How can I, a woman, fit my impulses into an aesthetic format that is rigid, hard, impersonal? Those paintings were about a confrontation between two sets of values. And still the content was hidden. When I started to make the first "Fan" painting, I had to paint it three times. Each time I started to make the center very soft, very open, very exposed. Each time I became frightened and covered it up again, "coming on strong" as I had learned to do in the male art community, learned to do to protect that soft center, keep it from being destroyed. Now I wanted to open it up and I couldn't.

On Chicago's return to Los Angeles, the struggle broadened: the "Woman-house", a house-sized sculpture by women, stimulated woman artists, who formed the Feminist Studio Workshop, independent of male-dominated colleges. The story of the birth of the women's

art community, which she saw as necessary to support women artists in their defiance of male traditions, is exciting reading. For the first time in history, groups of women were publicly expressing their ideas about the world in which we have lived for so long.

Chicago's artistic problems began to be resolved in her series, entitled "Great Ladies", in which she began to write on the paintings, for:

When I made abstract images of my feelings, many people did not know how to "read" these images. By writing about the idea I was working with visually, perhaps the viewer would then be able to recognize the meaning of the image. That way, I would be educating people to understand my work while they were looking at it.

She is passionately concerned with women's history, and part of her book is devoted to women writers and painters. She is convinced that: "No male institution is yet ready to surrender the fantasy that men's history *is* history. If I had learned anything from my investigation of women's work, it was that we have our own history and that history, *to me*, is as significant as men's history is to men."

While you wonder what Judy Chicago will do next, and hope that she may turn some of her energies to the poorer women outside California, the man who interviewed Giroud (sometimes you wish it had been a woman: it should have been) asked her at the end of the tapes:

All right, let's take up where we left off ten years from now. Where will you be?

I have no idea. Nor do I have the slightest desire to know. Life isn't tomorrow, it's today, this moment we're experiencing right now, when that plant there in front of the window has unfurled a new leaf. Smooth, fragile, and tender, like my newest grandson, this one coming through the door, just learning to walk. "Salut Jérémie! Salut, mon garçon!"

Life is this minute when I'm beginning to grow impatient because I feel they're waiting for me at the magazine....

It's great to hear from women, and the exploding emergence of books such as these, food for hungry souls, makes us realize that anything is possible now for women. These two books, one by a young American and the other by one of the most influential figures in Europe, both determined to uncover an unknown world within us, are fine reading.

POETRY BY FRAN ISAACS

an early blindness

I must be growing older
every time I look at something
it fractures
like a stone hit wind shield
and shoots off into many angles
I never thought the world
took such curious turnings

perception is a mask we wear
to glide our senses into obscurity
eyes hardened into stones
from not seeing
who can tell
when the thin shell begins to form
begins to cover us with the clear
clear lacquer of understanding

of course I do not understand
the world is split
so many ways
perception is a silly moth
that flickers near the light
translucent but for its shadow

understanding is a choice
a wilful selection
of this and that
the things we think
will bring us
face to face
with our last friend
death

amazon lament

this bow was once a lyre
a sweet singer now
stroked not for music
or caressed in song
but drawn
taut for death dealing
as is
the band of muscle round my gut
drawn taut

a dream poem: the company she keeps

she slept with him
then rolled over
and turned her back
and the desired
images of women
moved in her mind

she slept with her
loved her
then rolled over
and turned her back
and the desired
images of power
moved in her mind

if she slept with power
what then

sullen madonna

I knew it would end
with you as it began
nothing said
my mouth at my mother's breast
child
half asleep

I held you too holy
I held the image of you
too close behind the mirror glass

from where you stared out at me
lips held too tight for fear
a little girl's voice would cry out
in too much anger

I held you behind a gilt frame
It wasn't you in that faded picture

still I lie
I lie idle
and fall
along the edges
of a love

"I HATE THIS BUSINESS OF PEOPLE GOING AROUND WITH TAPE RECORDERS, TAKING SONGS AND PLAYING THEM ANYWHERE. THAT IS STEALING."

THE ONE WHO BRINGS PLEASURE

By Margo Dunn

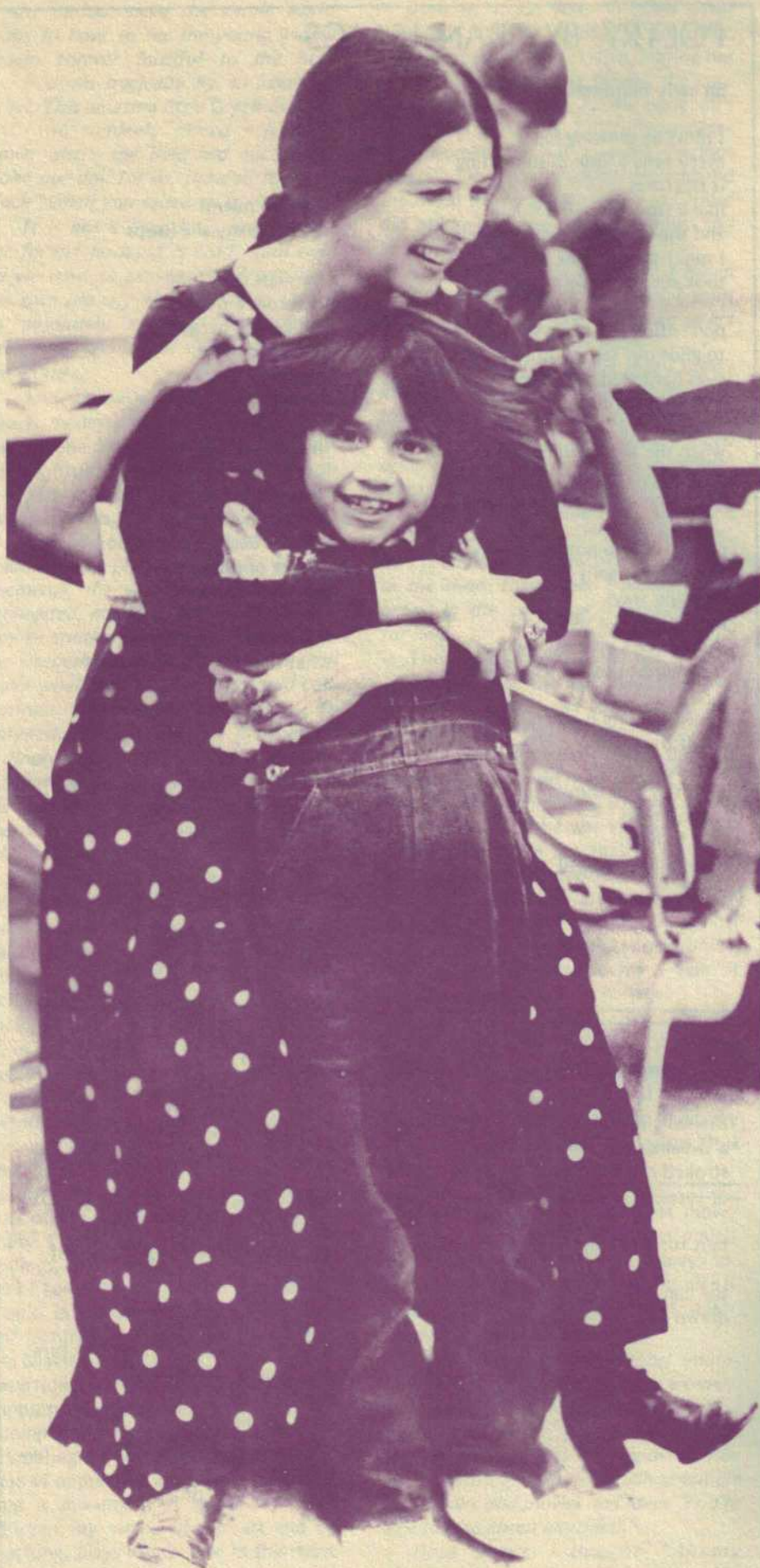
A strange-looking group of instruments waits onstage. The audience waits too — children playing quietly in the aisles, people warmly greeting people they haven't seen for years. For this rare Vancouver concert, many have travelled long distances. One woman has come to hear again a love song the performer had sung eight years before at her wedding.

Without fanfare, Alanis Obomsawin enters the spotlight. It seems as though she has entered a livingroom to meet a group of old friends. She arranges the instruments to her liking, then sits on a stool as she converses with members of the audience. "How do you feel?" "What would you like to hear?" she asks, and the audience is quick to respond.

Then she begins her concert with a syllable song. Her voice rises in a wailing, chanting sound which she accompanies with the rattle-like crecelle. For many of us, it is the first time we have heard such haunting music. For others, the music is familiar: all tribes of the native peoples of this continent have developed their own syllable songs.

