

Out of Bounds Monthly

WILLIAM HEAD INSTITUTION, VICTORIA, B. C.

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CIRCULATION 400

WELL... OF COURSE
SANTA WILL TALK, BUT ARE
YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALLOWED
TO HAVE ... "BUBBLES"... COME
AND LIVE WITH YOU ??



Merry Christmas



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Contributions are needed in the form of articles, poetry, humour, opinions, etc. Drop them off at the Out of Bounds office in the basement.



They may imprison
My mind, but they will
NEVER imprison my... NO,
That's not it. They may
imprison my... NO, WAIT A
minute... it's they may
imprison my mind... NO,
That's not it either.
It goes... they may
imprison my....

WAC/82.

EDITORIAL

In the past couple of months, six prisoners from various federal prisons across Canada have been returned to prison by the parole board immediately after they had been released on mandatory supervision. These prisoners had served their sentences, minus their earned remission, and were led to believe they were going to be set free. As soon as they stepped outside the prison gates, they were arrested and returned to penitentiary; they hadn't committed any new crimes, in fact, they didn't have the chance to do anything at all. Using a section of the Parole Act, the parole board revoked their mandatory supervision on the grounds that the prisoners "posed an undue risk to society."

If that wasn't enough, the Solicitor General, Robert Kaplan, in a speech he made to volunteer staff members at Bowden Institution, called upon provincial authorities to "keep dangerous convicts eligible for release under mandatory supervision locked up." He wants provincial authorities to invoke Section 546 of the Criminal Code. This section of the Code permits provincial health (mental) to request custody of any prisoner about to be released if they feel he is a threat to public safety. Mr. Kaplan's rationale for wanting provincial mental health authorities to take this measure is because "the federal correctional service can't legally hold a convict who has earned time off for good behaviour." The Solicitor General is pointing out the way to circumvent the law.

A long article about "ethics" could be written but why waste time writing about something that is lacking in the Canadian "justice" system. Instead, I would like to pose a few questions.

How can the parole board predict future behaviour? Neither psychiatrists nor psychologists are capable of doing so; therefore, the parole board must have adopted the theory that if a person has done something once, it is automatic that they will continue to do so. If this theory is to be used against prisoners, then it should be applied to everyone in society. Anyone who receives a parking ticket or traffic ticket should have their driver's license taken away and anyone who gets divorced shouldn't be permitted to remarry because they will be getting divorced again, etc. etc.

If a person requires psychiatric treatment, why isn't he given it while he is serving his sentence since Mr Kaplan claims that prison is a place for rehabilitation and not punishment? Why carry on the pretext any further that every prisoner is eligible to earn remission? Why bother having courts or judges at all if members of a bureaucracy are going to be the ones to decide when or if a prisoner is ever going to be released? How can the Solicitor General, the top man in the prison system admit publicly that legally, the federal correctional service can't hold a prisoner after he has served his sentence and earned his remission and, then permit the parole board, an arm of the correctional service, to automatically revoke a prisoner and keep him in prison?? There has been much speculation that the all-new Canadian Constitution was going to guarantee "rights" to everyone but is the Constitution only a form of John Diefenbaker's Bill of Rights which was nothing but a pretty piece of paper that sounded good but gave as many "rights" to everyone as much as a black man receives at a Klu Klux Klan meeting?

The first case that the parole board acted upon was that of a prisoner serving a sentence for a sexual offense. The general consensus was probably, "it looks good on him" as who cares what happens to a sexual deviate, right? But the parole board was setting a precedent and using an unpopular type of prisoner to do it. At least one of the other five cases was that of a prisoner serving a sentence for armed

robbery. So, presently, there are two categories of crimes where prisoners won't know until the day of their release whether they have earned remission or not, armed robbery and sexual offenses, which raises the next question, which category of crime will the parole board move against next? Critics of the system? Prison "activists"? Are prison authorities going to tell prisoners when they enter prison, that because of their type of crime, they are going to have to serve all of their sentence and not be able to earn remission? I'll answer this question myself. No, prison authorities will never tell any prisoner they can't earn remission because remission is the main control factor in any prison; deception will be practised.

It is hard to predict what the outcome of this parole board "tactic" is going to be, but it is a certainty that prisons are going to contain many unhappy prisoners which will, in all likelihood, lead to unrest. Prisoners are sent to a penitentiary because they have broken the law and are supposedly there to learn to "respect" the law but some prisoners are discovering that, although they have obeyed the law in prison, the law is being used against them. They get sent to prison for breaking the law and are returned to prison for obeying the law. They can't win for losing.

A female prisoner released from the Prison for Women in Kingston, Ontario in October had her mandatory supervision revoked as soon as she was released. She has appealed and was represented by Allan Manson, Associate Professor of Law at Queen's University and by David Cole, a Toronto lawyer. Both of these men are deeply involved in prison rights; they are very capable and, if they lose, it is going to set a precedent where it is going to be nearly impossible for a prisoner to win. But that really isn't a precedent because when did a prisoner ever "win?" All that "justice" is, is a seven-letter word.

George Watson

IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY

Once upon a time, there was a non-conforming sparrow who decided not to fly south for the winter. However, soon the weather turned so cold that he reluctantly started to fly south. In a short time, ice began to form on his wings and he fell to the earth in a barnyard, almost frozen. A cow passed by and crapped on him. The sparrow thought it was the end, but the manure warmed him and defrosted his wings. Warm and happy, he began to sing. Just then a large cat came along and hearing the chirping, investigated the sounds. The cat cleared away the manure, found the chirping bird and promptly ate him.

This story contains three morals:

- (1) Everyone who craps on you is not necessarily your enemy;
- (2) Everyone who gets you out of shit is not necessarily your friend;
- (3) And, if you are warm and happy in a pile of shit, keep your mouth shut.

THE DIFFERENCE

There is one major difference between a lawyer and a doctor. The lawyer hides his mistakes behind prison walls while the doctor buries his.

SWEDISH PRISONS: SMALL, COMMUNITY-ORIENTED -
AND NO ONE GETS UPSET ABOUT ESCAPES!

(Reprinted from Let's Talk)

Ottawa - CSC administrators meeting here in May heard something they all knew was true although they hoped it wasn't - there's no magic formula or perfect correctional approach yet in the hands of man. Not even in Sweden.

So when Clas Amilon, deputy director of the Swedish system, addressed them, they knew already a panacea wasn't in the making. However, his revelations about Swedish corrections did lighten the mood and add a wealth of knowledge.

Amilon noted that his country has a total of 4,200 inmates behind walls. He also stunned delegates when he said: "Between 3,000 and 3,500 escapes occur during the year - with little public reaction!"

CSC administrators reacted with laughter, reflecting that in CSC in 1981 there were 371 escapes of which 116 were Temporary Absence failures.

"In Sweden this means that on any given day between 250 and 300 persons are illegally away from prison," Amilon said. "This is probably a world record!" He went on to say that had a senior manager been fired each time, "every law-abiding citizen would at some time or another have had a chance to be commissioner." The Scananavian nation has had only three commissioners in the past 40 years.

Public tolerance of escapes also reflects Swedish attitudes towards corrections overall, he said, and it is traditionally public opinion which sways correctional policies not only because of the large number of volunteers working in Swedish corrections but also because the system historically has been molded by the public.

"Corrections is too serious a matter to be entrusted to the experts," Amilon said. However, he warned, "Too much confidence on the part of the public can sometimes be as dangerous as a balance on the razor's edge. The wind may veer around."

To illustrate this, he gave CSC administrators a brief history. During the 1930's, "optimism was great" that criminality and the then-emerging welfare state didn't have much in common. The prison system was therefore planned to accomodate not more than 2,000 prisoners. The cry had gone out: "Empty the prisons!"

This proved "ill-founded." Crime increased, and new institutions which hadn't been planned for were needed all of a sudden. The policy was therefore to avoid using prisons, and instead deploy alternatives and temporary quarters in old schoolhouses and factories, for instance.

