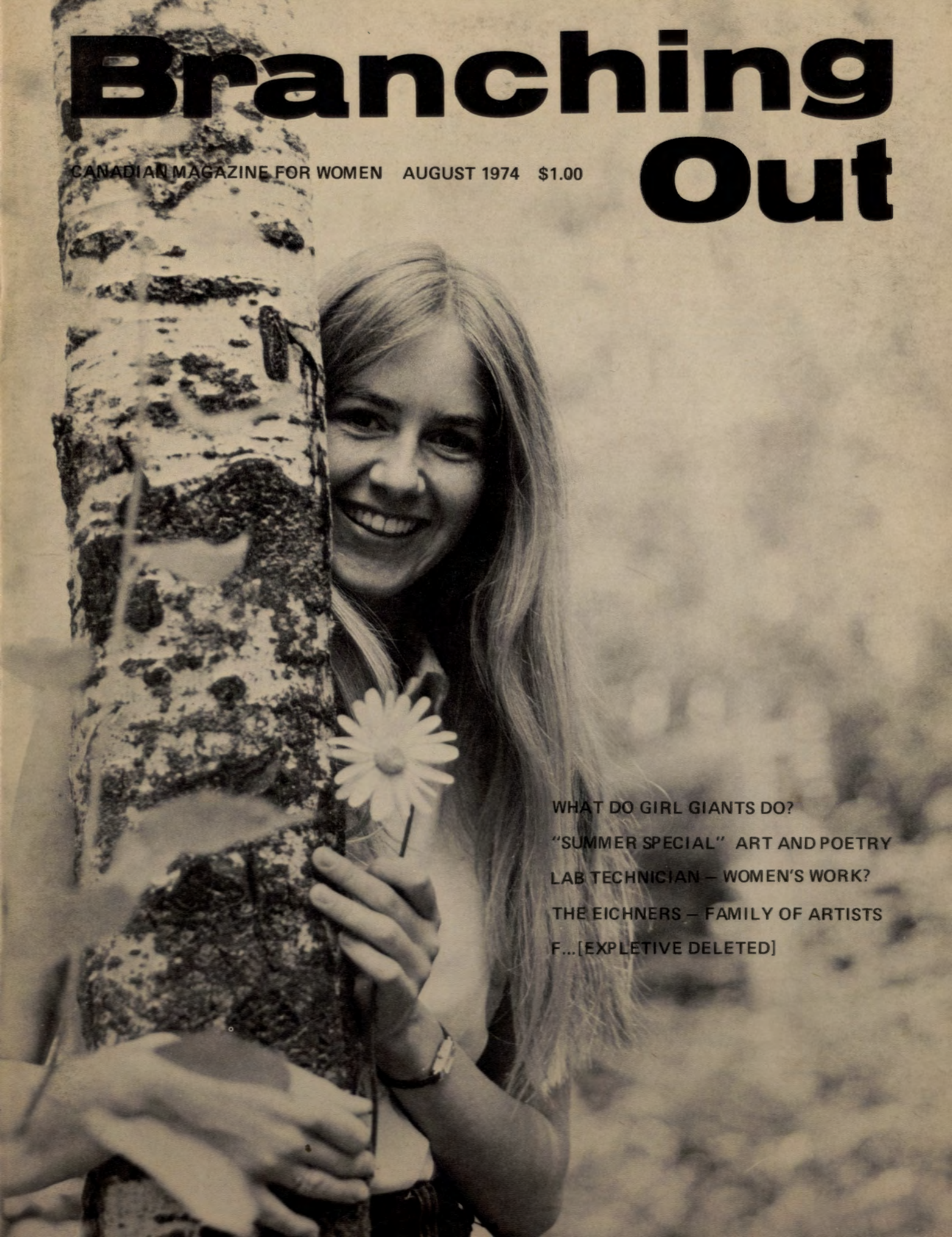


Branching Out

CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AUGUST 1974 \$1.00



WHAT DO GIRL GIANTS DO?

"SUMMER SPECIAL" ART AND POETRY

LAB TECHNICIAN — WOMEN'S WORK?

THE EICHNERS — FAMILY OF ARTISTS

F...[EXPLETIVE DELETED]



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Branching Out is published every two months by the New Women's Magazine Society, Edmonton, Alberta. Please send all correspondence to **Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1**. Submissions should be typed, double-spaced and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Advertising rates are available on request.

Volume 1, Number 3, August 1974.

letters

We welcome letters to Branching Out on any topic. We reserve the right to edit letters, and will assume we may publish part or all of any letter received unless the sender states otherwise.

The magazine was extremely interesting and both my daughters and I thoroughly enjoyed not only the content of the articles but the style in which you published the various material.

Jeanne Loughheed, Edmonton, Alberta

You have made an excellent start and I think your magazine can go places. However, I must agree with one of the letters in the March/April issue which stated that if the magazine is to be successful, it must have a more general appeal, rather than exclusively catering to the educated woman. But perhaps this will come with time, and with an expanded audience- i.e. cross-Canada.

Mrs. J. Boland, Toronto, Ontario

Canada is finally producing a non-radical Feminist magazine. Congratulations to all involved. It will be great to get the Canadian women's viewpoint on current matters. Here in W. Germany, the Canadian Armed Forces community has little to offer in the way of stimulating reading and "doing" for the average intelligent woman.

Pat Hetrick, Germany

I was very pleased to hear about the starting of your magazine - its about time Canadian feminists had their own. Jane Goundrey, Womens Affairs, Memorial University, Newfoundland

Think you're off to an excellent start and glad you're not all glitter and gloss. Keep up the good work and I'll keep reading and passing the word.

Leone Pippard, Toronto, Ontario

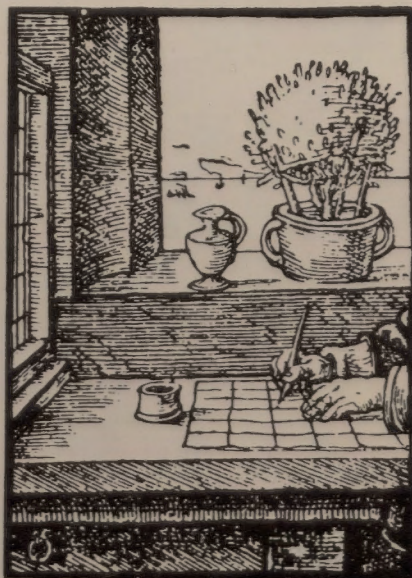
Congratulations on an excellent start and best wishes for your continuing success!

I particularly like the sensitive photography, the column "Both Sides Now" and your interview article.

Sylvia Van Kirk, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Although I had heard about your magazine long ago on CBC radio, it was only recently that I was able to locate a copy of the March-April issue. Prompt reading, cover to cover, lead me to believe that an intellectual women's magazine, beyond the plastic, "catch-your-man-and-beautify-his-home" variety so readily picked up at newsstands, is now available. Keep Publishing!

However, there is one small criticism. The very first article, after the table of contents, is a short congratulatory letter to the editor written by a man, only to be followed by another phrase also penned by a man. And, on the inside back cover, under the photograph of a well-known local man, are his congratulations and well wishes for the future. (I realize, of course, that the revenue from this advertisement was desperately needed - it is an ad isn't it?) But why, if something new is to be born, do men *always* have to be a part of its conception?



Surely a magazine written about women, for women by women, does not need to begin and end with the approval, compliments and well wishes of men, especially in its initial issue.

Nevertheless, I shall continue to read *Branching Out*. May success be your only problem!

Mary Ruth Turner, Edmonton, Alberta

I've just seen a copy of *Branching Out* - I enjoyed it immensely. *Finally*, a women's magazine from western Canada, and one that presumes (correctly) that our intellectual level is beyond recipes, fashions, and decorating hints. Dorothy Hudec, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

My dominant impression after reading *Branching Out* is quite selfishly, "Great! An outlet for poetry!"

Nancy Toth, Edmonton, Alberta

Thank you so much for providing in your last issue an opportunity to present some of the well-concealed truths about Canada's role in Vietnam.

The pattern persists: while world headlines agonize over the grim slaughter of Israeli schoolchildren, not even a by-line is devoted to the two very recent massacres of school children in South Vietnam, also spear-headed by American planes and equipment.

And while conferences are held in Geneva to reaffirm international humanitarian law, Canada's representatives swing the vote *against* the participation by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. (The four other members of the I.C.C.S. team voted *for* the entry of P.R.G., and one abstained.)

However, I am really writing at this moment to apologize for not having made myself absolutely clear during our interview. Will you please record the following corrections:

- 1) Canada did not promise to send \$2 million aid to North Vietnam. It was Australia which did so. Canada continues to withhold aid which was promised but with no commitment as to quality, quantity or timing.
- 2) The Canadian government's budget last year for National Defence was \$2 billion, *not* \$20 billion. (\$2,136,000,000 to be exact.)
- 3) Perhaps it should be added that the Feminist Communication Collective (which first printed my article on the Women in North Vietnam) is located in Montreal.

Thank you again for all your empathy -- and wishing you all the best in your worthwhile endeavour.

Up the Struggle!

Claire Culhane, Burnaby, B.C.

EDITORIAL

LIBERATED?

The first thing I remember hearing about the women's movement was a comment comparing Helen Gurley Brown's manual *Sex and the Single Girl* with Betty Friedan's semi-sociological work *The Feminine Mystique*. I knew (vaguely) that one invited women to exploit all the traditional means to catch men and that the other urged women not to be content with trying to fulfill themselves exclusively with housework and family, but to seek external forms of stimulation and livelihood.

That was in the mid-sixties, and if anyone were to ask me now if I've "come a long way", I would normally answer yes without even thinking. Not only do I know who Helen Gurley Brown and Betty Friedan are, but I've read many feminist authors since then who make Ms. Friedan's work look about as revolutionary as a 19th century hygiene manual. I have worked full-time for the women's movement, and am a "graduate" of a consciousness-raising group. I've lobbied provincial legislators for women's rights legislation, have picketed for abortion reform and once challenged an exclusive hotel's no-women-without-male-escort policy. (We won.) This list of activities is not intended to impress, although I am proud of my feminist involvements; it is simply to show my "progress" over the last several years.

From that stage, I followed what I thought to be a natural course - wanting to make it on my own in the real world. Unfortunately our society equates self-worth to dollars earned, and while I knew intellectually that wasn't true, I still had to prove it to myself, and everyone else. Not that this means all women are taken in by this thinking, or that all women find the prospect of making money distasteful. (I didn't find the prospect distasteful, exactly, -it's just that I wanted to make money for all the wrong reasons). It simply meant, for me, after working so totally for the feminist cause, I had to begin practicing what I was preaching. It was all very well to talk about liberation, but I needed, for my own self-respect, to live it in a much more concrete way. And that meant economic independence.

Theoretically, I have now reached that elusive state that two years ago seemed to me unattainable. Economic self-sufficiency. But not just that. The means to financial freedom had to be something I enjoyed doing, otherwise why do it? (I realize I am speaking here of the luxury of waiting for the right opportunity to come along, of the problem of *wanting* versus *having* to work. Obviously, I was in the former position and, obviously, being supported by someone else was one of my major dilemmas.) So here I am, working in a field I have always been interested in and earning a respectable living besides. Then why should I feel a vague sense of uneasiness? What have I gained? Or lost? Why do I feel myself sliding backwards, or at best, just barely keeping pace?

I can't say when I first began to notice little things - that really aren't so little. For instance, I am constantly prey to the general neurosis of weight and calories. In fact, I don't think I'll ever be able to shrug off, or even minimize, the influence of appearance. It shouldn't matter, but it does, and we all know it. Will the day ever come when I will be able to pick up *Vogue*, *Harper's* - even *Seventeen* - without that twinge of envy and self-pity. Of course those models aren't real people, and probably have miserably unhappy lives, I rationalize. But I still ogle them and torment myself, month after month. (Some will reply that it's only common sense to want to stay slim; after all, it's healthier and better for you. I agree. But how many of us honestly believe that to be the real reason? Do you?)

So beauty and thinness are one hangup. What else? My reaction to others - how their appearance, speech and dress affect me. Why do I make certain assumptions about someone in jeans, someone with streaked hair, or someone with six children living in suburbia? Why haven't I been able to free myself more of these superficial judgements which I know to be unfair? Naturally we can't be expected to like everyone we meet, but falling into the trap of stereotyping people only reinforces the myths that we want to break down. In many ways, I think I *have* improved. For the first time in my life, I really enjoy being with other women and have several female friends to whom I relate independently of men we may happen to know. Although it may not sound very revolutionary, it is a long way from the every-woman-is-competition mentality I grew up with.

And no matter how I try to fight it, much of my life is still lived vicariously through my husband. I find it difficult, for example, to value my work as highly as his. I respect his brain more than my own, even though there is no logical reason to. His career has always taken precedence over mine, since his brought home the bacon, while I, (until recently), lived off the fat of the land. Granted, our relationship has changed tremendously in the time we have been together. But like everything else, it requires an incredible amount of work - and time.