Although she has been performing throughout Canada for almost twenty years, Alanis does not have the fame of many Canadian musicians. However, there has been no lack of demand for her masterful and unique performances. Rather than concentrating on performing in the large theatres of the cities, she has chosen to appear in halls of all sizes, wherever they are located.

With her rich, husky voice and flair



as a storyteller, she could successfully perform any kind of commercial material, yet her choice is very specific, so specific, in fact, that she does not select a programme in advance but adapts herself to each audience while she stands on stage. The effect is electric and evokes an extraordinary level of audience response.

Actually, Alanis is not only a performer. Offstage she is a producer-director with the National Film Board in Montreal. A native Canadian of Abenaki descent, she is devoting her many talents in a successful effort to help native peoples regain a creative involvement with their own traditions, rather than accepting the so-called "preservation" of their cultures in museums. "I see myself as a messenger," she says of her work.

Many persons who are not native Canadians are fascinated by notions about Indian Princesses and their exotic clothes. As a result, Pauline Johnson, Alanis's famous forbear, took special care to maintain an air of mystery about herself.

In contrast, Alanis downplays her glamour. One of her best stories demystifies her costume, a sensational turquoise bead dress designed for her by a Montreal couturier as "a column of beads". Alanis wryly tells of the long days and nights during which she and some friends acquired, dyed and strung the hundreds of thousands of beads in a desperate and successful effort to have the dress ready for the inaugural concert of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa.

Alanis also does not over-emphasize her valued status as a princess of the Abenaki tribe. This special honour was bestowed upon her by the elders along with the name *Ko-li-la-wato*, "the one who brings pleasure".

Alanis's musical repertoire includes songs she has composed herself, as well as those derived from dreams, her family and tribe, and the songs presented specially to her as gifts.

Her own compositions are in the modes of native music and speak of her experiences and the experiences of people she has met. "Bush Lady", for example, describes the harsh events of downtown city life for the woman arriving from the reserve.

Some older songs have passed unchanged through generations, others have altered with the culture. Some show the French influence upon the tribe in Odanak, the village where Alanis was raised, situated on the St. Francis River, about seventy miles southeast of Montreal. "I hate this business of people

going around with tape recorders, taking songs and playing them anywhere," Alanis declares. "That is stealing. It is not the right of any person to sing any song. In our culture, a song is a gift or inherited. It is better that the songs be lost than that they lose their meaning."

Songs accompany most daily tasks in tribal life. Some are simply syllable songs — without verbal meaning. They serve as focal points for meditation upon specific activities. For example, a night of repetition of a syllable song would prepare all the members of the tribe for battle the next day. Other songs invoke the protection of animals by telling stories of the magical powers of the bear, the beaver, birds and so on. Others are sung while gambling, playing games, courting, working, hunting. Some are lullabies, and laments for the dead.

Alanis accompanies herself with the instrument appropriate to each song, beating intriguing and intricate rhythms of drums, tam tam, crecelle or bones. Some of her instruments are very old and are of particular value to her since they too are gifts.

The drums, of several widths and depths, are made of cowhide stretched over a frame. The crecelle, a rattle made from a cowhorn, tortoise shell or other hollow form, contains pellets which provide a softer sound. The bones, made from the tusks of whales, are played much like the Quebecois played the spoons.

The instruments convey a whole history. Alanis says, "It is hard for me to even imagine a musical instrument which is no longer in use. When I hold each one of them I imagine so many wonderful stories. Some of them very happy and some very sad. They speak of long ago, mostly because they are alone now."

Stories about women are naturally more frequent although Alanis describes members of each tribe as united in their struggle to survive. As a woman with close links to her tribe she need not fear growing old, since to be older is to be wiser and thus more respected.

Alanis mourns the passing of the older people. Part of the urgency of her work is accelerating the passage of their knowledge to the children, so that they can grow up with the all the advantages of their rich heritage. Her task is true to the tribal social structure which encourages close interaction between the very young and the very old. Neither group is ghettoized, "if the old people are there, the children are never alone."

How does a person who hates tape

recorders make films? For Alanis, this is no contradiction — she does not collect film impressions of people at random any more than she collects songs at random.

As a producer-director she provides opportunities for people to exchange information, and gain access to learning tools. Most important, she obtains access to school curricula and thus, the children, whatever their culture.

Her method is not to sit at a desk and imagine what people might say. Although a film about native women is in the works, she will not have formed a precise outline of the entire script until the film is well under way. "The vision will change with the ideas of the women speaking of their experiences in the reserve, in the rural community, in the city. The people must speak for themselves wherever possible."

Two of Alanis's productions are "perception" kits, multi-media presentations developed for children but of enormous interest to anyone. One kit was produced with the Manowan tribe in Quebec and contains film strips, photos, toys, carvings and a short history booklet by Cesar Nawashis. The other produced with the *l'ilawat* (Lillooet) tribe in B.C. includes miniature snowshoes and a miniature canoe made by children for children, as well as information on basket-making and other crafts. One very moving historical piece is the description on a film strip by a middle-aged woman of the rituals she performed at puberty, as she spent time in isolation to prepare for her new role as a woman of the tribe.

The format of the perception kits seems ideally suited to Alanis's philosophy; they can be used, re-used, enjoyed, worn out, re-ordered. They are not museum pieces to be touched only by adults in lint-free gloves, but tools vital to contemporary life.

(Ed. note: see ACCESS page for information on obtaining these kits.)

Alanis has co-ordinated several all-native festivals, including the native section of the Mariposa Folk Festival, and a special benefit for the inhabitants of James Bay. She has also devoted time to concerts and workshops in schools, prisons, churches and reserves.

Her political outlook, like all her work, is centred on survival. "If I thought about all there is to do I would worry so much that I wouldn't be able to do anything. I do everything I can today, just for today."

Judging from her long list of accomplishments, it is a formula that works.



IT'S WEIRD TO REALIZE THAT A CHILD WHO CAME PINT-SIZE AND SQUEALING OUT OF YOUR BODY CAN DO SOMETHING YOU JUST PLAIN CAN'T...

BILL FICTION BY CYNTHIA FLOOD

I am a sensible straightforward kind of a woman; why do things like this happen to me?

The damned dog ruined the summer.

He turned up in the neighbourhood around April. In fact he lived next door, but he wandered around so much we didn't figure that out for a while. Then one day Jannie came in to lunch saying she'd seen the woman next door setting out a pan of food for the dog on the patio in the back. Maybe having his food in one place settled him, for after that he spent a fair amount of time sitting out there, close to his dish, eyes lowered against the May and June sun. Not that there *is* that much sun in Vancouver in May.

We don't have dogs. We've always had cats. We have two. One is a beautiful grey and black striped female Ted found in the street after she'd been run over. She wasn't hurt badly, only terribly frightened, what the rabbits in *Watership Down* called "tharn". He named her Rosemary, why I don't know. There seems to be more and more about my kids I don't know. Before her for a long time we had Tiger, we still have him, he is not a tiger but black except for one white paw. Jannie named him when she was still so small she got pictures of leopards and panthers and tigers and cats all mixed up. He's old, lethargic, none of Rosemary's nervy stuff. Jannie is eleven now. Ted is just fourteen. I am thirty-nine.

So this dog moved in next door. Of course we like dogs, even though we've never had one, so we said Hi pooch to him when we came in and out, and the kids would stop by the fence and hold out their hands for him to sniff. But he would never come, never respond. You could tell right from the start the damn thing was a mass of neuroses, probably been beaten or starved, god knows what, when he was a puppy. He was full-grown, a sort of tall houndy-looking dog, with short whitish fur flecked with brown, brown ears and tail. His back legs were very bowed. When he ran he looked as though he were sore between the legs and was deliberately and uncomfortably holding them apart. When you spoke to him he would stand about ten feet away, lower his head and growl viciously, and then turn and sort of skulk away down the garden, looking over his shoulder as if he expected you to throw a brick. Then when he was a house-length away he would turn and face you again and bark bark bark until you said Oh all right then and went into the house. I quit trying to make friends after the first few times, but the kids went on. Jannie tried the hardest. I guess she is the most loving of the three of us, or maybe just the youngest?

One night at supper she said, "You know, Mum, that dog's eyes are green as traffic lights." The next day when I got home from work I stopped on the front lawn, my arms full of groceries, and called the thing, and though he ran away as usual I had time to see that she was right. His eyes were brilliant green. The effect when the sun caught them was startling.