By the 1950's, the public was accusing correctional officials and the government of being "removed from reality" and demanded something be done to lower the crime rate. In 1962, correctional administrators forecasted a need for 10,000 cells by 1972. The public then accused authorities of being too conservative and "out of touch with reality."

However, a few years later as a result of new laws and the new resources added to the probation and parole system, the prison population began to decrease to about 3,500 in 1966.

The "hawks of the 1950's" became the "doves of the 1960's," Amilon said. Sweden's largest prison, with about 400 beds, was looked on as a symbol of a monstrous correctional policy.

By 1975, a number of penal reforms and amendments were introduced to implement the latest knowledge in corrections. At the same time, a forecast saw a need for no more than 700 places in prison in the future, and only those residual offenders recognized as a danger to society were to be deprived of their liberty.

"Once again, as in the 1940's," Amilon noted, "the optimism was soon proved to be ill-founded." Today, he said, institutions which were closed down five or six years ago have been reopened. Temporary solutions are being sought, because of the steadily increasing prison population during the past few years.

"The extended use of measures of non-liberty-depriving character left to the penitentiaries a proportionally growing number of hardcore offenders at the same time as the criminality increased and took on new and more serious forms," he said.

"Nothing has changed the situation as much as narcotics, which now have become the overshadowing problem, not only as a crime factor, but also for the operation of prisons. The traditional, outward-oriented prison policy has been challenged," he said.

Currently, Swedish prisons are following the philosophy of the mid-1970's. They are all locally-oriented, no larger than 40 units, tied closely to community programs and facilities, and grant frequent passes to their inmates. The entire system is also heavily reliant upon volunteers, who themselves are a bridge for the offender.

Amilon said there are lessons to be learned, and concluded that the probation and parole system, for example, can't be termed a failure because of recidivism rates, but many are still disappointed in it.

He still believes that "the walls of society should not be higher than those of the prisons. Through a well developed coordination between institutions and non-institutional treatment, between correctional authorities and society, the inmate's return to society should be a natural occurrence rather than a social shock."

Correctional strategies must also be flexible enough to deal with new forms of criminality, he added. Coupled to this, they must also address the needs of the various types of criminals.

THE HIGHEST INCOME

The highest gross income ever achieved in a single year by a private citizen is an estimated \$105 million in 1927 by Al Capone.

On his business card, "Scarface Al" described himself as a "Second Hand Furniture Dealer."

Committee News



As of December 1, 1982, there is a new Committee at William Head. We would like to take this opportunity to thank the past Committee and everyone else who has helped us during the transition period.

Although specific objectives may change through time, the overall objective should be for all of us to make William Head a place where we can work together in making this a better place to serve our time. Remember, when you leave, others remain so let's endeavour to leave William Head a better place than we found it.

The Committee will be meeting with the administration early in the New Year. The results of this meeting will be posted on the board.

If you have any questions, ideas or suggestions, come and see us in the Committee Room (downstairs next to the pool room).

The members of the Committee are:

Stewart Bell - Chairman

Gordie Roy - Secretary/Treasurer

Mike Mack - Shops/Hospital

Al (Aussie) Ellison—V & C/Sports

Roger (Action) Jackson - The Rover

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

The Christmas Social was held on Sunday, December 19th and was a great success. A special thanks to all those who contributed. The turnout to help set up the gym was super. Thanks to all. Also thanks to the John Howard Group for decorating the All Purpose Room. The presents were donated by the Jay-Cees and a special thanks goes to Mike Mack, Brian Gessey and Warren Craig for repairing and wrapping the gifts. Right on, Robbie (Santa). A final thanks goes to all those who participated in the skits and we are looking forward to MacBeth. The boys in the band(s) were super and we are looking forward to a return engagement.

All in all, the day was a success and it was the work and cooperation of all who were involved that made it that way. Thanks.

A POINT TO PONDER

A creature, human or otherwise, that has its freedom compromised, has been degraded. In a sub-conscious reaction that combines guilt, fear and contempt, the keepers of the caged are degraded themselves. The cage is a double degrader. Any bar, whether concrete or intangible, that stands between a living thing and its liberty is a communicable perversity, dangerous to the sanity of everyone involved.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS ALIVE AND WELL AND MADE IN TAIWAN

When George asked me to "write something" for the Christmas Issue of Out of Bounds, I jumped at the chance for a variety of reasons. First, Christmas has been a sore spot with me for about fifteen years and I thought that this would be the perfect opportunity to get a few things off my chest. Secondly, because after surviving 29 consecutive Christmas Days, I consider myself to be well qualified to write on the subject. And finally, because I had nothing else to do this afternoon.

Our scene opens 25 years ago in a warm, comfortable, middle class home in Southern Ontario. A chubby little fellow of five summers crashes through the front door of the house, cheeks flaming and eyes sparkling. It is Christmas Eve and his blue eyes dart to the massive Scotch Pine standing in the corner of the room beneath masses of multi-coloured lights and "do not touch" ornaments. It is a beautiful sight, even to a five year old who as yet, probably has no real sense of beauty.

In the morning, he will open a stack of gifts as tall as he is. Among these gifts, strangely enough, will be everything he had wanted Santa Claus, or Father Christmas as he was known to the boy, to bring him. Will wonders never cease?

The scene is set and now that you are dying to find out what happens next, we're going to leave the brat there; hang the little sucker in limbo.

Now, let's take a look at a more "modern" Christmas scene. Can you handle it? I can't either but let's do it anyway.

A kid, much like the one we left in the Black Hole of Christmas past, dashes into a house much like the one my family lives in; it's big, bright and looks warm inside especially around this time of the year. The kid looks around, spots the silver, metallic tree with its even dozen blue, flashing Mini-Lites. Beneath this "tree" are maybe four gifts. Nope, there hasn't been anything added since the last time he checked so out he goes again to play in the snow.

Now, you know and I know that it isn't likely that there will be any more gifts under the tree on Christmas morning. It isn't because the kid isn't loved; love never changes from year to year. The problem is that everything costs more. There's the mortgage on that big, warm house, the car payments, the fuel bill, ad nauseum.

Okay, fine. Everything costs more and why shouldn't it? We vote the Trudeaus and the Reagans into power but this isn't a political article so I'll dispense with the politics.

The point is that, even with everything costing more, there isn't any excuse for the phoniness that goes into Christmas each year. I walk into a house at Christmas and expect to find screaming children and the smell of freshly-cut pine (which, by the way, is a marvellous aphrodisiac) and find 'trees' of plastic and aluminum! Why the artificial tree? It's clean; it doesn't drop needles all over the floor; it's easy to put up and take down. Besides, it only costs \$69.95. Granted, you only have to put out the \$69.95 once but a Boy Scout I know (and I don't know many) will sell you a good Blue Spruce or Scotch Pine for \$10.00. Look at the average life expectancy of one of these gross aluminum monstrosities and you will find that it is approximately seven years. If you have your calculator handy, you can figure it out. Over a seven-year period, you're saving about 5x by putting \$69.95 into the pocket of some Taiwanese businessman whom you will probably never meet. Now, I have never had much interest in Boy Scouts (although I have been helped across the odd street in my time) but it seems to me that the money could be put to better use than to send it to Taiwan.

What about that kid outside playing in the snow? Just one more present under that "tree", as our Taiwanese businessman chooses to call it, would send him to heights of ecstasy. Let's face it, Christmas is the time of year for kids and if we can make our kids happier, I say we should take the plunge. Sure, these Taiwanese wonders look nice but do they look nicer on Christmas morning than a child's smile? Hardly.

I guess what this article is all about is the fact that I can't see people copping out to plastic and feeding people who just don't need the extra bucks when we can keep the money at home where it's needed and make our kids happy at the same time.

I know my kids would appreciate it - how about yours?