I never realized how difficult it is to attain complete liberation. I thought that doing the right "liberated" things would guarantee that my feelings - towards myself and others - would automatically be liberated also. I'm beginning to realize that no one thing - be it a rewarding career, a meaningful relationship with a woman or man, or a heightened awareness of one's own strengths and weaknesses - can, by itself, make me the person I want to be.

by Naomi Loeb

both sides now

F... [EXPLETIVE DELETED]

by Susan McMaster

A.S. Neill, guiding light behind Summerhill school in England, attempted to provide an atmosphere of relaxed freedom in which children would learn true courtesy and responsibility in a natural way. In particular, he felt that sexual taboos such as the terrifically strong one against masturbation, warped children's minds, teaching them to hate their bodies and attach undue importance to sexual pleasures. In his documentation of the success of Summerhill's approach, he states that tensions did indeed disappear as a result of the program, children ceased to be obsessed with their own excrement, with violence and with sex. In fact they appeared to develop more control and self-discipline than children in 'normal' school settings. In twenty years of teaching adolescents he reports no unwanted pregnancies - a record of which any (honest) educator would be proud.

Neill admits to being baffled in only one area - the use of swear-words. Children allowed to swear continued to do so; the common 'four-letter words' were heard frequently, from male and female, old and young.

Neill hypothesises that this is because all civilized human beings want to be able to express extreme emotion in some other way than the animal one of physical violence, and that therefore there will always be words which are used expressly for that purpose, and which continue to hold power and violence within them even in the most relaxed setting.

If this is true, then swearing is a civilized reaction to the stresses of communal living, similar to the development to friendship between male and female in place of pure lust, or business courtesies in place of raw utilitarian barter. Swearing is intended to shock and hurt - but it's less injurious than a slug in the face. Besides, often a person swears under her breath, or privately, using the gesture only to relieve herself and not to hurt someone else.

In any society the worst swear words are those having to do with the strictest taboos and/or the most sacred objects. Thus in the French language, many of the worst curses are religious, or combine sex and religion. In English,

they are the ones which refer to sex or excrement.

Words that are acceptable and respectable vary with social position, historical situation, age group, and sex (for a large part of the society). I remember the first time I ever swore distinctly. I was fourteen and had just received my first failing exam paper - 35% to be exact. Totally shocked I whispered "My God!" I looked quickly around the room, horrified at my audacity and wondering who had heard, then furtively upward for the thunderbolt. Even when none came, I determined never to repeat the offense (I was a bit of a prig). But it was no good, I had lost my verbal virginity; I had discovered the delights of the well-formed expletive. And as with all the vices, it is impossible to step backwards; my swearing could only escalate. Today I could probably hold my own in a 'curse-off' with a football coach!

The point I'm trying to make is not that cursing is good or bad, but that we all do it. For our great-grandparents, "gosh-darn" may have been the height of obscenity, whereas my little sister can fill in all the's in the *Rugby Songbook* without a second thought - she wonders why they make such a fuss about it all. But whatever our viewpoint, we all know and use words which carry great emotional power for us and which are intended to relieve strong emotion.

This puts the artist, writer and reporter in a difficult position. The purpose of art, as I see it, is to show the world to itself from a creative perspective, to provide that bright moment of clarity and vision that the truest mirror or most faithful tape recorder cannot capture. The function of the reporter is to present to society, as objectively as she can, the truth about events as they occur. Restrictions that hamper these functions act to the detriment of the whole society; truth and vision, while not always pleasant, are vital to the maintenance of a healthy, humane world. This becomes obvious if we consider the effects of political repression of the arts and the press in totalitarian societies.

In a democracy like ours, it is not

always easy to make the distinction between repression and legitimate censorship. When Trudeau uses the most forceful expletive in spoken English, should a reporter archly state that he said "fuddleduddle"? To do so gives a very simple human action undue importance. Soon "fuddleduddle" teeshirts abound, and teenagers drink "fuddleduck" wine. He will probably be remembered for that silly slip long after the October crisis is dull history. Perhaps in good taste and sense, the reporter should never have mentioned it. However, when Nixon indicates the extent of his racial prejudices through his language, surely it is the responsibility of honest reporters to inform the electorate of that fact.

In the case of news reporting it is not usually necessary to state explicitly what words were used; the varying sensibilities of readers can be considered. But a poet writing about a vagrant adolescent girl can't be coy ("Anna's Pilgrimage" by Polly Steele in the previous edition of *Branching Out*). In such a subculture 'fuck' is more of a punctuation mark than a swear-word - it forms a part of every second phrase. To pretend that Anna would say "gosh darn" instead is to be artistically dishonest; to use "f..." would break the flow of the poem and draw, again, morbid attention to the 'forbidden' word; and for *Branching Out* not to print an otherwise excellent poem because of the expletive would be to repudiate artistry for the sake of convention.

Neither an artist, nor a reporter, nor a publisher should go out of their way to shock their audience; to do so is unkind and irresponsible. But not to present reality in all its forms, ugly and obscene as well as beautiful, is to be equally irresponsible. Worse, such censorship is patronising; the censor assumes the audience is too soft-headed to face the truth. Surely women have had too many years of that kind of 'protection'. We deal with the harsh facts of living every day - let's not be afraid to let our language reflect that reality.

* * *

Branching Out



drawing by Marie Litster

August 1974

here and there

May I talk to John Howard is the story of Dr. J. Dinnage Hobden, Canada's foremost pioneer in the field of penal reform. It is written by Jean B. Wilton, a case worker for the John Howard Society of B.C., formerly a social worker and a probation officer. Proceeds from the sale of this book by individuals or non-profit organizations will be used to start a "Dr. J.D. Hobden Scholarship Fund" which will assist ex-inmates desirous of continuing educational courses begun while in prison. For more information contact Mrs. A. Iverson, 410 - 118 Croft St., Victoria, B.C.

The aim of the Newfoundland Writers Guild is to encourage writing in Newfoundland, to put writers in touch with each other and in touch with markets. It has recently published an interesting collection of writing by its members, including a number of women. For more information, write to The Newfoundland Writers Guild, Box 294, St. John's, Newfoundland.

A Woman's Newsletter is a publication that has been started by a group of women in Prince Edward Island. Its purpose is to provide information about women's activities both on the Island and in other parts of Canada, and to provide a way for women in P.E.I. to get in touch with each other about common concerns. Response to the first two issues has been heartening (in fact the mailing list has grown so fast they are running out of stamp money). For more information, write to *A Woman's Newsletter*, Box 1816, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The Feminist Press is interested in changing the character of children's literature. The press plans to publish books about the lives of girls today and about women in history; books about one-parent families and about families in which both parents work and share household responsibilities. *Firegirl* their most recent publications, is the story of Brenda, an eight-year-old who is fascinated by fire trucks and longs to fight fires. She is just fortunate enough to be wearing a breathing mask when opportunity strikes. To order *Firegirl*, or for more information, write to the feminist press, Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568, United States. It is cur-

rently available in many Canadian book stores.

Status of Women News is a national publication by the National Action Committee on the Status of Women. To receive it write to PO Box 927, Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ontario, M5C 2K3.

Saskatoon Women's Liberation Newsletter is \$3.00 per year for twelve issues, and can be obtained care of the Saskatoon Women's Centre, 124A - 2nd Avenue North, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

New Hogtown Press are publishers and distributors of feminist and radical literature; their catalogue is free on request, singly or in bulk from 12 Hart House Circle, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

The Lace Ghetto, by Maxine Nunes and Deanna White is a large paperback published by new press, Toronto 1972, \$3.95. This book, with beautiful photographs and fascinating interviews, introduces such topics as women's struggle for the vote in Canada; the training of children to fit certain rigid patterns of behaviour; sexuality, motherhood, and the roles men act out. Available in most bookstores.

The YW Resource is a publication of YWCA Canada. To receive it write to 571 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ontario.

The Women's Multi-Communications Organization, 1386 Henry Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, is an Opportunities for Youth project. It will include the production of a newspaper once every two weeks, the establishment of a tape library - both audio and video, and the conducting of a noonhour lecture-entertainment series. This project is to be carried out by women, for women, and about women.

The Task Force on Women in the Albertan Labour Force has recently released its report. The findings of the Task Force reveal that women are overwhelmingly in low paying jobs (98% of those earning less than \$5000 per year are women) and in jobs which are traditionally 'female', e.g. nursing, sales, clerking. Since the Individual Rights Protection Act was passed in November 1972 the number of persons receiving 'equal pay for equal work' has actually decreased. Copies of the Task Force Report are available at 20 cents a copy from the Edmonton Social Planning Council, 10006 - 107 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 1J2.





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(Lower Concourse)

for Mr. and Ms.

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• COSMETIC COUNSELLING is available. We offer facials, manicures, acne treatments, hair removal, body massage, pedicures, and makeup counselling.

• THE CUT IS THE KEY to simple, natural styles which bring out your best features. We'll show you how to maintain that cut and style.

The Arctic area around Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island has a weekly newspaper *Inukshuk* established in February 1973 that is published by an editorial board of Frobisher residents. It is published in English, Inuktitut (Eskimo) and sometimes French. Both the editor and associate editor are women.

Woman and Film Etc. Summer '74 is a national project with branches in most areas of Canada. Funded largely through government money in the form of OFY and other grants, project members are travelling around rural areas demonstrating the use of media equipment, showing films, slides and video tape presentations of interest to women, and providing workshops and information on topics like non-sexist children's literature, women's literature, health, law, family planning, consumer problems, and how to apply for government grants. One aim of Women and Film Etc. is to try to break down some of the barriers between urban and rural women.

The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, 252 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario, is in the process of putting together *the women's kit*. The *Kit* is a

multimedia box containing about 200 items such as posters, plays, poems, stories, articles, historical documents, records, filmstrips, slides, etc., and has been received, in its experimental form with great interest and enthusiasm by many people from the community, the high schools, and the community colleges. The *Kits* will be sold at production cost so that individuals and organizations as well as school boards can afford them, and will be available sometime in the Fall.

May I talk to John Howard is the story of Dr. J. Dinnage Hobden, Canada's foremost pioneer in the field of penal reform. It is written by Jean B. Wilton, a case worker for the John Howard Society of B.C., formerly a social worker and a probation officer. Proceeds from the sale of this book by individuals or non-profit organizations will be used to start a "Dr. J. D.

Hobden Scholarship Fund" which will assist ex-inmates desirous of continuing educational courses begun while in prison. For more information, contact Mrs. A. Iverson, 410 - 118 Croft St., Victoria, B.C.

Source is the name of the new Alberta Women's Newsletter being published out of Edmonton with the help of a PEP grant from the Alberta Women's Bureau. For both women newly aware of the current movement for the rights of women, and for those long and actively involved, *Source* hopes to be the medium of expression, and a tool for women to organize themselves around important issues. *Source* wants to help build a communication network for the women of Alberta. Since the PEP grant has run out, the newsletter needs financial support. For more information, to subscribe, or to donate money, write c/o 10006 - 107 Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

Have you read a recent book which you think should be mentioned on this page? Has your women's group started a new project or set up a Women's Centre? Would you like to announce an upcoming event in your community? We welcome your contributions (and corrections) to "Here and There", *Branching Out*, Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1.



what do

girl giants

do?

by Linda Fischer illustrated by Pam Harris

Some days, instead of playing with other kids, Ella liked climbing the tree and sitting around the shack that they had all built and thinking her own private thoughts.

Ella first set about looking for shapes of things in the clouds. She found a ship-shaped cloud, and a foot-ball-shaped cloud and a....

"What on earth?" gasped Ella. The hard boards of the tree house were softening and bending up around her. The whole tree house started to move. Ella grabbed and held on. The part she grabbed was soft and warm...and scary. Ella looked all around but she couldn't figure out where she was. She had the feeling of moving through the air.

Ella isn't the kind of person who stays scared for long. In fact, it was already bothering her that she didn't know where she was, so she stood up to get a better look. She was quite surprised to see a giant face coming at her. A real giant! A huge giant! A very close and getting closer giant! She stepped back quickly but carefully. As she looked down to see where she was putting her foot, she discovered that she was standing on the giant's hand way above the earth.

Ella became a little scared again, and puzzled. She relaxed though when the giant smiled and said, "Hi, I'm Geraldine. I know that you're Ella. I hope you don't mind that I'm taking you to giant land."

"Mind? Giant land? Neat-o!" shouted Ella. "I'd love it! But, why me?"

"Simple!" smiled Geraldine. "I like you. I thought it would be fun to let you see giant land which is up on the

clouds and see what kinds of things I do all day."

"Why haven't I seen you before?" asked Ella.

"Because little people can't see giants unless the giants want them to."

Ella grinned from ear to ear. She was glad to be special. She was glad to meet a girl giant. "What do you do up here in the clouds and on earth?" she asked.