Anyway. Through May and most of June the dog did not mean any more than this. June went very slowly. I suppose that was because I was looking forward to my summer holidays. I get an unusually long holiday. I work at the university press, in the production department. It's an odd place. Most of the books they publish would be of interest to maybe five people I should think. I deal with estimating and scheduling, printers, binders,

papermakers, all the nuts and bolts of making books. I like it. You start with a messy heap of manuscript and after a long, quite complicated process really, you have a finished book. The only time I have much to do with an author is when he — they are usually he's though occasionally we have a woman writer — has a book with a lot of maps or photographs or math or scientific material, and then I have to consult with them about various methods of printing that kind of thing. Most of the authors are like their books, oddballs, not of much interest to the average person. Dan is one of the authors though. He did a book about mosses of the Pacific Northwest and is working on another one. I guess he is less oddball than most. We'd had a comfortable kind of relationship for a couple of years, at least I thought it was comfortable.

So it was June, and I was looking forward to my long holiday, long because nothing much happens at the press in the summer, all the authors are off on grants looking up more turgid subjects to write books about, and as long as there's one reasonably knowledgeable person in the department things go pretty well. The kids were looking forward to school getting out. They were both going to take July to fool around and see their friends, as if they didn't see them during the school year, and go to the beach and so on; and then in August Jannie was going to go to camp, and Ted was going to go to California, Disneyland, etc., with my brother and his family who were driving out from Winnipeg, a big summer trip. The weather was good, a clear warm early summer instead of the drippy mess you sometimes get in Vancouver that time of year. I guess we were all feeling fairly happy.

One evening there was a knock on the door, and there was the woman from the next house. I call her that because I still don't know her name — she was Italian and spoke very little English. She was obviously trying to ask me something but I couldn't understand her, so I called Ted down from his room — he's picked up a fair bit of Italian from the kids at school — and got him to interpret. Jannie came up from the tv room to see what was going on, and I got Mrs. Whatever to come into the livingroom and sit down, and gradually we got the thing clear. The family was moving to a new house in Delta, and her husband had decided that they could not take the dog. The dog would mess up the new house. So they had thought they would have it put to sleep, I hate that phony term, but then she remembered that the little girl and boy next door seemed to like the dog, and she wondered...???

I said No, firmly, and thanked her. Jannie lit up like a Christmas tree and said Yes yes yes we'd love to. I looked at Ted, and he said, "I'd like us to take the dog, Mum." Ted so rarely asks for something, even says to me what he'd like to have or do, that I nearly dropped. Then I said all the things parents say on these occasions. Ted and Jannie said all the things children say. It was like a CBC radio play. Mrs. Whatever sat patiently while this went on — all three of us talk very quickly and I don't suppose she got more than one word out of fifty — but she got the tone all right and long before I finally said, "Oh all right then, we'll take the damned dog," she was smiling with pleasure. The three of them went out, to go over and see the dog and to talk to Mr. Whatever, who Ted said spoke better English, about what the animal ate, and I sat in the livingroom smoking and cursing and drinking several gin-and-tonics.

Dan came over that evening, and of course all the talk was about the dog. He was no help, thought it would be good for the kids to have a dog, "especially Ted," this because of some fatheaded memories of his of a dog he had had in childhood. Why having a dog should mean more to a boy than a girl is beyond me. Jannie was ecstatic. Dan and Ted actually talked together quite enthusiastically, which was a novelty since they

don't usually get on. Ted is solid and practical and Dan in a lot of ways is the absent-minded scholar type. Though not in bed. Jannie was full of plans, and went downstairs to find the best place to put the dog's basket, since I was at least strong in ruling that he could not come upstairs. That white fur looked to me like the kind that comes off in carload lots, and while I am no perfect housekeeper this house is reasonably pleasant and I'd like to keep it that way.

A week later the dog came, or rather was brought. Of course he refused to come to Jannie's calling or to Ted's, and finally when the movers were about to take the last load Mr. Whatever got a large heavy carton and somehow they got the animal into it as he barked and snapped, and carried him over and through the basement door. Jannie opened the carton and the dog ran madly around the basement growling, almost howling really, and then he saw the door to the cupboard underneath the stairs, where we keep suitcases, and rushed in there and wouldn't come out. Ted and Jannie sat on the floor in front of the cupboard and talked to him and called him for two straight hours. I went upstairs after the first twenty minutes and read, or tried to. Every now and then one of them would come up to get something else they thought he might like to eat, or to report that the dog seemed calmer and had moved six inches in their direction. I drank gin and tonic. Finally at around ten o'clock I went downstairs and laid down the law. Jannie went up to bed crying and Ted went past me on the stairs with that kind of hard closed look he gets when he is very angry.

I did the final kitchen clean-up, washed the ashtrays and fed the cats, and then went down to the basement. The cupboard door was ringed with plates — dogfood, water, a bone from last night's potroast, an egg in a saucer. Silence from the cupboard. I looked in. Nothing. Then two glints of green. "Here dog," I said, feeling like a fool. Of course he stayed right where he was. "You'll feel better tomorrow, dog," I said, as if he were a child with flu, and went upstairs. Then after I had got into bed and was all comfortable I found myself getting up again and going down to turn on one of the lights in the basement. I think I thought he might be frightened of the dark. Ridiculous.

The next day was the last of school for the kids and of work for me. The routine which nearly drove me wild got established over the weekend. Jannie and Ted — I was going to say they worked on that dog, but maybe to say fought with him would be closer to it. They were fanatical. Every spare moment they had, and being holidays they had plenty, they spent with that dog.

It took two days for him to come out of the cupboard. I think the only reason he finally did was to pee, he must have been bursting, but I guess someone had beaten it into him early on that you don't pee in houses. So he held it as long as he could and then suddenly rushed out the basement door onto the back lawn and peed about a gallon. Ted and Jannie went out after him. Of course he wouldn't come near them. He skulked around the back yard, growling, snapping, not letting them get closer than about fifteen feet. He didn't seem to be making any attempt to get over the fence into the neighbours' yard, his old home — I had the feeling he didn't know what a home was — but he wouldn't come to them.

That evening they held a long conference in Ted's room. Ted only lets Jannie into his room when they have something to talk about they don't want me to know about. Up till last summer it was things like Christmas presents or how to cover up minor household disasters like burned pots or scratched records. This time obviously they were talking about the dog. I was the enemy and wasn't to know. They were quite right I suppose, I only hoped they'd give up on the animal after a while and we could send him off to be gassed. It was obvious he would

never be normal.

The next day the new regime started. They didn't call the dog anymore, or follow him around or hold out food for him. They simply stayed with him. After breakfast, when Jannie had done whatever chores and errands were required — she got into the habit of asking me at breakfast what needed doing and doing it instantly, in about one-tenth her usual time — she would go and sit on the back steps. The dog would be out in the yard, sitting over by the asparagus bed, looking sullen and neurotic. And she would just sit there, on the bottom step, reading maybe — I think she read about half the *Anne of Green Gables* series in July — or playing solitaire. (I found out last week — it's November now — that Ted actually bought her a book called *Fifty Solitaires*. I bet she played them all.) Or she would just sit, looking at the dog. Every now and then she'd say, "Hello dog, how are you today? Do you feel like coming over and making friends?" And he would do that sort of low snarling thing, and get up and go behind the asparagus and look out at her sourly. And she would read another chapter or play another game of solitaire.

In the afternoon Jannie would take off, and Ted would do the afternoon shift. He had taken carpentry at school that year, and really got off on it. It was weird seeing him because his father used to do that sort of thing. He was making a sort of night-table with a bookcase built into it, quite a complicated design I thought. Every night he would stack all his wood and tools just inside the basement door, and right after lunch he would haul them all out into the yard and get to work. He would say, "See, dog? First I'm going to saw this, and then it fits in here, see? That's for the first shelf." And then he would go on with his work for another half hour or so, and then make another remark. And still that damned dog just sat there, or would walk round the house to the front yard and sit there and howl desolately. Ted would follow him round and say, "Come on back, pooch, let's have some company," and then go back to work. Eventually of course the dog would come back, but I didn't think it was for company. He just couldn't settle anywhere, too neurotic.

In the evenings they both went to take him his supper. They put it just outside the basement door, right after we'd finished our meal, and they took it inside for him just before they went to bed. I will say it for that dog that he came inside for the night with no problem right from the beginning. Again I think he'd been taught that early, at the business end of a whip or stick. He wouldn't come if they stood by the basement door, so they would put the food inside and then go up to the top of the back steps, and after a few minutes of growling and warning barks he would go in, tail down, rocking on his bowed legs. Then they would stand at the top of the stairs leading down to the basement inside the house, and listen. Five nights after he'd arrived Jannie came tearing into the livingroom to tell me that she was sure she'd heard him eating. Next day the food was gone. They were both ecstatic.