Buzz Alward

"Gimme a double whiskey!" the little boy yelled to the barmaid as he climbed on the stool and peered over the bar.

"Do you want to get me into trouble?" she asked.

"Maybe later," the little boy replied. "All I want right now is just a double whiskey."

A man who smelled like a distillery flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with lipstick and a half-full bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes, the disheveled guy turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"Mister," replied the priest, "it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol and a contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," the drunk muttered, returning to his newspaper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said to the man, turned to him and apologized. "I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father. I was just reading in the newspaper that the Pope does."

Three couples who wanted to join a church went to see the pastor. He said they could join only if they could do without sex for a month.

A month later, the first couple came back and said they made it through the month without sex. The pastor welcomed them to the congregation. The second couple came back and said it was pretty rough near the end of the month but they had made it too, though just barely. They were welcomed to the congregation too.

The third couple came back and the pastor asked them if they had been successful. The man said, "Everything was going great until I saw the old lady drop a can of corn and that did it."

The pastor thanked him for being honest but barred them from his congregation.

The man said he understood. "We can't go back to the corner grocery store, either."

Mary had a little lamb. That's what she gets for sleeping in the barn.



"NEVER MIND WHAT THE 'CITIZENS SAFETY COMMITTEE' SAYS. THESE ARE THE
SAME GUYS WE'VE BEEN VISITING FOR YEARS, NOW MOVE OUT !!!"

Donald MacDonald

JUDGE THUMBS DOWN ON FINGERPRINTS

TORONTO (CP) - A provincial court judge who last month ruled that breath analysis tests in drinking and driving cases are unconstitutional has declared that the use of fingerprints by police is Draconian, degrading and akin to thumb screw treatment.

Judge Maurice Charles made it clear at a preliminary hearing Thursday (Aug. 19/82) that he intends to reject fingerprint evidence linking a person to a burglary because police would be violating individual rights by forcing the person to supply fingerprints.

Charles, who will make his ruling on the matter next week, said Canadian police forces have "unbridled power" and are only too happy to use it, much to the detriment of innocent people. He said he did not share the blind confidence some people have in the police.

The judge, who last month ruled that the use of breath tests was self-incriminating and therefore contrary to the Charter of Rights, said he believes fingerprints are routinely taken "to use in future police investigations."

"Why do police have this power to obtain prints from a man who is innocent until proven guilty?" Charles asked. "It is not for any policeman to say at his whim and caprice that: 'You were not cooperative, I'll take your prints.'" "

Crown Counsel Kerry Evans had several heated exchanges with Charles, including one after the judge complained that a reluctant suspect can be physically forced to submit to fingerprinting or be arrested.

"I don't think it's the policy of the Metro Toronto Police force to render people unconscious before taking their fingerprints," Evans shot back. "Your Honour has taken a judicial leap to one side of the scale."

Evans said the Supreme Court has ruled several times that fingerprints are not a form of self-incrimination.

Charles, and not the defence counsel, raised the issue of a Charter of Rights violation at a hearing of a Toronto man charged with 16 counts of breaking and entering. The man was arrested after police matched a fingerprint found at a break-in scene with one of the accused's prints on file.

Since Canadian law states that a jury must not see any evidence referring to a defendant's criminal record - unless the defendant is on the witness stand - police took another print from the accused man to be used in court, Evans said in an interview.

He said police could be stopped from using fingerprints as evidence in court if Charles opinion prevails. Charles said police ought to be forced to get permission from a judicial officer - in the same way wiretap authorizations are obtained - if they want to fingerprint an accused person.

--Reprinted from the Times-Colonist.

EXCERPTS FROM THE HISTORY OF PENITENTIARIES IN CANADA - WRITTEN BY LUC GOSSELIN

In 1832, the Upper House of Canada voted the sum of 100 Pounds to be used to build a penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario. The first prisoners moved into Kingston Penitentiary in 1835.

The standard punishment for any infraction of the rules was to be whipped with either the rawhide or the cat-o-nine-tails, the exact number of strokes depending on the offense. For example:

Laughing and talking	6 lashes cat-o-nine-tails
Talking in wash house	6 lashes, rawhide
Threatening to knock convict's brains out	24 lashes cat-o-nine-tails
Staring about and inattentive at breakfast table	Bread and Water
Leaving work and going to the privy when other convict there	36 hours in dark cell and bread and water

In 1845, 2,102 punishments were meted out to 500 prisoners. Two years later, the number of punishments had risen to 6,063. During that period, each prisoner received corporal punishment an average of four or five times a year. Some mornings, twenty, thirty or as many as forty prisoners - men, women and children - received a public whipping. Examples:

In 1841, Sarah O'Connor, aged 14, was whipped four times in the space of three months;

On Christmas Day, 1844, Alex Lafleur, aged 11, received 12 lashes for having spoken French;

In 1846, Peter Charbonneau, aged 10 and serving a 7-year sentence was given the rawhide on 71 separate occasions for offences like "making faces" and "tricks at the table."

In 1846, there were 16 children under the age of 16 years of age in Kingston Penitentiary.

In St Vincent de Paul Penitentiary in Quebec, "until 1913, prisoners had fire hoses turned on them; until 1933, they were constantly shackled; until 1938, they were being handcuffed to the bars of their cells for up to eight hours a day." As well, punishment by whip, paddle and strap was commonplace. Such torture continued until very recently as may be seen in the Ouimet Report.

From 1960 to 1975, 48 prisoners committed suicide at St Vincent de Paul.

"Shall we indict one man for making a fool of another?"

- Lord Chief Justice Holt of England in 1703 before fraud was a crime -

A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

I have the quality best described as magnetic. I have the knack of drawing people to me much as a magnet attracts iron fillings.

I recall one day resting on a park bench in downtown Hamilton, Ontario. I had been seated for only a minute or two when "Beardo the Wierdo" approached me.

Survivors of Auschwitz looked robust in comparison to "Beardo." His lean, hungry look, jerky movements and darting eyes, told me it wasn't Geritol he was on.

"Can you help me out, man?" he asked in plaintive tones.

I stooped to retrieve a rather lengthy cigarette butt, lit it up, and with a non-chalant air, replied, "Sure, what can I do for you?"

"Forget it, man," he muttered and stalked off in search of more prosperous-looking prey.

He had no sooner left, when an elderly relic plunked himself down beside me. Reaching into his paper bag, he produced the inevitable bottle of wine and proceeded to open and imbibe the contents without further ado.

Smacking his lips, he looked over, sized me up, and came to the conclusion that I wasn't an undercover minion of the law.

"Want a shot?" he inquired, extending the bottle.

I took the proffered bottle, glanced hastily at the label and downed two fingers of Turner's Nifty Treat. There wasn't any reason to print the label in capital letters - it tasted like T.N.T. My glance at the bottle confirmed my suspicions - they didn't put the vintage year down, they put the hour it was bottled. The grapes in this particular bottle must have been dangling on the vines just a scant few days ago.

It wasn't long after the old codger had retrieved his bottle and tried to lower the contents inch by inch that a cop came strolling up the path.

"Let's go, Stoney," he said, addressing my acquaintance in familiar tones. "It's time to go for a little ride."

I, meanwhile, had popped a handful of Clove Lifesavers into my mouth and took an absorbed interest in the nearby flower beds.

Before the cop had Stoney bundled into a waiting paddy wagon, the bench was again occupied. This time by a woman replete with shopping bag.

"Are they waiting in the wings for me?" I wondered, as I sized up the new arrival. I mentioned she was a woman but you would have to visualize a Tugboat Annie who had seen better days to get a mental image of her.

"Hello," she nodded to me.

"Hi," I replied, indifferently.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked, dipping into her shopping bag and withdrawing a pair of scissors.

"Yes," I replied hesitantly, eyeing the scissors with a nervous apprehension. I could already see the headlines in tomorrow's paper: "Man Stabbed to Death in Park by Religious Maniac."