"Well," Geraldine began, "why don't you just come with me today and I'll show you what girl giants do?"

"Great!" said Ella. "Where do we go first?"

"I haven't been to breakfast yet," Geraldine said as she put Ella on her shoulder. "So, come along with me and you can meet my family."

Geraldine seemed to walk very quickly so the ride was a little bouncy and Ella had to hang on tightly. All she could see was the tops of clouds.

When they got to Geraldine's house, Ella was surprised again. She had expected a huge castle but it wasn't different from little people's houses. It was just a great deal bigger. Geraldine took Ella into the kitchen to introduce her brother who was cooking breakfast.

They gave Ella some and as she started on the scrambled pancakes she said, "Wow! This tastes really good. MY brother can't even cook."

"Really?" Geraldine asked. It was her turn to be surprised. "We all take turns at cooking. I want you to meet my uncle, too. He's making our sandwiches for lunch. My mom and dad are the best cooks in the house, though. I'm sorry you won't be able to meet them

right now as they have gone to work already. We'll follow them shortly."

After breakfast, Geraldine and Ella went over to the community centre to see what jobs had to be done. The only emergency was a forest fire in the north. Geraldine put on special boots and gloves and with Ella sitting on the front of her firefighter's helmet, they raced to the fire. It was another bouncy ride for Ella.

Ella couldn't help put out the fire, but she held firmly to the helmet as it swung around wildly while Geraldine concentrated on her job. Two more giants were already there and they all started stamping out the fire. There was a lot of smoke and Ella got quite dirty. She didn't notice though as she too was concentrating on her job - staying on the helmet.

The giants cleared a fire break through the trees so that the fire couldn't go anywhere. Then they stamped it out before much damage was done.

On the way back to the community centre, Geraldine and Ella came upon some giants about Ella's age who were climbing all over and around an old castle that once belonged to little people. The people had moved out in a hurry because the roof and walls were weak. The giants were getting ready to knock the castle down so that it wouldn't fall down on people who wanted to explore it.

Part of getting ready was to make as many pictures, drawings and floor plans of the castle as they could. Valuable or interesting parts or furniture were taken out to be given to a little people's museum. The kids doing it were either

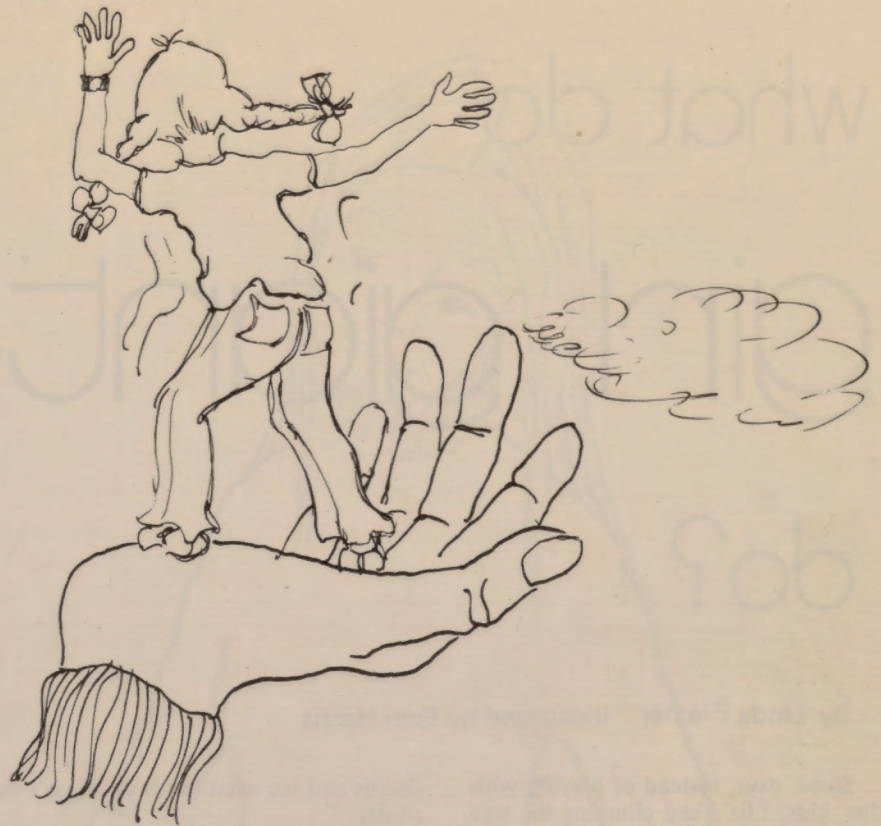
learning about building things, or about castles, or about history and had all read up on castles before coming.

When the study part was over, they stood around getting ready to kick the castle down. The younger giants in charge invited Geraldine to join them and she did so happily. Ella kept her seat on the fire helmet but grabbed on tight again. They kicked and stomped and kicked and stomped until the castle was a pile of stones.

Geraldine and Ella next pulled up a couple of clouds and sat down to rest and have their lunch. Ella ate bits of Geraldine's sandwich. Geraldine waved to another giant who was passing by. He stopped and pulled up his own cloud.

"Ella, meet my best friend, Tim. Tim, this is my newest friend, Ella." Geraldine and Tim talked a bit about what they would do during the afternoon work hours.

Tim pointed out some places below them where there were jobs to be done. He and Geraldine blew some of the clouds away in order to see better.



Geraldine accidentally pushed Ella's cloud away. Tim blew it back and blew another one at Geraldine. She sent one his way and they were soon having a "cloud fight".

Ella sat fascinated with clouds and giants sailing past her. Eventually, however, she noticed that some of the clouds getting moved around were storm clouds. She kept her eye on them and was the first to notice the giants' mistake.

"Hey, you guys," she shouted, "those storm clouds have messed up the sailboats in the lake."

Geraldine and Tim turned quickly toward the lake and saw immediately that they had caused some trouble. Several sail boats were tipped over and people had been dumped in the water.

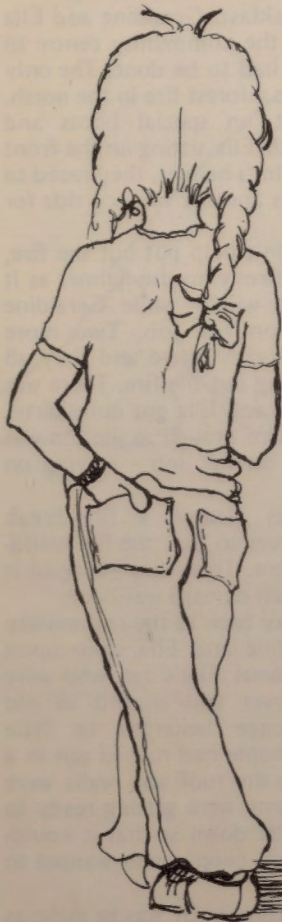
They gently let themselves down out of the clouds into the lake and blew the people and boats toward the shore. They were not seen by the little people because they were still invisible.

As they stood up to survey their handiwork, they grew alarmed again. Their blowing had speeded the tipped boats and dumped people toward shore, but it had also started a large wave. The people at the edge of the lake were running for high ground. The giants completed the rescue job by moving the boats and people onto dry land with their hands.

When Tim and Geraldine were sure that all of the people were safe they looked around for Ella. She had been left sitting on a small cloud and had seen everything that happened. Jumping up and down in squishy sneakers, she told them how the wind and storm clouds had driven her along. "I went so low over the waves I was soaked by the spray and the rain. Wasn't it exciting though, and I'm so glad everyone is safe now."

As they headed home Geraldine asked Ella if she had a good day.

"Wow, yes," said Ella, "and I'm



going to try to write an exciting story and draw some pictures as soon as I get home."

"Which is just about now, my friend," said Geraldine as she swung Ella off her shoulder and looked her in the eye.

"Wait! Wait!" Ella shouted. "I have one more question before I leave."

"Okay, ask away," Geraldine said.

Slowly Ella asked, "When can I come back?"

Geraldine chuckled. "That's simple. Next time you're alone and in a dreamy mood."

Ella smiled and said "I like that idea. I like it very much."

As Geraldine and Ella said goodbye, they promised to meet again soon.

Ella suddenly realized that her seat was sore, that she had been sitting and daydreaming for a long time, AND that she was wet. She realized that drops of rain were dripping off the leaves and onto her skin. She decided that giants and tree houses and being alone were great things sometimes ... and got on her bike to go to find her friends and tell them about her adventure.

* * *



Lab Technician

by Helen Potrebenko

I was a well-trained technician and my job was to do what I was told and nothing more.

Mrs. Service had been in the hospital in the spring. She had mild anemia and a white blood count of around 3,000/cumm. After I had reported it, I wondered why no repeat was ordered to see what was doing and that no attempt was made to discover why it was below normal. Most probably the doctor already knew. At any rate, I was a well-trained technician and my job was to do what I was told and nothing more.

The day Mrs. Service was to be discharged, Morgan, head nurse of Women's Medical came down to see me, carrying the chart.

-- Look, she said, her admission wbc was 3,000 and no follow-up has been done.

I was in the midst of an overwhelming amount of work and in the depths of depression besides, so I only stared at Morgan's hateful face and did not reply.

-- Well, shouldn't it have been repeated? she asked, beginning to be uncomfortable.

-- Why ask me? I asked. I only do what is ordered.

-- Well... I'm... I don't get on with Dr. Green, you know, so I can't suggest ... He has ordered an hb before discharge. Couldn't you just add a wbc?

-- It's against the rules to do blood tests without a doctor's order.

-- When did you ever go by the rules?

-- Since I lost a few jobs and got frightened.

-- You won't do a repeat wbc then?

-- No.

When the madness was almost overwhelming, I'd go out to play softball.

That summer I was the only technician. I had left the alienation of big city hospitals to be the chief technician in a small town, only there was nobody to be chief over. I worked seven days a week, eight to ten hours a day and was on call for emergencies the rest of the time. I was on anti-depressant pills, but the dragging tiredness of the days went

on and on... Kathy did the wash-up, filing, and miscellaneous tasks around the laboratory. She came in six days a week that summer, laughing and singing songs, and she was the only reason I was able to slog through those days.

-- What would you do if I quit? Or got sick? I asked the administrator.

-- I don't know. If I couldn't get anyone else even on a temporary basis I'd have no choice but to close the hospital.

And I thought that the town's rich people would be able to go to other communities but it was the poor who would suffer. As always.

Sometimes when the madness was nearly overwhelming, I'd go out to play softball, making elaborate arrangements to be called for by taxi should an emergency occur at the hospital. But soon, that required too much energy.

Here comes the vampire!

Every morning I arrived at the lab just before 8 and went first to the wards to collect the blood specimens. The neurotics, well-rested in their comfortable beds, said variations of several set statements, the only ones patients are capable of making to a technician.

-- Not you again! I just had a blood test last month!

-- It's going to hurt!

And the jocular perversions that passed for humour.

-- Here comes the vampire!

It would have been much easier if I had been able to tell patients what the purpose of the tests was but I was not allowed to do so. Very few of them cared anyway. I never spoke to them at all, only dragged tiredly through the rounds and returned to the lab to spend the rest of the day doing the tests ordered.

One by one the doctors came in to look at results.

-- Good morning, Helen.

-- Good morning, Doctor Harris.

Continuous reinforcement of the caste system relationship. They were able to be teasing, humorous, vulgar, suggestive, but there were very definite limitations on the way I could react. Most of them flirted, which drove me half out of my mind because no matter how I felt I had to react correctly. I could tease a bit, be mildly vulgar, but

not too much. Every word must be thought about for this was a doctor and no ordinary mortal.

Between us that summer, Kathy and I did three technicians' work. There was no slackening of the work load. I complained to the administrator about the number of useless tests ordered and he asked the doctors to cut down whenever possible but we both knew they never would. Occasionally I would make a mild protest to the doctors, and they would look surprised and hurt.

-- But don't you get paid for overtime?

-- Yes. But I get tired. You know? Tired?

They would promise to cut down and then do something like order a stat SGOT at 5 p.m. I would try again, by telephone.

-- Did you know an SGOT takes two hours?

-- Oh really? They were surprised each time I told them and I told them at least once a week.

-- When did this guy's chest pain begin?

-- Oh, about an hour ago. His wife phoned and I sent him right to hospital. He's probably having a coronary.

-- So I'll do an ECG. What good is an SGOT now? Serum levels of transaminase don't begin to rise until several hours after a coronary.

-- Oh? Well maybe he had one yesterday.

-- Did he?

-- I don't know. His wife phoned. I'll come and see him when office hours are over.

-- You haven't seen him yet?

-- No. Not worth it until I've seen the lab results.

So, I was doing the diagnosing. He lived in a large house with carpets on the floor and I had a two-room suite and shared the bathroom with two old-age pensioners.

But it was a great job - for a girl.

One night I went to the pub with the softball team. I was just sitting, listening to the conversation, when an incoming group caught sight of me.