As for me, I enjoyed myself as much as I could with the two kids in this state and with the consciousness of that animal skulking around the basement at night. I played a lot of golf. I had lunches and dinners with friends and we got caught up on each others' lives. Dan and I went to the beach. I painted my room and made new curtains. I read a lot, as I always do. Not, need I say, the publications of the university press, but detective stories and Jane Austen. I did a lot of summer cooking, the kind I really enjoy, all the fresh vegetables from our garden, salmon, gazpacho, fruit soup, all the good fish sauces. It was good, and — except for the prospect of looking after the dog — I was looking forward even more to August when the kids would be away and Dan was going to a couple of academic conferences in

the east and I'd be quite alone, even though I'd be back at work part-time. The weather was lovely, Dan and I were getting along well, nice and companionable and no heavy stuff which he used to try and get us into. All fine, except for the dog.

Dan and I had gone out to the movies one night, and when I got back — I don't like to have him stay over, because I feel funny about having a man in the house with me when the kids are there, I mean a man I'm not married to. Some of my friends who are in the women's movement tell me this is dumb, and I suppose it is, in fact I know it is, but your feelings and the training you got that gave you those feelings don't change that easily. So I spend quite a lot of weekend afternoons at his place, or if the kids are away on a school trip or staying with friends he comes over — anyway, when I got home Ted and Jannie were in a terrific state. When they'd taken the dog his supper he had eaten it with them standing not six feet away. Jannie insisted that she had seen him wag his tail when they came out with the food. Ted wouldn't quite say that, but he was terribly pleased, he was smiling and joking in a way he hardly ever does. I think in a lot of ways he still hasn't got over his father. Jim walked out on us when Ted was six and Jannie three. She doesn't really remember him, I don't think, but of course Ted does. It took a long time before it felt like the three of us, without Jim, were a family. It was a tough bunch of years until I got the press job two years ago. I don't like to think about it. Anyway, it was very good to see him like that.

Of course I had to be taken downstairs — that was how I felt, as if I were being taken downstairs in someone else's house, to see some spectacle. The dog was lying in front of the cupboard. When he saw me he got up and moved away, but the kids called him, very softly, and eventually he came back and sat down again. And then he really did wag his tail, and Jannie and Ted looked at each other and then Jannie cried. Then it all got spoiled, because the dog couldn't cope with her tears — Jannie is a noisy crier — and began to bark and snap, and Ted tried to quiet him and couldn't, and finally I had to get us all upstairs again with the dog still creating inside the cupboard. But even this couldn't spoil their pleasure and conviction that the battle had been won, and they went off to bed quite happily. Before I went to bed I went downstairs again. I could see the dog at the back of the cupboard — the kids had put some old blankets there for him — and he was curled up in what did look like quite an at-home fashion. He got all stiffened up when he saw me, and growled, but he didn't get up, just lay there looking at me with those traffic-light eyes. I couldn't think what to say to him, so eventually I went back to bed.

Every day now some new development took place. First he would come up to them of his own accord when they took his food out. Then in the mornings when they let him into the back garden he would walk round them and try to lick their hands. All sorts of changes. Jannie and Ted still did their morning and afternoon shifts, but now they let their friends come over again and they spent time playing with the dog, throwing an old tennis ball for him, etc. And he got a name. They hadn't understood the name the Italian family had given him, so they tried calling him by every name they could think of, hoping by chance they'd hit what Jannie called his "real one", the one his original owners had given him. Since he'd obviously been miserably treated by whoever that was, I couldn't see that this was too good an idea, but they went on trying. Finally Jannie said she thought he pricked up his ears when they said Bill, and so Bill was his name. They called "Bill!" at him and used Bill eighteen times in every sentence they spoke to him till I thought I would go nuts. But they were right, he did respond, now he would come running clear across the garden to their call. And yet he wasn't quite right, somehow. It was as if this were a new

personality overlaid on the old, all the nervousness and snapping and nastiness were just covered up. If Ted or Jannie made an unexpected move or shouted suddenly Bill would revert, tail down, skulking, snarling — and then they would lower their voices and call him by name and he would go back into his new self and wag his tail.

Ted was happy, Jannie was happy, Bill I suppose was happier than he'd been in a long time if indeed he'd ever been so happy. Everyone was fine except me. And the cats. I think actually the cats and I reacted similarly. We felt sort of invaded. There was this presence in and around the house, this unpredictable creature with its bright green eyes, half snarl and half wag, that Jannie and Ted were absolutely obsessed with. Of course the cats wouldn't go near him. Tiger doesn't go out much anyhow, his idea of an energetic summer afternoon is lying on the living-room windowsill and moving every hour or so to keep up with the sun, but Rosemary is a hunter and a wanderer, and now all her exits and entrances were fraught with uncertainty and danger because of the damned dog. She took to going out late at night, after Bill had come in, and staying out till dawn and then sleeping most of the day. I sympathized with her, would rather have liked to do likewise.

By now it was about the middle of July. Jannie and Ted were working on phase two with Bill. They wanted to take him out for walks, to the beach and the park. This meant leash, coping with traffic, not getting freaked by crowds. I thought they were crazy to try it and said so, but they paid no attention. They practised with him in the garden, putting on the leash and taking it off, Jannie imitating the noises of trucks and cars, the two of them with their friends running around the dog in circles to simulate crowds so he would get used to being surrounded by movement. What Bill made of all this I cannot imagine. I swear you could see him trying to understand, to get this stuff right. It was pathetic. And then one of them would go too far, would jump or shout or fall, and there would instantly be the snarls and growls and running away with the tail between the legs; and then Jannie would call him gently and Ted would hold out his hand and all would be well again.

About this time, before they had actually taken him on an expedition, there occurred what Jannie said was an epoch in Bill's life. It was on one of those unexpectedly cool summer evenings when you think ahead a little nervously to fall and winter, and yet it's very welcome because it's such a nice change from the heat. It was quite late, and Bill was asleep downstairs. We'd been watching some special on tv, the life of Queen Elizabeth I I think, and afterwards decided to have a fire in the living-room fireplace and make milkshakes. Ted thought the combination of hot fire and cold milkshake would be interesting. So we were all sitting on the floor in front of the fire. I felt very happy. It seemed like an age since I'd really spent any time with the kids. Jannie was looking so beautiful, and I was suddenly struck with the notion that she wasn't a little girl any more. She'll be twelve in January, and though she's not into puberty yet there's something happening to her face, it's getting thinner or something, and her eyes are different. I thought back and figured that the change must have been quite recent, since school. Ted looked the other way around, childlike, usually he is so serious, but he was enjoying the fire and the milkshake and patting Rosemary, who was purring on his lap like an engine she was so pleased to be with him again. Tiger was lying on his cushion and looking into the fire.

Then we heard very slow steps in the hall. The kids knew what it was immediately and when I saw their expressions I figured it out too. We waited as the sounds came closer, and then Bill's head appeared around the door. "Be really still, Mum," Ted whispered. Slowly, slowly the dog came into the cont'd on page 44

VANCOUVER'S FOURTH AVE. ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The history of 4th Avenue is quite remarkable. It has always reflected the nature of the residents who shop there — from the settlers who arrived with the first street car line in 1909 to the beaded dreamers of the sixties. With the rising interest in craftsmanship and individuality of the seventies, 4th Avenue has become a focal point for customers who are searching for uniqueness which cannot be achieved in mass production.

NATURAL FOOD STORE



LIFESTREAM

1813 WEST 4th AVE., VANCOUVER, B.C. V6J 1M4

736-2495

MON. — SAT. 10:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.
SUN. 12:00 NOON TO 7:00 P.M.



STONE PONY * Pottery & Crafts, 1750 W 4th * 731-3315

QUALITY B.C. POTTERY AT REASONABLE PRICES

ON THE WIND

LEATHER & SILVER

Custom Work in Precious
Metals and Stones

PRENTICE LEE
DAVID LUCE

1879 West 4 th. Ave.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

732-1713

The Canadian Scientific Society for Pollution and Environment Control (S.P.E.C.) has their headquarters at 2007 W. 4th Avenue. They are a research and action group working to preserve the environment.

2007 W. 4th Avenue also houses the Greenpeace Foundation

In 1971, the Vancouver Status of Women opened their offices at 2029 W. 4th Avenue.



GOOD TIMES

ANTIQU
CLOTHI
AND
COLLECTABLES

1833 W.4TH AVE.
VANCOUVER
736-4023

OXFAM TRADING
STORE
1877 West 4th Ave.,
Vancouver

- crafts imported from developing countries.
- volunteers always needed.
- please call 736-1717



VOODOO! WITCHCRAFT! IN WESTERN CANADA!!

There is now a place in Vancouver where Voodoo and Black and White Magic are practiced. Occult Items and Supplies are available at:

HOUSE OF CROSSROADS
OCCULT CENTRE

734-1913

1869 W. 4th Avenue

Kitsilano is well-served by transit services; the greatest walking distance to a bus route is about four blocks.