"That's nice," she said and began a rambling discourse on the Bible, with particular emphasis on the prophecies. While she was sermonizing, she began trimming her finger nails with the shears.

I was so engrossed with her lecture and manicure that I failed to see, until it was too late, the little dog who urinated on both the leg of the bench and the leg of my trousers.

That was enough for me. As I got up and walked away from the park, I was still wondering why this particular sort of people seemed to always gravitate towards me. I know that in physics there is a law wherein "like attracts like". Is there also some sort of metaphysical law I'm unaware of that a person can attract the offbeat type of citizenry towards him? If there is, I must be overendowed with this quality.

Doug Todd

(Reprinted from the Odyssey Newsletter, Dec-Jan issue, 1978-79)

A farmer discovered one day that a prize bull wasn't performing his expected tasks and, as a result, his cows were getting restless. He called a veterinarian who came and looked the bull over. The vet then mixed up a potion and said that ought to do the job.

"Well," said the farmer, telling the story to another farmer a few days later, "I fed that stuff to the bull and do you know it wasn't no time at all before he was frisking around and snorting and pawing and ready to do his duty to all the cows. That was powerful medicine."

"What was in it?" asked the other farmer.

"I don't really know," he replied. "But it tasted kind of like licorice."

Zeke the hillbilly brought his family to town one Sunday just to see the sights. His two sons were so busy gaping at the sights they forgot to look where they were going and ran headlong into a priest who was wearing a cast on his foot. Zeke rushed over to apologize for his clumsy sons, and he and the priest fell into a conversation.

"What did you do to your foot, Father?" asked Zeke.

"I slipped and broke it in the bathtub," replied the priest.

Later, on their way home, one of Zeke's sons asked, "Pa, what is a bathtub?"

"I couldn't say, son," replied his father. "I ain't a Catholic."

Did you hear about the Polish terrorist who burnt his lips trying to blow up a car?

QUOTABLE QUOTES

I sit here and walk and function twenty-four hours every day, in meditation. Being here inside these walls no longer has any effect upon me. One day, I went to the yard and looked at the seventy foot wall, the many gun towers, all the guards and prisoners (both being prisoners) and the bars and concrete and steel and thought: "This ain't nothing--NOTHING." And I laughed, without tears, remorse, or self-pity. The chains are broken forever and it is inexpressible in mere words. You'll have to find out. You must!

from San Quentin.

The worst punishment is to throw someone out of your heart.

--Maharaji.

Bureaucracy is a giant machine run by pygmies.

--Honore de Balzac.

Solid rock is not shaken by the gale. The wise man is not moved by praise or by blame.

--Dhammapada.

Be grateful for yourself. Yes, for yourself. Be thankful.

Understand that what a man is is something he can be grateful for, and ought to be grateful for.

--William Saroyan.

Everyone has the right to be fed.

--Maharaji.

To know and yet not to do is in fact not to know.

--Wang Yang Ming.

Locked in a gaol within a gaol--my mind is still free.

--George Jackson.

In memory of John Clifford, who passed into a better world on November 18, 1981. He is gone, but not forgotten by those who knew him. Let his passing be a lesson to those of us who ride the same train.

R. I. P.

--Buzz.

More revolutions have been caused by conservative obstinacy than by liberal exaggeration.

--Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 1877.

You just jot down the ideas as they occur to you. The jotting is simplicity itself--it is the occurring which is difficult.

--Stephen Leacock.

Politicians are like ships; noisiest when lost in a fog.

--Enrico Fermi.

Bad officials are elected by good citizens who did not vote.

--George Nathan.

Laughter is the primeval attitude toward life--a mode of approach that survives only in artists and in criminals.

--Oscar Wilde.

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL OF CANADA

Dear Mr. Minister:

During a recent visit to William Head the following concerns, among others, were brought to my attention by members of the Inmates Committee.

A major concern was overcrowding when the facilities were already strained. A kitchen designed for 92 people must now meet the needs of 150. Further, overcrowding will lead to increased tensions among prisoners and between prisoners and staff. Although William Head is much less crowded than many other penal institutions, it is important not to reduce conditions to a point where the prisoners are only warehoused. As you know, crowded penal conditions create problems that have serious consequences for the larger society. This is not, therefore, simply a problem affecting prisoners' well being although that is important also. I urge you to ensure that overcrowding does not occur either at William Head or at other penitentiaries. If it is absolutely necessary to place more inmates at William Head, will there be an increase in staff to handle the increased load?

Secondly, the Committee regrets that there are no plans to institute a Family Visiting Program in the near future at William Head. Committee members stressed the importance of maintaining family ties in any program of rehabilitation. Please let me know how the Family Visiting Program has worked out at other institutions and when it could be started at William Head. The Committee pointed out that statistics on the number of passes for day parole, etc. are misleading as some inmates get a large number of passes and the majority of the inmates get very few. The existence of Day Parole should not be used as a reason for postponing a Family Visiting Program.

The Committee complained that there continues to be a problem with the Parole Board's reluctance to place people on Day Parole so they could work on the Parks Program. In addition, the pay scale discriminates against prisoners who want to take on the larger responsibilities of Day Parole. At present, kitchen staff are on pay levels 4 or 5 while the Limited Day Parolee is limited to pay level 3. Could you check into this financial disincentive and let me know what purpose it serves.

Finally, the Committee would like to see changes in the regulations which require peace officers to serve as escorts for temporary absence of certain prisoners. Especially in the summer time when many staff are on holiday, this means that prisoners are seldom able to get escorted absences. Given the present restraint program and limitations on overtime this will mean that the number of escorted absences will diminish even further. Obviously this situation will have to vary according to the prisoner or prisoners involved. But for a great many of the prisoners at William Head, would it not be possible for other people, members of the Citizens' Advisory Council for example, to act as escorts. Again, I emphasize, that this concern is not only for the prisoners' well being but for the security of our society.

Thank you for giving this your attention.

Yours truly,

Jim Manly, M.P.

Sports

The soccer season started a couple of weeks ago and our team has played five games. We lost the first one but since then, we have tied twice and won the other two games. The team is playing with more confidence and is improving steadily. In the last two games, we tied Portuguese Mafia 3-3 and then defeated P.V. Lines 5-4.

Big Frank Frajman is the scoring leader of the team; he scored the tying goal in the game against the Portuguese Mafia and added three more in the 5-4 victory over P.V. Lines. Eddy Williams, who is proving that age isn't a problem, scored two goals in the Mafia game while Kevin Chestnut continues to score his goal a game. Randy Bell is a key forward and is the team leader. Al Thomas, Murray Cruickshanks and Dale Rebizant are also forwards and run their hearts out every game along with Harold Flintoff. Back on defense are Dana Clark, Kelly Barrows and Hilton Reid and they are getting better all the time. Dana moved back to defense from a forward position and has starred in the last two games. Mark Stanley and Brad Graham have alternated in goal and when Mark isn't the goalkeeper, he plays forward.

The next game is scheduled for January 9th and the team is hoping that everyone will go out and support them.

Roger Jackson is coaching the team and, for someone who has never coached soccer before, he is doing a great job. The men who are running the touchline and clock also deserve thanks.

"Bertie" Murphy, also known as "the Plum", helped the team a great deal with his playing and with his experience and knowledge but he has left us for "Old Blighty" where he is probably playing for the Brixton Rovers.

Gus Nadreau has handed his position of arranging games over to me and I would like to add my thanks to him for all the help he gave to the team.

In the next issue, I hope to cover floor hockey as well as soccer.

Since being elected to the Committee, I have replaced John Piwniuk as the Sports Coordinator so, if anyone has any questions pertaining to sports, they can contact me at A-9

Your Flying Kangaroo,

"Aussie"

SPORTS TRIVIA

In 1920, the year after baseball's "Black Sox" game-fixing scandal had exposed a number of players on the Chicago White Sox, an over-wrought citizen of Joliet, Illinois, accosted Buck Herzog and accused him of being one of "those crooked Chicago players", then slashed him with a knife. Herzog was indeed a Chicago player - a Chicago Cub.

REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

Somebody once told me that Christmas in jail was very depressing and I believed him - what the hell, there was no reason not to. Anyone who has been through it knows what I mean; you're inside wishing you were outside and you're feeling anything but "merry." This year, however, I got to thinking that it really doesn't have to be that bad. What I've tried to do is to think of some of the memorable Christmas seasons of the past and to perhaps recapture some of the "spirit."

Probably my most memorable Christmas was in 1959. Christmas actually began for me that year in July; that's when my daughter, Debbie, was born. The proud poppa (me) was three months short of his nineteenth birthday. With all the exuberance of youth, and more than my share of the excesses, I started my Christmas shopping around the beginning of November that year. Debbie was only three and a half months old and she didn't do very much of anything - oh, she cried and ate a lot; she smiled and looked cute a lot; and she also needed changing A LOT. But, apart from that, she didn't do much. Christmas was almost two months away and a lot can happen in two months. A lot did! I could not walk into a store without buying a Christmas present. In fact, I could hardly walk past a store without stopping in and buying a Christmas present. By the time Christmas rolled around Debbie still couldn't walk, even though she was five months old, but she had every kind of a doll imaginable, a doll carriage, table and chairs, a set of dishes, a four foot tall stuffed lion, and ... well, I could go on and on but I'm sure you get the picture ... be thankful you didn't get the bill. Suffice it is to say that Debbie had enough stuff to keep the average kid going for five years! Oh yes, although my face still turns red when I think about it, I even bought her a tricycle - well, some five month old girls are quite advanced you know! My wife put her foot down when I suggested a pony! The electric train? I bought that in June, positive that Debbie was going to be a boy. I still won't bet on a 50-50 proposition! But I had fun with the train on Christmas Day.

Another Christmas, a few years ago, I spent in a zoo. You've probably heard of it; it's called Las Vegas. At the time I was singing with a small group and we were working in a small, off-the-strip club. We had been working steady for the better part of a year and we even had an apartment (the year before we spent Christmas driving from Houston to Oklahoma City). Ah, the glamour of showbiz! But I digress. Three days before Christmas, we all (there were four of us) took advantage of a night off, called some lady friends, and started out to do the town. We ended up at the Frontier to catch a show headlined by a performer named Reveen. If you're not familiar with the name, he's a hypnotist. During the show he asked for volunteers from the audience and our piano player, Bill Dorry, bounded up onto the stage. He had consumed just a little more alcohol than the rest of us, but Bill would do almost anything for a laugh even when he was sober. For example, one of the stage outfits our group wore were steel grey silk suits and Bill had a pair of Bermuda shorts made with his and he would occasionally wear them on stage. What's so funny about that? ... You obviously have never seen Bill's legs or you wouldn't have to ask. Anyway, there was Bill on stage with this hypnotist and he turned out to be an excellent subject which surprised none of us. Reveen put him under, whispered something in his ear, and sent him back to the table with a little American Flag in his hand. Reveen then told the audience that when he said, "Stars and Stripes" for the second time, Bill would react in a very unusual way. When there were only a few minutes left to the show, Reveen said, "when you're out celebrating New Year's Eve, be sure to wave the 'Stars and Stripes'." With that, Bill jumped up, threw off his coat, climbed up on the table and, waving his flag, yelled, "God Bless America." It didn't happen Christmas Day but it carried through Christmas, New Year's Eve and the Fourth of July!

What about this year? Well, I'm inside and I'd rather be outside but I've got a 23-

year-old daughter who has a three-year-old daughter which makes me a grandfather, I've got a family, some good friends, and one very special friend I would have to work hard to become depressed, and anyway, who needs it?

Bob MacDonald

SCORED and BORED

Along gas-lit cobblestone laneways of a picture postcard "olde town", the greasy, yellow light fell against grey-black shadows and the ever present warmth of the red brick roadbed belied the presence of the lonely, save for the light, smokey, blue whispers of an illusive cloud of fog caught on the faint, yet chill, breathe of softly shuffling night winds. As always, the alley was deserted. The only other doorway that faced the alley was the back door of the A.B.C. Cafe, a steamy hangout for the terminally bored, tombstone-eyed, deteriorated at 25, friend of the night, who had somehow survived the 60's. That door had been permanently sealed by a long forgotten, beefy narcotics agent who had tired of losing his fleeter-footed prey to the labyrinth of cobblestoned alleys that twisted and turned like a friendless citizen without even a milligram of help. My door, across the way and some 15 feet further from the street, had been painted flat black by some former tenant with a taste for the mundane. My own lack of concern for exterior decoration contributed nothing to the general character of the alley. Two steel doors and three floors up, the ever present dark muse and her radiant sister held court over the sickness and stonedness that punctuated the otherwise constant nothingness that comprised what passed for life in this jammed-up, strung-out world. Talk about wasted days and comedown nights. Oh lord, how can a white boy be so lost and all alone?

Where are those sluts with the money and the dope, and why does it always end up like this? With your heart in a spoon and your hand in the till, if you're real lucky, you might get even but there is never a thrill.

Ah, here comes the train..... and the tubular bells are ringing deep within the mind's ear. the skin stretched tight across the back of the skull and now we are softly melting, floating, waiting, weightless, reclining and

What is that sound?

Now I remember stuffing a discarded newspaper into the door chimes. Their ringing had startled me for the last time. Talk to me doorbell. The muffled chimes continued to ring so I guess I had better find out who is at the door. How long have I been thinking about this? It must be someone I know or they would have assumed that no one was home and gone about their business by now. No, only the lonely can stand at the unanswered door long enough for me to answer it myself.

Now I remember, the broads are due back. More later

Sunny Braybrook

THE POTLATCH

Prior to the arrival of the first Europeans, the Potlatch was the basic form for all community affairs; it encompassed all political concerns and acted as a media project for all social and political issues. Everyone, even those who didn't have any status as far as wealth or power, had a say in the outcome of any issue that concerned the community as a whole.

Contrary to the misconception that the Potlatch was a "paganistic Religious Practice" as depicted in early history books, it was, for all intents and purposes, a celebration honouring the giving and taking cycles of life and nature; the coming of the seasonal changes such as the return of the salmon from the sea, the birth of a child and the death of an Elder or a child. It was also the arena for political events such as the election of a new council member or the planning of a new trade route with surrounding tribes.

Clearly, the Potlatch was not a singularly designed function. It connected together the ideals and concepts that comprised the structure of the societies and clanship of the Native way of life. It brought together everything to make up what can only be described as an epic scale of celebration to honour the cycles of life and death. It was a way of life!

The Potlatch was the core of political order as well as social order; decision-making power was not given to any single individual. When issues concerning the community arose, it was the community that decided by consensus and then the decision was symbolically approved by the Shaman.*

The male members of the tribe, the warriors, fishermen, Council members and their aides, would decide issues such as the possibility of opening trades routes with a neighbouring community and communication with the tribe's allies would be made by using "runners" who would bring the news and the outcome to the neighbouring communities.

Everyone played a part in the operation of the Potlatch, even the poorest of the poor were expected to lend some assistance to the occasion. Food was gathered to feed the masses, wood collected and piled for burning in the massive fireplace in the center of the longhouse and sweetgrass was collected for the men to enjoy smoking during the long rituals given before everyone got down to business. The preparation of food started days before the event and gifts were exchanged publicly to discourage any form of ill-will towards one another. It was a common practice to settle personal debts at these gatherings as well as destroying material wealth to indicate that one was not hoarding wealth or attempting to be an influential, power-hungry individual. Sometimes, rather than destroying personal possessions, they would be given to the less fortunate members in order to give them a chance to obtain status and respect and, in this manner, the stability of the community was preserved and everyone benefitted from the occasion.