-- Well! Look who's here, drinking beer. The butcher! Wouldn't you rather that was blood you were drinking?



Everybody laughed, with people at the other end of the pub craning their necks to look at me.

She was an ex-patient, one of the neurotic whiners on whom I had done what were to her mysterious tests. I sat, staring stolidly into my beer, turning red all over. I could have told them I was keeping the hospital open single-handedly, but they wouldn't have believed me. I just sat, staring into my beer. And went to no more pubs. But it was a great job - for a girl.

In the night, the car accidents. Dead bodies soaked in blood. Live ones screaming and screaming down the unlistening corridors.

Children, writhing in pain. Appendicitis? To operate or not to operate? Now or tomorrow? The doctors stand around studying the wbc and diff as if some magic solution was contained therein but, of course, it never was.

In the night, Dr. Harris pacing up and down the lab. We care so much about life, he is saying, while I am doing a cross-match. LIFE. We can't have abortions because that's killing and then we send our strongest young men away to war. Dr. Harris was acting out of character because a woman who'd told him - when she had asked him for an abortion and been refused - that she was going to get it done anyway, was hemorrhaging and grossly infected. 'If she dies, I killed her', Dr. Harris said. But what does it matter? We let people of all ages die with cynical disregard, but abortion is murder. Only a few months before another doctor had told me when a child died of poverty that it was a good thing - because if she had lived she would only have been poor and stupid like her mother.

Coronaries.

Hemorrhages. Abortions, ulcers, assault.

Terminal cancer.

Old age.

Week after mindless week.

Mrs. Service was readmitted late one afternoon with gross anemia. The order accompanying her was for a stat cross-match. Her hb was 7.0 gms.% and her wbc 2,500/cumm with a normal differential count.

-- Doctor Green, her transfusion could wait for a few days?

-- !! With that hb?

-- Well, she didn't suddenly become anemic. She was anemic the last time she was in. If you transfuse her now, I can't do all those indices and things to investigate the cause of anemia.

-- Did I order that? I asked for a cross-match.

-- You don't want to know the cause of anemia? I'm sorry, I assumed...

-- She has arthritis which would probably account for it. Also she's on

medication for psoriasis. But then, there's that odd chest pain...

He went away looking worried. A week later, she was discharged with her post-transfusion hb at almost normal level.

This time she was back in about two weeks. Hb about 8 gms. and wbc, 2,000. More transfusions.

A week later, Morgan came again.

-- I don't care what he says or what you say. A wbc of 2,000?????

-- Did you bring it to his attention?

-- It's on the chart.

-- Well, did you tell him besides?

-- Yes.

I did an unrequested wbc. It was still 2,000. In the morning when he stopped by the lab, I was shaking. Afraid. I thought I had learned to tread the narrow limits of the allowable, but still, it was hard.

-- Good morning, Helen.

-- Good morning, Doctor Green.

Holding out the report to him. He takes it and puts it in his pocket.

-- Did you look at that report?

He pulled it out and then looked shocked.

-- 2,000? I wonder why it went down.

-- It didn't "went" anywhere. It's been low for 6 months.

-- Why wasn't I informed?

-- The reports are on the chart, Doctor. The chart and all the reports thereon are entirely for the benefit of the physician. Besides which, Morgan has mentioned it to you several times.

-- Morgan! He snorted and stormed away.

He ordered daily wbc's. For two weeks. They were always the same. That was all he did. I sent some slides to the pathologist but got no report. I noticed a decrease in the number of platelets while doing a differential, and reported that. Dr. Green discharged her.

She returned in a few days, covered with bruises, cheerfully reporting she must have fallen. An hb and wbc were ordered and I did a platelet count besides. Following rules was all very well, but something serious was happening to this woman.

-- How's Mrs. Service? I asked Dr. Green.

-- Fine. She fell.

-- Did she?

-- Well, she's covered with bruises. -- So would you be if your platelet count was 40,000.

-- Oh, is it that low?

-- Don't you ever look at the reports?

-- Why should I? Smiling, charming, it's only all a big joke. He is beginning to realize it's all serious, but knows that his charm will get him out of the situation. And me, back aching, head

aching, and the anti-depressant pills don't do anything about the fact that I don't get enough sleep or that my feet hurt. Seven days a week. My feet hurt. But in the big hospitals I never got to talk to the doctors and never knew what was wrong with the patients or what happened to them. Maybe that was easier. I wanted to talk with doctors, but now I know them too well. He's got big brown eyes and all the women in town go to him and pour offerings into his coffers. He drives a big Oldsmobile and goes to Hawaii for six weeks every year. I had gone to Grande Prairie for a week the year before. But it's such a good job, for a girl. (*And look who's here, the butcher.*)

Still smiling, Dr. Green said:

-- Should we do a bone marrow or something, do you think? Uncertain. He mostly treats people who have social illnesses and what he does with those is hold their hands and tell them lies so that they will never understand the nature of their illness. He has forgotten how to treat people with physical ailments. If he ever knew. He is asking me. I know Haematology. It's my field. I don't know much else. I always feel immensely privileged when they let me loose in my own limited range of knowledge.

-- If you'd refrain from mucking up the blood picture with transfusions, I'll do indices and all that garbage first and see what I can find out about the anemia, if anything.

-- Today?

-- Tomorrow.

-- She's a very sick woman...

-- She's been a very sick woman for 6 months. And I'm a very tired woman, and she is not the only patient in the hospital nor are you the only doctor ordering tests.

But I stayed and did some stuff that night and more the next day, and the day after, he did a bone marrow. There was an awful lot of other work to do so I didn't have much time to examine the bone marrow slides. Nevertheless, along with the other results, it looked like a simple diagnosis. Technicians are not allowed to make a diagnosis.

-- Leukemia, I said.

-- With a 2,000 count?

-- Acute Aleukemic.

Technicians are not allowed to make diagnoses. In a large hospital, I'd never even have seen the slides, but here there is no pathologist, only Dr. Green who feels uncertain and incompetent.

-- Isn't that a bit rare? he asked.

-- The books all say so. I have never understood why since nearly all the hundreds of leukemias I've seen seem to begin this way. The count doesn't go up unless you have blast cells in the peripheral blood which comes quite a bit

later most of the time. Well, and there doesn't seem to be, in spite of the books, a typical course of leukemia...

He studied me doubtfully.

-- You're sending slides to the pathologist?

-- Of course.

-- How long will it be before he sends the report?

-- Six weeks.

-- What?

-- It always is. Unless you phone him every day, which gets a bit expensive.

-- You phone him.

-- Are you kidding? He won't talk to me.

-- Why not?

-- Pathologists *never* talk to technicians.

-- Why not?

-- They're too busy licking the doctor's boots.

He goes away mad but he can't say much because I know how incompetent he has acted. Three days later, he's back, laughing.

-- I called the pathologist, he said. Pancytopenia. Drug reaction. The drug she's been on for her psoriasis.

So I'd been wrong. Well, it wasn't the first time. I didn't care enough about patients to be upset any more. There was too much to do, too many possible errors to be made.

-- If you hate it so much, Kathy says, washing glassware, why don't you quit?

-- Where would I go? This is my 7th job in six years. All hospitals are the same.

-- Do something else then.

-- What? I'm not qualified for anything else.

I shouldn't complain. Kathy doesn't complain about being my assistant and there she is, singing songs to dirty test tubes. I should be grateful there was another choice for girls besides nursing and teaching, that paid enough to live comfortably and own a car. (*look who's here, the butcher.*) Did I expect more as a girl? The \$5,000 a year I was making then was more money than I'd ever made in my whole life. Is was a good wage, for a girl.

Jennie Kroeber was back in hospital. Jennie's husband had only ever had seasonal employment so she'd kept working after they were married, only taking time off to have babies. She'd fried hamburgers at a greasy spoon until her husband died and children dispersed. After 20 years of frying hamburgers, Jennie stopped eating. She came to hospital weighing 85 pounds and with a pain which moved whenever she had a laparotomy to discover the cause. X-rays and lab tests were all normal. She got addicted to any number of drugs including sterile saline when that was injected.

She was one of hundreds of people I had seen with similar symptoms. For 20-30 years she would be in and out of hospital suffering a pain for which the cause could not be removed. She wouldn't get out of bed except to go to the bathroom. She would have her gallbladder, appendix, uterus, part of her stomach removed and then she would have more operations to fix adhesions caused by previous operations. She was one of the few people who liked blood tests but I despised her, too, for she would be waiting for me with great anticipation: *You're going to hurt me, aren't you, you're going to hurt me*, and with her eyes shining. She had learned her feminine role a bit too well.

-- Good morning, Doctor Ashley.

He was standing in the middle of the room, expressionless, and he doesn't say good morning.

-- You killed Joe, he said.

-- Oh, did he die?

-- Yes.

-- Well, don't blame me. I *told* you...

-- He wanted to see his son. The son is arriving tonight...

-- I told you... You insisted on a transfusion anyway. You said he would die if he didn't get a transfusion, and wouldn't get to see his son.

-- He died.

-- I told you. Because of the auto-agglutination no blood was safe. I told you a hundred times. But you said please and stuff and you said do your best.

-- Joe was my friend.

-- So? Don't get upset about it. It's abnormal to get upset when people die. Remember? You sent me to a psychiatrist because I cried...

-- You were hysterical.

(*And why aren't you, you obscene bastard, why aren't you?*)

(And if Joe had lived to see his son, would you be here now saying 'You saved Joe'? Would you? Like hell. You'd be strutting around in front of the relatives like the Messiah incarnate and adding a few extra bucks to your fat fee.)

-- Look, I said, you can't blame me. I told you he should not get a transfusion. I sent blood specimens to the Red Cross and they sent back a letter telling me to do whatever I thought best...

-- You killed Joe.

Mrs. Service was taken off the medicine that was depressing bone marrow activity and in a short time her body was covered with psoriasis, but her wbc remained low. She lay in bed, scratching and crying. One day a routine urinalysis showed glucose in her urine. Dr. Green ordered a few blood sugars and when these proved high, put her on insulin. She lay in bed scratching and crying. Only a few weeks before, she had been a cheerful, bright-eyed old lady. Now she picked at her scabby arms and cried.

The doctor ordered twice daily blood sugars and she got her insulin by injection. Her arms were covered with running sores and finding a vein was extremely difficult.

-- *Why* must I have them so often? she cried.

-- Doctor's orders.

So I asked him why and he muttered and went away and now he was right and I had been wrong so I couldn't get nasty. The orders for twice daily blood sugars continued. Reports he rarely looked at were neatly pasted on the chart. Mrs. Service lay in bed scratching and crying.

-- Why must I have them so often? I didn't mind when it was easy, but now, why?

-- Mrs. Service, you have the right to refuse any test or medication. (A dangerous thing to say. It is never to be said. Patients do not know and are not expected to know that they have legal rights.)

-- Have I?

-- Yes. Are you refusing? (*Refuse, Lady. Say no, please say no.*)

-- The doctor wants these done? she asked.

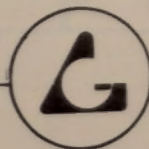
-- Yes. Doctor Green orders them.