St. Crispin's
 custom sandals,
 k.b. honey,
 pipes, etc.

1926 4th AVE. 734-1512

To a lot of people, we're the ONLY plant shop in Vancouver. Come in and find out why: an incredible variety of carefully-tended house-plants, flowering gift plants and indoor gardening supplies. Service that we know you won't find elsewhere. And prices that are, more often than not, Vancouver's LOWEST. Maybe we can help YOU?

THE
 POTTING
 SHED

2076 W. FOURTH
 732-7135



Looking East on Fourth Avenue from West of MacDonald Street, September 18, 1928, Vancouver Archives.

WESTERN CANADA'S
 LARGEST SUPPLIER OF
 ARTS & CRAFTS
 MATERIAL

Pat's
**Creator's
 Corner**

- GASTOWN
- EDMONTON
- 4th/ARBUTUS

For information:
 Ph. 689-7131

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

In the mid-1800's,
 stylish West-End Ed-
 wardians rowed across
 the mouth of False
 Creek for a day's ex-
 cursion to Greers
 Beach, now Kits
 Beach, mingling with
 the squatters who
 populated this resort
 area.

S777

SILVER MARKET

1968 West 4th Avenue
 Vancouver 731-4412

Precious and
 Semi-Precious Stones

Original Jewelry
 Custom Designs
 Gold and Silver

J. TAYOUR



CANDLES OF DISTINCTION
 2294 West 4th 732-5544

Quality Handcrafted Candles

MENTION MAKARA —
 10% OFF ALL CANDLES



BACK TO EDEN

NATURAL / HEALTH FOOD STORE
 AND SNACK BAR

10% OFF WITH THIS AD
 OFFER EXPIRES MAY 31ST, 1976
 731-6022 2290 W. 4TH



FIRE & WATER
 QUALITY
WATERBEDS
 FRAMES & ACCESSORIES

THE HANDCRAFTED
 SILVERWORK
 DESIGNED BY DAVID...

2177 WEST 4 AVENUE 738-5515



The Local Area Planning Office, located at 2384 W. 4th Avenue, encourages residents to become involved in the development and planning of their community.

THE
Leatherbox

VANCOUVER'S OLDEST AND FINEST CUSTOM LEATHER SHOP

2645 West 4th Avenue — Telephone 731-5622

THE
OTHER SIDE
2649
W 4TH
736
9093
CRAFT FAIR

Kitsilano: "Man of the Lake", after Chief Khatsahlanaugh of the Squamish Indian Band who established a village 150 years ago at Prospect Point.

VANCOUVER 2936 W. 4th Avenue
CRAFTS & KITES 731-7822
Fine Hand-Crafted Goods from Across North America
Kites—Beads—Macrame Supplies
Stained Glass Classes & Supplies

The Kitsilano Information Centre at 2741 W. 4th Avenue provides information on community happenings as well as referrals to housing, babysitting, odd jobs, etc.

RARE DISCOVERY
FINE LEATHER, JEWELLERY AND
LADIES' WEAR

2641 W 4TH 732-8252

A TOUCH OF GLASS
Retailers Ltd.
"Is a Touch of Class"
Specializing in
Stained Glass & Supplies & Custom Work
2146 W. 4th, Vancouver
734-2118
STAINED GLASS CLASSES

Renters United for Secure Housing has an office at 2150 W. 4th Avenue.

FISH
BAKLAWA

ORIGINAL DESIGNS
HANDMADE CLOTHES
2742 W 4TH AVE.
731-8992

Bimini
LICENSED PREMISES
OPEN FOR LUNCH
NEIGHBOURHOOD PUB
2010 W. 4TH AVENUE
738-2714

THE END

room and walked over to us. He licked Jannie's outstretched hand and wagged and wagged his tail. He smelled my long blue robe. And then dammit if he didn't lie down. He lay down between Ted and Jannie and put his head on his paws and stared at the fire. He was trembling and I thought that if any of us breathed too loud he'd go snarly. But he did it. He lay down with us in front of the fire. The cats left, of course, withdrew to chair and top of bookcase respectively and gazed at the intruder. We all sat very still. Then at the same time Ted and Jannie started patting him, very slowly and gently, and gradually the shaking stopped, you could see his body relax, and he even closed his eyes.

After that of course my rule about Bill staying downstairs went down the tube. He was a whole-house dog and revelled in it. And did he shed. He shed drifts of hair on chairs, bathmat, the kids' bedspreads — Ted altered a habit of years and left his room door open so Bill could sleep on his bed if he wanted to — on carpets, everywhere. And he followed Jannie and Ted around as though they were magnets and he was a piece of metal. He went with them to their friends' houses, to the park, to the beach, in cars, down to the corner store for milk and cigarettes. He didn't seem to favour one over another, they were both wonderful and he wanted to be with them all the time. With me he was cool and reserved. I suppose he knew what my attitude was. If they were both out, say if they'd gone to a beach where you couldn't take dogs, he would sit on the porch or lie by the basement door and just wait. If I fed him he would eat all right, but I didn't get any of the barks of joy or tailwagging that they did when they brought him food.

Now we were into the last few days of July, and I was beginning to make preparations for the kids to go off. Jannie seemed to have grown about a yard since the summer before, and needed new everything for camp. Ted also needed new everything but fought it; he is the kind who will wear clothes until they literally fall apart at the seams. So we were quite busy with these and other preparations. On the sixth of August my brother and his family were due to come and collect Ted for the California trip, and on the seventh Jannie's bus would leave for three weeks' camp on the Sunshine Coast. The last two days of July and the first few of August were planned as my special treat for me. I do this every year, take a week and go off quite by myself. The kids in previous years would stay with friends, but this year of course there was the dog. I said "I told you so," but since I had semi-planned anyway that this year they could stay in the house by themselves, with Dan looking in occasionally, I didn't sound very convincing, and so it was arranged.

I went to Yellow Point Lodge on the Island. It's a nice place, a huge old long low building right on the water, massive fireplaces, rocks, trees, good food and lots of silence. Most people go there in families and are the kind who don't speak to strangers, which suited me fine. I had five days of sleeping late, golfing, lying in the sun, reading *Emma* which I had saved for its annual re-read specially for this time, sitting on the rocks watching the sunsets, driving and walking along the leafy roads and lanes. Of course I thought a lot about the kids. I imagine most parents do when they're away from their children. You find they seem quite different in absentia, you perceive them in ways you don't when you're in the middle of living with them. I thought about the dog, too, and I felt badly about the way I'd acted towards Bill. I was really impressed, I had to admit it to myself, with the way the kids had taken him on and done so well with him. I could never have done that, and it's a weird feeling to realize that a child who came pint-size and squealing and purply-grey out of your own body can do something you just plain couldn't. I also realized that this was the first really major project — certainly of Jannie's life and probably of Ted's too — that either

of them had gone into without *any* support or assistance or input from me. All I had contributed was negativism. I won't say I felt I'd done wrong, because I didn't; or at least I felt that if the same situation arose again I'd act as I had before, which I guess I felt cut out a bit — let's face it, Jannie and Ted and Bill were such a threesome and I was an outsider really. Also of course I just plain didn't *like* Bill. He gave me the creeps. But I thought that when I went back, and most certainly when the kids were away, I would do what I could to relate to the dog and get to know him.

The moment I got home I knew something was wrong. It was around mid-afternoon, when normally Jannie and Ted would have been out somewhere with the dog, but instead the three of them were sitting on the livingroom floor in front of the fireplace. They looked awful. "My god, what's happened?" I asked, and dropped my suitcase and came over to them. Ted looked up at me miserably. "Bill's sick," he said, "look." He and Jannie got up and walked to the end of the livingroom and called the dog. He got up and I saw that even his getting up didn't look right, and when he went towards them I saw the limp. It wasn't the hop-skip dogs and cats do when they've bruised a paw and are just resting it a bit. His whole right back leg was stiff, dragging, and it seemed to me that the rigidity extended even over his back and that his left leg was moving awkwardly too. There was something wrong with the way he was holding his head, it was at a weird angle. When he reached them he didn't really lie down, he sort of fell down. It was horrible.

It turned out that Ted and Jannie had noticed ten days or so before that Bill wasn't walking right. They had thought maybe he was stiff from the terrific amount of stick-chasing and running and jumping he did with them, but then they saw it get worse. They hadn't told me — and of course the message was clear though unspoken that I hadn't noticed it myself — because they didn't want to spoil my holiday. Now he was clearly very ill. As all animal-owners will have guessed already, this was late on Saturday afternoon; the vet's was closed until Monday morning. We knew from experience with the cats that there was no point in phoning or trying to get emergency service unless an animal was blatantly hemorrhaging to death, which Bill wasn't. He was even hungry, and Ted brought him a supper-tray.