The arrival of the Europeans led to the downfall of the Potlatch; the delicate balance of the social and political order was rocked by the Christian influence. The zealous priests with their strong convictions to "civilize these noble savages", rocked the culture on its delicate precipice. After witnessing the songs and rituals giving honour to the great spirit of life, the priests felt compelled to put an end to this "primitive hocus-pocus" and to bring "real" rituals to the ignorant savages.

*Shaman: The voice of the people; a wise man; Both a doctor and a priest.

When Queen Victoria received word from her Christian envoys in the New World about the religious practices of the "savages", she outlawed them and her emissaries prosecuted that ban to extremes. Lengthy jail sentences, usually four or five years, were handed out to anyone participating in any form of Potlatch. Being in possession of any implement or paraphernalia related to the Potlatch such as drums, rattles, shawls, headdresses or such was sufficient for conviction.

With the banning of the Potlatch, the community lost its power to function to the needs of its members. Subsequently, the community became wards of the government and was forced to accept that which was previously unknown to them. The concepts of European influences were hard to grasp and for many Natives it was not acceptable to discredit that which they had cherished most in their life ... freedom to hunt and fish and the season to decide their fate, not someone who could not understand the feeling of total freedom or the magical air and the timeless beauty of the land and water that gave and took life to those who yielded to its awesome beauty.

Few white men really understood what it was like to live in those times, even fewer understood the leisure way of life the Red Man lived, much less their culture. Equally, the Natives did not understand the advantages of Europeans and their culture, rites and rituals. Perhaps the most devastating aspect of it all was the introduction of disease to a relatively pure society ... once ravages of influenza took hold of the susceptible Natives' bodies, the results were so devastating that it flourished into epidemic proportions and left whole villages devoid of life. Although the early Colonists weren't aware they were responsible for the sudden outbreak of disease, the availability of suddenly vacant land became their foremost concern. What remained of the old ways of life for the Indian became only a memory and was related to "in stories of the past."

The banning of the Potlatch was much more than the enactment of a new law; it was the destruction of a social structure.

With the Potlatch, the birth of a child was celebrated; children being the future of the society, these events were revered; the association with the spiritual co-existence of the Mother - Earth and the maternal guidance of the mother with the child. There was the name-giving ceremony at approximately 16 years of age, whereby much like a father today takes his son out for his first drink of liquor, the young man walked into manhood with the giving of his name. More often than not, the basis for the boy's name laid in the boy's dreams for it was believed that one led a spiritual life as well as a day-to-day existence. The ceremonies consisted of a lot of personal guidance from the boy's father (the women probably had their own form of indoctrination) and the occasion was laden with rituals to ensure the spiritual safety of the individual and provided the individual with their own songs to sing in times of doubt and anguish.

The Potlatch also held a great significance in the death of any members of the council or community. The safety of the departed spirits were a major concern and were to be taken very seriously. These weren't the actions of religious fanatics of that era but actions taken by concerned members of the community who held all aspects of the life cycle and everchanging seasons in high regard.

In marriage, the Potlatch was just as grandiose; the joining of two life-giving forces was a good reason for celebration. This joining of forces was marked by the blessing of all and in the course of the event, gifts were given to the couple, songs sung in tribute and, at the climax of the celebration, the Shaman symbolically gave his blessings in the form of songs and dances expressing the spiritually guarded protection of the couple.

The return of the salmon marked an increase in the food supply and therefore, it merited a celebration too. A new wealth of food for the long, hard months ahead as every winter threatened starvation to whole villages and it was only the hope that the spirits of the season would yield to prayer for a good catch so that food could be stored away for the winter months. Salmon was the staple diet of my tribal sect, but in a pinch a full-grown deer (buck) could carry a family through the winter. It was essential to thank the spirit of the captured animals and fish for giving itself to the hunter or fisherman and thereby providing life for the community. Nothing was taken for granted.

In looking at the variety of elements that composed the Potlatch, it is easy to see how misconceptions took root but it was not the Indians who were ignorant, it was the God-fearing priests who couldn't understand the beauty and magic of the day-to-day life of the Red Man.

Lionel Brown

(To be continued in next issue)

RAW ANTICIPATION

The structural singularity of raw anticipation is the most surprising element in the deadly trap of institutional miscommunication.

Once again, I have lead myself to confusion, frustration and emotional exhaustion. In any bureaucracy, the terms of the situation travel upwards and return as a set of instructions. Follow the instructions unemotionally and explicitly and the results are 100% predictable. Send up confusion, get back inaction. Send bitterness and rage, get back abuse. The answer clearly lies in what messages will comprise the input. I certainly know by now what instructions I want.

How to float an iron cow.

Sunny Braybrook

THE SWINDLER

The swindler is often savagely punished when he is caught, for our laws are designed to protect property in the first place. The father who beats his child with a red-hot poker will almost certainly receive less punishment than the man who deprives you by fraud of a hundred dollars. It's a strange world, but as long as we use money, and worship it, that incorrigible opportunist and individualist, the swindler, will be treading his primrose path to prison.

Judge Gerald Sparrow (The Great Swindlers)

HUMOUR



"I would
gladly tell you
what I've
been up to
but I don't
want to get
your wife in
trouble"



"Parenthood
is hereditary.
If your
parents didn't
have children,
the chances
are that you
won't have
any either"



"It's a year's wait for a hernia
op. How about a quick heart
transplant?"



"... And if they won't do it for me then strike them dead
with a lightning bolt like you did with Uncle Sherman."

DID YOU KNOW?

On a sunny, Friday morning in early June 1982, at the corner of Georgia and Granville Streets in downtown Vancouver, the television program, "Instead of Prisons" asked 61 passers-by the following question:

"When it now costs approximately \$50,000 a year to keep a person in prison, do you think they should be returning 51% of parolees to prison for a technical violation, such as buying a car or getting married without permission, or going outside their 25 mile limit, etc. - NOT for having committed a new crime?"

Of the 61 people questioned, 28 men replied as follows:

4 said yes, they should be returned, even for a technical violation;
14 said no
and 10 were undecided.

Of the 33 women questioned:

3 said yes, they should be returned, even for a technical violation
14 said no
and 16 were undecided

Two men and one woman offered up capital punishment as a solution to everything.

Contrary to what the Solicitor General states, i.e. "the public demands etc., only seven people out of sixty-one agreed with current policy!

There is no doubt where the pressure to Ottawa is coming from - the police forces across Canada but police forces are hired to enforce the law, not make it.

It is also true that there are groups such as the citizen's safety justice committee who are making a lot of noise but they don't have a clue how the system works.

The mother of a murder victim, a Mrs Clausen, is very vocal in her denunciation of parole and mandatory supervision but what does she know except that her daughter was murdered? Does being the mother of a victim qualify a person to be an expert on parole and mandatory supervision? Is that the way retribution is going to be practiced in Canada - one person commits a particular crime and the other 10,300 prisoners in Canada are going to pay for it? Apparently, the answer is yes so what about the thousands of people that are killed by cars each year in Canada - is every driver going to be punished?

It is sad enough when one person acts in a hysterical manner but for the government to respond in the same hysterical manner that is another thing.

When January 1st rolls around, the calendar will show it is 1983 but as far as prisoners in Canada's penitentiaries, it will be 1984 - George Orwell style.

WILLIAM HEAD CHRISTMAS

1) God rest ye merry gentlemen,
Children and ladies all,
And may you shed a tear for us
Who live just down the Hall.

For we, as merry as may be,
Will also celebrate
And breathe a sigh for all you folks
Who live beyond the gate.

2) Beyond these walls, beyond the gate
I know we are remembered
By loved ones for whom, too, the Wait
Is May'd and then Decembered.

So when the dear Christ-day has come
And you're all around the tree,
Know, in your joy which is our Wish,
We would remembered be.

3) I know you'll spare a thought for me,
A loving one, perhaps.
This Christmastime which passes by
A lot of lonely chaps.