-- He's such a good doctor. (*Hell he is, you sucker. He's got sexy brown eyes and holds women's hands. Don't you wonder, stupid person, that you came in here healthy and now can't even get to the toilet?*) cont. on page 38

lefebvre gallery

12214 jasper avenue

edmonton, alberta



Cam Hubert

I didn't want to go.
The blind cormorant people
could not and would not
be resisted

The sun here is cold
and the water dries your blood
you are always
frightened

The cormorant people show the way
and if you are not a coward
you can follow them

Past the pitfalls and crevices
past the lair of the blackfish king
to the storage place
of the snowy otter fur

And when you have it you know
you can never keep it
It is too much

You will never drown in water
and at night
the voices will tell you
the names you must know

People will fear you
will look at you
with cormorant eyes
and stand sideways when you pass

Your dreams will be true
and that, too, is fearful
But you cannot refuse to go
For the cormorant people
will not be denied

and you will not drown....in water

The day before we're all Finished
you'll see

Oil Spill Herons
walking down the main street
of your mind
leaving their indelible footprints
on your conscience
their fragile stilt legs
awkward knee'd
their long razor beaks
gasping open

past the blackened beached
past the bunkered sands
past the stores
down the main street of every town
to the cenotaph
to nod

knowingly
to the glorious dead
of all other wars



Summer Garden - Iona '74

drawing by Iona MacAllister

The Eichner Family,

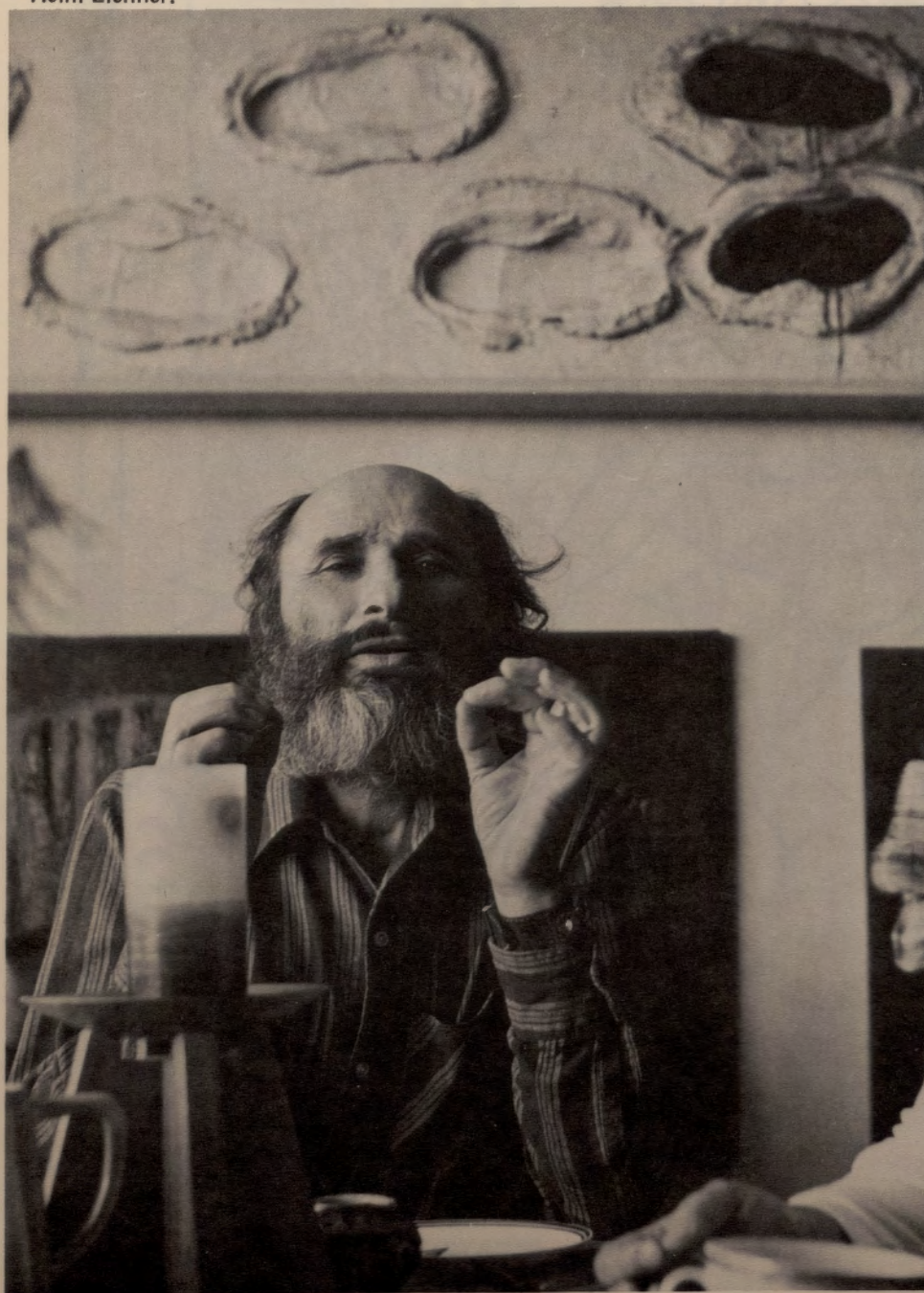
Photos & Story

by Alice Baumann-Rondez

Alberta Artists

Heini and Edith Eichner came to Canada in 1959. They were both successful artists in Germany and won several awards and prizes.

Heini Eichner.



I cannot say that I was impressed with the looks of the town of Gibbons as I drove through the unpaved muddy streets last spring. I was trying to find the house of the Eichner family, whose artwork I'd seen in various places. I first missed the house because it looked so much like all the others, and didn't distinguish itself as a home of artists to me. In fact the purple trimming threw me off the track completely. However, the house number was right. Two girls and a well coiffed, made-up woman stood in the doorway as my little girl and I pulled up.

A scent of freshly baked cake enveloped us as we entered the Eichner's clean house which is filled with paintings, woodcarvings, prints, toys and sculptures, all done by members of the Eichner family. Painted scrubbrushes put together like a train decorated the floor, a carved angel holding up two candles stood in the corner of the livingroom. A pair of very old worn shoes of Mr. Eichner, were embedded along with his footprints in fibre-cement on one of the walls in the living room. Edith Eichner told me: "My husband won't part with his clothes or anything else. I have to take it all away from him and put it in the garbage can. But even then, he still tries to salvage certain things which he thinks he can't live without."

As I got ready to take my pictures, Edith said: "We'll have coffee first; my husband will be here shortly." As she served me a generous slice of cake, she spilled some coffee over her pantdress. "Now that's me!" she said. "How does a lady do that? I have never been one." We all laughed and were on our way to a four hour talk.

Edith brought me a children's book which she had illustrated beautifully with black ink paintings. "This is a very dramatic story," she said, "but I have another one which is even more powerful than this one. It is really more for adults than children. I sent one of these

books in to the Canada Council. The National Library suggested my name for the Medal-Award, and for this I have to have it re-published in the year when the medal is given."

She gave one of her children a slice of cake, then continued, "You know, until a few years ago, I always felt like a child, a teenager - I think it has a little bit to do with going away from Edmonton. I miss the stimulation." I asked her when and why they came out to Gibbons.

"Oh, about two and a half years ago," she said. "The first half year I really liked it, because in Edmonton I felt a little bit overrun by people. I never had a minute to myself. It started at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted till three the next morning. Whenever I made supper, I always made sure I had one or two portions in my stove because I knew, as soon as we finished our supper, somebody would drop in. Most of them were young people, and some of them were "hungry people". She laughed. "I enjoyed that very much. That was also the time when I painted my flower children. But then one day I felt tired. All of a sudden I wanted to be alone. We searched for a piece of land far away from people. We bought 95 acres of pinewood in really beautiful country. I said to my husband 'I don't mind having people around on Sundays, that's plenty for me, but during the week I want to be left alone. So for the time being we came out here to Gibbons. The first half year I enjoyed the peace. There was no doorbell ringing, there was nothing. No car ever stopped in front of the house. I could let myself go. I didn't have to put on make-up first thing in the morning. I could hang around the house all day in my nightgown. I felt so free it was like a holiday. But then I started to miss people and the stimulation I had in Edmonton. The sitting up all night, talking, discussing things. We had interesting people coming to us then, and after six months of solitude I started to miss it."

Mr. Eichner, who came in the door at this moment, overheard his wife's talking. From then the conversation became hectic, because they tend to talk together.

Mr. Eichner talked first about the difference in being an artist in Germany and here. He told me that artists don't have to pay taxes in Germany because incomes among artists are unstable and they also don't care about making money. The Government honours this and acts accordingly, but does tax financially successful artists. "Money was something nobody talked about. That was really beautiful," Edith interjected.

I asked them if they felt that it was different here.

"Different?" Mr. Eichner said, "Oh, yea, it's like day and night."

"Among artists?" I asked.

"I tell you," Edith said, "artists didn't want to know us. We reached out for them but they turned their backs on us."

"They were mad that we came here; we were nothing but competition," Mr. Eichner threw in.

Edith said, "I was told when we first came here don't send your paintings, don't send your sculptures to art shows, but do send your folk art because there is no competition in that area. There are too many painters around you. But I think there can never be too many paintings."

Mr. Eichner said, "We could never get any grants or anything because -"

"At that point you needed recommendations," Mrs. Eichner continued.

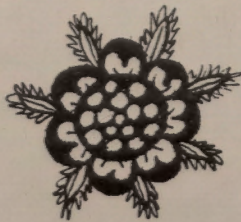
I learned that in order to survive Mr. Eichner had to take jobs as an orderly in a hospital, as a carpenter which he still is, as a furniture repair man. At one low point in their lives they were even on welfare. That they could accept, but what made them bitter was the attitude of other artists towards them. "Hostility creates hostility," Mr. Eichner said. "This is no way of life. No, we just stood away; we saw there was no way of communication."

Ten years ago there was a conflict between the Eichners and a type of

Edith Eichner.



dreamed the
same dream
and who,
every day,
had the same
wish .







Herbie, 18, designs adult games, and draws cartoons.



Matthew, 17, loves listening to music; he draws cartoons and helps his father in the workshop.



Barbara, 16, with her handmade dolls.

dilettante artist who was then to be found in certain art circles in Edmonton. The Eichners were accustomed to expressing criticism freely and this antagonized people. Mrs. Eichner's application to become a member of an art organization was turned down because "....your art work is not to our level at this time, but with some improvement you may apply at a later date." Mr. Eichner's comment on this was "the level of art in Edmonton was so low that we would not have called in art in Europe. We need constructive criticism

from each other." He continued, "there is no unity, not like in Europe where artists are like one big family, supporting each other morally and financially. That's why we have kept to ourselves for the last few years. We walked our own way so we don't even know what's going on anymore."

I asked, "But don't you think that has changed and with the Canada Council which has a very high standard, there is hope for artists now?"

Mr. Eichner told me about a disagreeable experience they had had with

two representatives who had promised to see his mosaic floor in the Planetarium, but apparently never even bothered to view it. On another occasion they sent work to an exhibition in Toronto, but it came back having never been opened. "The point is, they didn't look at it," Mr. Eichner said. "So it happened two times, that we had been rejected without our work being seen...apparently, the fellow didn't like me."

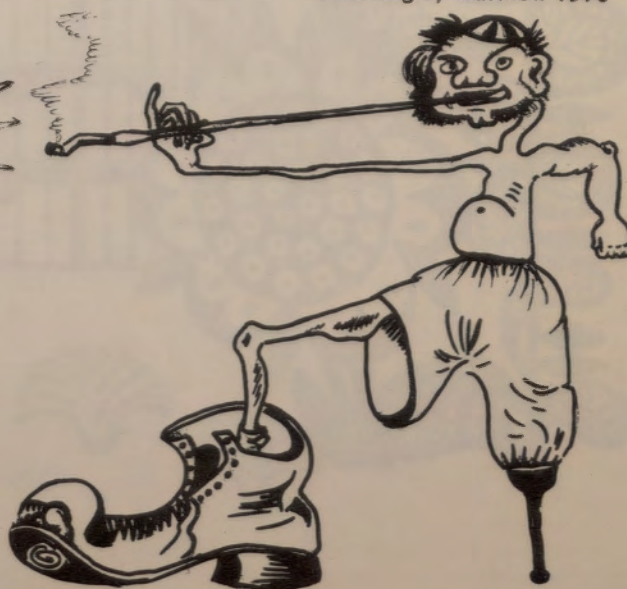
"I can't blame him," Mrs. Eichner teased.

"I can't blame him either," Mr.

drawing by Herbie, 1965



drawing by Matthew 1970





drawing by Barbara 1965

Eichner replied, "but he didn't come to judge me, but my work. Right?"

"What we really miss here is a body that knows what art is in the first place."

Mrs. Eichner interrupted, "Everything that's created which should be called recreational is called art work here. The word art is misused."

Mr. Eichner summed it up this way: "Some artists will die off. That's the way it was in the old country. I was a run of the mill sculptor. There were so many in the old country you could have filled the river Rhine with them. I found myself; many artists never do. But if one can not be an artist, one had to be something else, right?...and who will ever admit to that?"

"Okay," I asked, "but how is it now, after all, you're quite well known?"

"Well we are lucky," he continued, "because we have a very good relationship with the public. They like Edith's dimensional paintings. It is something out of the ordinary."

Mrs. Eichner agreed, "My dimensional paintings are always kept in one color; they sell well. I didn't have so much success in selling my canvas paintings."

Their children are an important part in their lives. All five have inherited their parents' talent for art. Herbie the oldest son invents and designs adult games. Both Herbie and Matthew help in their father's workshop doing woodcarving and Danish and antique furniture repairs. They also like to do car-



Gaby wants to become a fashion designer.



Susie would like to be a writer and illustrator.

toon drawings. Barbara makes dolls. Susie wants to be an illustrator and author. Gabriella wants to become a fashion designer. All the children draw.

As Edith puts it: "They all participate in the family business. We have a workshop in the back of the house. We do our woodcarving together. We work as a team, and all the money goes into one account, one big pot. That's the way we bought the land out there, where we will build a big beautiful log house. Nothing will be phony on that house and we will do it together. Everybody gets what he needs and that's it. We have no problem communicating.

drawing by Susie 1965

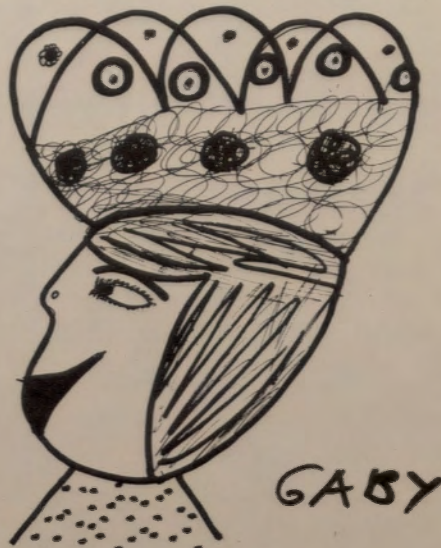


We talk for hours, mostly after supper or Sunday mornings and I say to my children, 'You have to raise your hand if you want to say something,' because we all talk at the same time.