Sunday was awful, and there's no more to be said about it — except that on top of the trouble with Bill we were all aware that Monday evening my brother was due to pick Ted up and depart with him Tuesday, and that Jannie's bus left at noon Tuesday. None of us said anything about that.

Monday morning I phoned work — I was supposed to go back that day — and said I had sunstroke, and bang at nine the three of us plus Bill were standing outside the vet's office. Jannie and Ted held Bill in their arms. His trust was total. He allowed himself to be carried into the examining room, which smelled nasty as ever of ether and Lysol, and laid on the cold table below the walls of glittering painful-looking instruments. He never struggled or snarled or went neurotic. Our vet is good, I'll say that for him even though he doesn't work weekends; he really is one of those people whose touch apparently says to a terrified animal "I'm okay," and I think he saw from the terrified expressions on the kids' faces that this was a desperate situation. He told us very gently that we could leave Bill now, and he would call us later.

We went home and waited. I smoked half a pack of cigarettes in slightly over two hours. Jannie and Ted lay on the grass in the yard and I sat on the steps. Jannie looked longer and thinner than ever, I got flashes of what she would look like as a grown woman. The phone rang and I jumped up so fast I tripped over the top step and barked my shin badly. It was my brother. They

were in Kamloops and would be with us by supertime they hoped. They were going to make a stop to see Hell's Gate. He sounded terrific. I went back and told the kids. They said nothing and lay down again. I smoked some more. Finally the damned vet did call, or rather the clinic nurse did, and said would we come over now.

We went, silent in the car down the sunny streets, and the vet talked to us while Bill lay trembling on the kids' laps as they sat together on the brown plastic-covered couch. The vet was very gentle, and supplied a box of kleenex in an unostentatious kind of way. He told us that Bill had cancer. I didn't know dogs got cancer. You learn something new every day. There was nothing that could be done for him. He had maybe six weeks to live, only if he were let live that long the last few weeks would be nothing but pain. It would be best to put him to sleep, I hate that phony term, right away.

Ted said in the voice of a middle-aged man, "When people have cancer they get painkillers, don't they?" The vet said Yes, and Jannie said, "Can you give Bill painkillers?" The vet said Yes, he could give him drugs, and he would certainly be fairly comfortable with them for a while, but the thing was so far advanced that that while wouldn't be very long. A couple of weeks perhaps. Jannie and Ted looked at me. The vet I guess sensed what was coming, for he murmured something about being back in a few minutes and took off. My heart was beating like mad, I've never felt so required, yes required, by what I saw as the best interests of my children to say things to them that I knew would make them hate me.

"Look," I said, and my voice was shaking—I was frightened—"you heard what he said. Only a couple of weeks without pain, probably not totally without, all doped up anyway. You've looked forward to these trips for months. If you don't go what will you have had of summer? You love Bill, I know you do. The best thing you can do for him is let him go peacefully right now." It all sounded remarkably irrelevant.

Jannie said in a tight even voice, looking at the floor and holding Bill's tail, "You always tell us we have to learn to make our own decisions. Now we make one and you tell us we can't. You just say that about decisions so we'll make the ones you want us to."

Ted said, "Bill is more important to me than Disneyland and if you weren't so cold you'd know that."

And so it was settled. Feeling like a zombie, with Ted and Jannie's words going round in my head as if they were on some sort of p.a. system, I called the vet back and said we were going to take Bill home. He gave us a bottle of pills for him and looked at the kids and said matter-of-factly, "When it's time you bring him back." Then we drove home.

By mid-afternoon I had stopped feeling shockwaves at what the kids had said to me and was bitterly hurt and angry. I told Jannie she would have to phone the camp office herself and explain why she wasn't coming to camp. I pointed out to her that the—substantial—deposit I had made on the camp fees would not be refunded at this late date. She looked at me with contempt. I told Ted he must explain to his uncle why he wasn't coming to Disneyland, and pointed out to him that my brother and his family had made a nine-hundred-mile detour specially to pick him up. He looked at me with contempt. They both did what I'd told them. The camp leader called me back after her conversation with Jannie, obviously wanting to put a bit of starch into the sagging backbone of a weakminded parent. I did not oblige her, but said shortly that Jannie's decision was hers and that was that. My brother kept me up until two in the morning telling me what a rotten job I was doing as a single parent and strongly hinting I should get married again—this after a totally exhausting evening of coping with him, his wife,

their three kids aged eight through fourteen, and the fact that Jannie and Ted spent the entire time with Bill in the basement, surfacing for dinner only when I went downstairs and lost my temper royally. When I finally got to bed I actually cried, something I've not done in years, with hurt for myself and sorrow for the kids and anger at the damned world that lets dogs get cancer and produces stupid ignorant men. I got to sleep very late indeed, and when I looked at myself in the mirror at work the next day I thought I'd aged about a decade. Some holiday.

My brother and his family took off, duly, without Ted; the day and hour of Jannie's camp departure passed; and then we settled down into the routine of Bill's last weeks. I was working mornings at the press, and was out of the house before the kids and Bill were up. When they got up they went immediately down to the basement and brought Bill up to the kitchen so they could be with him while they had breakfast. They gave him his morning dose of painkiller, did whatever chores or errands they had to, and then took him outside and put him on the grass in the back yard. Then Jannie went on with the *Anne* series, and Ted with his carpentry, and so they spent the morning. They played cards too, and worked in the garden, and had their friends over in a quiet kind of way; and every now and then they moved Bill so he would get full sunlight on him, or a little refreshing shade. At noon I came home and we had lunch. Meals were rather silent, because Ted and Jannie were totally preoccupied with Bill and I was still feeling so damn hurt and rejected I could hardly talk to them. In the afternoons Bill usually slept, and the kids would take off to the beach or to friends' houses or somewhere. They would get back latish in the afternoon and give Bill another slug of medicine. Then they would start fussing about what to give him for dinner. His appetite went down rapidly, though he seemed thirsty still, and I found myself getting meaty bones from the butcher and boiling them up for stock, thinking this would at least give him a little nourishment. After supper they brought him inside and put him on a special mat—this in deference to my fur-shedding phobia—in front of the fireplace. The late August nights were cool and we often had fires. Bill would lie looking into the fire while the kids read or talked or watched tv—early on they simply brought the tv up to the livingroom from the tv room in the basement and I couldn't think of any reason to tell them to take it back, though I hate having the damn idiot tube upstairs. Then just before Jannie went to bed they gave him his last dose, and carried him downstairs and put him in his cupboard on the pile of blankets.

During that last fortnight you could see the two Bills fighting each other. The old snarling and growling and snapping came back, or tried to; if one of them touched him too hard in patting him or made a sudden noise he would go into his neurotic act and then as it were shake himself out of it, try not to do that. Or the pain would come on him and he would whine and move, trying to get away from it, and one of them would stroke him gently and he would stop, gradually, and his tail would wag and those great green eyes would blink affectionately. Actually I don't think he had much real pain; I think he felt weird, I even think he knew he was dying, but I can't say I think he was unhappy.

The kids looked terrible. Jannie produced a couple of tiny down-turning lines at the corners of her mouth. Ted talked less and less, and he's not what you'd call a chatterbox anyway. The cats moved around the house more freely than before, because Bill was pretty stationary, but they still stayed clear of him and that meant staying clear of Ted and Jannie because they were always with Bill. I was wretched. I couldn't stand seeing the kids like this, they'd turned into a pair of hard-eyed judgmental strangers, my solitary August had gone up in smoke, there was

this dying presence in the house, Dan sent stupid supposedly witty postcards from Toronto and Montreal, there were problems at work because of a strike in the forest industry and the paper we needed for the major publication in the fall wasn't going to be available. The weather continued beautiful.

About the twenty-third of August I thought the time had come. Bill didn't seem to be in any more pain, really, but his eyes had a peculiar expression in them and he was having a lot of trouble not being snarly. I wished desperately that Jannie and Ted would take him in and get it over with. I was afraid that if they didn't the struggle within Bill would be totally won by the snarly snapping painridden personality and the end would be even more horrible for them because they would have to remember him like that. But I forced myself, it took incredible restraint, not to say anything to them. I can't remember when I've tried so hard not to do something. Partly I was saying to myself, "All right, you want to make your own decisions, you can damn well make them then and see how you like it" — this in a quite vengeful way; and partly I did honestly think it was important for them to do exactly that; and partly I was so full of admiration for the two of them, their patience, their love, their work and determination to make the blasted dog's last days as happy as they could, because he'd had so little. I couldn't bring myself to speak. So I waited. It got almost unbearable.