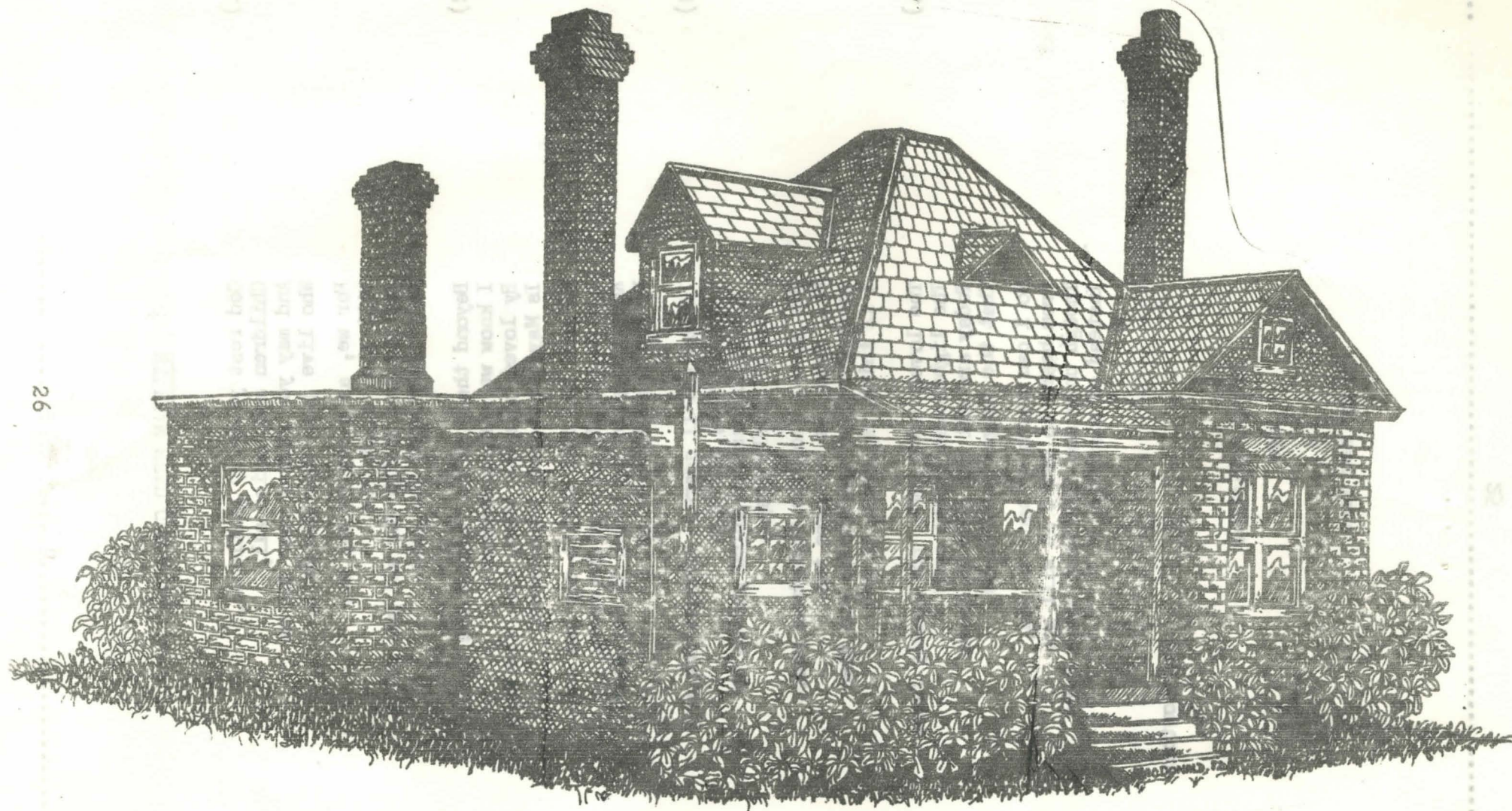
But also I know the Christmas peace
Will find its way here too
Where lonely chaps abide; and then
I'll think, my dear, of you.

4) The loved one's home, the lonely farm,
The lighthouse by the sea,
Today are all one home at heart
That the manger used to be.

So I can reach my hand to you,
From heart to heart it will go,
Though only sea-cold bush hangs here
Instead of mistletoe.

Roy Lowther

Merry Christmas
and
a
Happy New Year



THE HOSPITAL AT WILLIAM HEAD PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

By
Don MacDonald

1982

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA PROGRAM

Spring Semester '83 commences on January 4th and will end on April 8. The last day for registration for university courses is January 7th. Students enrolling in the GED Program can enroll at any time but it is preferable if they enroll by January 7th.

Wayne Knights (Boy Historian) is leaving William Head to become co-ordinator of the university program at Kent. He will be replaced by Dr. Philip Bartle who will be teaching the Anthropology and Sociology Courses. We wish Wayne all the best in his new surroundings.

The following university courses are being offered for the Spring Semester:

<u>SUBJECT</u>		<u>DESCRIPTION</u>	<u>CREDITS</u>
Study Skills	088	University Orientation	Nil
English	099	English Composition Upgrading	Nil
English	115	Basic Essay Writing	1½
English	122	Poetry and Drama	1½
Anthropology	100	Introduction to Anthropology	3
Sociology	100	Introduction to Sociology	3
Psychology	300	Statistics	3
Theatre	299	Lab (Production)	1½
Theatre	399	Lab (Production)	1½

* * * * *

Students enrolling in the General Equivalency Diploma Program will be taking Reading, Writing, Science, Mathematics and Social Studies.

There is also going to be a pre-GED Program offered where students can brush up on their Reading, Writing, Mathematics and Science skills.

* * * * *

There will be a Computer Course offered at the Vocational School but only those students that took the last Computer Course are eligible.

There is also an Introduction to Small Business Course being offered. This course will supply the knowledge of everything a person should know about operating a small business.

Both of these courses commence on January 4th and will be held on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

DANCING ON THE LUNACY PATH

We were dancing on the lunacy path,
With evil guardians of unrelenting wrath;
We sought to please them who toyed with S & M
Mirthless laughter was what we heard from them.

A carrot dangled, for who, for when?
The tasty morsel, caught just now and then.
The rest plod on, lost souls, in mind's warped den,
Unconquered manhood, ravaged hope, not now, but when?

Yes ... I'm dancing ... dancing on the lunacy path;
My feet are faltering; I'm lost, but this "have-not", hath.
In this cauldron, stirred by imbeciles,
He'll fight the fight of wills on wills.

Dan Suddess

BE HERE ... SEE ...

There's panic stricken eyes,
Weak men, in tough disguise.
No room for peace or quiet,
In angered prison, edged on riot.

Small men hide tumbling fear,
Bullying cowards are big men here.
And when the gates are closed at night,
You cannot sigh or cry ... just fight.

And yet somewhere, a teardrop falls,
Some unchained heart, still pleading, calls:
Where is the love and peace I knew?
Is it all gone? Am I here? Is it true?

In laughing mockery, scorn his cry,
Don't understand, don't even try.
Hearts are callous from hate and rejection,
No room for love from that tarnished reflection.

Dan Suddess

FEAST OF THE BRAIN

It crawled from the mouth of the just dead man,
Shaggy black fur shivering in the newfound cold,
It sought to retreat in the cooling, stiffening maw,
With stiff steps and feast swollen sides.
She searches for a field to ensure for her kin,
The last eggs are laid, her death will abound.

Dan Suddess

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

The meaning of Christmas,
I heard someone say
Is that some other feller
Was born on this day.

It's a day of loud rug-rats,
Of loud, bloody bells,
Of Christmas Eve hangovers
Of sissy Noels.

It leaves behind garbage,
More than the norm.
And battered old trees,
Blown about in a storm.

So, what is this Christmas,
This "Happy Yuletide?"
It's just one more day,
That the buzzard can't ride!