"My second oldest son said to me, 'Mom, isn't it strange, usually when children get older, families fall apart, but ours is getting tighter and tighter, we are like a unit.'"

Heini Eichner philosophizes, "But this isn't the place for us to stay; we are on the road, and we go on that road together; we stay on that road until nature says it is time to divide." * * *

drawing by Gaby 1965





Photos courtesy Chris Bruun.



Award-winning sheet metal sculpture by Heini Eichner.

Sculptured door on private home in Edmonton by Heini Eichner.

Excerpt from Edith Eichner's book "The Golden Dream." page 20-21.

One of Edith's dimensional paintings.



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drawing by Iona MacAllister

BETWEEN TWO HOUSES

Like a
pearl
in slow
descent
through
pale
molasses-thick
liquid
in a
thin-
necked
bottle,
the

moon,

night-voyager,
suspends itself
momentarily
in the narrow
space
between two houses.

Momentarily balancing above
Threadlike telegraph lines,
Black filaments against
An etiolated midnight sky,
the moon acknowledges
The flimsy union between two houses.

And

moves

on.

J. A. Boland

Colleen Thibault

"IT IS A RAINY DAY IN MARCH"

it is a rainy day in March
and my landlady is going to
another burial to-day
she will stand for an hour
with bowedhead in the small sleet
and she will weep
for her friend who died on Tuesday last
and she will cast an herb on his tomb

Goldenrod Yellow by a pond

she in bright blue at his side.

it is a rainy day in March
in the year of an early Easter
she will draw close her black weeds
and she will make her small black feet march
to the cemetery side
where her husband lies
and she will look down on his many a green wreath.

Twenty kinds of clover shake the hills

she white as a stone following him.

BUTTERFLY WINDOW

She's coming out the butterfly window through
last year's filthy mosquito netting, first
one foot then the other feels for the roof
Slowly

She's not talking to me, she's talking
to the big Horse Chestnut latinlike
rain leaf & moss wetroof talk,

She's three

and hasn't gone to school where
she'll learn Canadian things like:
2 lines, 2 lines

hands on your heads everybody

and in the basket with it

& all those senseless things that trees don't say.

Agnes Copithorne

WHITE BRACELETS

we all have old scars
and sometimes in winter
I can still see what was
white bracelets
(let's call them white bracelets
just as my grandmother used to say
when we fell down steep stairways,
stop crying or you'll miss hearing
the stairs — they're still dancing)
what was once white bracelets
what before that showed pink
what before that was raw & festering
what before that was agony
down to the bones
what before that was
almost blacked out
& being dragged by the tractor
in the barbed wire
what before that was
surprise & yelling:
can't you STOP
what before that was
lying in the grass
reading a blue letter
looking up into sun & clouds
that were riffed
and quiet like white bracelets.

COOL YOUTH

(Boy visiting Granny in hospital)

Helmet dangling,
Jeans low-slung, barely catching
The raw hip-bones.

Head flung back
His measured tread bee-lines
To Granny's bedside.

"Hi Gran!"

Love dims her eyes.
Tongue-tied, to cover embarrassment
He kicks the bedpost.

Swivelling his neck
He examines the gadgets
Peculiar to a sickroom.

Monitors, crash cart,
The ever-dripping life sustaining
Intervenus bottles.

Shifting a wad of gum
He observes, "Cool place this, Gran,
Real cool!"

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT
AS GOOD
FOR YOUR PURPOSES
AS ANY
A COW WOULD BE

jane richmond

Joan Barberis

Homage

Stern, vengeful gods,
Gentle, loving gods
Canadians understand.
But what about a mirthful God
Who rolled around the rockies,
Bombed through the prairies,
Pulled the computer plugs
in Ontario
Danced with separatists
in Quebec
Fished for fun in the Miramachi
And laughing, sprawled exhausted
in Cape Breton
Watched by disapproving Scots and
shocked tourists,
Too bushed to go on to Newfoundland?
Jesus, that's a god
I could understand.

We can't all aspire to be
neurosurgeons

it would be a most upsetting thing
if twelve million people all became
neurosurgeons
who would then get dinner for the
neurosurgeons
and babysit for the children of
neurosurgeons
who would then have time to wear
the mink coats bought by
neurosurgeons
who would clean the o.r. if we were all
neurosurgeons
who would mind the store
read
scrub the floor
be the whore
if we were all
neurosurgeons

you might make it as a child specialist
sister if the quota isn't filled
but please don't throw a wench
in the works by demanding to be
a neurosurgeon

jane richmond

SUN DOWN

Stay with me while the sun goes
down on the lake on the raft
where our bodies move wood on water
and lengthen shadows in fluid light
Beneath in dark little fish deepen
away from day in still waters
receding in 24 hour
liquid veils stay while
parent ducks call broods
home groups of white and brown
swans feather for night horizontal
rays twist water into black &
silver & black hills silence
the white perpendicular sun

SHRAPNEL

remember telling
me when you were
little playing in
bombed out buildings
in Dumbarton on
the Clyde how
you found bits of broken
glass and made
believe they were
doll's cups &
house remember, legs
& arms scattered
around and how you
ran home to tell
your Mother Mary
remember or do
you sit in a grown
up house in Canada
glueing broken
china

Lorraine Vernon

photograph by Alice Baumann-Rondez

Branching Out



perspective

LAPAROSCOPY - A SIMPLE METHOD OF STERILIZATION

by Denise Segstro

Some months ago I decided to have a tubal ligation, since for medical reasons I was unable to take the Pill. I had heard of the fairly new procedure called Laparoscopy, or "belly button" surgery and since it seemed a convenient, safe and short procedure, involving only a day in hospital, I hoped to have the operation done by this method.

After searching, on my own, for a gynecologist who would do the operation, I found that most of them were either unfamiliar with it or reluctant to use it, preferring the tried and true method of major surgery, with its resultant long sojourn in hospital. Finally I contacted the Calgary Birth Control Association and learned that there were three doctors in the city, at that time, who were using the procedure.

My first choice from this short list proved to be disastrous. The doctor seemed a terribly angry and cynical man who, I can only assume, chose gynecology as his specialty for its lucrative, rather than compassionate aspects. I was, and still am, convinced that he hated women, or at the very least, took an instant dislike to me.

After cooling my heels in his outer office for two hours, I was brusquely directed into his inner office and ordered to sit down. When the Doctor came in he was accompanied by a young intern. While I would not, ordinarily, have any objection to having a medical student present at an examination, I would much prefer to be asked if I am in agreement with the idea. However, the young doctor was not introduced to me, nor was I asked if he could be present. The doctor then proceeded to an endless list of highly personal questions that ranged from my father's age to whether or not I was in the habit of masturbating. Since I could not see the point in this line of enquiry, I naturally objected, and was rudely told to just answer the questions.

Then I was shown into an examining room, and, thoroughly cowed by that time, allowed the young intern to do an internal examination. Then the doctor came in and examined me again,

in such a prolonged and brutal manner that I cried in agony, and when I asked why this was necessary, received only a grim smile in reply. There was no nurse present at the examination. Finally it was over, and as I lay on the table, in pain, and deeply humiliated, the doctor informed me that I would be checked into hospital for three days for further tests, and then the operation would be done. No explanation was given as to the kinds of tests or why they would be necessary. I walked out of that examination room weeping. The doctor had walked into his office and closed the door, leaving the young intern to face my desperate questioning as to why such an examination was necessary. Still sensitive enough at this stage, I suppose, he apologized briefly, assuring me that the exam was indeed necessary. I don't think either of us really believe it. I can only wonder how his own patients will fare in the future, under this sort of tutelage.

A few days later, somewhat recovered from the shock, I called the doctor's office and cancelled the arrangements. I then called the Birth Control Association and told them what had happened. They informed me that they had had other complaints about the man's lack of "sensitivity", and gave me the name of another who turned out to be just what I had been looking for. Pleasant and casual, he saw no need to ask any personal questions, and when I explained my apprehension about a further internal exam, he only answered that he could see no reason why such an exam should be necessary. In the closed shop of medical ethics, he would make no

further comment, but his own examination was short, carefully done, with no discomfort involved.

Arrangements were then made for me to enter the hospital for one day, and I checked in on the morning of October 23rd, 1973. Immediately I ran into another problem. The hospital had to have my husband's permission to perform the operation, and I had not been informed. This rather annoyed me, considering that I am 38 years old and my husband 43, and that our family is nearly grown. However, permission received, I was finally admitted to the day ward and was on my way. I was interviewed by a staff doctor concerning my awareness of the consequences of the operation and given a release form to sign.

Then I was taken to surgery at about 12:00 o'clock and the operation was over in about a half hour. After a few hours in recovery, I was released at 6:00 p.m. The only discomfort I experienced was from the anaesthetic which for me is not unusual, as I have always had some difficulty shaking off its effects. Except for that, I felt fine and after a day at home in bed, the only minor discomfort was from the stitches, 3 in all, one at the navel, two just above the pubic hairline.

Two days later my family and I made a 400 mile trip to visit friends. The Doctor had told me that barring any unforeseen complications, I could remove the stitches myself, which I did, 5 days after the operation. He did not feel that a return visit for a post-operative check was necessary, again unless I felt there was a need.

Laparoscopy is certainly the simplest method of sterilization for women, and one that I would recommend. However, it is still not the most popular procedure with the medical profession, who are known for their resistance to new techniques. Perhaps as more women hear of it, and demand the right of choice when it involves their own bodies, it will become a more common procedure.

* * *

"Perspectives" is a new column for *Branching Out*. We invite readers to submit accounts of their experiences as women and as people in today's world. Topics are flexible; statements about both the joys and the problems of living are welcomed. We see this column as one way women can help each other solve the problems common to us all, and as a medium for sharing their pleasures and triumphs.

Manuscripts should be 1200 to 1500 words long, typed, double-spaced, and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please address submissions to "Perspectives", *Branching Out*, Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4T1.

women in music

RECORD REVIEW

by Beverley Ross

Court and Spark: Joni Mitchell, Asylum: 7E-1001.

Sandy: Sandy Denny, A. & M.: SP 4371.

Joni Mitchell has never needed much more than her guitar or piano and her voice to complete the sound of her songs. However, on her most recent album, *Court and Spark*, she is backed by a rhythm section on every track and many of the songs are rounded out by horns or strings and in some cases, by full orchestration. This new fullness of sound is so well matched to the songs that it is almost impossible to imagine any of the cuts on the album presented

in the artist's original, more fragile style. The secret is, I think, that Ms. Mitchell and her co-arranger, Tom Scott have drawn their sounds from the center of the songs themselves, thus managing to avoid the "tacked-on" quality that is so often heard on an orchestrated "folk" album.

Happily, this new musical completeness is supported by a return to thematic strength. On her two previous recordings, Ms. Mitchell was rather heavily into a self-indulgent pre-occupation with her reactions to the "star complex" which was becoming monotonous. On *Court and Spark* her precisely focused lyrics are as ruthlessly self-examining as ever, but as she reveals the personalities and experiences of her life,

I find myself identifying once again with the feelings expressed (such as the emptiness of "Down To You") rather than trying to identify (James Taylor or Graham Nash?) the personalities involved.

The weakest cut on the album is "Raised on Robbery" which was obviously hammered out for the AM radio market and is redeemed only by the completeness of the character in the song - a brash broad trying to make a pick-up in a bar. This song is also the only interruption in the superb flow of the album which ends with "Twisted", an old Annie Ross tune about analysis. It is added as a delightfully crazy encore and Joni Mitchell sings it like she wrote it herself.

Sandy Denny, a British singer-songwriter, finds her roots in a blend of rock music and traditional British folk songs. She was one of the founding members of Fairport Convention, one of the first (and still popular) groups to experiment with that combination of sounds. *Sandy*, her second solo album, is as warm and as intimate in quality as its title implies. Joni Mitchell's honesty lies in the aptness of her images but the complexity of her music and her clear almost cold voice keep her somehow distant. The openness of Sandy Denny's music arises from its honest simplicity and the dusky closeness of her voice.

The weightier feeling of drums and bass have always been a part of Ms. Denny's sound but on *Sandy* she has extended the instrumentation so that each track is colored with an individual mood. On "Sweet Rosemary" Dave Swarbrick's fiddle adds a sweet nostalgia to the traditional sound. "Bushes and Briars (Thistles and Thorns)" includes the Western flavour of a pedal steel guitar supplying a light insolence to this comment on the convenience of religion. Strings on "The Lady" elegantly portray a sunrise. The technique is least successful on "For Nobody to Hear" which is an attempt at "soul" sound complete with a brass section and reverb on Ms. Denny's voice. The result doesn't match the otherwise unmasked feel of the album.