The night of the twenty-fifth I woke up around three, feeling that something was going on in the house. I put on my long blue robe and went into the livingroom and there the three of them were, sitting in front of the fireplace, in the dark. Bill was lying across Ted's lap and Jannie was stroking him. He was whining, short continuous whines of pain. The kids were silent. I felt them both tense up when I came in, and I sat down as quietly as I could. I didn't say anything and after a few minutes I felt their tension go away. We all sat there in silence. I looked at Bill's eyes. Green as traffic lights.

After a while I said, as softly and gently as I could, "We should get some sleep now. Tomorrow's going to be a long day."

"It's today, really," said Jannie, and got up. "Come on, Ted." They put a blanket over the whimpering dog and patted him a little more, and we went back to bed. I didn't sleep any more, but they did; god knows how long they'd been up with him, but at eight-thirty I had to go up and wake them both out of deep, deep sleep. They didn't want any breakfast, so I had some instant coffee and a smoke with Bill in the livingroom while I waited for them to get dressed.

They had a box to put him in, they thought he was more comfortable lying flat than in their arms, and we put it on the front seat of the car and they got in the back. It was another beautiful day, fresh and cool and sunny. We got to the vet's just as they were opening up. The waiting room had the ether smell still, mixed with stale overnight air. The vet arrived a few minutes later. He sat with the kids on the brown plastic-covered couch and patted Bill for a bit. He wasn't whining any more. Then the vet asked, "Do you want to take him home after, to bury him?" My god, I hadn't even thought of that, I couldn't bear it, not the pathetic little funeral in the back yard and always looking at the spot which covered a beloved animal, no no. I bit my tongue, hard.

Jannie said, "No." I saw that Ted was trying to say No too, but his voice had vanished.

"Okay then," said the vet, and stood up holding Bill in his arms. Ted and Jannie stood up very quickly and they both patted Bill and his green eyes glinted at them. They both said Goodbye, Bill, very softly, just once. The vet looked at me and I found myself stretching out my hand and patting Bill and saying goodbye. For once in his life the damned dog didn't snarl at

my touch. Then the vet went away through the white door into the mysterious back part of the clinic, and we were alone.

Somehow we all got ourselves into the front seat of the car and I started driving. I only got as far as the shopping centre a couple of blocks away. I just drove aimlessly into the parking lot and turned in between a tomato-coloured sports car and a blue station-wagon, I almost hit the station-wagon because I was crying so hard, and turned off the engine. The kids came into my arms or I went into theirs, I don't know which, and we sat there all tangled up with the steering-wheel and the gear-shift and cried and cried and cried. Ted was even louder than Jannie. I don't ever remember crying in front of the kids before, not even when Jim left us. I said, "I love you, you know, I love you so much, you're so great, it's just that I can't say it very well," and they hugged me and we tried to find kleenex in the glove compartment and of course there wasn't any. Then there was a knock on the car window and there was the parking-lot attendant, a young guy looking all embarrassed and worried, asking if we were all right. I still couldn't talk, and Jannie had the hiccups. Ted said, "Our dog just died, please go away." "Oh sure, sure," said the boy, and went off almost at a run. Jannie's hiccups turned into laughter and we all started laughing, with tears mixed in, and I suppose it was another ten minutes or so before we even began to calm down. I remembered that I'd forgotten to call work to say I wouldn't be in. I couldn't have cared less.

We went home then, and of course there was Bill's special mat in front of the fireplace, and his jar of beef stock on the kitchen counter, and so on. Ted almost started crying again, and Jannie said simply, "No, don't, we'd better do all this now." So the three of us went round the house and picked up all his things, blankets, ball, medicine bottle, food dishes, an old bone, and put them all in a garbage bag and Ted took it out to the lane for pickup later in the morning. Then we went to the beach. It was the first time the whole summer the three of us had gone together. Third Beach was not very crowded, surprisingly, and we stayed till almost six o'clock. We all slept for a couple of hours in the afternoon. We didn't talk much but that was all right. I felt as if I were with two very old and very dear friends.

That evening the mother of one of Jannie's friends phoned to ask if she and Ted would like to go with their family to Long Beach for the last week of the holidays. We spent till eleven that night getting them all packed and ready, and they drove off early next morning, waving at me out of the back of the Marsh's stationwagon and looking like kids again. Dan called me at work that morning, fresh back from his jaunts in the east. I told him we'd have to get together sometime soon and talk, I wasn't satisfied with the way we were dealing with each other; I thought I was using him as a crutch and while I hadn't figured out yet exactly how he was using me I didn't think I'd like it. I worked clear through the rest of the week and one day of the weekend and got about a million things organized and dealt with. Sunday I played eighteen holes of golf, and thought non-stop about myself and the kids. Labour Day I cleaned the house top to bottom. There was a hell of a lot of Bill's hair in the vacuum bag when I emptied it. Late that night the kids got home, they'd had a wonderful time, and the next day school started. Summer was over.

Now it's November. The rains have begun. Ted is doing another carpentry course. He gave me the night-table-bookcase for my birthday last week. Now he is making a chess-table for Jannie for Christmas. He really does beautiful work. Jannie's teacher says she is exceptionally good at math. She's far quicker than I ever remember being. She wrote a paper on *Anne of Green Gables* that she got an A for. She talks to me less now, and Ted more — Jannie's talk is more serious and Ted's less,

LETTERS

Dear Editorial Persons:

Although this is not a friendly letter, I would first like to congratulate you on the absolutely beautiful first issue. An impressive amount of knowledge and labour must have gone into producing such an unusually high quality of art and layout.

As everyone knows, however, beauty is only skin deep, and some of the magazine was just empty of content. The Fournier article and Rogers story have convinced me that future issues will have quality content as well as appearance. Also the magazine looks like it was fun — that people enjoyed putting it together.

Nevertheless, I feel the need to express my displeasure with the articles on Tantra sex, or whatever it was called. I've had it up to here with gurus. When I was young, the big deal was Dale Carnegie and Billy Graham and I can't see that the gurus are any different. Still, if they stuck to making money, I could probably tolerate them. It's this sexual instruction stuff that really turns me off. Just when I think we've had all the possible instructions on how to fuck, more gets vomited out.

In the first place, the instructions are always aimed at men (and no wonder they are going impotent, poor things). Nowhere in either of the two articles are the special circumstances of women mentioned. Like, suppose the woman has sore breasts, either premenstrually or from the pill, and doesn't want to hug for an hour? Or suppose she has to go to the bathroom every half hour, again from being on the pill, is she likely to have a relaxed necking session? If she's using the diaphragm and sex is supposed to happen in a "natural"

fashion, how does she know when and if to insert the diaphragm? If a woman has just received a series of obscene phone calls and been hassled on her way down to the yoga sessions is she likely to feel good about men, or about her role as a sex object? Does the guru keep a supply of penicillin on hand for when his instructions help spread VD? "One thing I was taught," the jock fella says, "was always to let the woman be on top in the sexual act." Always? Why? What if the woman doesn't want to be on top? Is "non-sexism" just another way to make absolute rules for women's behaviour?

I could go on, but the most offensive part of the article is not simply that it ignores the mechanical difficulties women encounter. The articles are nothing more than the *Playboy*, men's magazines', view of sex. Nowhere — NOWHERE — is it stated or even implied that the relationship between the partners has anything to do with the subject. Well, if you don't care about the guy and if you never see him again, what difference does it make if it was a good fuck or not? Concentration on technique without consideration of the relationship is horribly alienating. While we are prowling the alleys in search of a good fuck, who is going to clear the rooms of dead bodies when more and more people decide that death is preferable to alienation? And who will stop the glorification of the psychopath — the ultimate in capitalist masculinity — who feels neither love nor hate; needs neither security nor human contact?

And who is going to raise the children? Contrary to popular male belief, children are not found in cabbage

patches. Not only that, many people want to have children in spite of *Playboy* and the gurus who would have us be as cold and sterile as the society that spawned us.

Playboy is, after all, only for those men who can afford wall-to-wall shag rugs, so let's not bother tuning in on messages meant for others. As women and workers, it is for us to worry about child care, community, health care, organization, human relationships. Let the ruling class worry about relaxation and agonize after orgasm. We have more rewarding things to do.

Yours truly,
Helen Potrebenco
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear MAKARA,

Just finished Dec/75 issue — I've been waiting all fall to find one out at last. Enjoyed it tremendously and wish you much luck for coming issues.

Very excited and pleased to find it carried here at this windy outpost where the men are men, etc.

Many thanks!

Jane Wilde
Queen Charlotte City, B.C.

Dear Patricia, Josie, Anno, Margo, Colette, Bonnie, Jeannine, Karen, Nora, Elizabeth, Dvora and Michael;

I loved the first issue of Makara — beautifully done.

This magazine makes me feel good — what else can I say.