Bah! Humbug!

Buzz Alward

ABOUT CHLOROPHYLL

"Daddy, why are the leaves all green?"
What should I tell her?
Chlorophyll, osmosis, oxygen?
God?

I told those gently independent eyes,
"Green means peace.
Green attacks no one.
All that is green is living,
is growing; but
All that is white-skinned, yellow, brown,
I don't know,
I don't know."

Her small hand took the cedar's large one.
"I do know," she said.

Roy Lowther

NIGHT

The night gives me strength to
quit smoking
tell people off
say what I want.

If night was forever
I would rule
the world.

I see your face
looking down at me
with smiling eyes.

I call to you
but you turn away
and kiss a nearby cloud.

Anonymous

Keep the candle burning
Where the holly shines
While our hearts are learning -
Yours, my dear, and mine -
Once again that yearning,
In the altar beams.
"I'll be home for Christmas,
If only in my dreams."

Roy Lowther

NIGHT

Confusion at least

I always find these thoughts
at night
Already too late
and lights out
When I'm in a state
Just
on the outer edge
of awake
sinking too deep
to want to disturb
to come back
to write them down
Such was last night
but —
one word remained
or came back now
to haunt me —
self-flagulation and you
at the same time,
like my mind
hit on both as one
or even one
superimposed on one another
Then flashed back to recall
those who wandered
to and from town
and committed or practiced
self sacrifice

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

for pay,
for sin,
for pay is gold
and gold is sin
Then left for other towns
And I thought
how such practice
had years ago
disappeared
Until last night
in that state
And I saw
how and why
you suffer
Cause,
I suffer
Those same sins.
for payment
through such practice
has evolved into
mental flagulation
And,
payment,
is not always gold.
But,
the sins,
of the towns
remain the same

Mark MacNairn

Late Late Show

The blue light beacon glows
the tier lies dormant for the night
I'm still awake - it's one-thirty a.m.
sleep escapes me once again
I lie upon my mattress
staring
not moving
conjuring worlds that never will be
I listen to the smells that pollute my dreams
stream, stream - gush, gush
the man in the cell four doors down from me
pushes the button of his 747 super flush
twice for effect
the sweaty breathing from another
suggests that making love is still alive
If you but fantasize
the moaning ghosts of rhythm synchronize
even the guard knows the meaning of that word
as his watch ticks, ticks, ticks
but tells him more than just the time
His footsteps tread the range in time to the beat
as he travels up and down
making sure we're still part of the set
hmmph ...
I'm just confused
lying here listening to all the excitement
the institution's late late show has to offer
maybe - when I'm gone
I won't remember.

Mark MacNairn

FANTASY

She looks at me with endless dreams
with seeing eyes that know men's minds
and the emptiness I've known before
vanishes
forever more

She glitters gold and jewels rare
her eyes they sparkle
with a diamonds flare
She's the goddess of my dreams tonight
My fantasy
'til dawn's daylight

Mark MacNairn

Simple Words

The words I want to say
Fall cringing to the floor,
Scurrying into corners
Seeking shadows,
Hiding from your gaze.

Mark MacNairn

LOST IN THE STREETS

The people they shout
their cries not heard
sinking deeper and deeper
into the depths of the world.
They try to struggle
wanting only to surface
but hope is lost
when you're down, you're down.
The streets are endless
they know no mercy
drawing to them all walks of life
with on the surface joyous delights.
The drugs give us hope
a third eye to the inner realm.
The fantasies we live are made into one
living them out together
but caring for no one.
As long as we're alive
it's all we have to know
for the next day we wakeup
it could be time to go.

Peter Gosau

L I F E

Life is short
but it seems so long
most of what we do
turns out wrong.
We pay our dues
but no one sees
they still look upon us
as a disease.
The time will come
they'll see our point
for someday soon, they too
will come to the joint.
Our dignity is lost
only to be filed somewhere
in a cabinet by the wall
we're numbers without names
as faceless as the wind.
We take what we can
only to find
the corridor we have chosen
has no place to hide.
We wait and laugh
because we know
the time they've given can never do
soon we'll be free
released from their zoo.

Peter Gosau

Smile - stranger

odd the effect of a stranger's smile
her inquisitive disarming eyes, filled
with the innocent charms of youth.
we were both desperate men, handcuffed
and on our way to court for a charge
of conspiracy and an armed robbery
myself and a comrade of blackness.
we were sneered at, frowned upon and stared at
thus we found comfort in the fact
that we were spectacles of frozen fear.
the horror showed in their white faces
whenever we came near. we were animals
sent there from our chamber of darkness (prison)
there was no softness in our immobile faces
and no doubt the residue of harsh experiences
lingered in our watchful eyes, but if so
she gave no sign of recognition
as she smiled her warm smile and approached us
"hi there", she said staring straight into our eyes
as i felt the earth move under my feet.
she was a friendly piece of a world
which clawed at or forgotten us
but i could feel none of the previous coldness.

Anonymous prisoner

Words ...

words without motion
without swerves of action and activity
in time gather moss. with us
even the body language of i love you
has disappeared.

love is a thief
if you open your heart
which will invariably steal

the majesty and tolerance
of life / everything

every small joy

wisps of laughter

leaving only the terrible gloom

the immense emptiness

of her absense.

i came

with not as much as a fig leaf between us

but having revealed my nakedness

she could not resist

her instincts

to prey upon my vulnerability

Anonymous prisoner

Mike Mack - Shop/Hospital
Stewart Bell - Chairman
George Roy - Secretary/Treasurer
AJ Ellison - V & C Sports
Roger Jackson / The Rover

LITTLE STRANGE EYES

Little strange eyes
Well, you know what you've been
Tell me what are you winning
I made you alone
Back there at the beginning
I have all I am and you
You are all I know
Little strange eyes
I made you alone
I made you a stranger
Trapped inside your home
Why are you grinning
Little strange eyes
Have you been sinning
Please take it easy
Please take it slow
I have all I am and you
You are all I know
You look so nice
Little strange eyes
I want your fire
I want you.

Peter Gosau

DIRECTORY

Inmate Committee Members

Stewart Bell - Chairman

Gordie Roy - Secretary/Treasurer

Mike Mack - Shops/Hospital

Al Ellison - V & C/Sports

Roger Jackson / The Rover

Citizen's Advisory Committee Members

George Bouvier - President

Ray Shough

Keith Jobson

Art Garcia

Neil Geddes

Dr. Watson

Noel Schacter

Catherine Scrambler

Persons to see for:

Kuldip Dhillon (B-13) ITF's, payslips, outside purchase by ITF of Sport, leisure and recreational clothing and shoes as well as hobby items.

Ron Woods (A-21) Newspaper subscriptions

Stores (across from Chapel) Purchase of TV's, jeans, watches, jewelry, etc.

Richard Pugsley, SDO, Health foods.

Club Contacts

John Howard Society: Bob MacDonald and Janet Maher

Humanist Group: Joseph "Hobo" Mah

Beachcombers (AA): Richard Pugsley, SDO

Native Brotherhood: Lionel Brown and Harold Flintoff

Lifeline Interdenominational" Curly Mantha

Alliance of Alien Prisoners: Chico Melendez

Parry Bay Jaycees: Kuldip Dhillon

W.H.A.T. Society: Bob McNiel

Full Gospel Businessmen: Bob Moore and "Rookie" Cornish

Chinese Cultural Group: Hop Lau and "Hobo" Mah

Sports:

Soccer: Al "Aussie" Ellison

Golf: Bob Scott

Tennis: ? ? ?

Pool, Billiards & Snooker: ? ? ?

Marathon and General Fitness: Mike McCormick

Chapel Calendar

Roy Lowther, Rev. Walker, Chaplain

Grievance Clerk: Gus Nadreau (D-15)



Parry Bay Jaycees

Box 4000 Station A, Victoria, B. C.

* * * *

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