Peopled with gypsies, Ladies, hobos and fortune-tellers, *Sandy* is in some ways like a collection of folk-tales, reality inlaid with legend. My favourite track is a Richard Farina song, "The Quiet Joys of Brotherhood" which begins as an unaccompanied vocal solo and adds layer after layer of vocal over-dubs. The song is a radiant mixture of traditional and modern sound, which is characteristic of this album at its best.

* * *

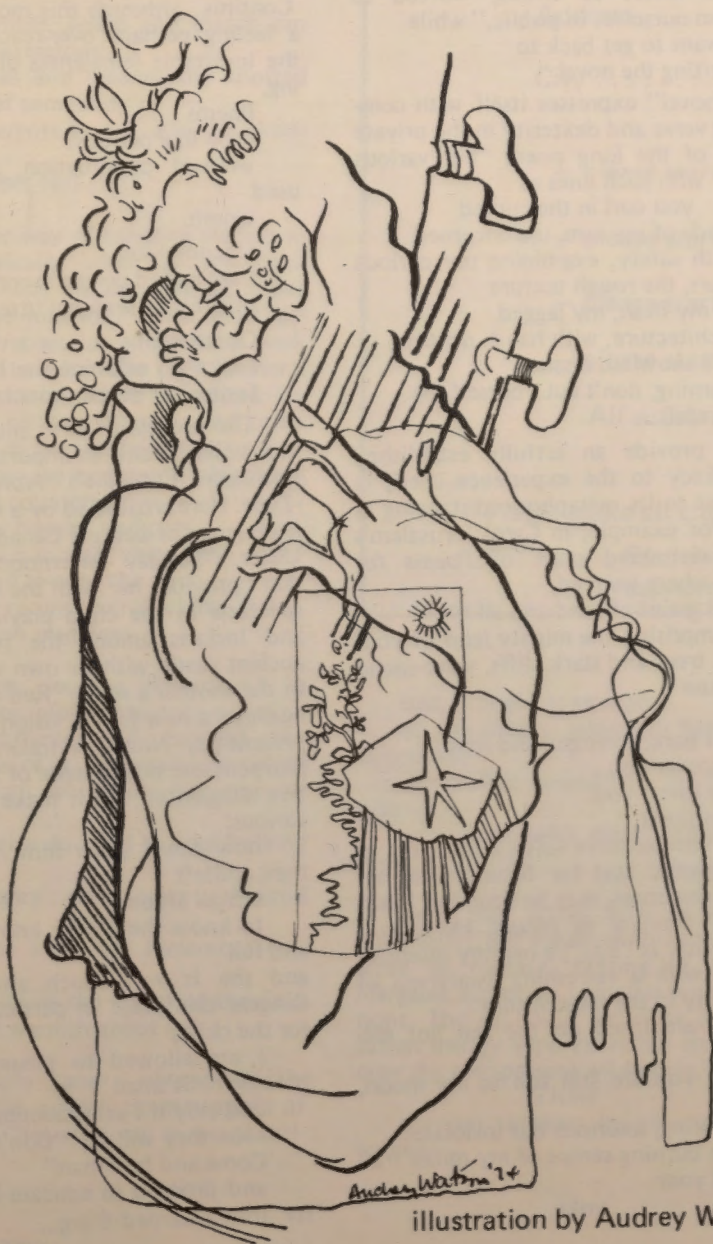


illustration by Audrey Watson

book ends

by Diane Bessai

It is an anachronism to lump women poets together for purposes of review and treat them as if they are "all related in a special way," writes Karen Lawrence in her recent *White Pelican* comments on Miriam Mandel's Governor-General winner *Lions at her Face*. To isolate the sex of the author is, in her view, to over-look the strong individualism of many Canadian women writing poetry today. While one may grant the point, yet surely it is still of paramount interest to note the qualities and characteristics which help define the present-day feminine sensibility. If anything, the common bond of sex makes that individuality more apparent, as an examination of several recently published Canadian women poets reveals.

For example, the Mandel book itself is an extraordinarily powerful collection of poems charting the pain and madness following a broken marriage. There is a singular clarity in the analysis of the relationship in the opening poem:

To have known once the scars of his body

to add to the scars of his mind
is, was, a king of love.
This love he returned to me.
The scars, red and ragged
I wear like torn flags.

The adhesions are dangerous and painful.

Throughout the book concisely wrought images of ironic self-observation indicate just how "dangerous and painful" those adhesions really are:

Clothed in armour of green and gold nylon

I lie on my bed--wanting not to lie.
Like a Dali painting my eyes slip
Over the edge of my face.

On the other hand, there are other, more conventional ways of expressing the effect of loss, as in the tense sentimentality of Dorothy Rath's "Softly" in *The Slender Thread*:

If I step softly
holding my elbows so
--close to my side--
maybe something within me will
not shatter
from the blow
from the small sound the door
made

as I closed it softly
when I had to let you go.

or in the romantic lyricism of Jo Turley, from *Hawk-Bells and Jesses*:

Like a fire flame,
will 'o the wisp in the woods
always elusive.

You entice me
lead me on, give me hope,
then leave me in the dark,
bewildered, hurt, alone.

Another of the recurring motifs variously handled, and further developed a dimension in Canadian poetry well pioneered by Dorothy Livesay a few years ago in *The Unquiet Bed* is the strong expression of the sexual being below the social surface. In *Evolutions* Marg Yeo insists bluntly:

Let's get back to basics: forget
the classrooms, restaurants, the
living-room conversations. living
there we are characters
out of context.

Wittily she sustains an ironic metaphor of the lovers as critics, "forced to perform ourselves in public," while i want to get back to writing the novel

The "novel" expresses itself with compelling verve and dexterity in the private world of the long poem "her various lover," with such lines as

you curl in the curved
blade of my arm, unconcerned
with safety, examining my curious
scars, the rough texture
of my flesh, my jagged
architecture, with hands delicate
as a snowfall. i issue
warning; don't cut yourself, be
careful...

These provide an artfully established immediacy to the experience itself, in contrast to its metaphoric distancing as seen, for example, in Carol Jerusalem's more restrained craft of *Poems for Godot* where we read,

All grains of sand and all rocks
comprising the mighty land of you.
all trees and stark cliffs, wave-spend
pause

as I bark, scourged and rent
discover you
my lover, you:
continent.

A less self-exclusive voice, combining an unapologetic zest for fecundity in her sexual responses, may be found in Linda Rogers' *Funeral of Hours*. Here, in a poem such as "Egg", a healthy intensity blends with a refreshing awareness of mutuality in the relationship:

We are fused on the red hot element;
but you are still sun to my moon,
ever
floating, uxorious but inviolate,
the burning centre of my milky trail
around your yoke.

Your seed was golden too,
and I felt it grow like daffodils in
my slick

earth,
and slip out when the moon
was full and I was crazy with
laughter
and empty.

She also expresses an unabashed delight in the minutiae of motherhood, as in "Morning" when mother and child "come together, urgently, /like two lovers," the baby
waiting, laughing
grabbing even as I lift you,
both breasts dripping.

These and other cheerful preoccupations with a child invite stark contrast in the bleakness of Miriam Mandel's "Wells into Wells." Linda Rogers' youthful sensitivity to life forces informs her responses to other dimensions of experience as well, in "Flowers" and more somberly in "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" although this mode of seeing a feeling perhaps over-reaches itself in the inevitable femaleness of the following,

Poems
drop like periods,
without punctuation, out of my
used
womb.

Unconscious,
I am pulled by the moon,
mistress of seasonal utterance.

Occasionally,
I turn to examine the bloody trail,
footprints in the snow.

The process of birth and absorption in the child is also an important motif in Kathleen Forsythe's *November-Dead-Time*. Here broadened by a focus on the experience of being a Canadian living in Ulster. "Sunday Afternoon in Cushe-dun" provides her with the incongruous spectacle of the child playing cowboys and Indians among the rocks of an ancient castle with its own violent past; in the mother's mind "Red blood flows again/in a new heroic vision." Living in present-day Northern Ireland naturally sharpens the poet's sense of the destructive allegiances which make life so precarious:

how can I show him not to look
right and left
but all around
to know the life he knows is round
and full
and she is very much aware of the dangers this place in particular creates for the child,

I am allowed to possess my son
because he is small
and only if I act madonna-like
soon they will say "Don't cry,
Come and be a man"
and proceed to educate his human-
ity into a warped thing....

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Place, in this book, is an important shaping force, not only Ireland but home as well. Thus two pasts permeate Kathleen Forsythe's imagination, as in the long prose poem from which her book takes its title. There is the special bond with her Canadian pioneer grandmother who

is so proud of her own, so sad that I should

leave to live in my mother's country where people

daily murder each other. She calls them "barbarians"

from her Canadian wilderness.

While in Ireland,

I know the ruined homes that lie up empty glens or

behind a roadside hedge or converted as a cattleshed.

The forest does not grow around to claim its own

as I have seen and felt in Canada. But stone

can tumble, wood and thatch can rot and the skeletons

of hopes and dreams, the knotted existences of somebody's

grandparents stands, a lonely skeleton in the

November twilight.

Another way of handling place is to use it generically rather than specifically, as with city in the abstract rather than precise location. Anne Scott devotes the first section of her long book *The Climb* to what she calls "Mineral City," a sterile world inhabited by mandarins, pleasure hunters and other stereotypes of the technological age,

They can see bedrooms, playrooms kitchen counters, rows of other houses, tied pets and when another visits they echo and re-echo the dust in their rooms their working or broken machines

Even though cited as "Montreal," Jo Turley's city represents only an alien force, undifferentiated beyond the vague terms of a personally perceived monster from which she has now escaped,

no affinity do I feel to your hulking bones,

your grey skin, your laboured breath

I rejoice I do not remember you suckled me

only I know the breast of the field and her warmth about me.

More sharply and idiosyncratically evoked is the surrealistic metropolis of Marg Yeo's "letters from a recent arrival,"

lost, i caught at strangers on the streets, asking for handouts, directions, demanding boundaries, an orientation committee with maps, and a compass.

In time this settles into an uneasy familiarity, but haunted by a pervasive sense of menace, hinting of one of Margaret Atwood's favourite preoccupations. The supposed securities of civilization merely suppress rather than conquer the ever-present wilderness,

i have a room to sleep in, possessions, a known

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address. to occupy myself, i walk the tall streets on which, now, leaves

are falling—all the dull colourless corpses, brittle with an old knowledge.

we should know too, citizens: does this city

really exist? Even if one of us lets go, just for a moment, will the illusion fail, will we have to step out of the darkness we make into the bush-night? see? the animals

are waiting, there, just behind those walls, and down this dark street.

Primarily these are worlds of subjective response, where "I" is the dominant figure. Therefore it is a refreshing contrast to turn to Gail Fox's *The Ringmaster's Circus* where the writer's vision is subsumed in a less personal structure. The volume is essentially a long single poem, ostensibly of the circus, with the individual parts devoted to curious little portraits of the various performers in their acts. The rather arch veneer of simplicity in it all makes both entertaining and somewhat tantalizing reading. The main focus rests on the ringmaster himself, the eternal showman, it would seem, on whom the organization and continuity of the performance depends. This is his creation, although he shows signs of strain in the effort to keep it all together. Indeed, as we watch him summon the strongman, the tight-rope walker, the performing dog (who performs in more sense than one) and --in vain-- the vanished clown, we become more and more aware that the whole performance is losing momentum. Something strange has been kept at bay, but will be denied no longer. At the end of the poem the ringmaster himself performs the final act, dramatically discarding his commanding paraphernalia, whip, boots, mustache, pompadour, to reveal himself as--herself!

Then a Vision like a
Swan floats across the
Circus Stage toward the Exit
of the Tent, and out.

There is nothing absolutely clear and conclusive about the meaning of all this, yet behind the mask of the quaintly presented circus world there seems to be a somewhat sly feminist voice speaking of the still uneasy and lonely role of the woman as artist.

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from White Pelican, 8918 Windsor Rd.,
Edmonton:

Miriam Mandel, *Lions at Her Face*

* * *

MARXISM AND FEMINISM

by Charnie Guettel

The Women's Press, 62 pp., \$1.00

by Gillies Malnarich

The women's movement is losing ground despite the fact that feminists have concentrated their energies on organizational work designed to recruit "new" women.

The introduction of women's studies programmes at the university and the push for legal reforms are the two main areas of struggle. The first reaches young middle class women and some men. The second attempts to broaden this very limited base by including all women, at least on paper.

This obscures a significant failure of the feminist movement. Working class women have not been attracted to our ranks, nor has their distinctive situation been taken into account. Where have we gone wrong?

Many activists blame themselves and believe that personal or organizational weakness is at the root of these deficiencies.