Best regards,
Nancy Fisk
St. Paul
d'Abbotsford,
Quebec

(Good luck, Keep it up, Be very happy)

BILL cont'd from page 46
and that's good.

The new people next door have a cat, a Maltese. Rosemary chases him, and Tiger sits on the windowsill and looks out at her through the rain, his tail twitching.

Dan's been seeing a young woman who's doing a book with the press, a book on lichens, and I think that's the way it's going to go. That's all right. Next time I get involved with someone I'm going to play it very differently. He can move in with me for all I care.

Bill's hair still turns up in the vacuum bag a bit, and last week Jannie found a mouldy bone under the laundry tub in the basement.

These days I feel alone but I don't feel lonely, if you know what I mean, though I still don't understand quite how all this happened.

That damned dog.

I always thought I was a sensible straightforward kind of a woman; why do things like this happen to me?

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

JOSIE COOK is an artist with the MAKARA collective.

MARGO DUNN is a freelance writer whose work has been published in MAKARA (no. 2) and *Room of One's Own*.

CYNTHIA FLOOD is an instructor at Vancouver City College, and has been active in the Women's Movement in Vancouver for the last 6 years.

COLETTE FRENCH is an artist on staff with MAKARA.

FIONA GARRICK was born in Scotland and lived and studied in Montreal before coming to Vancouver 3 years ago. She received a Canada Council Award in 1975. She illustrated a children's book, *Bonnie McSmithers, You're Driving Me Dithers*, distributed by Women's Press (in the East) and soon to be available from Press Gang (in the West). Interested in photography, Fiona teaches children's art classes in North Vancouver.

PHIL HERSEE worked for *Vogue*, London before coming to Vancouver. His work has appeared in *Popular Photography's* Woman Annual in 1972. Now self-employed, Phil says he enjoys photographing people most, and especially enjoyed working with Alanis. He hopes to involve himself more with the native Indian movement in presenting their culture to the public.

BARB HOLDACK is a full-time letter carrier. She is also the first woman to be registered in Vancouver Vocational Institute's Automotive Tune-Up Technician course; she has an independent mobile auto repair business. In her spare time, Barb coaches a woman's soccer team and plays field hockey and softball.

FRAN ISAACS: *I have been writing poems, among other things, off and on for about 10 years and am happy to have them published once in a while.*

ROSE MARIE LARSSON lives in Vancouver with 2 children. She is involved in a collectively-run school for children, The Real Life School. Rose Marie studied with the Synergy Company in 1974-75 and taught movement classes for adults during the past year.

ANNIE LEE is a freelance writer living in Vancouver.

JEANNINE MITCHELL is on staff with MAKARA. She also freelances and her work has recently been published in *Room of One's Own* (no. 3).

KAREN MUNTEAN is a staff artist with MAKARA.

NATALIE NOVOTNY-GREEN is a Slavophile who thrives on contrasts: monumental sculpture paired with a miniature, plastic flowers with silk fabrics, Mexican religious objects with ancient Chinese sculpture. She also enjoys absurdities, puns and psychic phenomena.

JUDI OSBURN lives in Vancouver and has been a photographer for 8 years. She has exhibited in Vancouver's Gallery of Photography; the National Film Board has purchased one of her photographs for its permanent collection.

ANNE POPPERWELL enjoyed a one-woman exhibition at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre during the month of February. Her work has appeared in MAKARA, no. 1.

E. SANDS is now working as an attractive attendant at a health spa.

MARION R. SMITH of Red Deer, Alta. has had 2 books of poetry published by Red Deer College Press. A third will be published shortly but is presently delayed due to funding (the usual problem for small presses).

DVORA TRACHTENBERG is staff photographer for MAKARA.

SAEKO USUKAWA is a freelance editor and sometime writer. Her poetry was presented in MAKARA's second issue.

SARAH WELLINGTON is a freelance photographer who has taken dance at Synergy for the past year and is the Company's photographer. She also works at Loma Lodge, a half-way house in Vancouver.

NOTES ON OTHER STUFF:

PUBLICATIONS BY CLAIRE CULHANE:

"Behead and Cure: The Truth Behind Canada's Medical Aid to Vietnam", in *Canadian Dimensions*, December, 1968.

"Canada's Complicity in Vietnam", in *Weekend Magazine*, October 11, 1969.

"Life, not Death, Should be our Business", in *Weekend Magazine*, July 3, 1971.

"Canada in Vietnam", in *Bias* (Special Issue), Vol. 2, No. 8, April, 1972, Vancouver, B.C.

"Canada: The Butcher's Helper", in Frank Browning & Dorothy Forman, eds., *The Wasted Nations*, Harper Colophon Books, Harper & Row, N.Y., 1972.

Une Quebecoise au Vietnam, Editions Quebecoises, Montreal, Quebec, 1972.

Why is Canada in Vietnam? — The Truth about our Foreign Aid, N.C. Press Ltd., Toronto, 1972.

"Canada in Vietnam", in *This Magazine*, Vol. 7, No. 1, May-June, 1973, Toronto.

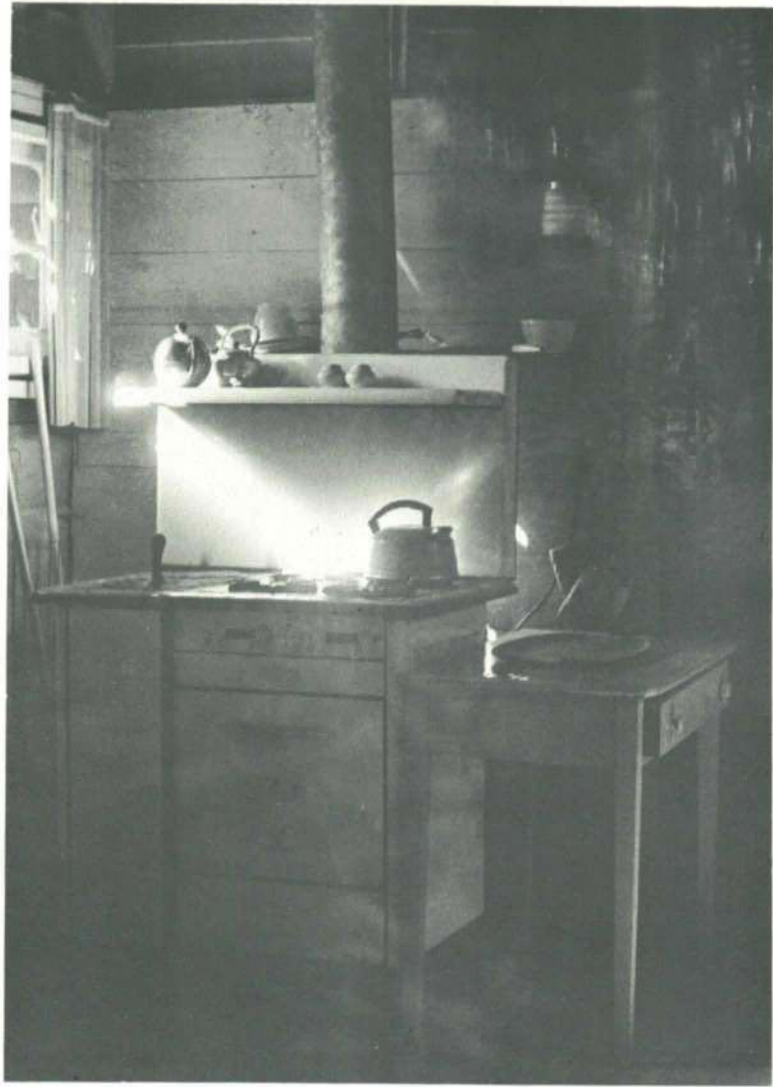
"Canada and Vietnam", in *Our Generation*, Vol. 9, No. 2, June 1973, Montreal, Quebec.

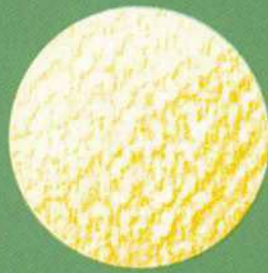
Full-sized, black and white prints of FIONA GARRICK'S *Lily's Flowers* are available for \$30. through MAKARA.

SYNERGY workshops are held at the Western Front Lodge, 303 East 8th Avenue, Vancouver (738-2333, between 10-12 a.m. for registration fees and schedule information). Visitors are welcome to attend. Guest workshops can be arranged.

Brochures and descriptive films on ALANIS OBOMSAWIN are available from Don Hopkins, Executive Producer, Multi-Media Division, National Film Board of Canada, P.O. Box 6100, Montreal.

photograph by JUDI OSBURN





MAKARA

1011 COMMERCIAL DR.
VANCOUVER, B.C.