An alternative answer begins with a critical examination of "feminist" theories of women. Class differences are perceived as unimportant. The fundamental assumption is that men oppress women.

Marxism and Feminism examines the shortcomings of this analysis and the subsequent strategies proposed by feminist writers to end women's oppression.

Guettel argues that "radical feminism no matter how scathing its attack on existing institutions is very much in the tradition of bourgeois liberalism". The fight for equal pay for equal work, equality of opportunity and before the law, although progressive, is quite compatible with capitalist society.

"Radical feminism sees the negative but not the positive side of the proletarianization of women. In this lies its central shortcoming. It focuses its analysis on a position of weakness, our

isolation as housekeepers, wives, and mothers, rather than as workers or potential workers in social production. From this follows the self-help, individualist solutions which define its liberalism politically."

Modern feminists who regard the oppression of woman by man as primary, would, having achieved their demands, presumably go the way of the suffragists.

A Marxist theory of women examines women's oppression in the context of class society which takes as fundamental the exploitation of one class (which includes both men and women), by another. "Capitalism tries to use reproduction, sexuality, masculine-feminine socialization of children in such a way as to make us more exploitable, not to satisfy human needs. Herein lies the special oppression of women as women, as well as of women as workers."

Guettel's presentation of a Marxist perspective is well-written and particularly suitable for people who are unfamiliar with Marx's work. This is a good introduction to her critical appraisal of the feminist writings of Simone de Beauvoir, Kate Millet, Juliet Mitchell, and Shulamith Firestone.

Her clarification of those passages in Engel's *Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* which have figured prominently in the feminist theory of women, deserve careful reading.

Unfortunately, Guettel's discussion of a Marxist alternative to feminist theory is disappointing. Part of the problem, I suspect, is that she directs her comments to both Marxists and Feminists, sacrificing on the one hand a more sophisticated analysis and on the other providing little information about women in socialist countries which would have strengthened her argument.

Maybe this is asking too much of a short book (62 pages). Nevertheless the issues raised are an essential starting-point for a re-assessment of the women's movement. And anyone reading the feminist literature should have Guettel's book close at hand. * * *

LAB TECN. cont. from page 15

She cries but doesn't refuse. And so it goes on. Mrs. Service twice a day and all the whining neurotics. Everybody hide, here comes the vampire. The endless summer will not end.

Little Joe is back again with dehydration and malnutrition. The diagnosis is not poverty, but gastrointestinal infection. For a few days it looks really bad, but then he is clambering around his crib again, chortling, and pleased with the world. He was in only in the spring and his diagnosis then was not poverty then either, but pneumonia. There are many little Joes in kids'

wards all across this affluent country. Does anybody care? We patched them up and sent them back to their poverty-stricken homes and soon they would be back in again. Some of them made it and some of them didn't. I got used to all sorts of things, but never to the fact that babies died for no other reason than that they had been born to penniless parents, which babies do, year after year after year.

One morning, Mrs. Service was no longer crying.

-- I am going to die, she announced and sank into some sort of stuporous condition.

Branching Out

-- The doctor ordered stat electrolytes, I'm told on the phone by Morgan.

She had been in a coma for a few days and had IV's running in one arm. The other arm was layers of running sores as was most of her body and it was not possible to find a vein.

-- I can't get any blood, I told Dr. Green on the phone.

-- Take it out of the IV needle.

-- That's useless. I know it's done all the time, but there's electrolyte solution running in and if I do electrolytes on that, I'll be testing the solution, not her blood.

-- She's going to die. We must have those electrolytes.

Who am I to protest? I had, after all, killed Joe. I had, after, been treated for psychosis. *Wouldn't you rather that was blood, butcher,* and the jeering laughter. And where else would I get such a good job - as a girl?

It took a long time but I got the blood while Mrs. Service died slowly inside her coma. After I was done, the nurse began trying to find somewhere to inject the insulin. The old lady moaned and whimpered inside her darkness, and died.

There was a new assistant pathologist who was really keen and not like the old pathologist. He drove down to do the post-mortem and phoned one day to announce cheerfully that Mrs. Service had died of leukemia. All the scratching and crying had been for nothing. I sat, staring into space.

-- What's the matter with you? Kathy demanded. She was dying anyway...

-- But you see... Had we known she was dying, we'd have let her go. We wouldn't have tortured her for all those weeks and weeks and weeks...

-- Well, *you* said it was leukemia.

-- Yeah, but... I just accepted the pathologist's diagnosis. I never even considered that I might be right and he might be wrong.

-- What else could you have done?

-- Nothing. Technicians aren't allowed to diagnose.

-- So what are you worrying about then?

-- I'm thinking what a good job it is for a girl. And about how it's been months since I looked at a patient because I can't stand their bloated, neurotic faces, and I can't stand their stink, and I can't stand their moronic statements, and how that makes me a great technician.

Kathy was watching me worriedly and I knew she was remembering that I was unstable and had been in the psychiatric ward as a patient not too long ago.

-- And I'm brooding about how it's abnormal to cry, when children in Canada die. Of poverty. I thought it was

grief but they told me it was hysteria. They told me that the mere death of a mere child didn't warrant such a reaction. And I told the psychiatrist the next time somebody died I'd laugh and he told me that, too, was unprofessional behaviour, that what was required of me was to feel nothing, so I don't dare, see? that Mrs. Service scratched and cried for so many weeks and I didn't care, did I? standing in the doorway of the emergency room and Dr. Hammond saying, "it's all right, you can go for lunch after all," he just died, and the small boy's still figure with the blood clots in his ears. So now I'm normal, and I won't crack up again, so you needn't worry, and I won't even quite, but go on being a technician for years and years, it's such a great job for a girl.

After a thousand years the summer ended and there was another technician besides me, and it was nearly New Year's - which was great because once a year around New Years, I got invited to dinner at the Spencer's house. It was the only house I'd seen the inside of in the town, the only family I'd ever seen at home and I don't suppose I liked them, only I was so terribly grateful I could spend this one evening a year in somebody's home.

It was all a long time ago, and it's hard now to remember exact details. I know that for the rest of the winter I was completely normal, and with two technicians and an assistant I didn't have to work so hard, nor did I afterwards get so involved with patients and act unprofessionally.

I remember the next summer very clearly. I had saved the extra days off instead of getting overtime pay, so I had six weeks off.

The night before I left for my six weeks, I was called to the hospital at 2:30 a.m. A car had slammed into a truck. The car driver was dead, but the three people in the truck only seriously injured.

They had a woman in the main operating room where I was sent first. The top of her head was hanging loose in a neat flap, as if someone had tried to open her skull with a can-opener. The doctor was waiting for the nurse to come out of the toilet. She was a very young nurse, and she was in the toilet vomiting. I concentrated on the faded pattern of the O.R. floor, but I could have looked at the injured woman because I was very old and very professional and I no longer by then needed pills to prevent me from feeling anything about anything. In the corner of the O.R., for some reason, stood a pair of men's shoes, covered with blood, each containing a chopstick.

In the hallway beside x-ray, a policeman was trying to get a doctor to take a blood specimen for alcohol from

the dead man, but the doctors were concentrating on the living: the two men screaming and moaning in the blood-spattered emergency room. I was trying to do three cross-matches at once, hoping they wouldn't all be the same group because then there wouldn't be enough blood in the blood bank frig, and so often car accidents involved members of the same family who were all the same blood group.

Do they have it on TV doctor programs? Blood and screaming, nurses running up and down, doctors shouting contradictory orders? The cops trying to identify the dead man and trying to get someone to take a blood alcohol? It's really important, that blood alcohol. Someone other than capitalists, manufacturers, the masculine role; the despair to which people are driven, must be found to blame for the carnage. Death and disfiguration must be blamed on something innocuous, lest the people discover that it isn't necessary, and set about doing the logical things to prevent it.

Do they have it on the TV doctor programs? I don't remember what blood group they turned out to be. I don't remember what happened to them. I remember the x-ray technician waiting for when the patients could be moved. I remember the ambulance drivers sitting around and that one of them made some coffee for me. They were staying around because it was easier to sit here amid blood and chaos than to go home to nightmares of blood and chaos. I don't remember if I had to call in extra blood donors that night or not. There were so many car accidents.

I don't even know any more if I'm telling it like it was. Maybe it was on TV that I saw it; maybe it wasn't like that, at all that summer of a thousand years, and all the years after. I took so many pills to keep me professional, and I went to psychiatrists who told me to get married and have babies, and all their faces blur in my memory, and events become distorted, and all the blood flows together into one river that runs forever in my brain, along with the fires and people screaming, so most probably it wasn't like that all, other than being a good job for a girl.

That morning when I left the hospital, walking out to the parking lot to my car, there was suddenly silence and the silence was worse than the screaming for the unknown Caucasian male wrapped in a transparent plastic sheet, was lying in a station wagon, silent in the silent parking lot. He was a young man, and he had been going somewhere in an awful hurry in a high-powered car and he would never arrive, for he lay dead beneath a plastic sheet while the blood-red sun of another morning came over the mountains. * * *

people in this issue

ALICE BAUMANN-RONDEZ

Alice Baumann-Rondez graduated from the Kunstgewerbeschule Zurich Switzerland, (School of Art) and subsequently worked for fashion and advertising studios in Zurich. Since immigrating to Canada 14 years ago she has worked as a freelance photographer in Edmonton.

J. A. BOLAND

J. A. Boland is a 28-year-old Toronto highschool teacher who specializes in English and Mathematics. Other than teaching she fills her "leisure time" with reading, writing, guitar playing, composing, and painting, just to name a few.

AGNES COPITHORNE

Agnes Copithorne is a painter and writer living near Calgary, Alberta. Living in the country, she says she naturally tends to write about things rural.

LINDA FISCHER

Linda Fischer has been active in creative endeavours within the women's movement in connection with children's media for four years. She has also been involved in research on sex stereotyping and been a member of pressure groups such as Gentle Giant Witch of Waterloo, Ontario and Children's Liberation Workshop of Ancaster, Ontario.

PAM HARRIS

Pam Harris is a West Australian at present residing in Canada and studying Fine Arts at the University of Waterloo. Her sole ambition is to become an illustrator.

COLLEEN THIBAudeau

Colleen Thibadeau is a poet living in Montreal. Her work is often found in Canadian poetry magazines. The three poems in this issue were first published in *Air* 14.15.16.

CAM HUBERT

Cam Hubert was born and educated in Vancouver, but has travelled across Canada and Europe. She is very interested in film and in love with the sea. She has won Canada Council awards for playwrighting and poetry, as well as several other poetry and playwrighting competitions. She says "(I am) groping my way through that peculiar sort of hell we are all faced with when we realize that what They taught us is just, sadly, not true. I used to want to know the answers to some of my questions; now I am not sure I even want to know the questions because I have no answers."

IONA MACALLISTER

Iona MacAllister is taking a Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Alberta concentrating in English and Philosophy. Besides being an artist, Iona writes poetry (most recently for *Blew Ointment* press) and is interested in music and dance.

MARIE LITSTER

Marie Litster lives in Vancouver and studied at the Vancouver School of Art. She is now a free-lance artist.

BEVERLEY ROSS

Beverley Ross is an Edmonton-based pianist and writer and singer of songs. She is presently studying music and hopes to make her career in music.

SUSAN MCMASTER

Susan McMaster has a degree in English literature from Carleton University in Ottawa, her home town. For the past three years she has been living in Edmonton, where she has taught elementary school.

GILLIES MALNARICH

Gillies Malnarich is presently a graduate student in Sociology at the university of British Columbia.

HELEN POTREBENKO

Helen Potrebenco quit working as a lab technician in 1969. She feels that what she has done since is irrelevant to the story published here.

DENISE SEGSTRO

Denise Segstro lives in Calgary with her two sons. In addition to working as a secretary she has written a number of newspaper articles and radio commentaries. She plans to attend university in the fall to study for a degree in Social Work.

NICK CERONE

Nick Cercone is originally from Pennsylvania. For the last three years he has been studying Computer Science and taking photographs at the University of Alberta.

LORRAINE VERNON

Lorraine Vernon, Vancouver poet and journalist. Poetry review for *The Vancouver Sun* for two and a half years; does reviews for Canadian periodicals and has published poetry in *Northern Journey*, *Antigonish Review*, *Lakehead University Review*, *Event*, *Mainline* and other magazines.

At press time there was no biographical information available for Jane Richmond, Joan Barberis and Audrey Watson, and Diane Bessai.

"Where are the recommendations of yesteryear?" which appeared in the June-July issue was written by Georgina Wyman. We apologize for the omission of Ms. Wyman's name from the title page of her article.

Branching Out wishes to apologize to Ellie Tesher, author of the Perspectives Column in the June-July issue. The story was inadvertently published as fact, when, states Ms. Tesher, "it was social commentary through fiction." *Branching Out* regrets any misunderstanding this may have caused.

- Editors



Branching Out logo by Linda Donnelly

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